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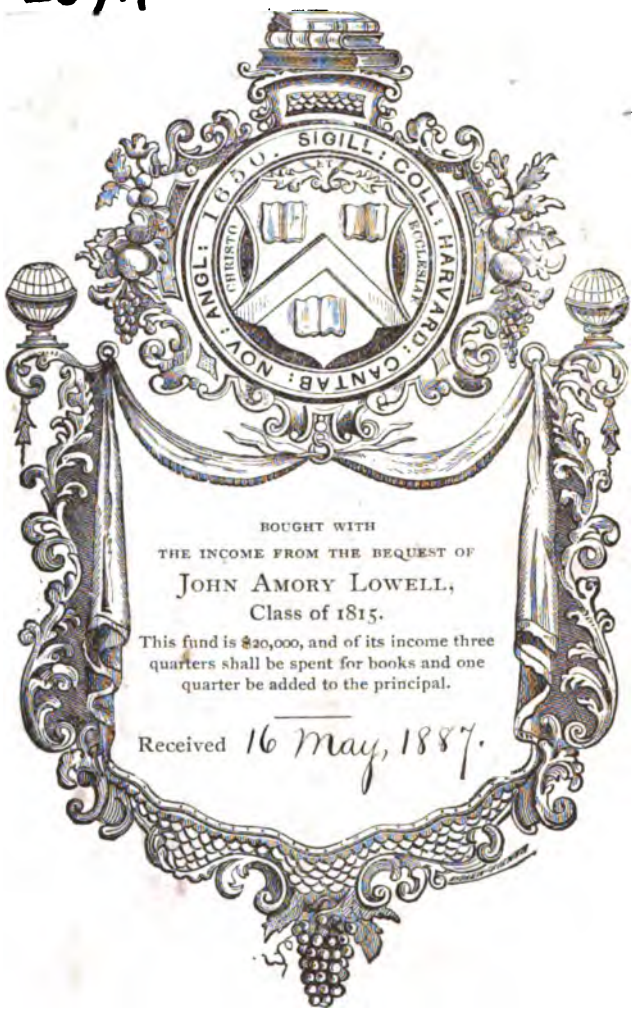

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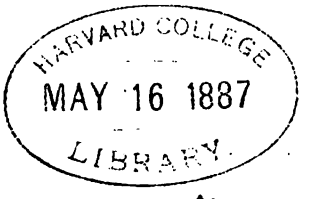

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CHOICE LITERATURE.

THE NEW HERO.

NOTWITHSTANDING such glimpses of him as we get in the Astyanax of Homer, and such lovely allusions to him as we meet now and then in the Latin poets, notably in a famous passage in Catullus, it was not till modern times that the New Hero of poetry and romance came into his inheritance, and found his proper place in literature. While the early Christian painters understood his beauty and realized his value, it is surprising how small a figure he makes among the early poets of Christendom—surprising when we remember who it was that said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." In our own literature the earliest portraits of him, as far as I know, that are at once vivid, engaging, and true, are furnished by Shakespeare in Arthur and in Mamillius. But, considering how short is the time since he emerged from obscurity, it is astonishing how the New Hero has grown in importance. This, no doubt, is due as much to the innate strength and energy of his character as to the "improved environments" amid which he has had the good fortune at last to find himself placed. In short, like most of his brother heroes of poetry—like Achilles, like Sigurd, like Zal the Fair-haired, like Rustum—it may be said of the New Hero, "give him a yard and he will take a rood."

The following portrait of him, limned by one of his most accomplished painters, indicates a character that is not to be trifled with:

Fearlessly fair
And triumphant he stands,
And holds unaware
Friends' hearts in his hands;

Stalwart and straight
As an oak that should bring
Forth gallant and great
Fresh roses in spring.

On the paths of his pleasure
All graces that wait
What metre shall measure,
What rhyme shall relate?

Each action, each motion,
Each feature, each limb,
Demands a devotion
In honor of him:

Head that the hand
Of a god might have blest,
Laid lustrous and bland
On the curve of its crest:

Mouth sweeter than cherries,
Keen eyes as of Mars,
Browner than berries
And brighter than stars.

Nor color nor wordy
Weak song can declare
The stature how sturdy,
How stalwart his air.

As a king in his bright
Presence-chamber may be,
So seems he in height—
Twice higher than your knee.

From this it will be seen that the New Hero is of the Homeric rather than of the Virgilian type.

The danger seems to be, indeed, that he who was formerly ignored or trampled on is going now to ride rough-shod over the world. Not only has Victor Hugo devoted many hundreds of impassioned lines to him, not only has Mr. Tennyson dedicated to him his latest volume of poetry, not only has Mr. Swinburne chanted his praises in about fifty lyrics of surprising beauty, but an entire sex, headed by Miss Rossetti, Miss Ingelow, Mrs. Clifford, Mrs. Molesworth, seems bent upon devoting its energies to producing literature for the amusement of the hero during those lazier moments in his palace when he is not busy in conquering and reconquering the world. And in art, painters and designers are vying with the poets and with each other in accommodating their work to his well-known matter-of-fact tastes and love of simple directness. Having discovered that the New Hero's ideal of pictorial representation is of that high dramatic and business-like kind exemplified in the Bayeux tapestry, Mr. Caldecott, Mr. Walter Crane, Miss Kate Greenaway, Miss Dorothy Tennant have each tried to surpass the other in appealing to the New Hero's love of real business in art—treating him, indeed, as though he were Hotei the fat Japanese god of enjoyment—giving him as much color, as much dramatic action, and as little perspective as is possible to man's finite capacity in this line. Some generous art-critics have even gone so far indeed as to credit an entire artistic movement, that of pre-Raphaelitism, with a benevolent desire to accommodate art to the New Hero's peculiar ideas upon perspective. But this is a "soft impeachment" born of that loving-kindness for which art-critics have always been famous.

In this great struggle to please the New Hero, wherein Literature and Art are both engaged, it is difficult to say whether the male or female aspirants for his patronage are, in our time, the more successful. And this is because there is required in the New Hero's Poet-laureate, as in his Court-painter, a nature in which are blended the masculine and feminine elements so happily as to answer to all the sweet strains of the Hero's own nature. For just as the precious virtue of manna was (according to a beautiful passage in the Apocrypha) that to each palate it had the very flavor most delectable to the eater; just as, according to Origen, the face of Jesus shone beautifully in proportion to the worthiness of the eyes that gazed upon it; just as the virtue of Israfel's song is that to each ear it has the very air the listener loves best among all the countless melodies of Heaven—so the New

Hero offers his devotees special delights in harmony with each genuine hero-worshipping soul.

These delights, these varying notes are, I say, innumerable ; yet there are three, round which all the others appear to cluster—humorous witchery, beautiful mystery, and pathos.

I propose to show how these three "heroic moods" have been variously commemorated by the New Hero's various poets-laureate.

With regard to the first of these, the Hero's humorous witchery, it is perhaps his female rather than his male slaves who are apt at once to fall under its spell ; though men, when they do fall under it, excel women in the mere art and power of expressing it. Charles Tennyson Turner's lovely sonnet "Letty's Globe" shows him to be "worthy of" the New Hero and his sister the New Heroine as humorists :

When Letty had scarce passed her third glad year,
And her young, artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a color'd sphere
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know,
By tint and outline, all its sea and land.
She patted all the world ; old empires peep'd
Between her baby-fingers ; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers. How she leaped
And laughed and prattled in her world-wide bliss ;
But when we turned her sweet unlearned eye
On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry ;
'Oh ! yes, I see it, Letty's home is there!'
And while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

Perhaps, however, the most perfect thing in this line is Mr. Swinburne's poem "A Child's Pity."

But there is another and a more violent way of recognizing the Hero's humorous witchery ; I allude to that strange feeling, or rather complexity of strange feelings, which some people show when fondly teasing him—"caressing him with grating teeth," and with words of mock anger.

The instances that present themselves to my mind are mostly in prose, such as Bret Harte's, "He wrassles with it, the darned little cuss." But in poetry those most lovely lines—creative at once and critical—at the end of "Christabel" give not only the feeling but a Coleridgean explanation of it.

A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks,
That always finds and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light ;
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his heart that he at last
Must needs express his love's excess
With words of unmeant bitterness.

So says Coleridge the poet about the New Hero's humorous witchery; and this is how the feeling is explained by Coleridge the philosopher :—

Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other ;
To mutter and mock a broken charm
And dally with wrong that does no harm.
Perhaps 'tis tender, too, and pretty,
At each mild word to feel within
A sweet recoil of love and pity.

"Sweet recoil" is a wonderfully happy phrase I think.

Among female poets, Miss Christina Rossetti perhaps expresses this feeling better than any other. But if I had room to consider the prose writers, I should have to place George Eliot above all others in this relation. The emotion is quite beyond analysis, however. And that it is not universally felt was made manifest by the sneers of certain critics at the last verse of Victor Hugo's poem of "La Sieste," where a fond mother is watching her child taking a midday sleep in the cradle:

Soudain, dans l'humble et chaste alcôve maternelle,
Versant tout le matin qu'elle a dans sa prunelle,
Elle ouvre la paupière, étend un bras charmant,
Agite un pied, puis l'autre, et, si divinement
Que des fronts dans l'azur se penchent pour l'entendre,
Elle gazouille . . .—Alors, de sa voix la plus tendre,
Couvant des yeux l'enfant que Dieu fait rayonner,
Cherchant le plus doux nom qu'elle puisse donner
A sa joie, à son ange en fleur, à sa chimère:
—Te voilà réveillée, horreur! lui dit sa mère.

On the other hand, the full apprehension of the beautiful mystery in which the New Hero is enveloped seems to be essentially masculine, though, no doubt, several female poets exhibit it. It is this feeling of which Blake was so full. Yet in the "Songs of Innocence" it is not so much expressed as beautifully and subtly hinted. The fullest and frankest expression of it in our poetic literature is perhaps to be found in Sydney Dobell's poetry—in the cradle songs of Amy, and notably in that lovely lyric in "The Roman" beginning thus:

O, Lila! round our early love
What voices went in days of old!
Some sleep and some are heard above,
And some are here—but changed and cold!
What lights they were that lit the eyes
That never may again be bright!
Some shine where stars are dim, and some
Have gone like meteors down the night.
I marvelled not to see them beam,
Or hear their music round our way;
A part of life *they* used to seem,
But *these*—oh, whence are they?

Had Nathaniel Hawthorne been a poet instead of a prose writer, he would, very likely, have surpassed all others in rendering the beautiful mystery of the New Hero and his sister the New Heroine. Of all imaginative creations where this beautiful mystery has fascinated the world, Hawthorne's "Little Pansie" must be placed first. Many have attempted to render it in prose and in poetry, but most have failed. For self-consciousness and that flavor which we call literary are quite fatal to it. So fugitive is fame in these crowded days, that many will find the charm of novelty in Alexander Smith's once famous address to a child.

O thou bright thing fresh from the hand of God
* * * * * * *
'Tis ages since He made His youngest star,
His hand is on thee as 'twere yesterday,
Thou later revelation. Silver stream,
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine
Whence all things flow.

And now I come to the third of the hero's "notes," the infinite pathos that surrounds him, especially when he falls into distress. In rendering this subject Victor Hugo stands first among male poets (as Dickens stands first among male prose writers), and second only to Mrs. Browning. "The Cry of the Children,"

however, could only have been written by a woman. Thus:

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
The young flowers are blowing toward the west;
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly;
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

It is impossible to read it, even now for the thousandth time, without the deepest emotion. But now I am going to say a thing that is sure to give offence to my genteel fellow countrymen to whom the word civilization means a millennium of purple and fine linen. It is true, however, and my duty to the New Hero forces me to say it. The most notable feature of the sublimated mammon-worship into which British society has at last soared, is that among the middle and upper classes sympathy with the joys and sorrows of the New Hero is, except among the very noblest among these classes, bounded strictly by considerations of the kind of clothes in which he is dressed, and especially by the cleanliness of his linen. Now I love cleanliness, and am proud to live in a country where godliness comes next to it. But it is unfortunately the characteristic of the New Hero in his natural state to be careless of his purple, and to have no more respect for clean linen than had Christopher Smart and Dr. Johnson.

I do not defend this infirmity. That the Hero is best when clean I will not deny. But even as a maker of dirt pies he is to the true hero-worshipper a Hero still. A neglected child! Is there anything in nature so pathetic? No little drawing-room king or queen ever got so close to my heart as the little pastry-cooks of Seven Dials. Now it must be said of our time, that although it has produced such renegades from the high Philistine ranks as Charles Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, George Eliot, Miss Cobbe, among writers, and among practical philanthropists, Miss Nightingale, Mrs. Ritchie, Lord Shaftesbury, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Lord and Lady Mount-Temple, and especially the lady who takes her troops of London children for a three weeks' outing in the New Forest, Miss English, and certain others whose names, though unknown to the world, are, in virtue of their benevolence, sacred names to me—in spite of these exceptions, I say, this time of ours is too fervid in its gentility to be worthy of the New Hero if by ill luck his palace chances to be the gutter. The impeachment, however, is too grave a one to be laughingly brought against a society with Christian pretensions. The poor little neglected ragamuffins of the London streets —ragamuffins not of any pariah descent or *race maudite*, ragamuffins whose ancestors a thousand years ago were perhaps Saxon thanes or British chiefs, when some of ours were feeding swine in Normandy or cutting throats in Pitou—are looked upon by the upper and middle classes as creatures to shudder away from —English cagots, pariahs, wretches convicted of the original sin of poverty. Now I am a Briton, and have not a word to say against British distinctions, nor against Belgravian gingerbread so long as it remembers that between itself and the common penny loaf of Drury Lane the difference is just a little spice and treacle; so long as it remembers that in these islands of ours we have no pariahs, no cagots, no inferior races—that indeed there is among us no such thing as superiority of breed at all, but only difference of circumstances, though it is part of the joke of our "civilization" to pretend otherwise. But I am disgusted with the upper and middle classes when I see (as I often do see) that in England it is in a general way the poor only who have pity upon the New Hero when, unwashed and in rags, he turns a somersault for a copper or fashions dirt pies for the pure love of cookery. I will illustrate my meaning by an example. Close to Vauxhall Station, on the South Western Railway, there is a spot where late in the morning the up trains are very frequently delayed; a spot where, beneath the eyes of the passengers, in a radiation of dirt, spread the streets, lanes, and alleys of Vauxhall. This stoppage of the train, so vexatious to me as a frequent passenger, is looked upon as a harvest time by the little "Street Arabs" trying to make merry with life—to make merry even with the squalid and fetid life where they find themselves down there, they know not how and never think of asking why. In the hope of getting a copper thrown from a carriage window, these little creatures, of ages varying from five up to twelve, perform all sorts of gymnastic feats, chanting the while a ditty which sounds merry or intensely sad according to the ear that listens. For ten minutes this will often continue, during which time one, two, or even three coppers will, perhaps, be thrown to the chanting gymnasts—thrown always (I have observed) from the third-class windows, never, as far as I have seen, from the first-class. Not but that the first-class passengers will look down sometimes on the performances with a smile of languid amusement at so picturesque and inexpensive an entertainment.

This condition of things piqued my curiosity a good deal, and I could not resist the temptation of travelling third class for the purpose of seeing what kind of people were these who could afford to throw an occasional penny to acrobatic skill when stripped of spangles. My curiosity was satisfied at the very first journey. Next to me sat a sturdy and defiant-looking young fellow, whom I should have taken to be a bricklayer's laborer out of work but for a luxurious smell of tobacco which *ought* to have been considered incompatible with anything but prosperity. Thanks to that admirable management with which travellers on the South Western Railway are familiar the train did not fail to get blocked at the usual place. Nor on their part, did the acrobats fail in their entertainment. As I sat and watched them standing on their poor little heads in the mud, picturing to myself the hovels they had swarmed from—the beds!—I

recalled a beautiful sonnet I had just been reading in which Lord Rosslyn had depicted another kind of child life:

'Tis bedtime; say your hymn, and bid Good-night,
God bless mamma, papa, and dear ones all!
Your half-shut eyes beneath your eyelids fall,
Another minute you will shut them quite.
Yes, I will carry you, put out the light,
And tuck you up, although you are so tall!
What will you give me, sleepy one, and call
My wages, if I settle you all right?
I laid the golden curls upon my arm,
I drew her little feet within my hand,
Her rosy palms were joined in trustful bliss,
Her heart next mine beat gently, soft and warm
She nestled to me, and by Love's command,
Paid me my precious wages—"Baby's kiss."

My fellow traveller sat and followed the movements of the acrobats with golden sparks of appreciation rising up in his brown eyes, which led me to think that he had perhaps himself begun life in the same exciting line of business.

"Poor little chaps," he said to himself, at last, "tough work that, on hempty bellies;" and, digging down into his pocket, he found, at last, a penny, and threw it to them.

Having a strong suspicion, by the look of sadness that came across the man's face when his hand returned to his pocket, that he had given away almost his last copper, I said to him, in a certain accent which "Lavengro" taught me—an accent which will inspire confidence not only amongst the nomads of the high road and dingle, but also among the laboring classes of London—"You seem pretty flush with your money, mate, had a haul lately, I s'pose?"

"Never mind what 'aul I'm 'ad," said the man in a somewhat surly tone. "*You* fling the bors a tanner, and I dessay you can afford it better nor I can afford that penny."

This man afterwards told me that, at that time, he was out of employment, travelling to London in quest of work, with only a few coppers in his pocket—and "dining off baccy."

"A man may be in rags," said I to my bricklaying philanthropist, as the train moved on, "because he deserves to be so, but why is a child in rags?"

"'Cause 'e's born tut," replied my friend, resuming his pipe.

Just so: Because cruel chance has tossed him upon the stony deserts of life when another turn of the wheel might have laid him gently on his proper bed among the flowers of some earthly Eden like that described in the sonnet that was haunting me.

And that is why there is no more touching sight in the world than that of a child shuddering along a London alley, its poor little limbs gleaming reproachfully at the passer-by through the rags that hang about them—its poor little lean face wearing sometimes the look of chubby innocence, but more often the sharp, eager, wolfish, cunning look, born of a dreadful knowledge of the "struggle for life," deeper and truer than all the knowledge of all the *savants*.

Then did he long for once to taste
The reeking viands, as their smell
From cellar gratings ran to waste;
Whose gusts the passing crowd repel.

Like Beauty with a rose regaled
The grateful vapor he inhaled.

Less favored than the dog outside,
He lingers by some savory mass;
He watches mouths that open wide
And sees them eating through the glass.
Oft his own lips he opes and shuts,
And sympathy his fancy gluts.

These two stanzas are from Dr. Hake's "Parables and Tales." The poem is very powerful, and Arthur Hughes' illustration of them is one of the most pathetic things to be seen in contemporary art.

To realize fully and to render a scene like that which I have been describing is perhaps required a nature passionate at once and wide such as that of her who wrote "The Cry of the Children." But Victor Hugo in "Les Pauvres Gens, Chose vue un jour de Printemps," the descriptions of the children in "L'Année Terrible," the episodes in "Quatre-Vingt-Treize," but especially in "Petit Paul" and "Guerre Civile"—has done what perhaps can only be supremely done by woman. There are many false notes in Victor Hugo's poetry, but when he writes of the sufferings of children he is unapproachable among men. "Petit Paul" and "Guerre Civile" are quite overwhelming in their pathos. They occur in "La Legende des Siècles." I will tell the stories of each of them in order that the reader may judge.

Little Paul was a child of three years old, whose father, on the death of his mother, married again. The child was handed over as a troublesome superfluity to his grandfather, whose affection for him was the affection of an old man of eighty for a prattling grandchild: it was boundless. The old man carried off this superfluity to a cottage surrounded by a beautiful garden, and there with affectionate greed kept little Paul away in a fairy world all to himself.

Ils mélaient tout, le jour leur jeux, la nuit leurs sommes.
Oh! quel celeste amour entre ces deux bons-hommes!
Ils n'avaient qu'une chambre, ils ne se quittaient pas.

But all this bliss came to an end. The grandfather died. The child followed him to the lonely cemetery beside the forest, not knowing, as yet, his loss. He had to return now to his father. Instead of affection, he met with jealous hatred on the part of his stepmother. He was harshly and cruelly treated:

Paul ne comprenait plus. Quand il rentrait le soir,
Sa chambre lui semblait quelque-chose de noir;
Il pleura bien longtemps. Il pleura pour personne.
Il eut le sombre effroi du roseau qui frissonne.
Ses yeux en s'éveillant regardaient étonnés.
* * * * * * * *
Il prenait dans un coin, à terre, ses repas.
Il était devenu muet, ne parlait pas,
Ne pleurait plus. L'enfance est parfois sombre et forte.
Souvent il regardait lugubrement la porte.
Un soir on le chercha partout dans la maison;
On ne le trouva point; c'était l'hiver, saison
Qui nous hait, où la nuit est traître comme une piège.
Dehors des petits pas s'effaçaient dans la neige . .
On retrouva l'enfant le lendemain matin.
On se souvint de cris perdus dans le lointain;
Quelqu'un même avaitri, croyant, dans les nuées,
Entendre, à travers l'ombre où flottent des huées,
On ne sait quelle voix du vent crier: Papa!
Papa! Tout le village, ému, s'en occupa,
Et l'on chercha; l'enfant était au cimetière.
Calme comme la nuit, blême comme la pierre,

Il était étendu devant l'entrée, et froid;
Comment avait-il pu jusqu' à ce triste endroit
Venir, seul dans la plaine où pas un feu ne brille?
Une de ses deux mains tenait encore la grille;
On voyait qu'il avait essayé de l'ouvrir.
Il sentait là quelqu'un pouvant le secourir;
Il avait appelé dans l'ombre solitaire,
Longtemps; puis il était tombé mort sur la terre,
A quelques pas du vieux grand-père, son ami.
N'ayant pu l'éveiller, il s'était endormi.

In the other story I have alluded to, called "Guerre Civile," a *sergent de ville* has been dragged from his house by the people, his clothes red with the blood of those he had killed to order. The mob, dragging him to a convenient spot in order to shoot him, is terrible in its mad rage. But more terrible is the prisoner in his bitter defiance. Suddenly a child rushes from the house and springs into the prisoner's arms, crying, "C'est mon père!" The fury of the mob increases:

A bas les rois! A bas les prêtres, les ministres,
Les mouchards! Tuons tout! c'est un tas de bandits!
Et l'enfant leur cria: Mais puisque je vous dis
Que c'est mon père!—Il est joli, dit une femme,
Bel enfant! On voyait dans ses yeux bleus une âme;
Il était tout en pleurs, pâle, point mal vêtu.
Une autre femme dit:—Petit, quel âge as-tu?
Et l'enfant répondit:—Ne tuez pas mon père!
Quelques regards pensifs étaient fixés à terre,
Les poings ne tenaient plus l'homme si durement.
Un des plus furieux, entre tous inclément,
Dit à l'enfant: Va-t-en!—Où?—Chez toi.—Pourquoi faire?
—Chez ta mère.—Sa mère est morte, dit le père.
—Il n'a donc plus que vous?—Qu'est-ce que cela fait?
Dit le vaincu. Stoïque et calme, il réchauffait
Les deux petites mains dans sa rude poitrine,
Et disait à l'enfant: —Tu sais bien, Catherine?
—Notre voisine?—Oui. Va chez elle.—Avec toi?
—J'irai plus tard.—Sans toi je ne veux pas.—Pourquoi?
—Parce qu'on te ferait du mal.—Alors le père
Parla tout bas au chef de cette sombre guerre:
—Lachez-moi le collet. Prenez-moi par la main,
Doucement. Je vais dire à l'enfant: A demain!
Vous me fusillerez au détour de la rue,
Ailleurs, où vous voudrez.—Et d'une voix bourrue;
—Soit, dit le chef, lâchant le captif à moitié.
Le père dit:—Tu vois. C'est de bonne amitié.
Je me promène avec ces messieurs. Sois bien sage.
Rentre.—Et l'enfant tendit au père son visage,
Et s'en alla, content, rassuré, sans effroi.
—Nous sommes à notre aise à présent, tuez-moi,
Dit le père aux vainqueurs; où voulez-vous que j'aille?—
Alors, dans cette foule où grondait la bataille,
On entendit passer un immense frisson,
Et le peuple cria: Rentre dans ta maison!

But perhaps the crowning miseries of children are inflicted upon them not by strangers, but, directly or indirectly—consciously or unconsciously—by their own parents. How appalling at times seems that dominion of parent over child, which in olden days was absolute, and even at the present day is so complete that it may almost be said of any child that its fate is determined by its parentage. For the child who has a wicked or foolish father the prospects are dark indeed. While let the father be wicked enough or foolish enough, to do his work completely, and the child's doom is sealed. Even in England and America there seems to be no conception of the fact which some day must be recognized, that however great may be a father's natural rights, his natural duties are greater still, and that if these duties are neglected one of the first duties of the state is to remedy that neglect. Ever since civilization began the talk has been of the duties of children. But what are these in importance as compared with the duties of parents? What is the neglect of filial duties as compared with the neglect of parental duties? Why, the power of a master over his slave is nothing as compared with the power of a being who takes possession of another from the first dawn of consciousness and moulds it, body and soul, to his own will. Rousseau's idea of state duties on this matter seemed wild, but not wilder than is the mischief which he hoped that state-interference would cure. And badly as the relations of parent and child have worked in Europe, how much more mischievously have they worked in Asia!

The amount of misery that, from patriarchal times downwards, must have resulted from this, paralyzes the imagination and fairly sickens the heart. It was the practice of the pre-Islamite Arabs, for instance, to bury their girl-children alive, except such few as were needed for propagating purposes, as, in England, the owner of a cat drowns the superfluous kittens. And even after the more softening influence of Islamism, a father among the Bedouin, in enumerating his children, never counts the daughters, for a daughter is considered a disgrace. The thought of the myriad cruelties that, for ages upon ages, must have fallen upon girl-children, haunted like a nightmare a young man I once knew, a lover of children and a student of Oriental subjects, and, for a time, drove him away from his studies. Among many outpourings upon the subject, both in prose and in verse, he wrote the following parable, with the idea of getting it translated into Arabic:

I.

Ilyàs the prophet, lingering 'neath the moon,
Heard from a tent a child's heart-withering wail,
Mixt with the sorrow of the nightingale,
And, entering, found, sunk in mysterious swoon,
A little maiden dreaming there alone;
She babbled of her father sitting pale
'Mid wings of death and sights of sorrow and bale
And pleaded for his life in piteous tone.
'Poor child, plead on,' the succoring prophet saith,—
While she, with eager lips like one who tries
To kiss a dream, stretches her arms and cries
To Heaven for help—'plead on, such pure love-breath,
Reaching the Throne, might stay the wings of Death
That in the Desert fan thy father's eyes.'

II.

The drouth-slain camels lie on every hand;
Seven sons await the morning vultures' claws;
'Mid empty water-skins and camel-maws
The father sits, the last of all the band:
He mutters, drowsing o'er the moonlit sand,
'Sleep fans my brow; sleep makes us all pashas;
Or, if the wings are Death's, why Azraeel draws
A childless father from an empty land.'
'Nay,' saith a Voice, 'the wind of Azraeel's wings
A child's sweet breath hath stilled: so God decrees.'
A camel's bell comes tinkling on the breeze
Filling the Bedoui's brain with bubble of springs
And scent of flowers and shadow of wavering trees
Where from a tent a little maiden sings.

But let us turn to a more cheerful side of the subject; for, as Mr. Roden Noël beautifully says in his poem, "A Little Child's Monument:"

If we poor worms, involved in our own cloud,
Deem the wide world lies darkling in a shroud,
Raving the earth holds no felicity,
One child's clear laughter may rebuke the lie.

While there is youth in the world, this life, with all its tears, is good—good in itself, and

for itself, whatever there may be to follow it. Come what will, it is sweet to have lived, sweet to have enjoyed for a little while the perennial freshness of nature, sweet to have drunk for a moment the glory of action, most sweet to have heard a little the music of human speech, the beloved babble of children.

But with regard to childhood generally, it may be said that in this as in many things, the intuitions of woman teach her at first the lesson that years of experience, suffering, and sorrow teach to man at last. A man has to live and to suffer, I say, before he fully realizes what every girl knows so well, the instructive beauty, the infinite preciousness of childhood—before he becomes a true Knight Companion of the Order of Child-worshippers—before he learns fully the importance of childhood as a token that "the blue sky bends over all." For a token childhood is that we have nothing to fear from the final awards of fate; as Hugo says in "Quatre-vingt-treize"—"This ignorance smiling at the Infinite, compromises all creation in the lot that shall fall to the weak, defenceless being. Ill, if it shall come, will be an abuse of confidence." I know an allegory which seems to teach that no power could have the heart to damn one who had once been a child—who is still a child, though soiled and spoiled.

The faculty of writing about the New Hero, as Victor Hugo and Mr. Swinburne can do, is, of course, a very different thing from the faculty of writing for him. In this faculty, few, perhaps, in our literature, have surpassed Jane Taylor. To write such a lyric as "My Mother," and "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," a very peculiar genius is required. However even these precious gems have been out-done by Mr. Tennyson in that lovely cradle song in "Sea Dreams"—the loveliest, I should think, in all literature.

> What does little birdie say
> In her nest at peep of day?
> Let me fly, says little birdie,
> Mother, let me fly away.
> Birdie, rest a little longer,
> Till the little wings are stronger.
> So she rests a little longer,
> Then she flies away.
>
> What does little baby say
> In her bed at peep of day?
> Baby says, like little birdie,
> Let me rise and fly away.
> Baby, sleep a little longer,
> Till the little limbs are stronger.
> If she sleeps a little longer,
> Baby, too, shall fly away.

How thoroughly Charles Lamb could bring himself into relation with the child-mind is shown by the delightful letter to a little girl, printed for the first time by Mr. Ainger in his recent edition of the "Essays of Elia." This is matchless. Yet in reading the "Tales from Shakespeare" by Charles and Mary Lamb, one feels, not unfrequently, that the true note has been missed.

And what is to be said about the famous "Poetry for Children" by the same two immortal child-lovers? Here I run the risk of encountering the wrath of my brother Lambites. Dare I say that this famous book does not always furnish exactly the pabulum required? Dare I say that sometimes the poems are colored with but little of romance—that the breath of the fields and flowers does not blow through them, that they are too full of what Lamb would call "the sweet security of the streets"—that they (though the work of the beloved Elia and Bridget Elia) are, when compared with Blake's "Songs of Innocence," and Miss Christina Rossetti's "Sing Song," "properer for a sermon"? I am afraid that honesty bids me risk all, and say it. Even when there *is* a romantic flavor to be found in one of them, it is in some story from other sources. The best in this line, for instance, "The Boy and the Snake," is old, and has been used by others besides Hackländer.

Yet "Poetry for Children" deserves special attention, if only on account of its authorship.

The history of the book is curious. I have told it before, but I cannot do better than repeat my words. William Godwin, struggling in that ocean of poverty *on* whose waves he sometimes floated, and *in* whose waves he sometimes sank, bethought himself of establishing a juvenile library. So—in Hanway Street, at first, in the name of "Thomas Hodgkins," and afterwards in Skinner Street in the name of his second wife—he opened an "emporium" for children's books; and on looking round for writers, he turned to Charles Lamb: it is not very obvious why, unless it occurred to him that the man who "liked babies best boi-boiled," must have a special capacity for understanding childhood. But be this as it may, the result of Godwin's selection was the now famous "Tales from Shakespeare" by Charles and Mary Lamb, (begun in 1806 and published in 1807) in two volumes embellished with copper-plate engravings by Blake from designs by Mulready. The scheme of turning Shakespeare's plays into tales was successful—so much so indeed that Homer was soon handled in the same way. By a sort of melting down of Chapman's translation of the Odyssey, Charles produced the "Adventures of Ulysses," which, as might have been expected, was a comparative failure. The next venture, however, more than adjusted the balance, and again Godwin floated "on that awful sea." "Mrs. Leicester's School" published anonymously in 1808, consisted of ten prose stories, three of which were written by Charles Lamb, and the remaining seven by Mary. The book sold well. Godwin was (for him) joyous, and it was decided that the next venture should be in verse. Accordingly, in 1809, appeared two 18mo volumes under the title of "Poetry for Children; entirely original, by the author of Mrs. Leicester's School."

In criticism, names are everything; "syllables," as Selden says, "rule the world;" and in poetry especially, the critics have long since decided that the important thing is not what is said, but who says it; but he who in reading these poems does not "remember that they were task-work," as Lamb bade Coleridge remember, does a great injustice to the writer of "Dream Children" in the Elia essays.

Yet they have a beauty of their own, a quaint and old-world directness such as children love, and the book sold well, and was soon out of print. In England it was never reprinted, however, and although an American bookseller reproduced it in Boston, in 1812, this fact does not seem to have been known to English publishers. For the book was considered to have been lost; otherwise we may be sure that, with the ever-growing fame of Charles Lamb as an incentive, it would have been reprinted long ago. In 1810 there however issued from Godwin's juvenile library the "First Book of Poetry," and the "Poetical Class-book" of William Frederick Mylius, in which reappeared twenty-six out of the eighty-four pieces comprised in "Poetry for Children." And in 1818, Lamb, when collecting his writings, reprinted three of his own contributions to the book, and one of his sister's. Again in 1822 he reprinted in his essay called "Detached thoughts on Books and Reading," Mary's poem "The Two Boys."

At last, and here comes the romantic portion of these adventures of a child's book, there was found in Adelaide, in South Australia, a copy of the lost volume, which in 1866 had been purchased at a sale of furniture and books at Plymouth by the Hon. William Sandover, when on a visit to England. An article on the "find" by Mr. R. H. Shepherd having appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (vol. ccxli.), attention was directed to it, and resulted in the further discovery of two copies of the Boston reprint. And four or five years ago, Messrs. Chatto and Windus did the world the good service of reprinting "Poetry for Children," under the editorship of Mr. Shepherd. But to Mr. Shepherd's reprint of the volume is appended (besides "some shorter poems by Charles Lamb, either recently brought to light or omitted from the centenary edition of his works,") a reprint of "Prince Dorus, or Flattery put out of Countenance," a poetical version of an ancient tale published at Godwin's juvenile library in 1811. This, though written by Lamb, has only been recently discovered to be his "by an incidental reference to it," in Henry Crabb Robinson's diary.

This is better than anything in "Poetry for Children." It is compactly written, and the story is humorously told. Very likely it may yet produce more effect in the world than all his incomparable essays. For it is impossible to calculate how enormous in moulding the mind is the power of infant literature. It is not merely that what we read in childhood we never forget, but that it becomes part of our very being. It is this which makes children's literature so vastly important.

Perhaps to write poetry for children is the most difficult of all tasks, as may be seen from the smallness of the number who have succeeded in it. Here is a perfect thing indeed, known by heart wheresoever, in all parts of the earth, the great English language, is spoken:

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest.
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Macaulay said that "he who in an enlightened and literary society aspires to be a great poet, must first become a little child," and on the other hand, it might almost be said that he who aspires to write poetry for children must be a great poet. Assuredly there is no greater benefactor to the human race than he who succeeds in it.

And this brings me to the New Hero's appeal to his instructors, the presenting of which appeal has been, I will confess, the main cause of this essay. In the economy of Nature, there is nothing more inexplicable than this, that between the adult mind and the mind of childhood there should be an impassable gulf. If it were by a sudden leap that we left behind us the "heaven" that "lies about us in our infancy," if we lost at one stroke all that sense of the wonderfulness of life, all that intense belief in the personality of natural forces, all that close and tender intimacy with the lower animals, which go to make up that lost "heaven" the existence of the world of dull dead darkness which has supplanted it and in which we live would not be so inscrutable. But it is by slow degrees that we have lost these "trails of glory," it is inch by inch that we have been beaten back from Eden; and yet most people find it as impossible to realize the temper of childhood as if they had never been children themselves. The enchanted isle from which they have themselves drifted glimmers so strangely through the fogs, that the denizens clustering on its strand seem the unknown inhabitants of alien shores. Howsoever close and tender may be the relations between childhood and maturity—they may be those of the most loving mother for her firstborn son—yet so defective is the human mind in true dramatic sympathy, that it is from without, and not from within, that are seen by the adult those landscapes of childhood, where, as I have said on a previous occasion, "the roofs of rainbows bend over the golden wonders of the world." That this is so is strange, and would be too painfully puzzling did we not hope that (as the Portuguese proverb says) "God writes straight in crooked lines."

This is the source of many miseries of childhood which parents unconsciously create. And assuredly the result is quite as disastrous to adults themselves as it is to the children. If the limitless potentialities of happiness in children are trampled under foot at every turn by a stupid system of so-called education—if the very aim of the system is to wash out all the gold and leave the texture of life a

prosaic dun—the process is not more fatal to them than fatal to us who work the mischief. For it is the children who are right in their cosmogony, and we who are wrong. Our learning is our ignorance. The child's temper of wonder is the only true temper in which to look out upon the universe. Human life was neither invented in the city, as some seem to suppose, nor ordered, in any deep sense, by Mrs. Grundy, as others assume; nor did the biologists (Frankenstein alone excepted) ever make a man; human life, I say, and the universe had no such practical and common-sense origin as this. All is a magic tapestry, woven of wonders and romance, as the children make it out to be. Yet the instincts of childhood are cruelly trampled upon, and the age cries out, with Mr. Gradgrind, "What I want is facts." As though facts, in themselves, were of any value; as though, indeed, there were such things as facts in any true and absolute sense at all! To me it is a pathetic and painful sight to see the little ragamuffin of Vauxhall standing on his head in the mud with his tongue out, knowing as I do that respectability will not and dare not fling him a copper, but it is not more pathetic and painful than the sight of a child immersed in the labors in which its days and nights are passed, with its French exercises, its German exercises, its Italian exercises, its Greek exercises, its Latin exercises, its lessons in music, drawing, arithmetic, geography, and all the rest of it, while, in every meadow and lane in England, its true and best schoolmistress, Nature, is crying out for it to come and read "Prince Dorus" under the waving trees, through whose leaves the breeze is playing and the sunlight filtering.

In these days no sermon is complete without a scientific illustration. Here is mine.

A French physicist once planted cotton seeds in a glass vessel at various depths of garden mould, and in contact with the glass side. Some were protected from the forcing glare of day by yellow paper gummed to the glass, and others left exposed to the light. But these cotton seeds found that too much daylight is as bad as none at all. The former began to grow in nine days, while the latter were found to be slightly decayed at the end of ten days. The analogy is obvious I think. The way to realize the mistake of this cramming is to try and imagine a great mind undergoing it—one of those great creators of that very literature of power, which, as I have said, is the only literature of value—Shakespeare, Scott, Dicknes, Burns.

For the proper food of childhood is not the literature of fact, but that upon which Shakespeare, Burns, Scott, and Dickens were nourished, the "literature of power," to use Wordsworth's distinction. Nourish the child's mind on the "literature of power," and the world, be sure, will take care to fill it and over fill it with facts. The knowledge that William the Conqueror landed in England in 1066, and not in 1067, is not without its value to the New Hero (whose present condition has doubtless been much influenced by that picturesque and important landing), but to him—whether his fate is to be "tucked up" by the paternal earl, or to do "tough work on a hempty belly in Vauxhall"—it is far more important to know that between him and the world of mystery and marvels there is only a beanstalk, or that Prince Dorus' nose could only be shortened by listening to such beautiful wisdom as that of the fairy's teaching.—THEODORE WATTS, in *The English Illustrated Magazine.*

THE POLITICAL CONDITION OF SPAIN.

I.

RECENT incidents, which it is unnecessary here to recapitulate, have attracted in a special degree the attention of Europe to the position and prospects of Spain. In the remarks which I am now about to make on the subject I shall attempt, divesting myself of the excitement of party politics, not to demonstrate a given thesis, but to find out exactly the place occupied by my country in the political evolution of this century. Spain slowly and laboriously continues in the track of the revolution which broke out in Aranjuez seventy-five years ago, and which was instigated by the heir-apparent, afterwards Ferdinand VII., who incited the troops against his father that he might hurl from power the favorite Godoy. The Spanish revolution, whilst substantially analogous to that of England in the last century, is not without an external resemblance to similar movements in France. It has made five great strides in advance, which have always been followed by corresponding reactions. Each, however, has witnessed the fall of decrepit institutions, secular abuses, and religious oppression. From 1808 to 1814 is the epoch of the War of Independence, when, without an army, without resources, and without a dynasty in whose name to fight, Spain weakened Napoleon's forces, till armies organized under the direction of Wellington compelled the French troops to recross the frontier. Amidst the noise of arms an assembly was held at Cadiz. Here the Constitution of 1812 was compiled, the Inquisition suppressed, and feudal privileges were destroyed. The men met together upon this occasion, possessing no practical education in the art of governing, endeavored to harmonize the irreconcilable. They promulgated the Constitution in the name of Ferdinand VII., proclaimed the sovereignty of the nation, and animated by the ideas of the Encyclopædists of the eighteenth century, composed a democratic Constitution full of precautions against, and essentially hostile to, the monarchy and the monarch to whom they were loyally devoted. From 1814 to 1820 the first reaction makes its appearance, and erases completely the work that had been done at Cadiz; the Inquisition is re-established, the upper classes irritate their dependents by wishing to recover rights which had been abolished.

The second reaction took place between 1823 and 1833. A very important phenomenon has hitherto escaped notice. The law of human progress, assisted by monarchical selfishness, explains why the Inquisition was not re-established with its original rights. Neither did the State again monopolize mines. It was deterred from doing so on account of the development which the mining industry had attained in the mountains of Grenada and Almeria. From this epoch must be dated the national wealth accruing from the lead mines, whose product has increased from 15,000 tons in 1827, to 120,000 in 1882. But in other respects these ten years of recreation were years of waste and death. The real terror of the French Jacobins is insignificant by the side of the white terror of Ferdinand VII. There was a continuous pouring out of blood caused by the doctrine which was preached to kill the Liberals until the fourth generation.

With the death of Ferdinand we enter upon the third period. Affairs were now directed by Queen Christiana, who inspired all Liberals with an intense enthusiasm. A mother's instinct told her that the only support for the throne of her daughter Isabel was to be found in the Liberal party. She made concessions which changed the lot of Liberals from that of the oppressed and conquered to that of the conquerors and oppressors of their former despots and executioners. She did not, however, wish to lessen the autocratic power of royalty; hence the civil war having been concluded by the arrangement at Vergara, she gave up her regency in Valencia when she saw that Espartero did not second her, to exercise herself, and subsequently deliver up to her daughter, a monarchy called by her own ministers an illustrious despotism. In this little-known but extremely important act is found the explanation of all the fluctuations and unforeseen accidents of the first civil war. The Spaniards believed in good faith that the re-conquest of their rights was closely united with the upholding of the first Bourbonic branch; but in the palace, concessions were made only that they might be withdrawn. In this period were re-established definitely, not again to be repealed, the laws for the abolition of privileges and primogeniture; and a crusade was commenced against tithes, the existence of which impeded the development of agriculture. Queen Christiana was never resigned to her exile. It taught her no lesson. Espartero, a skilful soldier but a poor politician, saw generals with whom he had shared the glory of war ranged against him. The men who are to-day scandalized by military pronunciamentos proposed to carry off by force the queen and infanta from the royal palace. Thus began the reaction which triumphed in 1843 and to which those Progresistas contributed who found fault with the way in which, from a constitutional point of view, Espartero had exercised the regent's power.

The next reaction abolished the Constitution of 1837, to substitute for it that of 1845. The Moderate party committed this great political mistake by their subserviency to court influences. The negotiations for the marriages of Queen Isabel and her sister are well known, the last-mentioned lady making an alliance with the Duke of Montpensier in hopes of taking the place of the queen, whom it was presumed would be childless. The astuteness of M. Guizot, and the folly of the Spaniards who wished one of their own countrymen to be the sovereign's consort, resulted in a marriage which has been for Queen Isabel and for Spain the reverse of that of Queen Victoria with Prince Albert. On the whole this reaction, which lasted from 1843 to 1845, bore little resemblance to its predecessors. Those of 1814 and 1823 were the triumph of the elements of old Spain, as opposed to new aspirations and new generations. The reaction of 1843 culminated amongst those elements which, combined, had fought and conquered the Carlists. Within the Liberal camp itself were to be found now two divisions, the Exaltados and the Moderados; many of its members belonged to the former. Queen Isabel was officially a constitutional and not an absolute monarch. Unhappily the servility of the Moderados (Moderate party) caused her to laugh at and despise the Cortes and Constitution, but the exterior form often saves the substance, and serves to accustom to, and educate insensibly for, a new political life, those who are most likely to revolt from such a discipline.

The Moderate party, which comprised men of worth and which each day drew recruits from the youth of Spain, owing to the systematic exclusiveness shown by the Court towards the Exaltados, obtained brilliant successes from 1845 to 1848, especially in its management of the interior business of the country. The tendencies of the Court to regain absolute power never ceased. One by one men of the Moderate party were put aside in order to find an individual capable of carrying the idea of the palace into execution. A distinguished politician and financier, Bravo Murillo, with a frankness which does him honor, published a project to the effect that the Cortes should themselves curtail their powers. He next tried to prevent them from having the control of their own business, and these external manifestations of palace ideas was the motive of the great convulsion of 1854, when the throne of Doña Isabel shook on its pedestal, and a long exile was imposed on her mother, Doña Christiana, who was supposed to be the instigator of the re-establishment of Court despotism. The revolutionary period of 1854–56 was short but fruitful. A Constitution was composed but not promulgated. The progress of the age was too strong for declared religious intolerance even in theocratic Spain. The protest of the Senate against speculators on the Stock Exchange resulted in the settlement of the railway question, and the legislation of those two years was subsequently the origin of the great material advantages warmly applauded by the distinguished Señor Moyano, a member of the Moderate party. The reaction of 1856 to 1868 indicates the last resistance shown by Queen Isabel to the slow, well-ordered, and fertile developments of liberty. The palace boasted of its wish to make

a retrograde movement, its ostensible advisers being the nun Sister Patrocinio, the Padre Claret, and the Padre Civilo, an old Carlist who was raised to the See of Toledo. The Court was opposed to the recognition of the kingdom of Italy. The queen protested that she would drown her daughter, the Princess Isabel, rather than allow her to marry the Duke of Aosta, and by giving her in marriage to the epileptic Count of Girgenti, ensured her subsequent misery. Meanwhile the reaction of the country took a less violent form under the party called *La Union Liberale* (the Liberal Union), which, directed by the illustrious General O'Donnell and the clever politician Posado-Herrera, showed some moderation and ability in the department of domestic administration, adventurous though it was in its war with Morocco, in Saint Domingo, in Cochin-China, and in the Pacific, and in its imprudent intervention in Mexico. Such a policy abroad reacted disastrously upon affairs at home. This was the opinion of the Progresista minority in Parliament, led by the famous Olozaga.

Olozaga, seeing that Espartero did not leave his place of retirement, where, till his death, he remained—faithful, he said, to the queen, but firmly resolved no longer to serve her in office—induced Prim to join the Liberal ranks, to which he had formerly belonged and from which he separated himself at the instigation of the queen-mother. The return to Liberalism of such a valuable man was a proof of Olozaga's remarkable tact and skill, and the time came when Prim and Sagasta conceived a hope that the Progressists might, by the exercise of the constitutional prerogative, be called to power. Perhaps, had he possessed the gift of Saxon persistency or firmness, he would have been able to conquer the resistance of the palace, and thus have avoided the fifth revolutionary stage. But such patience is foreign to the adventurous and impressionable character of the children of the south. Before an imprudence of speech on the part of the Moderate Government, which replaced the Liberal Union, the Progressists agreed upon withdrawal. The author of this paper, who belonged to that Progressists minority, voted always against the withdrawal, because he believed that legal means ought to be exhausted before force was resorted to. But as the Revolution advanced, the Court and all its flatterers carried their opposition to extremes, instead of disarming it by reform, which is the real lightning-conductor for the revolutionary spark. So many were the mistakes of the Court that O'Donnell himself invited Espartero to power, declaring that he no longer wished to be a minister of the queen when he saw that the reaction must go to limits which he abhorred.

After the vain and unfortunate attempts which followed the movements of 1865–1866, made exclusively by the Progressists, the Court committed the unpardonable blunder of irritating and alienating the Liberal Union by exiling the Presidents of both Chambers and many Deputies who, exercising the right of petition, warned the queen of her danger. Every one was suspicious, and unquestionably Queen Isabel herself had motives for doubt when her mother, Christiana, taught too late by experience, wished to counsel her daughter to be more cautious. The queen had also misgivings as to the Duke of Montpensier, which, as subsequent events showed, were not devoid of foundation. When a royal personage, reigning by Divine right, places no confidence in the members of her family, it is not strange if she mistrusts subjects whom she considers rebel vassals. The peninsula was in an unfortunate condition. Four years of bad harvests had caused grievous losses, and in 1868 there was a real famine. The poor took refuge by bands in the cities, in quest of the subsistence denied them in the country. Civil commotion and sectarian disturbances ensued, and then the Progressists allied themselves with the Democrats. The two parties, with the Liberal Union, which a year before had routed them, conquered and shot down their opponents in the name of the queen; the avalanche fell, and the throne of the Bourbons, which shook in 1808, was unhinged in 1854 and came to pieces in 1868, to the astonishment and with the applause of other nations.

This fifth stage of the Spanish revolution is fresh in the memory of all. It can be divided into three parts. 1st, the Provisional Government till the assassination of Prim, a grand and glorious period; 2d, the reign of Don Amadeo, a honorable, dignified, and prosperous period; and 3d, the pacific proclamation of the Republic, the exaggerations, sincere on the part of some, provoked by others, to drive out Amadeo to make way for the restoration. This was a period of political vertigo which made the timid and all those who saw themselves attacked by the excesses of demagogues and Carlists cry, "Give us some one who will ensure the security of our property and persons."

The revolution of 1868 does not need justification. It is sanctioned by the restoration, which has not dared, by following in the footsteps of Ferdinand VII. in 1814 and in 1823, to efface it. A distinguished Conservative, Señor Canovas del Castillo, has briefly summarized the work which the Revolution was to accomplish. Three things, he told Parliament, separated us from Europe—the Bourbons, Catholic exclusiveness, and Slavery. The Revolution has removed these three barriers, and its force has been so great that if the Bourbons were restored to the throne, Catholic exclusiveness would not have returned, and in five years' time the abolition of slavery will have been carried into effect. Certainly the liberty of free worship has developed into a system of complete religious toleration.

The restoration was effected in the last days of December, 1874. It still exists. Why? Because, compounding with the Revolution, it wished to show itself tolerant of persons rather than of institutions. It is, indeed, true that the revolution would not have been vindictive. There were no exiles or banishments until the last period, when Sagasta, in a Ministry composed of *soi-disant* republicans, discredited

the Republic; but the Ministry of the Regency, careful to please the Moderate party, which was in course of extinction, by an unjustifiable decree, abolished civil marriage for Catholics, banished three distinguished professors of the universities on account of their honorable protest opposed to the offensive statements of the Ministry, and finally ostracized Ruiz Zorrilla, Salmeron, and Fernandez de los Rioz—worthy models of patrician virtue, constancy, and political consistency. These qualities were repugnant to the turncoats and robbers in proportion as they contrasted with their own actions. Fernandez de los Rioz, protector of Canovas del Castillo when the latter requires such protection, died on foreign soil, exiled by the men he had defended. It is the period to-day in the course of development, of which I propose to examine the principal factors.

II.

THE Bourbon dynasty has steeped Spain in blood for its own family interests since 1808. Whilst the nation was in search of its regeneration, Charles IV. and Ferdinand VII., his successor, were contending before Napoleon I. in Bayonne. In 1829 began the struggle between the brothers Ferdinand VII. and Charles V., a representative of the most fanatical autocratic ideas, three years before the birth of the lady now Queen Isabel. Ferdinand died in 1833; Charles's brother and the children and grandchildren of the men representing the two branches of the Bourbon family periodically fight for the throne and desolate the country with civil wars. The dynastic authority with which the two branches of the Bourbon families have invested their pretensions during the last fifty years has had the effect of hopelessly discrediting them in the eyes of the Spanish people. The remorseless severity with which, in their desire to vindicate the claims they have regarded as inalienable and entirely irreconcilable, accompanied by reciprocal defamation and abuse, has robbed them of all popular respect. This is perhaps the historical result which the Bourbons of Spain have not foreseen. They have not known how, in things little or great, to imitate the conduct of the French Bourbons.

It is just to say that in this respect we have progressed. Don Alfonso was an exile before he became king. He experienced the sorrow referred to by Dante, of remembering in poverty past greatness; and he has studied in Austria, in the Terresius College, and at Sandhurst; that is to say, he has lived within the walls of humanity and civilization previous to his accession to the crown. Thus he has a great advantage over his mother and grandmother, who were exiled after being on the throne. No one, as he himself admits, has profited more by the revolution than he himself. His conduct during his reign shows that there are no clerical influences at Court, and in replacing Conservatives by Constitutionals, and the latter last October by Democrats, he has given a proof of tact, of common sense, and of an instinct of self-preservation. If Queen Isabel had acted similarly she would still be Queen of Spain, and there would have been reforms without revolutionary convulsion. Perhaps the political gain would not have been so marked, but, on the other hand, the Carlists would not have devastated the north and centre of the peninsula. Peace would not have been disturbed, and the advantages which it brought would have inculcated a spirit of patience, and we should have been prepared to obtain slowly and surely that boon whose sudden bestowal inspired apprehension as well as enthusiasm. That for which Doña Isabel would have been grateful will serve Don Alfonso as a means of prolonging his political existence. If he is to strengthen his throne it will not suffice that he should be a good king. He must be a great king. And afterwards? To this question I answer that the historian is not a prophet.

III.

IT may be that the materials for a reply will be found in the state of parties in Spain. The English people, who have received their political education during a reign as glorious as that of Queen Victoria, cannot by analogy have any clear idea of Spanish parties. It would be necessary for them to recall the days of Walpole to trace any resemblance, incomplete though it would be even then, between what passed in their own country and that which is happening in Spain at the end of the nineteenth century. The struggle here is not so much between parties as between mortal enemies seeking to destroy each other on the field of battle. Royalists and Liberals grouped themselves into two bands, and carried on a war of extermination against each other. Since the year 1833, within the Liberal camp, the two parties, the Moderado and the Exaltado, which are now the Progresista, begin to come to the foreground. The want of political customs, of discipline, and, above all, of parliamentary habits, were such that even in the Congress itself the Moderados stood round one fireplace and the Exaltados around another. If a man moved from his fireplace to go to the one on the opposite side he became immediately an object of suspicion. No such ridiculous divisions exist to-day. They have been replaced by a political fickleness which cannot be too strongly reprobated or deplored.

After the peace of 1840 the Carlists, who had been conquered, were no longer counted amongst the different parties. We only hear of Moderados and Progresistas until the movement which ended in the revolution of 1868. The democratic idea in 1845 found an official representative in the person of the Marquis of Albaida, and three years afterwards displayed itself in Don Nicolas Rivero. The Moderados give prominence to royal power; the Progresistas proclaim the national sovereignty as the fountain of right. Queen Isabel committed the mistake, which cost her the crown, of never calling to power, for the

space of twenty-five years, the Progresistas. On one occasion, in 1854, they secured office almost by storm, but only to hold the reins of State for two years. The transformation, however, was necessary. Those who were not Liberal among the Moderados formed the Puritan faction in 1847, but the great European disturbance of 1848 alarmed the Court, and Narvaez organized a resistance which was justified by the revolutionary attempts that were suffocated in Spain when they triumphed in France and in Germany. The modification which the Puritans could not carry into effect was realized by O'Donnell in 1856. He formed the Liberal Union in 1856 with young and moderate elements, and with almost all the staff of the party Progresista. But the grand Parliamentarian, Olozaga, who with a few persons such as Aguerre and Madoz united the dispersed members, had at his back the people of Madrid and other important cities,—Barcelona, Valencia, Seville, and Saragoza. His action, energy, and constancy encouraged his party, and they prepared for the great movement of 1868. This accomplished, the Moderado and Progresista parties had no longer any reason for existence, and became transformed as soon as the Cortes assembled, by means of a universal suffrage exercised by 2,000,000 electors. Although the Moderados made pretence to be a party, a great number called themselves Conservatives. The Progresistas united with a few Democrats of great value and young ardor, styling themselves *Progresista Democraticos*. Later on they took the name of Radicals. Carlism now, for the first time in modern life, became a party and formed itself into considerable groups, almost equal to those of the Republicans, who were displaying all the vigor of new ideas. After the Carlists and Republicans had been twice conquered by the military genius of Prim, a fresh distribution of parties became indispensable, and in a fatal hour the Radicals separated. The division was reprehensible, and to it was due the resignation of Don Amadeo. With astounding rapidity, Sagasta in twenty-four hours formed a party to upset his old friend Zorilla. English people who look upon politics as a serious pursuit will smile at this sudden creation of a party. The Conservatives so unexpectedly sprouting out held the reins of power. They routed the Radicals, who, led away by their desire to revenge themselves on Sagasta, made a coalition with the Carlists, and in their turn routed Sagasta. The illustrious Prince of Savoy, knowing that a military movement in Catalonia was being prepared to force his hand, as had been the case in the time of Queen Isabel, preferred abdication, and left Spain more loved and respected than if he had imposed himself on her. To-day Spaniards deplore their small appreciation of his noble qualities. Without violence, and legally, Spain, from being monarchical became republican. Every one was astonished that the republican feeling had been so little known, although it was observed that even many Carlists called themselves Republicans, with the deliberate object of securing the ascendency of Don Carlos. The Radicals were anathematized by all the Conservatives. The latter attributed to them the fall of Don Amadeo, in which they themselves had an equal share. The Republicans, instead of attracting the Radicals to their side, repudiated them as a set of dangerous people occupying public posts. This hostility of the Republicans became fatal to the consolidation of their party.

Alfonso proclaimed, parties were compelled to reconstitute themselves. To make this possible, the ancient political groups became divided, subdivided, and pulverized. Superficial minds smiled sardonically, and ridiculed this atomism, although from a physical point of view, as well as a moral, there could be no other result. The restoration has now lasted eight years, and the Liberal party, which serves as a counterpoise to the Conservative, is not yet formed. Is such a formation possible? There are two elements with which it is necessary to count ere the problem can be solved—the Carlist and the Republican. The Carlist, still powerful in the mountains of the Basque and Navarre, Aragon and Catalonia, has through the fanaticism of the clergy received an unexpected blow. Pope Leon XIII., by reminding the bishops that the Church is not united to any single form of civil government, has done great good to Spain, because since 1808 it appeared that the Catholic religion was only compatible with monarchy and with the most fanatical branch of the Bourbon family. The Republican party is of modern growth. Its supporters exist in the great centres, and are largely composed of Catalonian working men, who are the leaven of anarchy and of all demagogic follies. It numbers men who by their intelligence, firmness, and morality are of considerable value, who are respected by their opponents, and whom it has been desired and tried to attract to the monarchy. The result has been some few desertions. If the restoration does not succeed in its march, the substitution of any other monarchy is by no means impossible after the resignation of the Duke of Aosta. In that case the Republic would inevitably establish itself, and would give rise to a new reconstruction of parties, which within a Republican form of Government would move.

IV.

We are now in a position to understand the interior and exterior political situation of Spanish affairs. All the fallen institutions have ceased to exist, and no one pretends that they will rise again, as in the reactions of 1814, 1823, and 1843. There is only one ancient institution re-established, monarchy, which still has partisans and vitality. But, at the same time, on the monarchy itself depends the fate of that which may again take root. Many men who to-day blushingly enter the ranks of Don Alfonso would have entered them with their heads erect if the Constitution of 1869 had been preserved, because there was no other change than the name of the sovereign,

that is to say, of Amadeo to Alfonso. Hence the prolonged difficulties of our internal life. The reconstitution of the machinery of provincial and municipal administration has indeed made much progress so far as the written law is concerned, but there are still many faults to correct. As regards our criminal jurisprudence we have much to admire, learn, and apply from the English code. The revolution created the jury system. The restoration suppressed it, and there is no other remedy than to re-establish it again as soon as possible. Civil marriages which were compatible with religious belief were also suppressed by the Catholics, and this retrogressive movement, hastily realized in the first year of the restoration, is a difficulty which will operate as a touchstone of ministerial Liberalism. Within a very short time the To Be or Not To Be of a restoration will present itself, but the two great problems of our interior policy are the army and the exchequer. Although it may appear paradoxical, we have prospered most in our finance. It is well known that, since the Austrian dynasty, the penury of the Spanish treasury was permanent, and increased as the nation fell to pieces and became pauperized. To-day it is recognized by all thinking men that Spain has more force, more activity, more vitality and vigor than when she exploited the mines of Mexico and Peru. She only requires time and perseverance to obtain the freedom of her finance, which, like that of Italy, in twenty years can bring itself into a state of equilibrium, and it is only justice to say that the various parties work with a good-will to obtain this result.

The army presents to us peculiar difficulties. On account of the situation Spain occupies geographically in Europe, her peninsular condition enables her to reduce her army, and to think more of her navy and colonies. But the anti-patriotic conduct of the Carlists has compelled her to raise her troops to an abnormal degree. The consciousness of military power being generally agreeable to the kings, Don Alfonso is in favor of a reorganization of the army which can bring it, with the reserves, up to a million of fighting men. There is no budget which suffices for this, and if in peace we must prepare for war, all our expenditure will go in men, and little will remain for materials of war, commissariat departments, engineers, artillery, and fortifications. Our military administration is deplorable. The excessive number of commanding and other officers—too numerous even for the Carlist war and for the insurrection in Cuba—is a source of demoralization on account of the slowness of promotion. To this must be added the system of favoritism prevailing among the dispensers of patronage, and especially the circumstance that from captains to the lower grades Republican ideas are certainly in vogue. We are sailing between two rocks, We need a considerable army to prevent any fresh Carlist insurrection; we need a small army in order to maintain the material requirements of our forces; we need to apply any surplus of revenue to the extinction of our debt for public works and for educational purposes. If Spain, like the United States, could do without an army, her situation today would be one of extraordinary prosperity. The army proclaimed Don Alfonso; yet this summer in two important fortresses the cry has been heard of "Viva la Republica!" from the lips of men belonging to the regular army. It was generally believed that the era of pronunciamentos had closed. The late military risings have killed Sagasta's ministry, and opened a wound in the restoration which is not likely to be healed, as the Minister of War has assured us. What has happened would seem to demonstrate that there is in the army a formidable secret association which has relations with Señor Zorilla, an energetic man, whom the Conservative Government banished from Spain, thus raising him on a pedestal which has increased his popularity, and which is the important factor that must be borne in mind for the solution of our interior policy.

The external relations of Spain require but little study. That concentration to which we are forced by our internal questions does not allow us to think of expansion or political interference with other countries. Friendship with all suits us best, and especially with neighboring nations or with those between whom and ourselves there exist active commercial relations. Portugal always showed herself jealous of being absorbed. This feeling, however, is disappearing with the advancement of railway communication. Our European high road runs through France, and it would be an insane policy to close our frontier. The journey of Don Alfonso, justly censured by the alarm which it has caused our neighbors, was complicated by an incident which wounded French patriotism. The fall of Sagasta's ministry simplifies the question. If to-day nations were dependent on the good or bad humor of their princes, our relations with France would indeed become lukewarm. It is better that the restoration should follow the example of the revolution. When the Franco-Prussian war broke out Bismarck gave Prim to understand that, if he would ally himself with Germany and put 50,000 soldiers on the Pyrenees to weaken the French forces on the Rhine, on the conclusion of hostilities Spain should recover the Rosellon and the Cerdana lost by them in the war against the First Republic, when Godoy thought it his duty to make war on account of a family conflict. At the same time the Count of Keratry arrived at Madrid, proposing that Spain should help France with 50,000 men, and France would support any project that Spain entertained against Portugal. General Prim declined both proposals. He remained completely neutral, and on the best terms with the two countries.

A third of the entire commerce of Spain is with England. As a consequence the relations of the two countries are continuous, but not so close as they ought to be. It is clear that the requirements of the English Budget force England to recoup herself on spirits with an excise duty which must be applied

equally to foreign importations of a similar character. Nevertheless it is to be regretted that, through our protectionist fallacy, Spain makes a point of putting a heavy duty upon English products, thus driving them from our market and replacing them by articles from Belgium or Germany. By this we see that the policy of Spain, from an external point of view, at present can only be, and must be, a commercial policy. Those of our products which are the still considerable remains of a large colonial empire only require the development of an exterior vigor and administration which cannot give rise to conflict. More especially will this be the case when the invading tendency of the times shall have ceased, making way for exploration and science.

V.

THE large majority of the nation, politically considered, is in a by no means enviable condition. The election of deputies in rural districts is carried out by the Alcaldes, who inquire of the Governor as to the individual nominated by the central authorities. The selection is regulated by the politics of the party in power. Either the nomination of the candidate proceeds from moral influence —that is to say, by an order from the authorities—or it is imposed on the public by violence. The deputies of the opposition only can be elected in accordance with the last electoral reforms. Of these gentlemen the law requires that the third part should correspond to the minority. Although the last census (1877) shows that only 25 per cent. of the population knew how to read and write, the quickness of the genius, and the facility of locomotion and the solid acquirements of knowledge by a small number of men, have sufficed to change the aspect of Spain. At the conclusion of the Austrian dynasty there were only six and a half millions of inhabitants. In 1797 there were ten and a half millions. In this century, in spite of eighty years of revolution, of the War of Independence, of the terror caused by the absolutists and theocrats, of the Carlist wars and of military insurrections, the population has increased to seventeen millions. If we look at our commerce, so far as imports and exports are concerned, it has quintupled since 1827. The postal movement is six times as great as in 1840. Lighthouses for our coasts are now more than two hundred in number; in 1841 there were only four. In 1848 we had twenty-nine kilometres of railroad; to-day we have eight thousand in use. Our mines produce millions of tons of iron and copper minerals. Eight thousand kilometres of pit-coal have been discovered, and it is already explored to a considerable extent in Asturiaz and Belmes. As a mercantile maritime power, Spain comes fifth on the list. Her agricultural production, wines and oils, are the basis of an industry which each day becomes greater. The fine arts and poetry have advanced in the same degree as liberty of thought, and a Government which will secure Spain twenty years of peace will be the legitimate Government, and that by the universal sanction of grateful Spaniards. Then Spain will occupy among other nations the rank which is her historic heritage.—SEÑOR DON LAUREANO FIGUEROLA, in *The Fortnightly Review.*

LUTHER IN POLITICS.

I.

ARE many aware, in this country, to what large extent the Reformation in Germany was, at one and the same time, a religious, social, and political upheaval? And is it generally known how much Luther had, in his earlier career, sympathized with those popular grievances which led to the great rising commonly called the "War of the Peasants" (1524-25), but which in truth was rather a revolutionary attempt for the better reconstruction of the German Empire?

A little more than a century before the famed Reformer was born—the four-hundredth anniversary of whose birthday will be commemorated, on November 10, all through the Fatherland—a powerful Democratic movement arose in Germany by means of a League of Cities. Various towns' alliances of this kind reached then, in the fourteenth century, from the north-west to the south—from Aachen and Köln to Kolmar, Basel and Zürich. They had taken the name of *Eidgenossen*, or men banded together by an oath for the overthrow of tyranny. Keeping armed establishments of their own, both on land and river (that is, on the Rhine and Mosel), they aimed at the overthrow of the usurped privileges of the landed aristocracy and the petty princes. To the authority of the elective King, or Kaiser, they were at first far from hostile. And whilst these *Eidgenossen* made progress, in the burgher interest, in the west and the south, the *Hansa*—another League established on the principle of civic self-government, though of a more patrician character—became strong along the German Ocean and the Baltic. It was altogether an epoch of great promise for the rising middle and popular class.

Out of the *Eidgenossen* movement came the foundation of Republican government in what is now Switzerland. For, until then, those Alpine districts had been an integral part of Germany as much as Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria are at present integral parts of the restored Empire.

But though victorious in the Swiss mountain quarters, the Leaguers suffered a decisive defeat in the remainder of southern Germany by the battle of Döffingen: August 23, 1388. That event sealed the fate of the Towns' League there, to the harm of freedom—even as Anglo-Saxon independence fell before the Norman onslaught near Hastings. It was through the treachery of Count Henneberg, the leader of the Nuremberg contingent, who had made common cause with the citizens, but allowed himself to be bribed by the enemy, that the battle of Döffingen was lost

to the champions of national freedom. When Konrad Besserer, the valiant burgomaster of Ulm, sank—like another Winkelried—covered with many wounds, on the blood-spattered head-banner of the Civic Confederacy, the days of hope for the *Eidgenossen* cause in Germany were gone. In Switzerland that name triumphantly survived. To this day, the Switzers, as a people, designate themselves as "Eidgenossen," and their Republic as "the Swiss *Eidgenossenschaft*."

II.

In Luther's time a fresh upheaval took place. What we now call the spirit of the Reformation, was at first not simply a craving for a theological change, but a combined religious, social, and political movement tending towards Reform, and at last, in the absence of timely concession, bringing forth a Revolution. Only the religious part of the programme triumphed in the end, albeit at the price of a political disruption. The popular rising for the redress of social grievances, and for the reconstitution of the German Empire in a more Liberal sense, was drowned in blood. Any one fully conversant with Luther's extensive works must, however, know that the latter himself had often uttered the strongest views possible on princely and aristocratic misrule, and that he only drew back when the revolutionary tempest filled his mind with deep anxiety.

Though no statesman, Luther so well understood the signs of the times, when he began his work, that he foretold the outbreak of the armed rising two or three years before it happened. In 1522, he literally said that he saw "a general Revolution in German lands" coming. He thought the people were "taking the Gospel in a carnal way;" hence the uprising would follow. Himself sprung from the ranks of the people, a poor miner's son, and, in spite of his stormy and pugnacious character, full of kindly feeling for the ground-down masses, he was the last man to deny their sufferings. Often he warned their rulers; urging them forward on the path of amelioration, economical and political.

On trade and commerce, he wrote in a philanthropic—some might say: socialistic—sense, a few years before the Revolution. His appeal "To the Christian Nobility of the German Nation" (1520), and his treatise on "Trade and Usury" (1524), may be singled out here. He denounced the mercantile principle to "sell wares as dearly as possible." He was even in favor of a maximum price being fixed by government for the main necessities of life. He condemned all luxury, and on biblical grounds attacked the growing usurer's practice. In fiery accents, almost like a Samuel, he spoke out against the tyranny of princes and nobles.

The state of things must have been truly unbearable when we find him, the ex-monk, whose object was mainly Church reform, launching out against the rulings powers in the way he did. He said "princes had mostly been the greatest blockheads, or the wickedest wretches." He called them "madmen, fools, reprobates, jailers, hangmen." He maintained they "have hearts of stone and heads of brass." He advised them to go to a place and to a personage that usually remained unnamed, but whom Luther was so much in the habit of fighting, that on one occasion he threw his inkstand at him, or at least is said to have thought he had done so. Once, on the Wartburg, he heard the Devil cracking the hazel-nuts he had kept in a chest of his room. The cracking made a tremendous noise like a hundred tons rolling about. This we know from Luther himself; but his head was then often swimming from solitary life in a narrow cell. No doubt, a mouse was at the bottom of the mischief. To it, his solemn adjuration "in the name of Christ" was therefore virtually addressed.

The very unparliamentary language in which he denounced the tyranny of Pope and bishop, of noble and prince, was not simply characteristic of his own dislike of all mealy-mouthedness, but upon the whole rather a custom of his epoch. He himself went on the principle that in times of public danger it is a duty to speak out trumpet-tongued, at all risks and hazards, even though giving offence to ears polite, or to a purple-born king. His onslaught against Henry VIII. of England, on account of a libel the King, as champion of the Roman Church, had written against him, is one of the most remarkable specimens of plain talk.

It was a favorite way of Henry, in diplomatic intercourse, to speak of the "damned heresies of Luther." * On his part, neither did Luther mince words, when parrying the thrust. "Defender of the Faith!"—he exclaimed—"ah, ah! my worthy Hal! I who have taken the Pope by the horns, that great idol of Rome, I shall not be frightened by his scales and peelings. Oh, my Lord Henry! You have reckoned without your host! You shall hear truths that won't amuse you. King of England though thou be, I brand thee as a driveller of falsehoods and of poisonous calumnies." And so on, in very unceremonious style.

Some of Luther's attacks against German princes are to be found in his treatise "On Secular Government." He there discusses the question as to whether it is allowable to offer resistance to tyranny. He preaches submission; but he says of the princes:—

"They profess to be good Christian rulers, obedient to the Kaiser. What a farce! As if one did not see the rogue behind their face! Why, if the Emperor took a castle unjustly from them, they would quickly resist him. But when they want to fleece the poor man, and to make light of the Word of God, they give out that they are acting under the Emperor's orders. Such men, of yore, were knaves. Now, forsooth, we have to call them 'good, dutiful, Christian princes' . . . . .

* See the "Reports of the Hungarian Ambassador, Count Ortenburg, on his Mission to England, in 1527." (Vienna: 1869.)

But I advise these misguided persons to think of a small little sentence in Psalm 107, where it is written: 'He (the Lord) poureth contempt upon princes.' I promise our princes, that, if this sentence once passes round against them, all their fury will avail nothing. Ay, the sentence *is* already passing round; for there are few princes that are not looked upon as fools and wretches, proving themselves, as they do, to be such, whilst the common folk have come to understand things and to despise their rulers."

As late as a year before the revolutionary rising, Luther thus delivered himself:—"The laboring man, tried beyond all endurance, overwhelmed with intolerable burdens, will not, and cannot, any longer tamely bow down; and he has doubtless good reasons for striking with the flail and the club, as Johnny Pitchfork threatens to do." Then Luther adds:—"I am delighted, so far, to see the tyrants quake."

In the same "Sincere Exhortation," as the Appeal is entitled, whilst warning against the spirit of rebellion (which yet his own language was apt, incidentally, to encourage), he admonished the Imperial Government and the nobles to put their hands to the work of doing away with grievances, as "that which is done by the regular powers (these are his wise words) cannot be looked upon as sedition." Clearly, he thought there was danger ahead in having a class of half-enslaved agricultural laborers divorced from freehold possession of the soil, who were put by the aristocracy on starvation fare or wages, and denied all share, not only in political rights, but even in those meadows, fields, forests, and streams which once had belonged to their hard-working forefathers, or to the commonalty at large.

III.

In the pamphlet just referred to, a state of doubt may be traced in Luther's mind. He saw the greatness of the coming movement; he had sympathy with it; yet he could not place himself frankly on the one side or the other. Nevertheless, he went on hurling his darts, off and on, against Government and the privileged castes and classes in State and Church. The thunders of the Revolution were already heard, the clash of arms had actually begun, when he still wrote:—

"For such revolt we have to thank you, ye princes and lords, ye purblind bishops, mad priests and monks! . . . . You, in your outrageous pride and monstrous luxury, fleece and skin the people until they can bear it no longer. With the sword already at your throat, you still fancy you are firm in the saddle. You will be lifted from it! . . . . If *these* peasants cannot do it, others will. And though ye beat them all, they still remain unbeaten. You may crush them to the ground; but God will raise up fresh ones; for He means to destroy you, and destroy you He will. It is not peasants that rise up against you, my dear lords; it is God himself who means to punish your tyrannic madness!"

In a more beseeching tone, so as to avoid bloodshed, he continued:—

"See you not that, if I wished for revenge, I should only have to stand silently by, laughing in my sleeve, and look on at the peasants carrying out their work? I might even, by making common cause with them, gash still deeper your wounds. God ever keep me, as now, from such thoughts! . . . . Dear lords, in the name of God! withdraw before the wrath of God, which you see is let loose against you! Leave off your cruel exactions; leave off your cruel despotism! . . . . Use gentle means, lest the spark, now lighted, spreading by and by all round, and catching at point after point, should raise up throughout Germany a vast fire which nothing can quench. You will not loose by gentleness; and even though you were to undergo some trifling loss, the blessings of peace would make it up to you a hundred-fold. Go to war—and you may, all of you, be swallowed up, body and goods. The peasantry have drawn up 'Twelve Articles,' some of which contain demands so plainly just that the mere fact of their having to be brought forward dishonors you before God and man. I myself have many articles—even still weightier ones, perhaps—that I might present against you in regard to the government of Germany, such as I drew up in my "Address to the German Nobility." But my words passed unheeded by you, like the soughing of the wind."

The "Twelve Articles," so famous in the history of the German peasantry, to which Luther here refers, were the first programme of the suffering agricultural class. And most moderate demands did they embody. The peasants asked for a Reformation of the Church by allowing the parish to choose its pastor; for a lessening of tithes and soccage services; for the abolition of villeinage and of the harsh game-laws and fishery-laws; for the giving back, to the communes, of fields and grass-lands that had wrongfully been taken from them by the priesthood or the nobles; for the diminution of imposts; the passing of a law-reform bill; and the doing away with legacy-taxes oppressive to the poorer classes, with the custom of heriot, as it is called in older English, and other impositions which acted to the special injury of widows and orphans.

The twelfth article simply said:—"If it can be proved from the Gospel that any of our demands are not founded in justice, we shall withdraw such demand."

Now, on these grievances of the insurgent population, Luther nobly said in his "Sincere Exhortation to Peace, addressed to the Princes and Lords of the Empire":—

"As to the first article, you cannot refuse them the free election of their pastors. They wish that these pastors should preach the Gospel to them. Now, authority must not and cannot forbid this, seeing that, of right, it should allow every man to teach and believe that which to him seems good and fitting, whether it be Gospel, or whether it be false. All that authority is warranted in prohibiting is, the preaching up of disorder and revolt.

Again, the Articles which bear upon the material welfare of the peasants—the imposts, legacy-taxes, the illegal soccage service, and so forth—are equally just; for *Government was not established for its own ends*, nor to make use of the persons subject to its authority for the gratification of its own whims and evil passions, but *for the interests and the advantage of the people.* Now, the people have become fully impressed with this conviction, and will no longer tolerate your shameful extortions. Of what benefit were it to a peasant that his field should grow as many florins as it does grains of corn, if his aristocratic master may rob him of the produce, and waste, like dirt, the money he thus got from his land-slave, in fine clothes, fine castles, fine food and drink? What you must do, first and foremost, is to put a stop to all this vain luxury of yours, to close up the holes through which the money runs, so that you may leave some little of it in the poor peasant's pocket."

I have given these few extracts, which might be multiplied a hundred-fold, from too much forgotten writings of Luther, in order to show that the eminent religious Reformer knew well where the shoe pinched the down-trodden hinds; that he wished for a reform in the Government of Germany as well as in the Church; and that he looked upon the rising against lordly, princely, and episcopal misrule as a formidable one, which, "if he only stood silently by, laughing in his sleeve," might become uncontrollable, ay, triumphant.

IV.

HISTORICALLY speaking, to ignore the social and the political aspect of the German Reformation, is almost like giving *Hamlet* with the part of the Danish prince left out. That movement, at first, was a very complex one—so much so, that the Liberal tendencies bearing upon State affairs predominated even at one time, though under cover of Evangelical aspirations. It is merely a "Court and Crown" view of that remarkable epoch to forget how largely the popular and national elements of progress were originally involved in the theological struggle.

On separation from Papal supremacy all Reformers, at Luther's time, were of course agreed. They either wanted to set up a National Church, or Free Kirks on the Independent principle, for all shades of Evangelical creed. But the programme did not stop here. Landed property was in those days held by the Roman Church in mortmain to an extent which to-day seems to a German almost incredible. A priesthood under foreign headship practically possessed the mastery of by far the major part—some assert, two thirds!—of the national soil. Hence most men wished to reconvert that land either into property of the commonalty or into freehold.

Did not Bishop Latimer also, in a sermon preached before Edward VI., exclaim: "The English yeomanry have been made dowerless slaves by the great landed gentry"? Were not many of the early English Reformers in England careful of the physical welfare of the masses, instead of being simply occupied with a barren, abstract, formalistic theology, and its clerical squabbles?

So, too, in Germany there had been a great deal of sympathy, among the leaders of the Evangelical uprising, with the Land Law Reform movement. The recognized maxim with almost all of them was, that the fetters of bondage or semi-bondage were to be struck from the lower agricultural class. On this latter point of serfage Luther unfortunately held wrong views.

Again, in the view of a great many German Reformers, parliamentary representation of the people had to be made a reality by larger enfranchisements; for the German Reichstag was then—as Parliament was in England before the Reform Bill—a mere house of princes and lords, spiritual and temporal, with a sprinkling of deputies from a small number of enfranchised towns. Lastly, the most advanced group—all of them, be it well remembered, proceeding on Gospel lines—strove for the total abolition of a petty dynastic rule. Some of them were found under the Imperial flag of a German Monarchy one and indivisible, headed, according to the old Constitution, by a King or Kaiser owing his life-tenure of power to an election, and holding that power only on condition of his carrying out the decrees of Parliament. Others aimed in Swiss fashion, at a Democratic Commonwealth.

Many learned men, vast numbers of the middle class, many ex-priests too, even a small section of the nobility, and the mass of the peasantry, were in the movement—either as moderate Reformers, or as levelling, anti-feudalist adherents of an elective Monarchy on a Liberal basis, to the exclusion of all minor princely power; or as champions of a Republic, with a more or less Socialist tinge.

Wherever we look in the pages of German history, in the early part of the sixteenth century, we find men of note in politics, or distinguished in the domain of literature and art, pronouncing for the cause of general reform. I will only mention that learned Alsatian lawyer and master of satire, Sebastian Brandt, a German Rabelais, who died in 1521, shortly before Luther rose to eminence, and who, though no enemy of the Roman Church, struggled against its abuses, at the same time recommending political improvements; Albrecht Dürer, the renowned painter, and patriotic lover of his semi-republican native town of Nuremberg; and last, but not least, Hans Sachs, the chief of the Master-singers and Father of the German Drama, whose influence was one of the most extensive among the middle and working classes. With his widely propagated poems, Hans Sachs accompanied the triumphant march of the Reformation. He, too, strongly inclined towards great changes in the Empire, in the sense of that civic self-government which free, industrious, valiant, and art-loving Nuremberg enjoyed. At the same time he was one

of the most energetic champions of national unity against all comers, whether priests, princes, or foreign Powers.

There is a celebrated poem by him in honor of Luther, who is described as the songster announcing a new bright day. It is called "The Nightingale of Wittenberg," and it begins thus in the old minnesinger or troubadour style:—

> Arise! The light of day is near—
> Hark! in the cool greenwoods I hear
> The blissful song of the nightingales:
> Her voice resounds through hill and dale.
> To the western sky inclines the night;
> In the east the day breaks clear and bright.
> The Dawn of Morn, chasing the clouds,
> With rose-red wings the Darkness routs.

In the same song, Hans Sachs stigmatizes the oppression from which the peasantry suffered through the exactions of the priesthood, who were hard taskmasters of the land-slave. Of strong onslaughts against the tyranny of lords and princes there is no lack in a considerable number of poems of the Patriarch of the Master-singers. If short extracts from his political muse were reprinted now, the authorities at Berlin might be somewhat startled. Yet, the influence of Hans Sachs in the religious Reformation was a powerful one. It was acknowledged as such by Luther, whom the poet twice personally met, as well as by Melanchthon.

V.

EVEN as Hans Sachs dwelt upon the grievances of the peasantry, so also Ulrich von Hutten, that mail-clad man of the sword and the pen, though a moderate Progressist among the upper classes, wrote in the earlier days of the religious movement a pamphlet entitled "John with the Hoe." It is a dialogue between a peasant and a nobleman; the latter being introduced as Franz von Sickingen, a prominent political Reformer. In this pamphlet, Hutten aimed at bringing about a junction between the people and the more Liberal nobles. "*Jacta est alea! Ich hab's gewagt!*" ("The die is cast. I'll dare it now!") was Hutten's device, on which he acted throughout life, into banishment and death. To him, albeit an enemy of the Papacy and the priesthood, the cause of political and social Reform was the paramount one. For that, he struck off many a fiery pamphlet and poem, in rapid succession, from the anvil of his patriotic smithy.

Pamphlet literature, in the sixteenth century, was of an enormous extent in Germany. Tracts in the new spirit of Church and State reform were disseminated broadcast. Wandering minstrels brought them to the door of the artisan and the peasant. The invention of the art of printing—so bitterly fought against, at first, by the monks as "Devil's and sorcerer's work"—had given a powerful impetus to the popular aspirations. A great many satires in the style of "Reynard the Fox" were current—biting satires against priestcraft, aristocratic and royal misrule.

In the midst of all this excitement the Emperor Maximilian died—a well-meaning, personally brave man; of an adventurous disposition; very romantic; who has been styled "the last of the chivalry," but whose endeavor to ameliorate the Empire was made with a feeble hand. He once fought with a lion in the arena; and he got him down. When a French knight, coming to the Diet at Worms, boastfully called out the whole German nation, Maximilian quickly stepped forward to accept the challenge, and in a tournament, with a few well-aimed lance-thrusts, ran the swaggerer aground on the sand. But, though a warrior, he was not the proper man for "times out of joint." The few reforms he attempted for stopping the increasing disintegration of the national unity of Germany proved of no avail. That kind of tournament required even stronger nerves than the fighting a wild beast in the arena.

After Maximilian's death Charles V. was elected "King of the Germans." He was very young then—barely twenty. The dawn of morn lay on his brow; and for a moment men may have hoped that the new king would have done as Henry VIII. of England, that bitter foe of Luther, and Defender of the Old Faith, afterwards did, in spite of his precedents.

Ulrich von Hutten, at the moment of the election of Karl, stood at the height of his fame. He was the Agitator, the Orator, the Champion, ay, the Poet-Laureate of Germany. Maximilian, with his own hands, had crowned him as such with the laurel-wreath, for his Latin poems. During the session of the Reichstag at Augsburg, when Maximilian sought to bring about a declaration of war against the Turks, who were then the great danger to Europe, Hutten made a patriotic speech before the German princes, which even now reads as a masterpiece of eloquence. The whole country had its eyes fixed upon this bold Reformer, who was certainly one of the co-authors of that gigantic squib upon monkhood—the *Litteræ Obscurorum Virorum*, or "Letters of the Men of Darkness"—in which the shaveling crew were made to describe themselves in dog-Latin (or kitchen Latin as we call it), to the amusement of the enlightened classes of the nation.

It was this fearless wrestler, with the soul of fire, who endeavored to gain over Charles V. to the cause of Reform. The appeal is contained in Hutten's *Klage-Lied*, or "Song of Wail." Difficult as it is to render in English the quaintness and rugged strength of the text, I will endeavor to give a few passages:—

> Now I cry to my own fatherland:
> My German nation; dare to be free!
> Avenge and end this misery! . . . .
> Be bold, King Karl! Show strength of will!
> Does German blood thy heart not fill? . . . .
> Yea, I *will* put my trust in thee.
> Keep up thy royal dignity!
> O base dishonor, grief and shame!
> O degradation without name—
> That he whose sceptre the world should rule,
> Falls down before the Pontiff's stool;
> Lowly kissing the Papal feet!

Then, addressing the king-emperor in a humbler strain—lowering, nay, prostrating

himself in his patriotic despair, so that the cause he had at heart might, at least, be saved —Hutten exclaims:—

> I call ye Germans up to arms—
> But, O King Karl! ere I proceed,
> I humbly *thee* beseech and entreat:
> Graciously listen to my poor lay!
> For, all that I can do or say,
> To thine sole honor shall redound.
> Or how could courage I have found
> This uproar to raise in the common weal?
> To all free Germans I appeal;
> Yet, faithful subject to thee I remain. . . .
> O, save the disgraced and suffering land!
> Restore its honor with firm hand!
> Be *thou* our Captain! Do the deed!
> Begin the work! Make it complete!
> Humbly I'll labor by day and night,
> Rewardless in *thy* service fight;
> Gladly in poverty I will die,
> Willingly bear all burden and grief. . . .
> I claim no honor. *Thou* art the Chief!
> Have but a heart! Use thine own power!
> Step forth, dear King! This is the hour!
> Our Eagle standard raise on high—
> Come weal, come woe! we're ready to die!

But once more, in his anguish and eagerness for action, Hutten turns to the better men of his own aristocratic order, as well as to the cities:—

> Ye nobles proud; stand by the Right!
> Ye valiant towns; rise in your might!
> O, let not struggle me alone!
> Take pity on the Fatherland,
> Ye Germans brave, with strong-armed hand!
> Now grasp the sword—do not sit still—
> For Freedom's sake: it is God's will!

When Hutten wrote this Appeal, he was but thirty-two years of age. Yet he occupied already the most prominent position as a leader in the national and religious movement. Luther was not yet thirty-four when he put up his famous "Ninety-five Theses" on the Castle Church at Wittenberg, where they are now to be seen cast in metal. Thomas Münzer, a revolutionary preacher among the insurgent peasants, who was a Rienzi and Savonarola combined, achieved fame as an agitator at a much earlier age even. Charles V., however, who was quite a youth, remained inaccessible to Hutten's appeals. The mind of that prince was cast in the narrow mould of Spanish bigotry—on the verge of mental unsoundness, as his latter withdrawal to a monkish cell showed.

Of only half German descent, and brought up abroad, Charles was not even able to speak our tongue properly. He chiefly spoke the Low German of the Flemings, among whom he was born, or Spanish; but the Spaniards themselves declared he was not really master of their own language. At all events, he was not influenced by German thought and feeling. The bright light of a popular Reformation had no attraction for his gloomy temper. Thus he missed one of the greatest historical opportunities; and the nation had to suffer for it.

VI.

SPURNED by the Emperor, Hutten issued his poetical appeal: "An Admonition to all Free Imperial Cities of the German Nation." He urged them to make common cause with the nobility, as against the princes, whom he accuses of having "betrayed and sold the Empire," broken their oaths, attacked German freedom, converted the meeting of the National Parliament into occasions for "gluttonous banquets, where in one day the taxes wrung from the poor are shamelessly squandered." No Turk, nor heathens—he says—are such oppressors. "Among foreign nations, our good name goes down. I know I shall yet be driven from the country; but silence they shall me not; I *will* speak out for Truth and Right." He *was* driven from his country. He *did* die in poverty, an exile on Swiss soil, in 1523. But from his ashes, avengers rose, in accordance with one of his mottoes: "*Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor!*" Only a year and a half after his death, the great revolutionary upheaval took place, which covered Germany with blood; showing, even in its defeat, how deep-seated the popular aspirations for a social and a political, as well as for a religious, Reform had been.

Together with Hutten, his friend and fellow-worker, Franz von Sickingen, must be mentioned, who died in the same year, a few months before him. He was a German Chevalier Bayard. Indeed, during the French wars he personally led the German army against Bayard himself. But, unlike his French counterpart, Sickingen, in home politics, was a Bayard on the People's side. In those troublous days, he sometimes took the law into his own hands; and in some special cases it is difficult, at this distance of time, to say whether he did right. His castle, however, was popularly called the *Herberge der Gerechtigkeit*, the Sanctuary of Justice, the Refuge of the Oppressed. Hutten once took refuge there.

Sickingen died, wounded, after his stronghold had been stormed by the enemy. As Hutten had been an incipient John Hampden, so there was in Sickingen the making of an aristocratic, moderate Liberal, Lord Protector of Germany, had he had his full opportunity. With favoring circumstances, he might have become a Wallenstein of the Reformation, so strong was the martial spirit in him.

In cultured spirit, Hutten must be ranked nearest to the so-called Humanists—men like Celtes, Hesse, Reuchlin, Erasmus of Rotterdam, Bebel, Pirkheimer, and others. Their tendency towards intellectual enlightenment, which went beyond the theological scope of the Church Reformers, resulted from the revival of the study of Hellenic literature. Philosophy and art attracted them. Men of action they were not; but they would gladly have accepted a strong leader carrying out a Revolution from above, instead of from below. The paltry way in which Erasmus at last behaved towards Hutten, was typical of not a few of this highly enlightened class which unfortunately lacked the energy of will necessary for a great change in State and Church.

There was no lack of such energy among some leaders of the peasantry, such as Wendel Hipler, Friedrich Weigand, and Florian Geyer von Geyersberg; the two former

sprung from the people's ranks, the other of noble descent. They were Democratic statesmen of considerable strength of character, energetic in action, wise, and of large practical views.

The more fanatic fervor of a highly wrought enthusiasm was represented by Thomas Münzer. He was the pastor alternately of Zwickau, Allstedt, and then of the free Imperial city of Mühlhausen, in Thuringia. He had had contact with the Hussites at Prague. In religion he preached, though under mystic forms, a rather advanced Deism. A man of no mean ability, he strongly inclined, in his political creed, towards Socialism. In temper, he was of a very revolutionary, not to say terroristic, turn of mind. All these men took their cue from their interpretation of the Bible—even as, some years later, the Anabaptists under Knipperdolling and Bockhold did during their shortlived reign at Münster, in Westphalia.

The central figure of the Reformation was the ex-monk who had made the powerful assault against the edifice of Papal supremacy and Romish infallibility, and who, in so doing, had at first expressed much sympathy with the social and political grievances of the masses. Had Luther joined, or rather gone on keeping company with the political Reformers, he would have given a grander impress to the whole movement. He would have rallied the more cautious and timid classes to the cause of progress. He would have been able to check the excesses of some of the minor leaders lacking responsibility; and the twofold or threefold aim of the Reformation, as at first conceived in the popular mind, and even in the mind of not a few men of the upper classes, would no doubt have been carried.

VII.

HOWEVER, Luther for a time wavered, tacking to and fro in politics. Charles V., on his part, was deaf towards all patriotic voices. Not he alone; there was a general deafness among the princes subject to the Imperial crown. They carelessly whistled to the wind —and the storm came.

Like sheet-lightning announcing the thunder-storm, there had been peasant tumults all over the country ever since the end of the fifteenth century. The old leaven of the *Eidgenossen* movement had never wholly ceased to ferment. Deeply had the people's fancy been struck by the achievements of the German Switzers. Peasant conspiracies now became frequent. One of the earliest called itself the *Bundschuh*, or "Laced Shoe"; the peasants mostly wearing shoes, whilst the nobles wore high boots.

The aim of this secret Peasant Union may be gathered from its parole. On a member asking: "What d'ye think i' the main?" the answer was to be: "Priests, nobles, and princes are the people's bane!" (Princes, *Fürsten*, then always meant only the higher territorial aristocracy who had gradually risen to petty dynastic power under the Empire, and whose endeavor it was more and more to diminish the influence of the central Government of Germany, as represented by the Reichstag and the elected King-Emperor.) For its programme the "League of the Laced Shoe" had:

The Abolition of Villeinage;
The Secularization of the Cloisters and of all clerical domains;
The Non-Recognition of any Aristocratic Orders or Local Dynasties;
The Acknowledgment of but one Ruler: the King, or Emperor.

Thus a Germany one and indivisible, with democratic institutions, though still with a crowned head (on the elective principle), was the aim of the men of the "Laced Shoe."

A most remarkable leader of this Peasant Union was Joss Fritz, formerly a soldier like Jack Cade, but a man of far larger conceptions. His views may be gathered from his declaration that, if the Emperor would not lend himself to the Reform, "negotiations must be entered into with the Swiss." The tradition of the Swiss being only a successful section of German Democracy was then still extremely vivid. Indeed, the establishment of the "League of the Laced Shoe," as well as of another peasant conspiracy, called "The Poor Konrad," dates from the first years of the sixteenth century, whilst the last attempt to resubject Switzerland to the dominion of the Empire had failed but a few years before under Maximilian in 1499.

"Poor Konrad" (Poor Jack, so to say) was so called on account of Konrad being a frequent Christian name of the peasant. The first head-quarters of this league were in the neighborhood of Switzerland, at the foot of that Staufen, or Hohenstaufen Mountain, which bore the ancestral castle of a once proud race that had furnished a succession of "Kings of the Germans and Emperors of the Romans."

It was the rapid extension of the seconspiracies among the masses, which strengthened the conviction of the more far-seeing and more liberal-minded men in town and castle, that the time had come for great changes both in State and Church. What, then, might have occurred, had Luther thrown his influence steadfastly on the popular side!

At one time he almost had the nation at his command, and was looked upon as the universal counsellor in all great matters. Unfortunately, when the crisis came, he felt alarmed at the ever-increasing energy and extent of the popular aspirations, and became the opponent of the political and social parts of the Reformation programme. True, he even then acknowledged that he often thought "Germany stood in need of a political Luther, but that he was afraid they would get a Münzer." "Therefore"—he said—"I will not even indulge in a hope that they shall get a Luther for bringing about a great change in the secular government. All I can counsel is, that those who are able to do so may just mend a little the defects of the Empire by piecing on, and patching and botching here and there. . . . . Nay, it is better to suffer wrong altogether."

The theologian, the nature of the former monk, came up too strongly in Luther, as events tended towards a violent solution. He

himself has related at various times how, after having been "a rabid, insensate Papist, quite drowned in the Pope's doctrines," he once passed through such a free-thinking stage that (he said) "I could only check myself by throttling and strangling my reason." He certainly applied that process to his reason in State matters.

In the impressive "Exhortation to Peace" from which I have before quoted, he speaks of the tyrannic princes, lords, and bishops, like a People's Tribune, but then suddenly turns round against the peasants. He first, "in all kindness and charity," calls them: "My dear friends"; then: "You madmen." He threatens them with destruction, because —"he that takes the sword, shall perish by the sword." He declares that he "will wrest from them the name of Christ, which they are using, by any effort of which I am capable; sacrificing, if need be, the last drop of my blood." And he asks them to "endure all the wrongs done unto them, so as to earn the title of real Christians." He even defends serfdom because Abraham had had serfs! He says to the peasants: "You wish to apply to the flesh the Christian liberty taught by the Gospel; but I would ask you, Did not Abraham and the other Patriarchs, as well as the Prophets, keep bondmen? Does not St. Paul himself tell us that the empire of this world cannot exist without the inequality of men?"

Yet, between all this he repeats: "I do not wish to justify the deeds of the Governmental authority. The wrongs it has committed are endless, immense; I readily avow it . . . . The demands you have drawn up are *not in themselves contrary to natural law and to equity*, but they are made so by the violence with which you seek to force them from the hands of authority."

At the same time he could not deny that every petition for peaceful reform, however humble and loyal, was addressed to obstinately deaf ears.

VIII.

TRUTH to say, Luther was no match for one of the most complicated political situations. All he could advise in such cases was this: "Christians must expect nothing better than to be despised, trodden down, made to walk in the mire and the dirt, to be slandered, condemned, nay, driven from this world. Christians must suffer torture. They must suffer wrong; suffer, suffer. They must bear the cross—the cross. That is their right; they have no other!" In his hot and passionate way of speaking, the elliptic force of which it is difficult to render in English, he spoke of Christians as a flock of sheep, "not to be tended, but to be slaughtered—quickly away with them, one after the other. (*Nicht Weideschafe—Schlachtschafe; nur so hin; eins nach dem andern*)."

That was not the spirit of the Humanists, nor of the advanced popular party. Such teaching clashed, moreover, with Luther's own innermost character. He was no sour Sabbatarian, no maw-wormish mar-joy. He had music in his soul, and, ay, in his fingers; he loved art; and he enjoyed the good things of life. The saying attributed to him, though not provable from his writings ("Who does not love woman, wine, and song, remains a fool his whole life long"), at any rate does him no injustice. To the preachers of a gloomy Sabbatarianism he declared that, if any one wanted to keep a special Lord's day in such fashion, the people rather ought to sing, to dance, to hunt on a Sunday, just to show that there is no special Lord's day, but that all days are the Lord's.

However, language like that, which he became more and more accustomed to use against the party of freedom, naturally grated harshly upon the ears of the popular leaders; and the powerful champion of the Church Reformation was sometimes charged with being "a fawner upon monarchs," a "soft-living flesh," without feeling for the oppressed masses, and so forth. These attacks far overshot their mark. When Luther went wrong, he went wrong from no fawning spirit, but from sheer excess of independence, or of exaggeration of his theological views. An unprincipled time-server he was not. Had he not braved the stake? Had not the Pope had him burnt in effigy, simply because he could not reach him otherwise? Were not heretics still thrown on the burning pile at Köln, Munich, Passau, and elsewhere, whilst Luther preached the new doctrine? Two of these martyrs, Adolf Klarenbach and Peter Flystedt, were immortalized by Luther in a powerful hymn of praise.

But, whilst he was no time-server, he more than once contradicted his own past. Thus—to mention but one example bearing upon recent occurrences; for his utterances have been appealed to by some promoters of the present anti-Semitic movement—he certainly, in later years, gave some horrible advice in regard to Jews, their synagogues, and houses. Yet, in the earlier years of the Reformation, he had strongly pronounced against those haughty theologians who treated the Jews as the slaves of the Christians, setting the hearts of the faithful against the Israelite, whilst hoping that the latter would, nevertheless, become a convert.

"They have treated the Jews"—he wrote—"as if they were hounds, and not human beings; doing nothing but scolding them. They (the Jews) are, however, blood relations, cousins and brothers, of our Lord. Therefore, if flesh and blood is something to boast of, the Jews are nearer to Christ than we. Hence my counsel is, to treat them decently. But now that we use violence against them, lyingly accusing them of having shed Christian blood, and preferring similar foolish accusations against them, forbidding them also to work and to trade among us, and to have other human community with us, so that they are actually driven into the usurer's business: how can you expect them to come to us? If you mean to help them, the law of Christian love must be applied to them, and they must be received in friendly manner. They must be allowed to compete and to

work with us, so that they may have cause and proper opportunity to be with us and among us."—(Luther on *Jesus a Born Jew.* 1523.)

Unfortunately, he afterwards unsaid all these noble and humane sentiments, in words reflecting the greatest discredit upon him.

In the course of the political events, he began to write denunciations against the more advanced men; for instance, in his "Letter to the Princes in Saxony against the Spirit of Rebellion." He put his hope in some Prince that would carry through the cause of Church reform. Whilst in Germany, until then, all governing power had been held to repose on a covenant with the people, and the appointment of the head-King, or Kaiser, himself depended on the vote of an Electoral Council, Luther preached the doctrine that all authority was by "right divine"; wherefore the ordinary citizen was not entitled to oppose active force even to undoubted despotism. This new tenet was very acceptable to those minor Princes who, under the garb of religion, strove to establish separate sovereignties alike independent of Pope and Kaiser.

The people's cause being spurned by the young King-Emperor Charles, and forsaken by a number of its natural leaders, there came at last, between 1524 and 1525, a vast revolutionary outbreak—the War of the Peasants—which ended as one of the most sanguinary tragedies in history.

During that terrible catastrophe, which Luther in 1521 had clearly foretold, he utterly went astray. There are words of his on record, words of fiercely revengeful counsel addressed to the aristocratic and princely foes of the people, which the hand almost hesitates to copy. But of this, and of the course of that early German Revolution which preceded the English, the American, and the French Revolutions, something more may be said on another occasion.

To-day we may acknowledge that, with all his political failings, and in spite of his "book-belief," to which he forced himself back in spite of his clearer reason, Luther achieved a mighty work. The French historian Michelet, who confesses that his own sympathies are not with the religious movement of the sixteenth century, yet says of him:—

"Luther was the Restorer of Spiritual Liberty to the ages which followed his era. He denied it theoretically; but he established it in practice. If he did not absolutely create, he at least manfully signed his name to, the great Revolution which legalized the right of free research. To him it is in great measure owing that we, of the present day, exercise in its fulness that first great right of the human understanding, to which all other rights are attached, and without which all the rest are naught. We cannot think, speak, write, read for a single moment without gratefully recalling to mind this enormous benefit of intellectual enfranchisement. The very lines I here am penning, to whom do I owe it that I am able to send them forth, if not to the Liberator of Modern Thought?"

Yes; this is, and will forever remain, Luther's great merit. The consequences of his manful deed have been larger than he himself expected or wished; and, therefore, Protestants not only, but also many advanced thinkers, will on November 10th do full honor to his memory.—KARL BLIND, in *The Gentleman's Magazine.*

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.*

PROPERLY to appreciate Alexander von Humboldt's life-work, one must form a conception of the intellectual atmosphere from which he issued. The opinion may not unfrequently be found among laymen that there was no real German naturalist before Humboldt. They are accustomed, as if to a Hercules, to ascribe all deeds to him. It is not necessary to say that this is all a mistake; but even professional naturalists frequently remember too little of our older history. I do not speak of the almost ancient figures of Copernicus, Kepler, and Otto von Guericke; nor of Leibnitz, who had as clear a comprehension of the fundamental ideas of nature as we; but the eighteenth century displays names worthy of the highest degree of respect, almost as brilliant as these.

The Bernoullis developed analytic mechanics, Euler recognized the feasibility of achromatic glasses, Tobias Mayer reformed the theory of the moon, Lambert laid the foundation of photometry, Kant conceived the nebular hypothesis, and William Herschel, whom we count among our own, enlarged our knowledge of the starry heavens almost as if the telescope had just been discovered. Had the Dutch physicists left him time, the Canon of Camin would have certainly possessed a perfect title to have the Leyden-jar called by his name. Volta's electrophore is really Wilcke's discovery. Segner's water-wheel, Leidenfrost's and Sulzer's experiments, became the germs of important discoveries and applications. Stahl's phlogiston, even if it was a false conception, and Haller's *elementa*, in the long run, made chemistry and physiology German sciences. Herr Hofman has very lately taught us how to appreciate Marggraf's services in technical chemistry. Vater and Lieberkühn are still mentioned in the finer anatomy, and the first part of Sömmering's classical activity belongs to the same category. Caspar Frederick Wolf reformed the development-history and outlined the doctrine of the metamorphosis of plants. As early as 1785 Blumenbach, the founder of physical anthropology, led a class in compar-

* From a memorial address delivered in the hall of the University of Berlin, August 3, 1883. The speaker began by referring to the custom of annually celebrating the foundation of the university and the memory of its founder, King Frederick William III. of Prussia; he then related the history of the efforts to raise funds to erect the statues of the brothers William and Alexander von Humboldt, just placed in the grounds of the university. Following this account with a brief comparative estimate of the talents of the two brothers, he continued, speaking more especially of Alexander.

ative anatomy. In natural history, Rösel earnestly advanced the labors of Swammerdam and Réaumur; Ledermüller described the creatures which he called *infusoriæ*. Gleditsch performed the experimental demonstration of the sexuality of the phanerogams by fertilizing the palms in our botanical gardens with pollen from Leipzig. Even in classification, in which the rivalry of the seafaring nations with the Germans was so arduous, a few, like the creator of our fish-collection, Bloch, won imperishable fame. Germans also approved themselves as scientific travellers: the two Forsters, Cook's companions around the world; and in connection with the Russian expedition for observing the second transit of Venus, our Pallas, as a student of the Siberian fauna. Finally, in geognosy had Werner secured the uncontested leadership for the Germans as the preeminently mining people, among whom Agricola had previously created mineralogy.

This enumeration, which might be considerably extended, shows what good progress German natural science had made in the last century. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any other people can boast of a greater richness of notable achievements during the same period. But, toward the end of the century, the aspect was changed, to our disadvantage, and not without our fault.

After its early bloom in the middle ages, and the activity of the Reformation, the German mind, disturbed in its development by the Thirty Years' War, remained, as respects literary production, in the background. At most, it trifled a little in a tasteless way. Then, all at once, in the second half of the century, it rose to so mighty a flight that it not only recovered its lost rank, but placed itself, in some kinds of poetic creation, at the head of modern mankind. A constellation of talent arose, the like of which the ages of Augustus and Louis XIV. did not see, nor the fifteenth century, except in other fields. Who can describe the intoxication of the nation, when immortal songs announced that the king's son had come whose kiss was to awaken the thorn-rose of German poetry out of its half a thousand years' slumber? At the same time there pressed upon us the new naturalism and emotionalism from England, and enlightenment and gushing philanthropy from France. German society now acquired a strong literary interest. But while that part of the educated world which was susceptible to the more tender emotions led an æsthetic dream-life, the stronger minds were chained to the contemplation of the antique, or were sunk in the profundities of the simultaneously ripened critical philosophy. Thus the thought of the nation was far removed from realities, and directed toward beautiful fancies and ideal truths. If this had had the result of only diverting some from research and observation, the loss might have been borne. But, with the thoroughness with which the German does everything, the damage went deeper. The distinctions between æsthetic and scientific demands were effaced from the universal comprehension. The intuitions of art usurped the place of induction and deduction. Even the critique of the reason, just achieved by Kant, was pushed aside as narrow-minded scholasticism. An arrogant speculation believed its synthetic judgments *a priori* had grown so strong that it could undertake to construct the world from a few delusive formulas, and it looked down with extreme insolence upon the unpretentious daily work of the empiric. In short, the day came of that false philosophy which redounded to the shame of German science for a quarter of a century, whose advocates threatened our own generation, and which the best heads, elevating vague fancy and taste above the practical, were least able to resist.

The recollection of this perversion of the German mind is the more mortifying because it occurred simultaneously with the brightest phases of science outside of Germany, especially in France. While under the first republic and the first empire the muses were hushed to silence, there was gathered in Paris a circle of learned men of whom not only has each one left a bright trace behind him, but also in which as a whole lived the comprehension of the true method to which the Academy of Sciences has always persistently adhered. Coulomb and Lavoisier, Laplace and Cuvier, Biot and Arago, were partly the forerunners, partly the *coryphées* of that great epoch from which is dated the leadership which, during the first half of this century, made Paris the scientific capital.

The period of this momentous transformation in Germany, when æsthetic contemplation of the world and overweening speculation were mutually crowning each other and pushing intelligent experiment, like Cinderella, into a corner—this period was that of Alexander von Humboldt's youth. A remarkable youth he must have been, exuberant of thought, and yet burning with the thirst for action; eloquent and enthusiastic like a poet, and yet devoted with all his mind to the study of Nature; in knowledge already a reflection of the Cosmos, and yet indefatigable in accurate examination and experiment; a born master of the German speech, yet at home in every idiom; in such guise he appeared in the intellectual centre of the Germany of the day, in Jena, younger than Goethe by twenty, than Schiller by ten years, and yet welcomed by both as if he were their peer in age.

He figured as the friend of Willdenow, Georg Forster, and Leopold von Buch, as the pupil of Blumenbach, Lichtenberg, and Werner, already known by minor writings in which his industrious manysidedness had early displayed itself, already a much-travelled man according to the ideas of the day, and, although of independent means, a servant of the state, on the way to the highest honors. In what was he not interested, and what did he not take up? Ancient weaving, subterranean flora, basalt, meteorological phenomena, the theory of logarithms, had engaged him; but, when it was worth while, he knew how to concentrate his strength upon a single point. Galvani's discovery had recently stirred naturalists and

physicians to effort. "In the fall of 1792, having become acquainted with it in Vienna, Humboldt, traversing Germany in every direction as a miner, physicist, and botanist, 'wandering upon desolate and remote mountains where he was sometimes cut off from all literary intercourse,' already revolving the plan of his tropical journey in his head, had still found time to make thousands of most delicate experiments. Even on horseback, besides hammer, glass, and compass, he was never without 'his galvanic apparatus, a pair of metal rods, pincers, a glass stand and an anatomical knife,' and the curse which the Bolognan anatomist had invoked upon the poor race of batrachians overtook them under Humboldt's hand, even in places in which they had previously been secure from it." Now he had talked with Alessandro Volta, in his villa on the Lake of Como, of the crucial experiment in animal electricity, Galvani's convulsion without metals, and was preparing to collect the results of his investigations in the book on "Excited Muscular and Nervous Fibres." He must confirm his own researches with experiments on frogs' legs, and he opportunely called not only his brother, but also "Herr von Goethe," to be his witnesses.

Among the various individualities which were united in him into a complicated whole, and which we meet in analyzing this being, is first of all an artist. The "Rhodian Genius," the "Views of Nature," the address at the opening of the assembly of naturalists, are art-works. That work of Humboldt's which, like Goethe's "Faust," contemplated from youth, was completed with an astonishing energy only in an advanced old age, may certainly claim to be an artist's production. We shall for the present leave unanswered the question of the utility of this kind of mingling of the poetic element with the scientific, in which we may recognize a return to the models of Plato and Lucretius. Aside from his native propensity, Humboldt was led toward it by the æsthetic manner of thinking then prevailing in Germany, which had become a second nature to him, and especially by his intercourse with our great poets. It must not however, be forgotten that something of the same kind had been observed a little while before in France. Buffon's "Epoques de la Nature," his sketches, flowing in splendid word-waves, of men and animals, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre's magnificent pictures of tropical nature, were well fitted to spur Humboldt's literary ambition in emulation of them. If his style has been lately criticized, that shows that he had a style. Indulgence in the creation of beautiful forms of language was agreeable to the taste of his age; and why should I not tell how he, presuming upon a similar receptivity in myself, read to me from the proof-sheets of his "Cosmos" passages which particularly pleased him, such as the one in which he ingeniously summarizes all that the moon is to our earth; enlivening the firmament by its changes, comforting the heart with its mild lustre, and in geological periods carving out continents through the erosive work of the tides?

More subject to criticism is the other influence which the dominating mind of Humboldt exercised over Germany in his ninetieth year. At nothing are laymen more surprised than when they hear that Humboldt did not stand on the extreme height as a naturalist, but that his situation in a mental respect was like that he found himself in on Chimborazo, when an impassible chasm separated him from the summit. The gap which opened between him and the topmost peak of natural science was the want of physico-mathematical knowledge. Not that this was denied his talents. He had in his youth an inclination to pure mathematical research. But the taste, and later also the mental habit, of analyzing phenomena within a certain scope and tracing them to their ultimate recognizable principles, deserted him. He became satisfied with establishing and examining facts. The mere telling, even at large, of those things that occupied his vision, and which he comprehended to the most minute details, or could deduce at every instant, was tiresome to him. It was, indeed, the cosmos; only there is, in that highest sense, no scientific comprehension of the cosmos. Mathematical physics knows of no difference between cosmos and chaos. By blind natural necessity, by the central forces of atoms independent of time, or by some other equivalent hypothesis of the constitution of matter, it concedes that cosmos may have come out of chaos. The cosmos, the beautiful and harmonious aggregate of nature, is an æsthetic anthropomorphism. Humboldt explained the title "Cosmos" with the phrase, "Sketch of a physical description of the universe." According to Herr Gustav Kirchhoff's definition of mechanics, one might easily place these words upon Newton's "Principia" or Laplace's "Mécanique céleste." But, by description, Humboldt understood only a graphic, not a mechanical description, and there is the same difference between his description of the world and that of Newton or Laplace as between the description of a plant and the calculation of a disturbance. In that he adhered to his conception through his whole life, and attached the highest value to it, he showed himself a genuine child of a stage of discipline more fitted for artistic methods of view than for scientific analysis.

While German science was involved in the enervating network of æsthetic speculations, his own energy and happy skill enlisted Humboldt in wider spheres of healthy activity for its salvation. Even in our fast-living age, it is hard to conceive that only two years after he had been enjoying in the Saal Valley those visions, short indeed, but in a certain sense, like a young love, decisive as to his life, he was observing in Cumana the first periodical shower of stars, and discovering the electric folds in the brain of the torpedo-eel; was exploring the caves of Caripe resonant with the cries of the *guachero;* was threading in a pirogue, environed with alligators, the stream-net of the Rio Negro and the Cassiquiare between the Orinoco and the Amazon; and in Esmeralda, on the upper Orinoco, was observing the concoction by the natives of the weird

arrow-poison, curare, which owes its name to him. Nothing was wanting to raise the fantastic charm of these journeys, from which, nevertheless, Humboldt brought back a greater sum of acute, distinct observations in every conceivable field of science, in geography and anthropology, than any single observer ever collected either before him or after him. No! The world will "never see his like" in comprehensive, restless activity, combined with lofty thought; in dauntless venture for ideas, with the wisest saving of means and strength; in soaring height of feeling, the expression of which frequently, in view of the sad contentions of mankind or of the horrors of slavery, for instance, has an elegiac tone, as in a similar way a delicate haze adorns his sketches of the giant heights of the Cordilleras.

It is essential to the success of a scientific journey, first of all, that the traveller return. But, besides threatening him with physical dangers, which Humboldt's apparently not very strong body resisted wonderfully, long journeys in wild regions have other inconvenient consequences. Habituation to perfect freedom in solitude, to constant change and external stimulation, even excitement, the diversion from accustomed literary occupations, render it very hard for travellers to feel themselves at home again, to give themselves up to the complicated demands of cultivated society, and to be satisfied to make the most of the treasures they have brought with them. They seem to prefer to such allegiance a return to the wilderness, so that it is said of African travellers that the greatest danger that threatens them is the unconquerable propensity, when they have once escaped the perils of the journey, to try them again. Thus it was with Humboldt's fellow-traveller, Bonpland, who was drawn back to South America, where it was his fate, not to perish, but to be lost to science, a prisoner to Dr. Francia. He left to Humboldt, in whom no trace of such weakness could be found, the fruit of many of their common labors.

Humboldt had lived in Paris before his journey. He now permanently fixed his place of labor there, as the only place where he could perfect the literary undertakings he had planned; and as with curious facility he had become a Spaniard in New Spain, so, without denying his German, he made the Parisian academicians forget that he was not a Frenchman. In this, that gift of ready wit with which, while a student at Frankfort, he had troubled the more serious William, and which he used as a powerful weapon in his subsequent court-life, was of much advantage to him. Associated with Gay-Lussac and Provençal in labors which are still instructive, he was received into that small circle of learned men that gathered around the venerable Berthollet at Arcueil. All of these and numerous other friendships of Humboldt's are thrown into the shade by the life-long connection he formed with Arago, to which the contrast of their natures lent a peculiar charm.

Humboldt was at first sight of insignificant, flattering, and pliant appearance, Arago of imposing bearing, a type of fiery Southern manhood; Humboldt of encyclopædic mind and knowledge, Arago an astronomer and mathematico-physicist of so sharply limited a scope and so strict a school that, while he analyzed according to three axes the modifying effects which neighboring masses of metals exercise upon magnetic deflections, he left it to Faraday, who could not square a binomial, to find out their causes. Like Humboldt, Arago was a master of comprehensive scientific description; but, while Humboldt inclined to melting pathos, the dazzling polish of Arago's keen language becomes a tiresome mannerism. Sympathy in political views was a bond between them. Arago was a republican, Humboldt called himself a democrat of 1789. Probably this was the reason of the contemptuous condescension with which Napoleon I., among whose faults was not want of respect for science, used to meet him.

In connection with Arago, Humboldt, as he was fond of telling, ruled for twenty years what was then the first scientific body in the world. If not of his fame, this period was the climax of his life. As in the primitive forest he had watched through nights undisturbed by the murmur of the cataracts, the humming of the mosquitoes, the near roaring of the jaguars, and the fearful cry of the beasts in the tree-tops above him, so now were the confusing pressure of the world's metropolis, the thousand personal demands daily thrust upon him, the brilliant society of the *salon*, the intrigues of academical lobbies, to him only a pleasant, stimulating life-element. He found gratification in this mental tumult, which, busy with the air and matter of life, overlooked him while he built up the gigantic coral structure of the many-membered story of his travels. More and more consumed with an inextinguishable enthusiasm for science; in unlimited devotion to knowledge, neglecting domestic fortune; drawing into the line of his activity hosts of learned men and artists, and skilfully utilizing their talents for his objects; not, indeed, teaching *ex cathedra*, but inspiring youth by his example and continually encouraging them—he was at that time in Paris, as afterward in Berlin, a central figure, from which force radiated on every side, and in which numerous threads ran together.

That was the time when he, sometimes with an essay only a few pages long, created new studies, like that of plant-geography; or by some suggestive medium of graphic representation, such as the isothermal curves, revealed the law hidden in formless masses of single facts. As the whole real world waved before his inner vision, so "swelled before him also the historical flood of floods," only that he festooned the bare scaffold of civic history with the fruit and flower garlands of the history of civilization, of discovery, and of art. As Uhland composed some of his finest romances in Paris, there likewise originated the "Views of Nature," Humboldt's favorite work.

While the reminiscences of Jena were thus revived in him, his mind was nevertheless

permanently purified from much dross that had clouded it in those days. In the interval that separates Humboldt's labors after the journey to the tropics from the "Experiments on Excited Muscular and Nervous Fibres," we recognize the influence of his intercourse with the Parisian academicians, of their always careful, frequently exaggeratedly sceptical views. In one point, excelling through the greater depth of German thought, he left his masters behind him. While a kind of shallow vitalism was prevailing in France, Humboldt had long passed the position he had once sustained in the "Rhodian Genius," and had explained the process of life as a result of the physical and chemical qualities of the matters combined in the organic texture.

It is perhaps less known that Humboldt was a pre-Darwinian Darwinian. He gave me the "Essay on Classification," sent him by Louis Agassiz, in which, only three years before the appearance of the "Origin of Species," a book Humboldt did not live to see, the doctrine of periods of creation and teleological views were portrayed with unblunted sharpness, and supported by numerous plausible arguments. Humboldt's expressions on this occasion left me no doubt that he, far from sympthizing with Agassiz's views, was a believer in mechanical causation, and an evolutionist. If we may credit certain Parisian traditions, Humboldt and Cuvier were not on the best footing with each other. Perhaps Humboldt was more inclined toward the doctrines of Lamarck and Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire.

It is time to consider what had become of German science during this period. It had, in a certain sense, sunk deeper and deeper. Philosophical speculation had won ground at nearly all points, and in nearly all the universities its subtilties were announced as ready wisdom by professional philosophers as well as by naturalists and doctors, and were eagerly taken up by the misguided youth. Goethe's false theories and maxims, supported by his fame as a post, increased the confusion. The wars of Napoleon did harm to German science, not only by external force, but also through the Christian-romantic reaction against the Hellenistic classicism of the preceding period that came in with the national rising.

Not that there were wanting voices to protest against the disorder, or men who knew better, but who disdained to engage in contention with persons talking like madmen. Germany could still boast of one of the first mathematicians and mathematico-physicists of all time. On his return, Humboldt had found the academy at Paris full of the fame of the youthful author of "Disquisitiones Arithmeticæ." Besides Humboldt, there were then in Paris to save the reputation of German science our Paul Erman, who received from the academy the prize in galvanism founded by Napoleon, and whose anatomy of the *Echinoderms* was also crowned by it, and pre-eminently Gauss. But even Gauss illustrates how small a place science and mathematics had in German ideas. Our pleasure in the dainty jest which Heinrich Heine, in his "Reisebildern," utters against the scientists of Göttingen, in the sportive parallel between Georgia Augusta and Bologna, is somewhat troubled when we remember that among those scientists was the immortal Gauss. Never on a similar occasion would a young French poet have overlooked the existence of Laplace.

Finally, the revolution approached. "The brilliant and brief saturnalia of a purely ideal natural science," as Humboldt mildly described it, was drawing towards an end. Natural philosophy had fulfilled none of its glittering promises; its draught, foaming and pungent at first, had grown stale. And just as, two generations before, a race of poets and thinkers had been produced all at once, so it happened, by a coincidence so remarkable that we guess a law in it, that there arose at this time a healthy and strong crop of genuine naturalists. There was, however, another element by which the external fortune of German science was henceforward materially affected. Frederick the Great had kept the eyes of the world turned toward the capital of his monarchy for half a century. By the calling of such men as Maupertius, Euler, and Lagrange, he had given the Academy of Sciences, recently founded by him, a temporary high lustre, partly borrowed from abroad. A seat of German intellectual life, Berlin did not become, under him. The centre of culture in Berlin lay in the French colony. If we abstract Lessing's brief residence, Moses Mendelssohn, the prototype of his Nathan, the correct, frigid Ramler, and the author of "The Joys of the Young Werther," Berlin had, in the last century, hardly attained any importance in German literature.

That since then Berlin, having become the political capital of Germany, has also pushed into the advance of the other German cities in an intellectual respect, was not the effect of a single cause, nor the work of any one man. Chief in the succession of circumstances that contributed to it was unquestionably the creation of the University of Berlin. The university could, indeed, not raise a new German Parnassus, even if the Berlin of that time had been the place for it; and it could also only indirectly contribute to the blossoming of art. But it became, in the pursuit of its work from the first, the most important centre of German knowledge as a whole. In reality the general enlightenment which had so often comforted the nation in its divisions, still remained spread over Germany to its salvation. In some points Berlin saw itself surpassed by small universities like that of Giessen. Between these and Berlin there was, however, always the difference that while now and then some one or another small university would blaze up like a variable star to the first magnitude in some branch or another, to sink in a little while back into comparative obscurity, the sum of the aggregated mental forces in the Berlin University and Academy was the same, or rather increased, from the beginning.

Almost simultaneously with the blossoming

of the university, in alliance with the national rising, and favored by the growth of the city and its prosperity, there had also been developed here a real German culture, and a perhaps not very productive but cleverly critical society had collected whose influence on German intellectual life was more perceptible because of the preponderance with which Berlin had come out of the war for freedom. As far as the habitual influence of so many older centres of learning and the independent spirit of the Germans, hostile to centralization, permitted, Berlin henceforth maintained the rank of intelligence appropriate to it as the capital of the state. That illustrious circle of writers, artists, and actively sympathizing women is now inconceivable without the background of the Berlin University; without Schleiermacher and Frederick Augustus Wolf, Savigny and Carl Ritter, Boeckh and Lachmann, Buttmann and Bopp, Hegel and Gauss; and in this sense we may say, that, through the foundation of the university, William von Humboldt elevated Berlin to be the intellectual capital of Germany.

While the University of Berlin fully represented science in nearly every direction, every mental phase of the nation was likewise reflected in it. Here was fought out in jurisprudence the battle between the historical and the philosophical schools; here was seen, in theology, dogmatic reaction to give way to rationalism. Here unrestrained speculation continued to have its way for a long time, natural philosophy blew its last party-colored bubbles, and Goethe's *Farbenlehre* was taught *ex cathedra*. Here it was, also, that that host of men arose who in connection with many illustrious minds still adorning the Fatherland, repaired the faults of philosophical error, and gave to natural science an activity which was full of consequence for the world as well as for Prussia and Germany, and which still continues. Is it necessary to name them, when so many of them are looking down upon us from these walls—Eilhard Mitscherlich, Heinrich and Gustav Rose, Encke and Poggendorff, Weiss and Lichtenstein, Ehrenberg and Johannes Müller, Dove and Gustav Magnus, and besides them the mathematicians, Lejeune-Dirichlet and Steiner, and later still Jacobi; and finally, yet remaining among us, the last of his race, Herr Peter Riess? It was a glorious time for German science, little as a precocious and spoiled youth is wont to esteem the men who, themselves almost without teachers, trained their teachers; a time to write whose connected history, the materials for which lie at hand in numerous memorial addresses, would be a thankful task and a patriotic duty; for it was the time when the German nationality, to which so much importance is now attached, grew strong in science also, to proud independence. But the crowning was reserved for the epoch in which Alexander von Humboldt exchanged his former residence in Paris for Berlin. The Italian double-entry book-keeping, which he had learned when young in the trade-school at Hamburg, enabled him, as he told me, to observe how his originally quite considerable means were wasting away in the sums which the publication of his travel-work consumed. When this occasion compelled him, in obedience to the wish of King Frederick William III., much against his inclination, to remove to Prussia, we can only see in this turn of fortune the fulfilment of his high calling, and in the epos of his "much-moved life" admire the remarkable concatenation by means of which, during Alexander's long absence, his brother William, by the foundation of the Berlin University, had prepared a suitable location for his continued activity.

It is hard in this all-levelling time to give an idea of the dominant position that spontaneously fell to him here. In consequence of the long depression of science in Germany and its contemporaneous bloom in France, Paris was endowed in the eyes of German naturalists with a lustre of which the present generation knows nothing. We learned from French text-books, we worked with instruments made in Parisian shops, and a long residence in Paris was considered an indispensable finish to a good scientific education. We may conceive, from this consideration, what a halo would surround the head of a man who had played such a part in Paris as Humboldt had done. He returned home as a king comes back to his kingdom after a long campaign of conquest, and was received by the circle of Berlin naturalists, which had grown up in the mean time, as a prince is received by his magnates.

We can more easily represent to-day the favorable circumstances that assured to the brother of William von Humboldt his familiar place in the highest circles of society and his relations to the court. The Cosmos-lectures, the meeting of the German naturalists at Berlin in 1828, the journey into Central Asia, made under the commission of the Czar of Russia, pressed Alexander von Humboldt's figure before the German public far in advance of that of any other scientific man. His peculiar dependent-independent position between the court and ministry; the impregnable footing of scientific fame and unselfish exertion on which he stood; his profound knowledge of men and affairs, and his perfect tact; a power for work that was equal to numerous visits, notes, and letters, as well as to days and nights of continuous observations of magnetic terms; and, finally, a grace in intercourse that disarmed all contradiction—all of these things together made him a real power; and how frequently did he use his power for the good of this university!

At that time, when the limited means of the state made it harder to raise a couple of hundred thalers for scientific purposes than as many thousand marks now, no emergency arose for which Humboldt did not obtain the needed means by his personal intercession; and as now the Academy of Sciences will on satisfactory assurances advance money to young men engaged in merely prospective scientific enterprises, so was Humboldt then the earthly providence of all students. What matter is it that his zeal was sometimes mistaken, and that among the number of those to whom he opened the way was now and then

one who came short of fulfilling the hopes set upon him? Even academicians are not infallible in the choice of their *protégés*. If he had a preference for travellers, for his own specialty, did he not also let his sun shine on philologists as well as on naturalists? Who would examine as with a psychological lens the secret motives that impelled him to such touching sacrifices for things quite remote from him? Of course, Humboldt had the faults of his virtues. Ambition is the source of all greatness, but it is hard to draw the line that separates it from vanity. Humboldt used his sharp tongue and pen not only as weapons of defence, but he frequently gave them freer license than was perhaps good. But what signifies the dread that some felt of his criticisms, in the face of such testimony as that of August Boeckh, that he never came away from Humboldt's presence without feeling exalted and inspired with new love for all that is good and noble? There is one other example of a personality which, like Humboldt's, reached such power by pure intellectual force that peoples on both sides of the great sea waited for his words, and kings listened to him: this was Voltaire, in the eighteenth century. The two men, notwithstanding the deep-reaching differences between them, afford many points of resemblance. Both were born in a capital—Voltaire in Paris, Humboldt in Berlin; Voltaire reaching out of the "grand century" into a new period which he had helped to introduce; Humboldt from the classical period of our literature to a new scientific period that had been partly prepared for by him; in both a poet was paired with a naturalist, but the poet predominating in Voltaire, the naturalist in Humboldt; both disappearing from the scene for a period in youth, Voltaire to return after his study-travel to England, Humboldt from his tropical journey, with great acquisitions; Voltaire afterwards in Berlin, Humboldt, at least in his later abode in Paris, living near the throne; both occasionally intrusted with diplomatic business; both animated to the noblest exertions, but not above a well-directed jest; both regarding mankind as their family, without a domestic hearth; Voltaire powerfully grasping the tragic fate of Calas, Sirven, and De la Barre, Humboldt in happier times only summoning his force to obtain a salary for poor Eisenstein, or to prosecute Haupt's appeal; the fame of both suffering from the fact that their teachings and discoveries having long ago become common property, only a few know whom to thank for them; finally, both in extreme old age glowing "with that youth which never forsakes us," and active to the latest breath; Voltaire busy with his "Irène" and the "Dictionnaire de l'Académie," Humboldt with the "Cosmos." What the "Experiments on Excited Muscular and Nervous Fibres" was for the youth Humboldt, and the "Travels" and "Views of Nature" for the man, the "Cosmos" was for the old man. We have already questioned the fundamental thought of this famous book from the point of view of theoretical natural history, and of the doctrine of the persistence of force. We have frequently entertained the query whether such a mixture of styles as rules in it is correct or not. It certainly is not becoming to the naturalist. But it is clear that it is exactly this form of representation that makes possible the immense influence of the book, that has over the whole inhabited earth prompted hundreds of thousands to join in asking questions they had not thought of before; that, particularly in Germany, lifted the ban under which natural science had lain in the ideas of the cultivated, as if it were a domain from which common men were excluded, and were accessible only to a few particularly qualified to enter it, and about which one need not be concerned unless he have some special inclination or calling for it. It has been remarked that by *science* the French understand only natural science, by *Wissenschaft* the Germans only mental science. Goethe's scientific efforts, in consequence of their semi-æsthetic character, their desultoriness, and the bitter hostility he showed to all associated research, could not change the case. If it is now different, and the state recognizes the full importance of science, it is, of course, immediately the result of the technical triumphs science has achieved. But the turn for the better we ascribe originally to the Cosmos-lectures, which, for the first time in Germany, led a cultivated German audience to imagine that there was something else in the world than *belles-lettres* and music, than the "Morgenblatt" and Henrietta Sonntag. And although Humboldt himself, as we have already said, did not rise to the very apex of science, it was, nevertheless, this less exalted height at which he stopped that permitted him to make himself comprehensible to the ordinary children of men.

While, indeed, he was not as sublime as Newton or Laplace, while he did not mirror one side of the world in absolute perfection like Gauss, he was able to make an entrance among the multitude for the truths discovered by those archangels of science. While he shared with them the universal human feeling for the beautiful in sublime things, he was incited to project a "picture of Nature," at the risk that it would not give back the measure of the depth, and that no frame could inclose the infinity of the object. Having once come out from Heyne's philological school, and still, when sixty years old, with the college portfolios under his arm, taking his place in our audience-rooms among Boeckh's students, he was the man to lay the bridge between the old and the new time, between the philological-historical, æsthetic-speculative Germany, as the turn of the century saw it, and the mathematico-scientific, technical, inductive Germany of our days.

The German people, indeed the world, has remembered his loving, enthusiastic devotion. Not the thousands of well-observed, important, and new facts with which he has enriched single branches; not the happy and suggestive thoughts thrown out as seed-corns and sometimes grown up to new sciences; still less his historical and geographical works composed with ceaseless industry—furnish the reasons why he sits out there in a marble

image. The composition of the whole world into an artistically harmonious figure attempted by him, the combination of the ideal with the real realized in him, of the poet with the naturalist, made him, in Emerson's sense, a representative man of science, and educated manhood in that statue has set up Alexander von Humboldt as a personification of a new phase of its own genius, of which it became conscious through him.

The custom of honoring the memory of a great man by a monument would have little significance if the monument had no other purpose than to keep up that memory; for, if the remembrance would be lost without the monument, it would not be worth keeping up. The monument should rather, calling back to thought the hero who has gone out from among us, lead us, in reflecting on his virtues, to renew the determination to emulate them. We should ask ourselves how the man to whom we look up in grateful admiration would judge us if he should return to us, and whether he would recognize us as worthy prosecutors of the work he had begun.

Alexander von Humboldt died in a gloomy time. The reign of a king friendly to the muses, to whom he had personally stood closer than it is often allowed to a subject to stand, had fallen short of fulfilling expectations. The rule of Napoleon III., personally hateful to him, a friend of the house of Orleans, weighed upon France. A new and strong hand had taken the reins of Prussian state life; but it was sad to close his eyes at the instant when even to us a momentous decision seemed unavoidable.

With how deep satisfaction Humboldt would now see the imperial banners waving from the palace of the prince regent, and how the revolution in the fortune of the Fatherland, which we have witnessed since his death, would gratify him! But how deeply would it pain him to learn at what price the recovered power of the German Empire had to be bought!—that instead of the feeling of mutual esteem and friendship which during his life had bound Germany and France, and to the confirmation of which he had contributed so much, had come in on the side of the French vengeful hatred and unappeasable hostility. Humboldt, a son of the eighteenth century, was, like Goethe, cosmopolitan in his feelings, without being on that account any less a patriot. Nothing would have shocked him, who spent the best part of his life in Paris, in intercourse with the noblest men of the nation, more than the preponderance of Chauvinism; nothing would have troubled him more than to observe that mental disease suggesting a back-sliding into the barbarism of primitive society which is becoming epidemic over Europe, and more seriously threatens the progress of mankind than the rivalry of dynasties ever could do.

Among the articles of faith with which Humboldt was thoroughly permeated, was that of the unity of the human race. On it he theoretically based his abhorrence of slavery, the worser side of which in practice he had observed in its very home, and he spared no opportunity to make his convictions public. The Abolitionist party in the United States did not fail to make use of so desirable a confederate, and at many an anti-slavery meeting, besides "Uncle Tom's Cabin," brought the "Cosmos" into the fight. Humboldt did not live to see the melancholy drama of the war of secession. The final defeat of the slave-holders and the abolition of slavery would have given him great joy. But how would we have stood before him, the friend of the house of Mendelssohn, who corresponded with Henrietta Herz in the Jewish current hand, if he had heard of the race-persecution we have instituted?

In science we could, however, point with peculiar pride to the insight into the unity of the forces of Nature which has become so clear: to spectrum analysis; to the recognition of the nature of comets, a sequel to his observations in Cumana; and to the establishment of the doctrine of descent, and the associated one of persistent natural selection. To-day, when the nebular hypothesis has, through the mechanical theory of heat, been combined with geology, and the hand of the doctrine of descent is reaching through paleontology over the hiatus of spontaneous generation; when we can so far survey the birth of cosmos out of chaos as to be able clearly to define the really doubtful points—now, perhaps, a "Cosmos" might be written, but no one longer thinks of doing it. Two qualities which Humboldt possessed in the highest degree, and would be missed by us with regret, were necessary to it, and can no more be found—the view over the whole field of science, and the careful effort to create beautiful forms. Humboldt would also deeply lament the decay of the historical sense, which often in the growth of science first teaches us the true connection of things.

Since Alexander von Humboldt was a universal naturalist, and thought historically, while William, not less universal in the mental sciences, sometimes acted as a naturalist, the two brothers met at many points where the natural and mental sciences march upon each other, and together formed, in the measure of the enlarged condition of knowledge, a *universitas litteraria*, as Leibnitz called it in his time. The statues of the two brothers, in whom, by the rarest coincidence, the various faculties of the human mind diverged and were again drawn together, as in a German university, are therefore the most significant ornament of our edifice, and lend it at once, by a speaking symbolism, the character of a palace of science. The situation of this building, opposite the palace of the ruling house, was a significant mark of the capital of the Hohenzollerns. The Humboldt statues confirm and perfect its significance. As fences and troops guard against marauders by night, so do the spirits of these brothers keep watch against the tricks of blockheads. Where William and Alexander von Humboldt are sentries, there will always be the seat of the noblest manly effort, of free investigation and free teaching.—EMIL DU BOIS-REYMOND, in *The Popular Science Monthly*.

IN MILFORD SOUND.

NOTHING to do with Wales whatever, though it is to a mountainous ocean-girt shore that I invite your attention. Without doubt some original 'Taffy' baptized the hills and dales of this locality in the southern hemisphere, testifying thereby a due respect for the mother country. Pembroke Peak, Lawrenny, Milford, and many other landmarks, assert a familiar acquaintance with a Welsh district. Yet can no exaggerated affection have persuaded the obtusest 'Taffy's' mind that aught within the compass of British seas approaches in grandeur the mountains and fiords of Otago. If there remains anything fresh in the way of scenery to be discovered or seen on this well-tracked sphere, it is probable that New Zealand will afford it. Let he who declares there is nothing new under the sun take heart of grace. Here is a country having the right to lay claim to an original construction of mountain, fell, cliff, and forest. The wrinkles of civilization have not, moreover, marred its youthful beauty, so that it appears somewhat fresher than the rest of the world.

The volcanic nature of a large space in the northern island sets it apart as of peculiar interest to the scientifically-minded. Probably in prehistoric ages a much larger extent of territory was subject to subterranean fire, but in these days all that remains of volcanic nature (the marvels of hot springs, terraces, and lakes) more than satisfies the wonder of diligent globe-trotters who come to see it. The southern island does, in reality, boast a more bold and magnificent scenery, but travellers in quest of the marvellous naturally overlook the sublime. As a country for sightseers equal to roughing it, New Zealand offers endless resources of the wonderful and beautiful to draw upon. Exploration now reaches accessible points within an easy distance of the coast, where roads are made or bridle-paths are traversible; but the ordinary traveller, not under the experienced guidance of some dweller in the land, will probably leave the country ignorant of some of its finest features. Inland settlers, entitled to sing of its glory, tell of untrodden valleys, unknown lakes, trackless forests, and bridgeless rivers of surprising beauty, which, in the obscurity of mountain shadows, are almost unexplored.

On the south east coast of Otago, the southern province of the South Island, there is a large extent of land cut up by numerous fiords, or deep-sea sounds, which run up to the base of lofty mountains. New enterprises open out their wonders and sublimity year by year. One of these mysterious recesses has been lately discovered to abound in marble of a very fine kind, and surveyors and geologists are now not infrequent visitors to that locality. When Macaulay's New Zealander sits on London Bridge, perhaps Caswell marble may have a world-wide fame.

Many of the narrow passages which form the fiords are inaccessible from the land, being enclosed by precipitous rocks. The sounds can, however, be reached in fine weather by coasting steamers, which call in at them for the gratification of passengers. During a couple of summer months there are also special excursion steamers which run round the island, anchoring successively in every inlet of interest, and affording artists and photographers grand opportunities of representing the singular beauty of their aspect. On a passage from Melbourne to Christchurch I had the good luck to penetrate two of these extraordinary sounds under exceptional circumstances. Those who have visited this locality have almost invariably done so in calm weather, and with the sunshine modifying the terrific grandeur of Milford Sound—an inlet so weird, so majestic in its gloom, that it can compare with no other; but I was privileged to visit it when in a stormy mood. Colonials are a moving population. They travel all they can, instinctively, like the Americans. Where purse considerations admit of it the original nomadic inspiration is diligently followed. Few business men at the antipodes consider themselves justified in having good health without the inspiriting tonic of some annual jaunt. Many of our passengers from Australia and Tasmania had visited New Zealand before, but none amongst the number had explored any of the much-famed sounds. Expectations of something grand and exceptional in this magic territory had been fed by various guide-books and the assurances of our captain that we should look upon an unequalled scenery. Sceptical smiles would break forth covertly on the faces of those who had perambulated Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. A wide margin was left for colonial boasting, inasmuch as the blow-oratory of the country whence we had come was still ringing in our ears.

The day that preceded our first sight of New Zealand's shores was bright, but considerably colder than before. We were informed that the land breeze assailing us so bitterly came direct from the snow-peaks of Mount Cook and its battalion of inferiors. Towards evening certain ominous-looking clouds drooped dark banners over the horizon, and the sun went down beneath the waves encompassed with blue-black ridges. As it dipped into the sea it shot up for a moment a pale yellow smile, which seemed almost derisive.

The fatality of rain on the morrow was uncontemplated by any of us. However, during the night we were clearly given to understand that the waves were being lashed into fury by some hostile influence. Much tossing about in our bunks proclaimed the stormy wind arising. Friendly counsel had enjoined us to turn out at an early hour to witness the approach to land and the spectacle of snow-capped mountains at a distance, and we were conscientious sightseers.

Eight bells! Was it only midnight, or could it be already four o'clock? I was not left long to doubt. Darkness reigned supreme, but the sound of hurrying feet on the deck above proclaimed that the hour had come. The voice of a cabin steward, sounding through the darkness, 'Four o'clock!' left no further room for hope. With a resolute determination to lose no inch of the picturesque grandeur so confidently promised, I rolled out of my berth.

After much involuntary plunging about and vain gropings for articles of clothing gone astray, all lingering inclinations for sleep were banished. The self-indulgent slumberers who shared my cabin were compassionated from a platform of superiority. My stoical conduct did not, however, meet with its just reward, and the ridicule of less eager associates, some three hours later, scarcely compensated for vigorous efforts to disestablish natural inclinations. At five o'clock the scene on deck was past all measure dreary. Some dozen men were congregated at the top of the companion, like a party of disconsolate poultry seeking shelter. Dejected feathers were well replaced by sodden ulsters. They had their gaze turned landwards, but hope was not pictured in the roundest eyes which strove to pierce the clouds of mist. Solitary individuals, of weak good-nature, driven from this quarter by the pressure in the rear, stood about on isolated dry spots on the deck, with rain dripping from their mackintoshes and making little trickling streams from beards and mustaches. The driving dampness was not to be defeated by any protectives measures. It swept round us, running in streams along the deck, making cataracts between the lacings of the awnings, and penetrating with the invincible sticky nature of ocean rain to the very marrow of our bones. The wind blew it here, there, and everywhere. There was indeed no leeside to our misfortunes, for the waves tumbled turbulently over each other, their lofty crests appearing to defy our approach to the land. An untenanted oasis of comparative dryness on a bench persuaded me to venture on to the deck. Resolving to sit out the mournful hours of the early day sooner than own to a defeated purpose, I took up my position. Encompassed with a mighty ulster, a mackintosh above and a rug beneath it, defensive measures were as complete as circumstances admitted. At six o'clock, when compassionate stewards visited the shivering humanity above-stairs with cups of steaming coffee, things looked a degree brighter. Every now and again the dense clouds lifted for a moment, revealing our nearness to the land. The outline of high hills, towering above us, would become visible as the mists rolled away, and rocks, shrubs, and streams were discernible realities. Such tantalizing glimpses of a grand coast-line prolonged our patience till the breakfast-gong sounded. The damped spirits of the hopeful ones rose magically under the influence of a hearty meal. Subsequently, on deck, recruits were persuaded to join the faithful lovers of scenery. Thus the wet forenoon was wiled away by spectral hopes. The occasional breaks in the clouds, with the subsiding of the wind, seemed to promise a final entry into the sound. For some hours we had been going at half-speed, creeping up the coast in a careful and leisurely fashion. At twelve o'clock the rumor was set afloat that Milford was at hand. The rain had by no means ceased, but it had become more endurable as it increased in violence and decision. For three hours the torrent had continued to flow with unabated vigor. The indefinite veils of driving mist had, however, been more disastrous to our hopes than this steady downpour. The mountains and rocks were clearer to view, and landmarks easily recognized.

Field-glasses were in great request when lofty peaks were seen looming through the heavy atmosphere. A long tongue of low rocks, covered closely by low-growing shrubs of a livid green, jutted out from the mainland ahead of us. Round this barrier we knew we had to go. At last we drew near to the gloomy portal of what looked like some infernal lake. It seemed that we were courting a certain destruction as our steamer, obedient to the helm, turned its head to this entrance. The narrow gateway before us was so dark and frowning that the very waves were hushed and still before it. The raving wind was silent beneath the shadows, and a solemn stillness appeared to hover in the air. The effect of this sudden calm beneath the huge rocks was astonishing. It almost seemed that the disordered elements obeyed some majestic voice, breathing a 'Peace, be still!'

On either side of us precipitous rocks, like sentinel pillars, rose out of unfathomable depths of water—water so black that it refused to mirror them. These wardens of an everlasting silence within the gates seemed to threaten us with instant extinction as we approached them. The grim and surly mountains, whose stony faces were wrinkled with the furrows of a thousand cataracts, scowled at our forwardness. The tale of centuries was written in a terrible handwriting on these solemn guards. How and when they had been rent asunder we could not guess. What terrific force had sliced and parted the mountains, Nature did not tell; now between them there was a great gulf fixed, and our temerity mocked their power to check us.

It seemed almost a desecration to disturb the glassy surface of the deep black water. The sombre pomp of majestic rocks, cold and gray, like iron plates rising thousands of feet above us, rebuked our trespass in all the dignity of a terrible silence. As we passed within the entrance, a cannon was fired off to awaken the echoes of the rocky steeps. The artillery of a thousand field-pieces was given back to us from the surrounding heights; the mountains, making a mock of our impotence, catching up our feeble challenge, and reëchoing our puny endeavor far and wide in a thousand reverberations. As we crept onwards, hugging the northern precipice within a few yards of perilous slabs of rock, rising without any incline out of deep water, we held our breath in awe-striken amazement. The inclination to cry out, 'The rocks will fall on us, the mountains will cover us!' was almost irresistible. All this time the clouds dropped rain with steady persistence, swelling the countless cataracts, and compelling them to madder haste. We were most of us standing on the high deck, unsheltered by any awning, and unmindful of umbrellas. The majesty of our prison overwhelmed all other considerations but those of awe and wonder. The sound of the tempest without

was forgotten, and even human voices and sights passed away from our recollection. We had only eyes for the marvellous stupendous creation. Five and six thousand feet of rock and mountain towering above us looked as though some Cyclopean architect had gathered his forces together to reach the skies. Occasionally the rocks retired, and opened in some narrow chasm, whose awful gloom our dim sight could not penetrate. One slab of rock, some two thousand feet high, is worn smooth by the lattice-work of countless waterfalls, torrents which are white as snow. The rain has given them new vigor, and they foam furiously in their impetuous efforts to reach the depths below. The swish of all this rushing water breaks the silence at last. These straight walls were not rent to make a nursing home for vegetation, though on the face of some of them a thin scrub persistently ekes out a poor livelihood. In isolated spots shrubs take hold of some piece of earth which has been washed down by some torrent from above, while lower down struggling ferns find a temporary foothold.

The shadows are almost perpetual; here and there are recesses which no stray sunbeams ever penetrate. The gray rocks must always be dull and cold; their gloom never alters, their grayness can never see a false image in any blue dancing waters. This Sound is like some dolorous place of enchantment, where silence is the jailer and darkness the torturer. Gustave Doré's weirdest fancies could not exceed these oppressive mountains, these threatening rocks.

Slowly we wind along, marking well the buttresses and bulwarks of the mountains, fortifications which may defy the hand of time. The rain has stopped at last; but still the loftier pinnacles of snow-clad hills do not unveil. Perhaps, if they could be seen, the weight of the prison-roof would no longer be a sensation; but beneath these leaden skies we are captives, and escape is impossible. As we near the end of the fiord, the rivulets and cataracts increase mightily, flowing with wilder leaps and throbs from the full arteries of the mountains, and feeding the blackness of the waters with noisy vehemence.

The Bowen Fall, now expanded to a tumultuous torrent, provokes a burst of loudly-expressed surprise as we come in sight. The aspect of this mighty cataract gives us back the power of speech. A hundred feet or so below its first leap into air, a projecting rock essays to check its freedom; but the incensed stream is not to be stayed, denying the power of any stone to limit its liberty. With a yet more daring leap it escapes once more, falling three hundred feet below, where it is swallowed up in the black waters of the Sound. In its death it is glorious, for in its last flight it radiates light in the gloom. A dense cloud of whitest vapor rising high in the air spreads over the water, enveloping the escape from the prison-house in a shroud of mist and spray. The roar of the glorious fall is deafening as we come closer, and we shout at one another our expressions of admiration. The exorcism of our great awe is removed; if the waters escape the rocks, so may we.

At last we are at the limit of our expedition, still closely hemmed in by the ruthless walls. It seems that we have no longer space sufficient to turn in. Yet we do turn. Another flash from our small cannon, a farewell salute of homage, perhaps. The *feu de joie* which follows declares the echoes to be conscious of our presence. Our ears are assailed by a succession of replies. The answering detonations begin close above us, then a whole battery reverberates acknowledgment, till finally the outermost bastion salutes afar off.

We turn and creep down the south shore, beneath the same overhanging ramparts and towers of strength, till we reach the iron gates once more. The rocks have not fallen at the entrance, the sentinels do not bar our departure—we pass—we are free on the wide ocean once more. The rain has ceased, and the sun is making an effort to break through the clouds. We make at full speed for George Sound, in order to enter it before dusk. At about five o'clock, when the rays of the sun are slanting upwards and gilding the crests of the mountains, we pass into a smiling roadstead, bordered by gently sloping hills dressed in the most exquisite verdure. The floods are clapping their hands, and the hills are joyful together here. It is a scene of fairy enchantment, and as a contrast to the overwhelming grandeur of our past experiences we welcome the lovely vegetation and gentle declivities. The watery valley open before us winds like a broad river between intersecting chains of hills, green with the most glossy-leaved shrubs, feathery fern-trees, and fringed down to the water's edge with trailing creepers. The sinking sun crowns each hill-top with light, which is reflected again in the smooth water beneath us. Graceful plants twine above each little stream and rill, which leisurely stirs the deep carpets of moss. No wild cataracts, frantic to escape the cold embrace of the mountains, hurl themselves into the flood here. There are gleeful sportive water-courses, laughing and singing softly as they wind about the spurs of the hills which gave them birth. The enchanting form of the rounded hills, with here and there a boulder standing on some knoll or plateau, and far above us upright slabs of stone perched on lofty peaks, like ruined castles, is beyond description. One soft undulation backs up another with gracious condescension, till the last one retires to some pinnacle touching the sky. Nature is in her most radiant and festive mood. The raindrops still glisten on the shining leaves of trees and shrubs, but the sun has turned them all to diamonds. Ravishing effects of light and shade are obtained in nooks and corners, ravines and gullies, undesecrated by human footsteps. The sound of an axe has never been here, and all decay and death is covered up promptly in natural graveclothes. Vivid red creepers fling aloft their shielding arms over decayed shrubs, drooping ferns decorate fallen trees, verdant plumes nod over aught that is unsightly, and

diamond-hung fringes skirt the feet of the mountains. As we proceed, tantalizing valleys open away from us, affording glimpses of fairy-like dells, secluded bowers of fern-tapestried enchantment. We follow a winding course, which makes each successive hill a stranger to its neighbor, and finally, as the sun slowly sinks, we reach a circular lake at the head of the Sound. Here we get glimpses of snow-capped peaks and veins of pure whiteness frozen on stony mountain-sides. These stern ranges in the background enhance the rich beauty of the nearer hills, while the soft light of dying day sheds its peace over another large waterfall. This one flows sedately from its birthplace, fed continually by snows from above. The effulgence of the saffron-stained sky is slowly fading; the long shadows on the water, softly rippled by the ministering cataract, are growing darker, and the mountains one by one veil their heads. The sky receding, ever more 'serene and far,' as the night draws on, sends forth its starry messengers to hasten our departure. A moon creeps gently upwards from the east, and as we glide over the water's calm surface, once more making for the open sea, our only regret is that we cannot linger longer on so fair a scene.—HARRIETTE KAYE, in *London Society*.

THE SCRAMBLE FOR WEALTH.

WE live in an era, beyond all other eras in the world's history, progressive, enlightened, prosperous. We are not likely to forget that it is so, for wherever a few Britons are assembled together there the fact is sure to be loudly proclaimed. Your after-dinner speaker is a veritable dunce, a man unfitted for his post, if he cannot glibly pour out a sparkling stream of figures concerning imports, exports, inland revenue, customs, manufactures, etc., all testifying to the glory of the age we live in, each grand array of statistics exposing the contemptible insignificance of the age we have left behind. The post-prandial orator waxes warm behind his broad expanse of white waistcoat as he tots up the secrets that have been wrenched from the heart of Dame Nature by the patience, the skill, the energy, the daring of man during the present century. We can carry on the ocean trade of all nations, we can send out an army on the shortest notice to defend the honor of our common country in the remotest corner of the globe; we can supply all the world with manufactured goods, and money too, if they want it, but we cannot prevent a man dying of starvation in our midst.

In a gloomy cellar that is flattered with the title of kitchen, in the centre of one of our great cities, lives a woman and four children. By working thirteen or fourteen hours per day at making match-boxes, they are enabled to earn in a week the sum of twelve shillings. Their life is one dreary round of work, and, after all, it is only a hand-to-mouth existence. The slightest accident occurring to stop the miserable routine would mean ruin—starvation, or the workhouse. It is said such people are not unhappy, because they have never known what it is to lead a different life. In the same spirit the Billingsgate fish-wife declared it could be no cruelty to cut up living eels, because they were used to it. Those to whom Fortune has been kind, and are satisfied with such brutal reasoning, cannot be too often reminded that although the suffering poor are as tractable as the fish-wife's eels today, it may not always be so. There is a limit to human endurance, and frenzied mobs of starving people are not likely to act logically or kindly towards the upholders of the theory that use is second nature. We are, as a people, so busy, our time is so fully occupied, our attention is so distracted with affairs of imperial interest, that only a very few take the trouble to explore the unfashionable quarters of our great cities and discover the germs of social diseases which, unless they are destroyed in time, will assume a growth before which the wisest and best statesmen will stand appalled—helpless to prevent disaster, too late to apply the healing balm. The ruling classes are composed mainly of those who have come into the world to find it all wealth, luxury, and ease, and those whose fortunes have prospered with the growth of the empire. To these the prodigious array of statistics under the heads of imports and exports is food for pleasant reflection: they are a part of the greatest nation in the world, and they swell with pride at the thought. But go to the woman who has to earn her bread by making match-boxes in a city cellar. Tell her that the wealth of England has more than doubled since 1840; that while at that date it averaged only 158*l.* per inhabitant, it now averages 249*l.* Tell her that during the last fifty years railway property has increased to the extent of over 700,000,000*l.*, house property over 1,000,000,000*l.*, and shipping 100,000,000*l.* Tell her that we are digging up over 100,000,000 more tons of coal every year than did our grandfathers, and that our trade with foreign countries has increased over 50,000,000 of tons since 1840. Great Britain may be the grandest nation in the universe, but to these poor waifs it is a veritable *inferno*. What shall it comfort the poor wretch in a city garret, who is starving for lack of bread, to know that the sun never sets upon his country's might, or that the morning drumbeat of her majesty's troops echoes round the world?

As a nation we are not blind to the fact that the most hideous forms of poverty haunt the pathway of our national prosperity. We do not steel our hearts against the poor, on the contrary, we pour out through thousands of charitable channels millions of money every year; but money cannot stamp out poverty. There was a world of meaning in the exclamation of a clergyman in the east end of London when he answered an offer of help for the poor in his district with the words—"For God's sake don't send us money!" Money at the best can be but a temporary remedy, and often does more harm than good. If we sincerely desire to lessen the sum of human

misery we must aim at the causes that bring it about. The sanitary officer who discovers the hidden cesspool may save a hundred lives while the physician in the sick-room is striving to save one. If we could gaze upon the world from afar, and penetrate the labyrinths of bricks and mortar with all-seeing eyes, we should most likely lose sight of all else in the one prominent, all-absorbing fact brought to view—that the myriads of human beings at our feet were all struggling, fighting, kicking, screaming for the possession of certain discs of metal, and that the good things of life were apportioned according to the number of metal discs scraped together by individual members of the riotous assembly. We should see the weak and the helpless pushed on one side and trampled upon by the healthy and strong. We should hear the lips professing the gospel of peace and good-will on earth, and see the hands acting up to the gospel of each for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. Has not this unedifying scramble for wealth something to do with the world's unhappiness? We have heard much about thrift lately. A great number of eloquent speeches have been made and interesting books written on the subject by people whose hearts and consciences have been sorely troubled at the misery within a stonesthrow of their drawing-room windows. Thrift is a toothsome morsel for the philanthropist, but it too often leads him astray. It is a word that flies, crisp and clear, from the tongue, a doctrine requiring little application to master, lending itself readily to the manufacture of fine sentences, but it is not so free from guile as it appears to be. It would be possible for the most thrifty nation to be the most unhappy under the sun. It is the scramble for wealth that makes the world more like a gigantic den of wild beasts than a home for men and women endowed with hearts and brains, and in the thickest of the indecent scrimmage the most thrifty people are to be found. It must be acknowledged, however, that they are there more through pressure of circumstance than any faults of their own.

As society is at present constituted the man who is born with aspirations and hopes, the man who desires to gratify an intuitive love of art, such as is often found among the poorest; the man who has a taste for books, and longings to gratify it; the man whose love of music is a passion, and who yearns to commune with sympathetic hearts; all such men as these, however pure their motives may be, quickly discover that the surest way to gratify their desires is to "get on in the world." They see that doors are open to wealth and social position, where love of art, accompanied with comparative poverty, seeks for admission in vain. If they have sons endowed with exceptional intellectual powers, capable of being fashioned into men who would do the country service, they may knock at the doors of universities in vain, and will be hustled on one side to make way for mediocrity, or even incompetent stupidity, whose golden key opens the doors like the traditional talismans of a past age. They are crushed by caste, and reminded of their low position in the social scale at every turn. The temptation to move among men and women of a higher caste and enjoy like privileges, is too great for the majority to overcome. Noble minds may hesitate and tender hearts falter, but, eventually, into the scramble for wealth they go, helter-skelter, scratching, clawing, struggling—every better feeling stifled in the all-absorbing desire to get on in the world. Certain social advantages, certain privileges, certain pleasures, things that we feel sure would make life worth living—all these can only be obtained by possessors of wealth—therefore wealth we must have at any cost of heart and conscience. This is the line of thought adopted by the people who are desecrating their bodies and sacrificing their better selves to the Juggernaut of what is called success in life.

It may not be in the power of the present generation of men and women to put an end to this miserable, cruel, and debasing social war, but it is in their power to do much to pave the way for a better, a more peaceful condition of life; that the men, women, and children of the future may not have to endure the agonies that make the life of the present day to so many a desolate, hopeless, unbeautiful heritage. What can we do to check this all-round scramble for wealth and social position? The problem is not so hopelessly insoluble as it appears to be. If the social barriers that mistrust and caste have set up were but levelled to the ground, we should find our task an easy one. The rich man says to the artisan—"Work, take your wage, be thankful for it; you have a shelter; you can purchase enough food to keep your family from starving; be content, praise God and honor the king." But it is not in the power of any intelligent being to be content with any such bare regime, and the consequence is that the best of the artisan class, being dissatisfied with their lot in life, even they, in their poor, miserable little way, join in the cruel scramble for wealth, and do their level best—though perhaps unconsciously—to add to the sufferings of humanity. And so, grade upon grade, each class finding itself laboring under social disadvantages as compared with the class above it, expends its energy, not in endeavoring to make the world happier, not in working to raise its intellectual and moral standard, not in making the particular sphere in which it moves more pleasant and more easy to live in, but in a painful, undignified struggle to purchase a place in a higher caste.

The distinction of classes is perhaps in no case more prominently inhuman than in that of workmen and their employers. The average employer of labor holds himself stiffly aloof from those in his service; he treats them as menials, not as his fellow men, forgetting how his interests are at their mercy from morning until night. If their work is conscientiously and honestly performed, he imagines that when the weekly dole of wages has been paid out that both parties can cry quits, as if mere money could ever be adequate remuneration for really good work.

He goes home at night to his well-appointed villa, and his workmen find their way to homes that are not by any means well-appointed, if they are not exceedingly wretched. The lives of the two classes are distinct, they are strangers to each other. This holding aloof, this inhuman indifference and utter absence of social feeling breeds distrust, envy, and even malice. Would the workman toil with less zeal if he were the friend of his employer, instead of his underling? One hears on all sides complaints of drunken workmen, thriftless workmen, workmen careless and indifferent, without a thought above the public-house. Ask the complaining employers if they have ever once entered into the social life of the men they are grumbling about; have they ever moved a hand to assist their workmen to spend their leisure profitably and happily? Have they ever said to the men who devote too much time and money to the gin-palace, "Come, see my library, and borrow a good book"—"Come have a half-hour with me among my pictures"—"Come, you who are fond of music; don't go to that music-hall, with its drink and stupidity; bring your wife or sweetheart, and hear my wife sing a good wholesome song"? If this were the attitude assumed by employers to workmen, if this feeling of affection and good-fellowship extended to all classes, how much happier and brighter life would be. The typical case of workman and employer will hold good if applied to all grades in the social scale. The workman, if treated as a friend and equal by those to whom Fortune has been more kind, if estimated by all classes according to his own true worth as a man, and not accordimg to the quality of the cloth upon his back; if his children are allowed the same chance of developing their abilities as the children of the rich, he will feel no inclination to devote his life to a cruel struggle with his fellows for a higher position. The truth will dawn upon him that the workman's life is as honorable as any other, and that no man need be ashamed of living and dying a workman, providing his work has been done well. No praiseworthy ambition would be checked, for the communion of all classes would lead to sterling ability rising speedily to the surface, instead of toiling on in the dark, unknown and uncared for.

If the professional classes, philanthropists, politicians, and economists, had been accustomed all their lives to mix freely with the proletariate, we should be inflicted with less of the twaddle and useless verbosity that daily flows forth from platform and pen concerning the problems of industrial life. Men are sent to parliament to frame laws on which the life's happiness of millions may depend, who, in spite of their belief to the contrary, know far less about the real work-a-day life of the people of this country than they do about that of the Zulus or the Japanese. With all classes guarded jealously by social barriers, and, as a result, misunderstanding and mistrusting each other, who can wonder that in spite of all advances in art and science, a miserable, unholy scramble for money absorbs the energies of the ablest men and women, while wrongs go unrighted, Hunger and Want carry off their victims, and millions work, week in week out, for the privilege of suffering?—A LONDON ARTIZAN, in *Macmillan's Magazine.*

POPULAR BANKING.

IT was said by Lord Jeffrey that the greatness of a nation and the happiness of its people did not depend so much upon the increase of its military strength, as upon "the spread of banks and the increase of banking facilities." Taking this view, it is a happy sign that several continental governments have of late years greatly improved and extended their banking-systems, whereby increased banking facilities have been given to their people, which again has encouraged their trade and industry. The writer having visited some of these countries and inquired into the working of their banking systems, can speak from what he has seen there, as compared with banking experience at home; and as it may be interesting to parties in this country to know what changes have been made in banking abroad, we will give a brief but plain and practical description of the principal systems, and then the reader may judge which is best.

It is proper to glance at our colonial banks first, for they are conducted on excellent principles; indeed, they are founded on the good old unrestricted Scottish banking system, so that they can expand as they require. The Australian banks have been very successful and enterprising, having increased so fast that they have doubled their assets and their business in the past ten years. The Canadian banks have also done good service to the Dominion, and given great accommodation to the colonists. We have heard some emigrant farmers and others say that the banks there are so much more obliging than the banks in the old country, that the Canadian banks make Canada a better country for people with moderate means to get on in than the old country is. The fact is our British banks are not popular enough.

As to the United States, a new system of banking was adopted there, after the war. The National Banks were then established. There are now about two thousand one hundred and sixty-eight of these banks throughout the States, so that banking facilities are placed within the reach of all; and these banks have given a wonderful impetus to the trade and industries of the States. The National Banks are under local boards, so they know whom to trust. There have been very few failures of any banks since they commenced. Excepting the large banks in the cities, the capital of most of the banks is only ten thousand pounds. They are allowed to issue bank-notes to the amount of nine-tenths of their capital, which must be invested in bonds, and lodged with the Treasury, as security for their notes. For that privilege they have to pay two per cent. per annum. All National Bank

notes pass current over the Union. There are about one hundred and forty millions sterling of National Bank notes and "legal" tenders or "greenbacks," in circulation. The Americans think highly of their National Banks and their "greenbacks," and say they prefer "paper" to "metal."

The French government, like the American, made a change in their monetary system after their war. They then began to study the arts of economy and peace. The Bank of France was empowered to substitute its notes for the coin which it withdrew from circulation, and therewith paid a considerable portion of the German penalty in gold. That coin was never missed; indeed, it appeared as if the adoption of the paper currency, and the more liberal banking system which was then introduced, helped greatly to carry the French people over their difficulties, and to start them on a new career of peaceful and profitable industry. The circulation of the Bank of France is now one hundred and twenty millions sterling. This large issue of notes has the effect of encouraging cash payments, which is the rule in France. It has been found that when the circulation of notes is too much restricted, it drives people to deal upon credit. The Bank of France is very accommodating. It is the bank of the people; no transaction is too large for it, and none too small. All classes go to it in great numbers, and are civilly served.

In Germany, banking is also developed to a great extent. Banks are numerous everywhere, and much frequented. Every person seems to have a bank account in Germany as in France. The Land Banks, for enabling the peasantry to buy their farms by instalments, and the People's Banks, are peculiar German institutions. The People's Banks were organized by the recently deceased Dr. Schulze of Delitzsch, in Saxony. They were begun about a quarter of a century ago. They are associations of workingmen, who, upon becoming members, pay weekly instalments; and on the basis of the funds paid in, they obtain credit or the loan of money from the bank, to enable those who are members to work for themselves or others. There were in 1881, in the German Empire, eighteen hundred and eighty-nine People's Banks. Of these nine hundred and two banks made returns, and their capital was six millions sterling; the savings' deposits above six millions; private deposits, twelve and a half millions; so that the credit of these banks stands high. They have advanced in loans to the members and to the working societies, seventy-four millions sterling. By means of these banks, small producers, if members, are supplied with capital to work upon, but under the superintendence of a Committee. They are thereby enabled to manufacture goods, either by themselves or in operation with other members, and even to compete with large capitalists and large manufacturers on equal terms, in the markets of the world; so these banks are solving the knotty question how capital and labor can co-operate to mutual advantage.

People's Banks have spread into the neighboring countries. In Italy, Signor L. Luzzati began the banks there, on the principle of allowing non-members to get the benefits of his banks as well as members. In 1881, there were a hundred and sixty-five People's Banks in Italy, with one million and three-quarters sterling of capital. The government of Italy has recommended the people to place their deposits in these banks rather than in the Milan savings-banks, as they lend money to the cultivators and others, which encourages industry.

With these examples of popular banking before us, and taking into consideration the way in which banking is carried on in this country, the question is: Can any improvement be suggested in the way of establishing better banks for the people here? There is a great blank or want of intermediate banks between the large joint-stock banks and the savings-banks. We have no banks to correspond with the People's Banks of Germany, or the moderate-sized National Banks of the United States. Therefore, there is a large, industrious, and respectable class of small-farmers, tradesmen, shopkeepers, and others who are left out in the cold. There should be popular banks and banking facilities provided for the numerous class of small customers who require a bank to deposit their savings in, and at the same time to turn their little money to the best account; also, on the other hand, to accommodate those who may want to borrow sums occasionally for stocking their farms or their shops. In plain language, banks are wanted to serve the smaller class of customers, in the same way as the large banks now serve the larger customers.

Well, supposing a public-spirited party desires to get up such a bank on popular principles in any town, the first thing to do is to form a respectable and active Provisional Committee, to organize and register the bank as a Limited Liability Company. Say the capital is fixed at ten thousand pounds in five-pound shares, one pound per share to be paid up; this would give two thousand pounds to begin with, and leave eight thousand pounds uncalled, as a guarantee to depositors. Then allowing one hundred pounds for preliminary expenses, and one-half per cent. upon the deposits for working expenses—which is more than the savings-banks cost—and suppose, next, that the deposits come to twenty-five thousand pounds the first year; allow two and a half to three per cent. for interest on deposits, and charge from five to seven and a half per cent. for loans and advances on cash credits and other securities—it may be calculated there would be a clear profit of two per cent. on the amount of the deposits; which would pay a good dividend, and leave a respectable reserve besides. Such banks could easily be established and made to pay. But better still, they can be made a great benefit to any community, provided they are well conducted.

There is no reason to doubt such banks would be a great success, and would soon spread over the country, when once they were started. The most important point would be to get a good committee of management; and

a respectable gentleman who has a shop or an office to act as bank agent, so as to be convenient to the public and save expense. It would be a desirable situation. It will be worth while for business gentlemen to take up these banks in their localities. In other places, workingmen, or, what is better, a union of different classes, may take up these banks in towns. The committees will need to look well after the business; but when it is seen how well Spinning Companies and Co-operative Stores are managed, there is no fear but People's Banks could also be managed prudently and profitably for the benefit of all concerned —and who are not concerned in this movement?—which proposes to open banks and bring banking facilities to all classes—to those with small means on the same terms as to those with larger means—to the peasant as well as the peer, to the laborer and to the artisan as well as to the capitalist.—*Chambers's Journal.*

PEOPLE'S BANKS.

In our article on "Popular Banking" (see the preceding) we referred to the People's Banks of Germany, instituted by Dr. Schulze of Delitzsch, as a great example of what can be done by working men in the way of raising capital and employing themselves in productive industries, when their capital is economized properly, and their labor forces are well organized, as these banks and working associations are. We have been anxious to obtain as much information as possible concerning the working of these German banks and associations, which are most wonderful developments of the gigantic and overwhelming power of capital and labor when combined; even though the combiners, as in this case, are nothing but ordinary working men.

With a view of obtaining authentic information about these institutions, to lay before those classes in this country who are most deeply interested in what is called the social economics of the working classes, the writer in the first place applied to the German Consulate in London to know if there was any popular description or report of the Schulze Banks to be had. The Consul-general replied at once in a very kindly manner, saying that, as the Schulze Associations were not government institutions, there were no official reports, but he furnished a long list of German publications to be had on the subject.

After this the writer ventured to apply to our own Foreign Office, inclosing a paper advocating the establishment of local banks in Ireland, and inquiring if the Foreign Office had obtained or could procure any information upon the manner of conducting the People's Banks of Germany, which information it would be very desirable to obtain as in some measure an example for establishing People's Banks in Ireland or in other parts of the United Kingdom. Lord E. Fitzmaurice replied that Earl Granville, recognizing the importance of the subject, "had ordered Her Majesty's Embassy at Berlin to furnish a Report upon the People's Banks in Germany, and it will be prepared as a parliamentary paper as soon as it reaches this office." This most important Report from the British Embassy at Berlin, dated September 22, has now been received, and we have pleasure in giving the most interesting portions, in anticipation that the full Report will be published by government:

"The first of the Schulze-Delitzsch Registered Credit Associations, or People's Banks, in Germany, was founded by Herr Schulze at Delitzsch, a town in Saxony, in the year 1850; hence the name. The idea embodied in these Associations is essentially one of self-help, and the advantages obtained by membership may be shortly stated as follows:

"The members are enabled at any moment to obtain an advance of money in proportion to their means, and people in a humble rank of life are thus spared the high interest which they must otherwise pay for such assistance, if, indeed, they succeeded in obtaining it at all. Again, the profits arising from money-lending, which had hitherto been the monopoly of capitalists, by this system returns to the pockets of the borrowers, while the trifling periodical subscription which they are obliged to pay is the modest commencement, the nest-egg of a capital of their own. Individuals who singly could obtain no credit, do obtain such credit by uniting themselves in an Association, and binding themselves to repay the sum credited to the Association with all their property, jointly and separately.

"An Association must have a Board of Management, and may have a Council of Administration (Controlling Board), the election of which Schulze now proposes to make compulsory, as also the annual examination of the accounts by an expert accountant, who must have no interest in the Association. The Association is further represented by the General Meeting. The Managing Board may now consist of only one member, whereas Schulze proposes a minimum of two. The formalities of admission to the Association must be clear and distinct, and stringently observed; otherwise members would try to disprove their membership where such procedure would be to their own advantage. The list of the members must be deposited with some proper authority, and must be accessible to the public. The shares of a member, namely, his participation in the property of the Association, may be gradually accumulated. The share of a member cannot be confiscated, but only his profit thereon. The creditor, however, can insist on the member's resignation through giving six months' notice.

"The responsibility of any member for the debts of the Association ceases two years after the dissolution of the Association, or after his resignation or exclusion from the Association. If to avoid the bankruptcy of an Association any members pay in the necessary funds—in addition to the amount allotted to them—the sum thus advanced can be recovered from the other members.

"Very good and exact statistics on the working of these registered Associations are

published annually, beginning from the year 1859. No case of bankruptcy occurred among these Associations in 1882, a fact which speaks for itself. Their credit is consequently very high, and they can always get more money than they can use, so much so, that they are continually reducing the rate of interest on deposits—generally one per cent. under bank-rate. Moreover there is a joint-stock bank at Berlin, under the firm 'Bank for the German Registered Associations,' with a branch at Frankfort-on-the-Main, which was established to furnish the Associations with banking credit. It has a paid-up capital of four hundred and fifty thousand pounds, of which one hundred and thirty-seven thousand five hundred pounds belong to the Frankfort branch,

"Thus we have seen that from the most unpretending commencement—the mutual undertaking of ten artisans to stand by one another with their whole substance—a mighty and prosperous system of People's Banks has been developed. In admiring these favorable results, the principles on which such success has been attained must not be lost sight of.

"Without the formation of an original capital of their own in shares of the members, which, although remaining their property, cannot be withdrawn during membership, and of a reserve fund, which, in case of losses, is to preserve the share capital intact, the business of these Associations would have no solid foundation, and both the public and the shareholders would run great risk. This capital accumulates but slowly, however, as the members of an Association are generally of very limited means. One great object of Herr Schulze was, however, obtained: a desire to save money was kindled in the minds of individuals who had previously no incitement to lay by for a rainy day, and, finding themselves members of an Association which periodically declared a dividend in proportion to their deposits, the members struggled hard to buy a larger interest in the undertaking. It was soon found, however, that if the sphere of usefulness of the Associations was to be extended, some means of attracting capital from outside must be discovered. This had previously been the privilege of great merchants doing a large business; it was now to be extended to the artisan class. But how was a basis of credit to be organized which would induce the public to regard the deposit of their savings with Associations as a safe and desirable investment? The solution was found through adopting the principle of the joint and unlimited liability of the members for the debts and obligations of the Association. People who would not think of trusting any individual member were found willing to trust an Association, the members of which were responsible for each other. Thus, the man who alone could get no credit, if of respectable character and antecedents, was admitted a member of an Association, and at once obtained an advance in proportion to his means.

"As showing the amount of outside capital which is attracted to the Associations, it may be mentioned that the nine hundred and five Associations which sent in their balance-sheets for 1882 manipulated an outside capital of nineteen million pounds, while their own capital amounted to only six million fifty thousand pounds, or thirty-two per cent. of the whole. Full information as to the details of the administration and working of the registered Associations is furnished in a handbook by Herr Schulze, "Vorschuss und Credit-Vereine als Volksbanken," new and improved edition, 1876, by E. Keil, in Leipzig. A translation of this work into English does not exist."

Annexed to the excellent Report is given a slightly abridged translation of the German law of July 4, 1868, defining the legal position of the registered Associations of Germany, from which we make short extracts.—Part I., concerning the founding of an Association. (Sect. i.) The number of the members of an Association is unlimited, but not fewer than ten. The objects of the Association are especially: (1) To give advances and credit; (2) to acquire raw materials and to open stores; (3) to manufacture and sell commodities for joint account (called Associations of Production); (4) to produce the necessaries of life and of production wholesale, and to sell them in retail (called Associations of Consumption); (5) to build dwellings for their members; (6) to cultivate land. (Sect. ii.) To create an Association there are required (1) a deed of association in writing; (2) a common name for purposes of signature; (3) the joining of at least ten individuals. Part II. of the document has reference to the legal position of members to each other, to the Association, and to third parties; Part III., concerning managers and meetings; Part IV., dissolution of an Association and resignation of members; Part V., liquidation; Part VI., period during which a member remains liable, etc.

There is also annexed to the Report a comparative sketch of the results of the registered Associations from 1859 to 1882. We give the figures for 1882, which show that nine hundred and five Associations sent in reports, having 461,153 members; total amount of loans granted, £75,118,321; average amount to each Association, £83,003; capital paid up by members, £5,164,320; reserves, £909,120; total of both, £6,073,440; loans from outside public £12,005,606; credit from Banks and Associations, £533,188; savings' deposits, £6,430,-169; total sum from loans and deposits on credit, £18,968,964. The rate per cent. of own to borrowed capital in 1882 was 32.01; it was about twenty-seven per cent. in 1874, and back to 1859.

By another Report it is stated that there were altogether in the German empire lately 1889 Banks, 898 Societies of Production, 660 Distributive Societies, and 34 Building Societies, turning over, it was estimated, a hundred millions sterling per annum, with a membership of one million and a quarter, and a members' capital of nine millions and a half sterling. It would be most desirable to see such a prosperous organization as the above in the British empire. People's Banks could

easily be wrought in this country independently of, or separately from, the Production and Distributive Associations. This is a great question for the industrious class of this country to consider earnestly, and take up.—*Chambers's Journal.*

REMINISCENCES OF THORWALDSEN.

In the middle of the wide court which forms the centre of the Thorwaldsen Museum in Copenhagen rises a simple grave. No monument is erected here in commemoration of him who rests below; I could not even find a name carved on the plain stone slab, whose only adornment is the clustering leaves of the everlasting ivy which grows luxuriantly round its base. Fit resting-place this of Bertel Thorwaldsen; simple and unassuming as the great heart which on earth throbbed out such bold aspirations; green as the immortal memory of his transcendent genius. And round about him in the galleries which look down on the humble grave stand the monuments innumerable which the master raised to himself, through years of plodding industry, through disappointments and high hopes, and that ever constant yearning after something higher still, which is at once the happiness and misery of true greatness. As I reverently stood by his grave, under the golden eye of a bright spring morning, a little picture flashed upon me out of the past, a picture which had first evoked my interest in Bertel Thorwaldsen.

In an upper room of an old gabled house in one of the narrow streets of Copenhagen, an honest wood-carver and his wife lie asleep. Beside their bed stands a child's cot, out of which a pair of bright blue eyes peep cautiously. All is still, and the full yellow moon looks straight into the room. Presently, a small naked foot appears, then another, until the form of a little boy stands confessed. He shakes back his lint-blonde hair, and casts a furtive glance at the great bed. He is safe, for they are fast asleep; so the little one steals with fast beating heart to the corner, where, under the noisy Dutch clock, stands his mother's spinning-wheel. Often has he watched the busy wheel spin round; and the inquiring brain has been lost in wonder as to how it all came about, whilst the active little hands have tingled to touch it and find out its secrets. So strongly has this idea gained possession of his growing mind, that to-night he cannot sleep, and now here is his chance. Curiously he gazes at the strange weird thing, and puts out an eager hand. "Whir-r-r!" goes the wheel under his touch, and mother is awake. "What do you there, my little son?" And Bertel hangs his head and creeps back to his cot.

Do you not know the story, my readers? It was told to me and to you years ago, by Hans Christian Andersen, the king of story-tellers. And we see that "the child was father of the man;" for the tall, thoughtful youth who at the age of seventeen—just ten years later—is receiving the silver medal for design at the Academy of Arts of his native town is none other than the tiny urchin whose extraordinary observing powers were thus early displayed.

Bertel Thorwaldsen, who lived to be the greatest of modern sculptors, is a striking example of genius early developed. Born in 1770, we hear of him as a mere child assisting his father in his calling as a wood-carver. On one occasion we are told how the boy was playing in the court, where his father, Gottschalk, was at work on the figure-head of a ship. Presently the little fellow ceased his play, and after observing his father for some time, he took up a piece of wood, and carved such an excellent representation of the head, that the father was struck by this exhibition of talent, and at once placed his son at the Free School of Art. Here the inborn genius of the lad rapidly developed; he passionately loved art, and to pursue it soon became the sole aim and end of his existence. Thus at twenty he is awarded the small gold medal for his sketch of "Heliodorus driven from the Temple;" at twenty-three, the first gold medal, along with a grant enabling him to reside abroad for three years, for the purpose of studying, which latter had long been the first great desire of his young life.

When we see him again, he is in an obscure lodging in Rome. The great cosummation is reached, and the sunny skies of Italy, the home of Art, smile above him; but the vision, which had seemed so real a thing that he had but to stretch out his arms and grasp it, has almost faded, and the ardent young artist is struggling alone, without sympathy, and altogether friendless in a strange land. He has gone, overflowing with that sanguine hope which is the legacy of youth, with his letter of introduction to his famous countryman Zoëga, but had been coldly received; and the shy, retiring nature had shrunk back into itself, chilled and disappointed. But not to sit down and repine in idleness; he could not have done so if he would; for the burning desire to create which dwells in the heart of genius was beating like an imprisoned eagle with powerful and untiring wings at the bars of its cage. And then and there it was, during long solitary watches and cheerless days, with no friendly eye to commend, no encouraging voice to cheer, that Bertel Thorwaldsen executed his "Jason with the Golden Fleece."

Sweet must have been to him those first-fruits of triumph when he saw his great effort recognized and appreciated, when the celebrated Canova himself extended to him the hand of fellowship, and the artistic world rang with praises of the masterly production. But his troubles were not at an end; for although his "Jason" received such universal admiration, for long no purchaser was to be found; and pecuniary difficulties increased upon him, until, crushed in spirit, he was obliged to contemplate the abandonment of his studies and a return to Denmark. No longer able to procure the materials for the carrying out of his great designs, he sat one morning utterly disconsolate in his studio,

when, as if from the clouds, a letter arrived from his warm admirer Thomas Hope. It proved to be an order for a marble copy of the 'Jason,' for which the sculptor was to receive the munificent sum of eight hundred ducats. This was the last struggle with poverty; and during Thorwaldsen's prolonged stay in Italy, commissions poured in upon him from every quarter. It were impossible to enumerate within the limits of a brief sketch the immense number of works which his indefatigable genius produced in the course of a long life, and a difficult task to select from the splendid collection in the Museum at Copenhagen the productions most worthy of notice. As we pass along the re-echoing galleries, they stand, a mighty host of silent witnesses to his glory, looking down upon us in undying beauty and ineffable grace. Here the fair and mystic spirits of mythology live before us, and the giant forms of god and hero rise towering in majestic manhood. But we pause before the speaking likeness of our poet and countryman Lord Byron, which is considered one of the best of Thorwaldsen's numerous statues of contemporaries, whilst we remember with pleasure that the original adorns the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Twenty-three years had sped away before the sculptor returned to Denmark, which he had left a young man without fame or name. Now his progress through Italy and Germany was like a triumphal procession. Everywhere the great master was met by the principal men of the different towns through which he passed, whilst the people flocked from their houses to get a sight of him. Arrived at Copenhagen, he was lodged in the palace of Charlottenburg, and public feasts and rejoicings went on for several days. But he could not settle in the bleak North after having known so long the genial climate of Italy; moreover, the passing years had bereft him of both his parents; consequently, the old home no longer existed to gladden the wanderer's return; and although the famous Thorwaldsen had found a warm reception even in the palace of his king, he missed the humble friends of his childhood, who were now dead or scattered, and longed to be back to the land which had become endeared to him as the scene of his first struggles and ultimate triumph. Thus, within a year he is once more on the return journey to Rome, though he is months on the road. He had chosen the route through Berlin, Dresden, and Warsaw, at each of which places he was detained by numerous invitations to partake of the hospitality of men of talent and rank. At Warsaw he made the longest halt, for the purpose of making a bust of Alexander I., who, himself a patron of art, entertained the eminent sculptor with marked favor. All through his journey between Denmark and Rome, but especially at Warsaw, he received commissions which occupied him for long after his return. At this time, Thorwaldsen was in his fiftieth year, but of unimpaired vigor; his activity was something marvellous. After this period, independent of the private commissions which continually came in, he executed the elaborate decorations for the cathedral of Our Lady at Copenhagen, the principal of which were "Christ and the Twelve Apostles," the group of "John the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness," the "Procession to Golgotha," and several monuments of great men. He also completed extensive bas-reliefs for the palace of Christiansburg, of which Denmark is justly proud.

Absorbed in the production of these marvellous works, another long term of Thorwaldsen's life passed quickly away, until he saw his great undertaking fulfilled; and his next task was the superintending of their transit to Denmark, and their erection in the buildings for which they were intended. For this purpose, the Danish government placed a frigate at his disposal; and in 1838, when he was in his sixty-eighth year, he took ship to revisit for the last time the land of his birth. This time, there was work for the active man; and each day saw him at his post directing the workmen engaged on the erection of the handsome Museum which was to bear his name, and within whose precincts the results of his life's labor were to be gathered. But now the keen searching air of the land which had fostered his young genius no longer braced the frame of the man of more than threescore and ten, who had felt the balmy softness of nearly fifty Italian summers. Fain would he have spent his declining days in the home of his early associations; but each returning spring left him so reduced in health, that a return to Italy seemed inevitable; and in the early part of the year 1844, he began to make arrangements for leaving the North in the summer. But his first desire was destined to be gratified in a manner he least expected, for when taking his recreation in the theatre at Copenhagen on March 24, 1844, the swift summons came, and all suddenly. Without a pang, he was taken, and like a faithful servant who has finished his task, he "entered into the joy of his Lord." A special mercy, it seemed, to be thus called to rest and spared the bed of suffering. But great was the regret and sincere the grief of all who knew his name. All Europe mourned his loss; and to carry out his funeral obsequies with honor and distinction was now the universal interest of his sorrowing countrymen. They laid him in state in the large hall of the Academy of Arts, where, as the obscure workman's son, he had first stood forth to receive the reward of his youthful endeavors. Thousands went to take a last look at the calm, gentle face and still form, which lay as if taking a peaceful and dreamless sleep after a hard day's work. Then they buried him with many tears and great ceremony in the Cathedral Church, until the completion of his Museum, whither his body was removed, to be placed in the unique grave prepared for its reception.

And here, at his grave, I recall the pleasing sketch of this remarkable man which was furnished to me by an old lady, who had been in the habit of visiting his studio in Rome when he was in the full flush of his activity.

"He was tall of stature," she told me, "but with slightly stooping shoulders. His countenance was of noble mould, and when in repose, was grave and thoughtful almost to sadness; but when he looked at you, it was with a pair of keen though very kindly blue eyes. His hair was light in color and curly; it was frequently in disorder from a habit he had of running his fingers through it when engaged in thought. He was somewhat slovenly in his dress, and wore a loose smock when at work. His manner were naturally shy and retiring, and though he rarely invited his visitors to conversation, he was courteous and wonderfully patient with the many casual visitors who flocked to his studio from motives of curiosity. When in the society of friends and colleagues, however, he would frequently become very animated, at which time he was in the habit of taking up a bit of clay—sometimes producing it from his pocket—and kneading it in his hand. He seemed to converse with greater ease when so engaged, and this restless habit he retained through life. Art was the sole interest which possessed his mind; he read little, and detested to handle a pen, never doing so except when necessity compelled. He therefore never learnt to write a legible letter or to spell correctly."

And as I quit the spot where rest his earthly remains, in the midst of the glorious achievements of an earnest life, I rejoice to think that the laurels he strove for, won and wore with the humility of true greatness, are still as fresh and green as the ivy that clings round his tomb.—*Chambers's Journal.*

EVOLUTION AND MIND.

Two remarkable criticisms on the doctrine of the natural evolution of mind have appeared within the last few days, one a striking sermon preached last Sunday week before the University of Oxford, by the new Regius Professor of Hebrew, the Reverend Canon Driver;* the other an equally striking address,† by Professor Upton, of Manchester New College, delivered at the opening of the new session. Both are concerned with the doctrine of physical evolution. The former deals chiefly with the supposed incompatibility between that doctrine and revelation, the latter with the real incompatibility between any doctrine which professes to evolve mind out of the physical organism, and the Christian doctrine of human responsibility and of the divine relation to the human spirit. By different approaches, both writers reach the same end. Canon Driver insists that the essence of inspiration is to convey true spiritual teaching to man of his relation and duty to God; that this is often conveyed in the Bible by parable and allegory, as well as by literal history; and that the story of creation is not to be considered as a report of literal facts, but as such a selection from the ancient traditions of mankind as would press home the truth that God was before the universe and created it, that the physical is subordinate to the moral creation, that the nature of man is impressed with the living image of God, which image his own disobedience clouded and distorted, and that the providence of God has so overruled human destiny as to give us the opportunity of restoring that image again in all its beauty. Such is Canon Driver's view of the early chapters of Genesis. He regards them as the traditions selected by some Hebrew prophet, under the guidance of the Divine Spirit, to teach men the subordination of the physical to the spiritual universe, and the direct responsibility of man to God. So long as this lesson is learned, he thinks that the physical cosmogony which appears to be involved in these chapters is immaterial—may very likely be erroneous—and is no part of their real drift. But he insists that what they do definitely teach, namely, that the supersensual element in man, the existence of a spirit in man, cannot be accounted for as the product of the natural organism, is of the very essence of revelation, and is not a lesson which science—concerning itself, as it must, mainly with the evolution of the physical structure of the body—has the right to traverse. Science, he holds, may deal with the question how the body of man came to be what it is, and may even determine it in its own fashion, without threatening in any way the theology of the Bible. Even if it should be eventually proved that the body of man was prepared for him by direct descent from the body of lower species, there would be nothing in that to threaten the doctrine of Scripture,—which all true philosophy confirms,—that there is something in the soul of man which does not admit of explanation by virtue of his bodily descent, something which entirely justifies the "religious contemplation of nature," and justifies it even more completely after science has made her voice heard as to the physical links in the chain, than before those physical links had been traced out.

And what Canon Driver asserts as the essence of the doctrine of creation taught in the Bible, Professor Upton asserts as the essence of the true philosophy of man. "If the soul of man," he says, "and its moral and spiritual activities, can be accounted for and explained on the same principles on which recent evolutionists endeavor to explain, and to some extent succeed in explaining, the history of our planet and the origin and development of the forms and feelings of the animal kingdom, then it seems to me evident that the *raison d'être* of Manchester New College virtually ceases to exist, seeing that in this case the theological knowledge which it is its special mission freely to impart, vanishes into the shadowy background of outgrown fancies and exploded delusions. Let it once be granted that man is wholly a part of nature, and therefore wholly explicable in the way in which nature is explicable, and it will not, I think,

* And reported in the *Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduates' Journal* for October 25th.

† "An Examination of the Doctrines of the Natural Evolution of Mind, or the Distinctive Feature of Scientific and Spiritual Knowledge." By Charles B. Upton, B.A., B.Sc. London: Williams & Norgate.

be difficult to show that our present ethical ideas and religious sentiments are essentially irrational and unjustifiable." Professor Upton maintains, on the other hand, that the methods of science are inapplicable to the study of the mind, unless you take care in studying mind to remember that, the student and the object of study being identical, you must not forget to include all the consciousness of freedom, personality, and activity with which the student approaches his study, as part of the object of study itself. It is the nature of scientific study to regard the object studied as determined by inviolable laws which may be recorded; and when the object studied is outside the student, this assumption may be true. But so soon as the object studied becomes the student himself, the danger is great that the student will regard himself as an observable phenomenon only, and forget that every voluntary effort to apprehend himself is part of the self to be apprehended; so that if, for instance, he is treating himself as determinate at the very moment when he is resolutely determining to sound the depths of what is in him, he is really hoodwinking himself by omitting from the object gazed at, the volition of the gazer which ought to be part and parcel of that object, and which would be part and parcel of it, were it only possible, as it is not, to catch subject and object in the same swift glance. Professor Upton maintains, therefore, "that the spirit or will of man cannot be treated as a part of nature, and brought within the range of the phenomenal sciences, without a violation of the fundamental fact of consciousness, namely, the distinction between the self-determining subject which knows and acts, and the passive object which is known and acted upon." If this free, self-determining activity, which is of the very essence of moral responsibility, of our sense of right and wrong and duty and sin, is to be treated as a mere product of material evolution,—with which it is absolutely incommensurable,—instead of as relating the soul to God, the spiritual life will necessarily be explained away, and resolved into an illusion or a dream. For the purpose of scientific evolution, you must find something analogous to the blossom in the germ. But Professor Upton very justly denies that there is in nature anything at all analogous to the sense of freedom and responsibility which it is required to evolve out of nature; and for its origin, therefore, he looks to the supernatural, and finds the witness of God in the consciousness of freedom.

We have only one objection to make to Professor Upton's admirable lecture, and that is that in our opinion he concedes too much, when he admits as reasonable, or at least conceivable, Professor Clifford's hypothesis that the germs of sentience, which may, he thinks, inhere in all matter,—as the inside aspects of material substance,—are developed without assuming any creative power into the sentience of the higher animals, just as the atoms of inorganic bodies are developed, *pari passu*, into the structure of the higher animal bodies. Professor Upton thinks that "it may be true, as some recent evolutionists maintain, that sentient life, in some exceedingly faint and diffused form, pervades even inorganic nature, assumes a less indeterminate shape in the organism of vegetables, and at length, in connection with the elaborate nervous system and brain of the animal, becomes so concentrated as to reach that stage which we call distinct sensation or feeling. In discussing such matters, evolutionists are on their own proper ground, and their conclusions cannot possibly, so far as I can see, unfavorably affect theology." We quite allow that Professor Upton defends the pass against the evolutionists at the strongest point, when he defends it at the consciousness of human freedom, and declares that there is no possibility of "evolving" freedom out of what is not free, and self-consciousness out of what is in no sense a self. But while we cordially approve of the position he has chosen as the strongest, and, indeed, to our mind, one wholly unassailable, we cannot concede that evolution can be reconciled with creation at all as a real process of *growth*, unless you concede implicitly to the cause all that you find explicitly in the effect. If sensations of a high, complex, and intense kind can be "developed" out of sensations of a very low, simple, and dull kind, that means that a great addition is made to the total sentient power of the universe; and this addition must be either quite uncaused, or drawn out of a great reservoir of life previously invisible to us. You cannot explain vivid, subtle, and progressive sensibility by referring merely to the dull, simple, and stationary sensibility which preceded it. The gain, if gain it be, must either be regarded as purely uncaused, or as due to a power which was not adequately expressed in the lower stage of sensation, and which has furnished the resources for this new development. We traverse, therefore, the materialistic hypothesis as any true explanation of evolution from first to last. It is quite true that it is most manifestly and startlingly defective at the point at which it professes to bridge the gulf from determined life to free life, from impersonal life to personal life, a gulf that can never be bridged. But the blot there, though more striking than at any other point of the process, is really to be detected much sooner. Evolution means either gradual creation by a Creator on a definite plan, or the growth of non-existence into existence—which is contrary to every principle of materialistic thought from beginning to end. It is true evolution, if the form "evolved" was long before "involved" in the creative will. But it is not evolution at all, it is mere magic, if at every step in the upward growth physical forces are transforming themselves into something perfectly new which they did not before even suggest, and becoming, first, chemical, then vital, then sentient, and lastly moral, by a spontaneous alchemy of their own. Therefore, grateful as we are to Professor Upton for his striking lecture, we cannot but think that he is willing to concede too much.—*The Spectator.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD IN THE UNITED STATES.

WHETHER Mr. Arnold proves or does not prove the subject of intense interest in the United States, we have probably never lent to the United States any man of genius who is more likely at once to excite and to tantalize the intelligent curiosity with which he must be regarded. It is not that the phase of culture which Matthew Arnold represents is at all specially rare in the United States. In Massachusetts at least, Mr. Clough, Matthew Arnold's intimate friend and brother-poet, found himself almost more at home than even in the Old Country. And Matthew Arnold himself, who was swift to appreciate the genius of Emerson, to whom indeed one of his own earliest sonnets was written, has shown in all his writings that perfect lucidity and serenity, that desire to gaze wistfully into the future, while discriminating all the beauty of the past, that subtle love of irony, and that freedom from anything like undue deference to authority, which may be said to distinguish especially the highest culture of New England. Nevertheless, we believe that Matthew Arnold will pique and tantalize the curiosity which he must excite as few Englishmen have ever piqued and tantalized it before. For he will present to those who crowd to hear him the singular spectacle of a genius formed entirely by the old world, and richly endowed with the power of writing the most lucid and graphic epitaphs on some of the greatest epochs of the old world—on the wisdom of Greece, on the meditative rapture of the East, on the piety of Roman Stoicism, on the vision of the Cross, on mediæval asceticism, on Goethe's calm, self-centred insight, on the despair of unbelief, and on the ardor of revolutionary hope—who is nevertheless prepared to face the future quite undismayed, and that with no better weapon, as it seems to us, than that of the dignity of manner which the memory of the great past inspires. Emerson at least believed in democracy, believed in the new institutions, believed in the growing power of man. His calm confidence was derived from some transcendental faith in the power of the multiplying millions to manifest more adequately, as they multiplied, the transcendental divinity of his semi-pantheistic faith. Matthew Arnold, so far as we can see, has no such superstition. The more numerous are the hosts of the Philistines, the less he hopes from them. They do not dismay him, he is too robust in the triple brass of his culture for that, but he defies them. "Dii me terrent," he says, "et Jupiter hostis." But he has little hope in the masses.

> Not here, O Apollo!
> Are haunts meet for thee,
> But where Helicon breaks down
> In cliffs to the sea,

will be his feeling, as he looks at the mighty volume of human energy which will meet him in the United States. Democracy has never inspired him with any enthusiasm, and republican institutions will probably win from him no admiration. Emancipated man, while he remains, as he probably always will remain, for the most part uncultivated man—man with the instinct of self-preservation and self-assertion still unrefined within him—elicits no brilliant augury of hope from Matthew Arnold. And yet, while Mr. Arnold has no prophecy inspired by political Utopianism to utter, he obtains nothing from his exquisite insight into the past on which he can rely to mould the world of the future, except only what is, of all things, least likely to mould it, that tradition of antique stateliness and dignity which the past has bequeathed to us. He will praise to the busy Yankees, Sophocles—

> Whose even-balanced soul,
> From first youth tested up to extreme old age,
> Business could not make dull, nor passion wild;
> Who saw life steadily and saw it whole,
> The mellow glory of the Attic Stage,
> Singer of sweet Colonus and his child.

He will praise Goethe to them, and tell them that,

> —— he pursued a lonely road,
> His eyes on Nature's plan;
> Neither made man too much a God,
> Nor God too much a man.

He will praise Wordsworth, of whom he has told us,

> He found us when the age had bound
> Our souls in its benumbing round;
> He spoke and loosed our hearts in tears,
> He laid us, as we lay at birth,
> On the cool, flowering lap of earth;
> Smiles broke from us, and we had ease;
> The hills were o'er us, and the breeze
> Went o'er the sunlit fields again;
> Our foreheads felt the wind and rain,
> Our youth return'd, for there was shed
> On spirits that had long been dead,
> Spirits dried up and closely furl'd,
> The freshness of the early world.

But he has no secret for restoring to us the even balance of Sophocles, or the commanding intelligence of Goethe, or the fresh insight of Wordsworth. He can revivify for us the stately humility of the East, and the grand imperiousness of Rome, and the cloistered sanctity of the middle-ages; but he has no spell—he believes in no spell—for the reanimation of a past world. Ask him of his hopes, and you find that they consist chiefly in borrowing dignity from the past, without borrowing the creeds on which that dignity was fed. This is the burden of his song:

> Your creeds are dead, your rites are dead,
> Your social order, too!
> Where tarries he, the Power who said,—
> "See, I make all things new?"

And he cannot answer his own question except by vainly invoking joy from unknown and unknowable sources:

> What still of strength is left, employ,
> This end to help attain:
> *One common wave of thought and joy*
> *Lifting mankind again.*

But whence "the common wave of thought and joy" is to flow, he cannot tell us.

Yet, while Mr. Arnold keeps his secret carefully as to the source of this renovating sower, it is obvious that, in his poetry at least, and partly, perhaps, also in his criticism,

his irony, and the badinage directed against Philistines, Puritans, Parliamentary statesmen, and the "young lions" of the Daily Press, he has not lost hopes of "the common wave of thought and joy" which he invokes. His attitude toward the future is never pessimist, though he is so scornful of the present. The strong vitality in him appears to surge up in the form of vague revolutionary hopes, though he never finds the germs of what he hopes for in the methods and the institutions which he criticizes. Still, though while making light of all the actual agencies of his time, he falls back upon the nobler past with a dignified and sometimes a lyrical melancholy, he finds somewhere—we presume, in the never-failing spring of poetic impulse—the secret of an unaccountable hope. He prophesies sternly against all he sees, and yet he cannot persuade himself to prophesy anything but good—however dim—of the future. This is his tone:

> This tract which the river of Time
> Now flows through with us, is the plain.
> Gone is the calm of its earlier shore.
> Border'd by cities, and hoarse
> With a thousand cries is its stream.
> And we on its breast, our minds
> Are confused as the cries which we hear,
> Changing and short as the sights which we see.
>
> And we say that repose has fled
> Forever the course of the river of Time.
> That cities will crowd to its edge,
> In a blacker, incessanter line;
> That the din will be more on its banks,
> Denser the trade on its stream,
> Flatter the plain where it flows,
> Fiercer the sun overhead.
> That never will those on its breast
> See an ennobling sight,
> Drink of the feeling of quiet again.
>
> But what was before us, we know not,
> And we know not what shall succeed.
>
> Haply the river of Time,—
> As it grows, as the towns on its marge
> Fling their wavering lights
> On a wider, statelier stream,—
> May acquire, if not the calm
> Of its early mountainous shore,
> Yet a solemn peace of its own.
>
> And the width of the waters, the hush
> Of the gray expanse where he floats,
> Freshening its current and spotted with foam
> As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
> Peace to the soul of the man on its breast,—
> As the pale waste widens around him,
> As the banks fade dimmer away,
> As the stars come out, and the night wind
> Brings up the stream
> Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.

That is Matthew Arnold's prevailing tone—condemnation of all the actual tendencies of his time, hopelessness of its actual forces, but vague hope, nevertheless, of somewhat of which he can give no account. It is so in his religious criticism. While reducing all faith in God to a dim confidence in "the stream of tendency, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness," he yet claims the privilege to speak of that "stream of tendency" in the grand and awful strains of Isaiah, and with the solemn certainty and tenderness of Christ. He explains "the secret of Jesus"—the secret of the Cross—as being nothing more than the discovery that if you look beneath your superficial impulses and wishes, you will find a truer life which feeds itself upon the denial of these superficial impulses and wishes. He ridicules as untrue dogma all those explanations of that fact which refer this growth of the spirit, to life in a personal God and saviour. He will admit nothing but the bare fact that by giving the go-by to your strongest desires, a deeper life will be reached, and will be found fruitful in peace and strength. But of the revealed explanation of such peace and strength he will not hear a word. He insists that all the sources of hope which the human race have hitherto discovered are dreamy and baseless, but hope he will have nevertheless, and harps on his "mighty wave of thought and joy lifting mankind again" as if he actually discerned its approach. All that the Republicans of the United States lean upon with confidence, he will probably declare to be a broken reed. But he will bear a radiant countenance all the same, and will not abandon his—must we not call it?—superstitious hope. Therefore we say that he will pique and tantalize the good people whom he has gone to see. They will trace in him at once the buoyant gaze of a seer, and the negative creed on which pessimism is usually founded. They will find in him a well of poetry which compels him to look with hope on the future, while he despises all the living seeds of that future which he discerns in the present. He undermines for us our best hopes with one breath, and invokes strength and joy with the next. He rejects the deepest religion of the day, the best political institutions of the day, and the clearest social tendencies of the day, yes, rejects them with scorn; and yet Emerson himself could hardly have put on a look of the same buoyancy and radiance as Mr. Arnold, when he turns his face toward the new heavens and the new earth, not of his creed, but of his poetic daydream.—*London Spectator.*

EVOLUTIONARY ETHICS AND CHRISTIANITY.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN, at the conclusion of his "Science of Ethics," a work to which I desire to pay my sincere though tardy homage,* admits, with his usual candor, that one great difficulty remains not only unsolved but insoluble. "There is," he says, "no absolute coincidence between virtue and happiness. I cannot prove that it is always prudent to act rightly or that it is always happiest to be virtuous." In another passage he avows that in accepting the Altruist theory he accepts, as inseparable from it, the conclusion that "the path of duty does not coincide with the path of happiness;" and he com-

* The bulk of the book consists of moral analysis which is almost equally valuable on any hypothesis as to the Basis of Ethics. With regard to this part, I would only venture to suggest that a distinction should be drawn between the love of speculative truth and practical veracity. Practical veracity is a part of justice. The duty of telling a man the truth is measured by his right to be told it. He has no right to be told it when it would light him to crime. He has a right not to be told it when it would kill him with grief. Martyrdom implies a divine revelation or something equivalent to it: it is loyalty to God.

pares the attempt to establish an absolute coincidence to an attempt to square the circle or discover perpetual motion. In another passage he puts the same thing in a concrete form. "The virtuous men," he says, "may be the very salt of the earth, and yet the discharge of a function socially necessary may involve their own misery." "A great moral and religious teacher," he adds, "has often been a martyr, and we are certainly not entitled to assume either that he was a fool for his pains or on the other hand that the highest conceivable degree of virtue can make martyrdom agreeable." We may doubt, in his opinion, whether it answers to be a moral hero. "In a gross society, where the temperate man is an object of ridicule and necessarily cut off from participation in the ordinary pleasures of life, he may find his moral squeamishness conducive to misery; the just and honorable man is made miserable in a corrupt society where the social combinations are simply bands of thieves, and his high spirit only awakens hatred; and the benevolent is tortured in proportion to the strength of his sympathies in a society where they meet with no return, and where he has to witness cruelty triumphant and mercy ridiculed as weakness." So that not only are men exposed to misery by reason of their superiority, but "every reformer who breaks with the world, though for the world's good, must naturally expect much pain and must be often tempted to think that peace and harmony are worth buying, even at the price of condoning evil." "'Be good if you would be happy,' seems to be the verdict even of worldly prudence; but it adds, in an emphatic aside, 'Be not too good.'" Of a moral hero it is said, that "it may be true both that a less honorable man would have had a happier life, and that a temporary fall below the highest strain of heroism would have secured for him a greater chance of happiness." Had he given way, "he might have made the discovery—not a very rare one—that remorse is among the passions most easily lived down." Mr. Stephen fully recognizes the existence of men "capable of intense pleasure from purely sensual gratification, and incapable of really enjoying any of the pleasures which imply public spirit, or private affection, or vivid imagination;" and he confesses that with regard to such men the moralist has no leverage whatever. The physician has leverage; so has the policeman; but it is possible, as Mr. Stephen would probably admit, to indulge not only covetousness but lust at great cost to others without injury to your own health, and without falling into the clutches of the law.

The inference which I (though not Mr. Stephen) should draw from these frank avowals is that it is impossible to construct a rule for individual conduct, or for the direction of life, by mere inspection of the phenomena of Evolution without some conception of the Estate and Destiny of Man. In what hands are we—in those of a Father, in those of a power indifferent to the welfare of Humanity, or in those of a Blind Fate—is a question which, let the devotees of physical science in the intoxicating rush of physical discovery say or imagine what they will, must surely have the most practical and abiding, as well as the highest, interest for man. The ship of life is not, nor is it likely ever to be made, so comfortable that the passengers will be content to float along in it without asking for what port they are bound. It is true that in the ordinary actions of life we do not think definitely of the end of our being: we eat that we may live, we work that we may eat, we sleep that we may be refreshed and go forth again to our labor until the evening; we do what the pressure of domestic or social necessity requires, and avoid breaking our heads against the law as we avoid breaking them against the wall. China and Japan, in short, exist. But there are extraordinary actions in which we must think of the end of our being, and stake happiness on the truth of our conception of it; we must think of it in those moments of reflection to which man is liable though apes are not; and our view of it will determine our aim in the promotion of character and in the general disposition of our lives; while in disaster and bereavement especially when we lay in the grave those whom we have loved, we can hardly help asking whether we ought to sorrow as those who have no comfort except the conservation of matter. In extraordinary actions the thought will be present to the mind of all of us: it will be habitually present to the minds of extraordinary men, those men upon whose efforts human progress most depends. Mr. Stephen founds everything upon the social tissue: that phrase is, one might almost say, the sum of his philosophy. Taken metaphorically it is a very good phrase, and conveys most important truth. Taken literally, I cannot help thinking, it conveys, mixed with the truth, a serious error. A tissue is not made up of personalities; no cell of a tissue ever retires into itself, conceives in mental solitude high designs, or deliberately sets itself against the other cells in the cause of a grand tissue reform. Can a single great benefactor of our race be named who was not upheld in his struggle with difficulties by a belief in something beyond sense and the domain of what is called science, whether he did or did not belong to any church or profess any definite creed? Comte, if he was a great benefactor, had his religion, and the language of his disciples is spiritual in the highest degree. Napoleon, no doubt, tells us that he deliberately excluded from his mind all thoughts about God or a hereafter, and that had he not done this he could not have achieved great things. Of the great things which he unquestionably did achieve his Agnosticism was not less unquestionably the condition. But of the great things which the Antonines and other Roman Stoics achieved, the condition was unquestionably the constant presence of the thoughts which Napoleon excluded. It was not a definite religious belief, but it was a belief in a Power of Righteousness and in a moral end of our being.

Can the question of our Destiny be prevented

from forcing itself upon our minds? If it cannot, is it possible, without a satisfactory solution of that question, to attain the happiness to which it must be the aim of any science or system concerned with human action to light mankind? A beast may graze happily from day to day, because, so far as we can see, it has no idea of death. But man has an idea of death, and one which must grow more vivid and importunate as he draws nearer to the bourne. A captive may be in high health both of body and mind, and well fed, but he can hardly be called happy if he knows that in a few days he will be hanged. It is childish to bid us forget that which is always impending over us and is ever before our eyes; that for which, in the conduct of our worldly affairs, we must always be making provision. Can a man when he buries his wife or child shut out of his mind the idea of death? Even the enjoyments in which the thought of annihilation is to be drowned, the more intellectual they become, bring, mingled with their sweetness, more of the bitterness which springs from a sense of perishableness and imperfection, so that the advance of civilization is likely itself to defeat the counsels of the philosophy which bids us fix our minds on life and not on death. The highest of our joys is affection; and the more intense affection becomes the more bitter will be the reflection that, if this world is all, love must die.

A pure Altruist might face all difficulties with his feet firmly planted on the Altruistic theory. But is it possible to believe in the existence of pure Altruism, that sort of Altruism which alone can render martyrdom reasonable, as Mr. Stephen affirms it to be? Can my pleasure ever be really your pleasure, or my pain your pain? Is not this as impossible as that my thoughts or emotions should be yours? Social pleasure, of course, we can understand; a Christmas dinner-party is a familiar instance of it; but while all the members of the party contribute to the sum of enjoyment and the cheerfulness is reciprocal, the pleasure of each member is as much his own and not that of any other member as is the pleasure of an Alexander Selkirk eating his solitary meal on the desert island. The same theory is true conversely of social pains. Yet heroic self-sacrifice can surely be reconciled with reason only by showing that the happiness, to save which the hero gives his life, is in some way actually his own. If the notion that self-sacrifice pays is a tribal illusion, though the illusion may be useful to the tribe, it cannot be too soon dispelled so far as regards the personal interest of those who have any propensity to self-sacrifice. It is perfectly true that Christianity is egoistic. The Christian is bidden to lose his life, but only that he may save it. The self which he sacrifices is the lower and transitory self, and he sacrifices it to the higher and more permanent. Paul merely uses a rhetorical hyperbole when he says that he is willing to be accursed for the sake of his brethren. It is true that Christianity points to a union in Christ which would ultimately, as it were, remove the barrier of individuality and make happiness actually common. This may be a dream, as it certainly is a mystery; the Agnostics would of course say that it was the wildest of dreams; but it is, at all events, a different thing from Altruism, and not liable to the same objection.

For the religious hope as a motive power and a justification of self-sacrifice some Evolutionists substitute the hope of a Social Utopia, which is to be the goal of progress. If the coming of the Utopia could be certainly predicted, this would still be cold comfort to the shades of the myriads who have lived and died, and are now living and dying, in a state very far from Utopian. But Mr. Stephen is too wary to build on anything of the kind. "Speculations," he says, "about the future of society are rash." "We cannot tell that progress will be indefinite; it seems rather that science points to a time at which all life upon the planet must become extinct; and the social organism may, according to the familiar analogy, have its natural old age and death." Besides, "Progress means a stage of evolution; evolution from the earliest to the latest stages means a continuous process of adjustment, which is always determined by the fact that at any existing stage the adjustment is imperfect; complete equilibrium or an elimination of this discordant element would therefore mean, not perhaps stagnation, but a cessation of progress, an attainment of the highest are of the curve, after which we could only expect descent." Professor Clifford distinctly looked forward to a catastrophe in which man and all his works would perish. So does Mr. Herbert Spencer. Progress under his mechanical law must end in the equilibration of death. He thinks that we ought to feel a religious or quasi-religious satisfaction in working with the Power manifested throughout evolution, since that Power is working towards the highest form of life. But supposing this to be true and certainly known to us, the highest form of life will be produced only to be thrown back, by the reversal of the machine, into primordial chaos. When differentiation and heterogeneity are complete the return to homogeneity will begin. Instead of joyfully co-operating in the process, our moral nature rebels against it, and would like, if it had the power, to arrest this ruthless Gnome in the middle of his fell sport, when he is just about to destroy that which he has brought into existence at the expense of so much labor and suffering to beings gratuitously made sentient and conscious when nothing but a mechanical result was in view. Who would endure pain and labor, who would give up his dinner, merely to increase the expensiveness of the final crash? Surely any man not extremely scientific, when he reads all this about arcs and curves and descents, and moving equilibriums and equilibrations, must profoundly feel, if he cannot distinctly prove, that it belongs to mechanics, not to morals or to any account of a universe of which morality is an essential portion.

The bearing of these mechanical theories of the universe upon Ethics seems not to be fully seen by their authors, who are apt, when treating of morality, to lay them aside or to accord them only a faint and almost nominal

recognition. They must govern the character of human actions as they govern everything else; and the character of an action will be fundamentally determined by its relation to the mechanical process and the stage of that process in which it happens to occur. If it occurs when the movement is towards heterogeneity, it will be right and good in proportion as it tends to the heterogeneous, if in the other part, it will be right and good in proportion as it tends to the homogeneous. During the ascent of the curve an upward direction will be moral; but a downward direction will be moral when the highest arc of the curve has been passed. Opposite characteristics, and those the most essential, will be at different epochs in unison with the working of the Power which is manifested throughout Evolution, and to co-operate with which, Mr. Spencer tells us, is our bliss. In the downhill stage of Evolution, that action will be the best which most conduces to the dissolution of society. From this conclusion I see no escape: and when we add to it the doctrine of Necessity, under the new name of Determinism, the principle of morality will surely become difficult of expression to ordinary minds. That Evolution is non-moral some of its bold German hierophants at all events do, to use Bacon's quaint phrase, "ingenuously and without fig-leaves confess." But Evolution is in the contemplation of Agnostic Science the Supreme Power of the Universe, or at least the sole manifestation of that Power. What footing then, at bottom, has Morality? May it not be destined to disappear before the advancing light of Science, like Animism and other superstitions? May not those prove to be right who, with Dr. Van Buren Denslow, say that the commandment against stealing or lying is the law of the "top dog" and nothing more? When the belief that Evolution is all, and that Evolution brings forth only to destroy in the end, has thoroughly penetrated the human mind, will not the result be a moral chaos? We are living in the twilight of Religion, and the grim features of Evolution are not yet distinctly seen.*

A mechanical theory of the Universe, if accepted, would settle the question of Free Will. Mr. Stephen's exact position on that question I should find it rather difficult to state; but I venture to differ from him if he thinks it possible to set the controversy aside as one that has been threshed out and is practically of no importance. It lies, on the contrary, as appears to me, at the very root of the matter. If "free" means arbitrary, fortuitous, or unconnected with disposition and circumstance, let the epithet be dropped, provided it is understood that volition is essentially different from mere inclination, however produced, and that it implies a power of choice; a real power of choice, and not merely the absence of one particular kind of coercion, such as forcible pressure from without. Let the doctrine be called Necessarianism or let it be called by any deodorizing name you will, if the fact is that a man's actions are absolutely determined, like the occurrences of the physical world, like the rising of a jet of water or the falling of a stone, by causes which operated before he came into existence, responsibility is an idle name and the symbol of a departing illusion. Actions will still be beneficial or noxious to Society; but a poisonous gas is noxious without being responsible. Consciousness itself apparently becomes a mere futility, so that the Pessimist will be warranted in treating it as a cruel aberration on the part of Nature, who might just as well have carried on her development without causing all this gratuitous pain. Even Personality becomes very difficult to conceive when a man is reduced to a complex phenomenon and his action to the working of a general law. That the value of an action is proportioned to the degree in which the action indicates character is true, in so far as the character is self-formed, but this of course brings us back to the point from which we started. Mr. Stephen is, to my apprehension, not quite clear upon this head. "Undoubtedly," he says, "every man is always forming his own character: every act tends to generate a habit or to modify character, and consciously to form character is an act like any other, and subject to the conditions already stated." Is it the *man* or the *act* that forms the character? If the act, is the act done by the man, or through the man by a supreme force of which the man's nature and everything that emanates from it are mere manifestations? Is there anything original in action, or is there nothing? Again I find myself a little puzzled by such words as these:—"A man's *character* is in all cases the product of all the influences to which he has been subject from his infancy acting upon his previously existing *character*" (p. 402, American edition). Elsewhere, character seems to be identified with the "innate qual-

* In the *Contemporary Review* of March, 1882, Mr. Herbert Spencer replied to my article "On the Basis of Morality," which appeared in the preceding number. But instead of answering me on the broad issue, he preferred to pick out from my article a sentence in which he thought I could be shown to have misrepresented him, and to ask his readers to draw general inferences of a convenient kind with regard to my trustworthiness as a critic. The sentence on which he fixed was this: "An authoritative conscience, duty, virtue, obligation, principle and rectitude of motive, no more enter into his (Mr. Spencer's) definitions or form parts of his system than does the religious sanction." I am here giving my own view of the fundamental character of his system, not in the way of denunciation but of description; and I use the terms in their obvious sense and in relation not to anything merely provisional, but to the ultimate basis of Ethics. If this is borne in mind I shall be acquitted of any misrepresentation. Mr. Spencer may recognize an authoritative conscience, the religious sanction and the rest, in a peculiar sense, as provisional phases of opinion, and think that he has furnished substitutes for them in his system. As a substitute for the religious sanction he tenders the design of the Power manifested throughout Evolution: but I am not bound to accept the exchange. He asks, with uplifted hands, to what conclusion such a system as I describe would lead. To the conclusion, I answer, that the best example of an absolutely right action is a woman giving suck to child, which, as I said before, seems to involve no more morality than the suckling of a calf by a cow. It is needless, I trust, to protest that to impugn a man's theory of Ethics is not to impugn his virtue; at all events I guarded thoroughly in my article against any such inference. If Mr. Spencer fancies that I am one of his orthodox persecutors, supposing such enemies of truth and beneficence to exist, he was never more mistaken in his life. I am no more orthodox than he is, though I should think it scarcely worthy of philosophy to court sympathy by ostentation of the heterodoxy which happens to be just now in vogue.

ities," upon which hypothesis, and supposing the merit and demerits of actions to consist in their being manifestations of character, the two most responsible of all conceivable beings would apparently be an angel created without a capability of doing wrong, and a devil created without a capability of doing right. To tell me that any being is responsible for that which he could not possibly have helped, inasmuch as it was ordained by irresistible power long before his birth, is to put a heavier strain on my faculty of holding contradictory propositions together than is put on it by any paradox in the Athanasian Creed. Why all this perplexity and mystification? Why cannot we accept as a philosophic or scientific truth that verdict of our consciousness which we assume to be practical truth in all our dealings with each other, in every reflection upon ourselves, in the whole course and conduct of our lives? Why is a verdict of consciousness less trustworthy than a verdict of sense? Upon what can a verdict of sense rest, if consciousness, to which the verdict of sense must first be delivered, is deceptive? "It may, perhaps, justly be concluded that since the whole process of action, through every step of it, suspense, deliberation, inclining one way, determining, and at last doing as we determine, is as if we were free, therefore we are so"—is not this reasoning as good as *Cogito ergo sum*? How can we say that in the nature of things it was impossible that after physical causation, from which our ideas are taken, there should come into existence another kind of causation, such, perhaps, as we have no language accurately to define, but of a nature consistent with our consciousness of free will? Mr. Stephen seems to assume that nothing can be which is inconsistent with the "universal postulate" of Evolution. But surely this is to turn Evolution from an observed fact, or series of facts, into a dogma just as arbitrary as any which theology has framed respecting the nature and counsels of the Deity. Evolution, after all, like Gravitation, is merely a formal law: it may describe correctly, but it can explain nothing: it postulates as the cause of movement a power which is assumed to work consistently, but of which it can give no account, and to the operations of which, therefore, it can set no rational limit. If the idea of real volition is an illusion, whence, let me ask once more, did the illusion arise? How came the Automaton automatically to fancy itself free, and again automatically to conclude that it was an Automaton? There must be a curious power in the human intellect, at all events, of rising above and surveying that to which it is all the time itself subject. Jonathan Edwards, to whom Mr. Stephen refers, reduced his own reasonings, as I have said before, to an absurdity, as he is himself half conscious, by making God the responsible author of moral evil; and if his followers really believed in his conclusions they would give up self-improvement and cease to preach or pray. His philosophical fallacy consists in the unqualified translation to the moral sphere of ideas and language belonging to physical causation. His view has never been acted upon for a single moment by any human being.

In Mill's Autobiography there is a passage which vividly presents this question in its practical aspect, and shows that it is not a mere metaphysical puzzle:—

> During the latter returns of my dejection, the doctrine of what is called Philosophical Necessity weighed on my existence like an incubus. I felt as if I was scientifically proved to be the helpless slave of antecedent circumstances: as if my character and that of all others had been formed for us by agencies beyond our control, and was wholly out of our power. I often said to myself, what a relief it would be if I could disbelieve the doctrine of the formation of character by circumstances; and remembering the wish of Fox respecting the doctrine of resistance to governments, that it might never be forgotten by kings nor remembered by subjects, I said that it would be a blessing if the doctrine of Necessity could be believed by all *quoad* the characters of others, and disbelieved in regard to their own. I pondered painfully on the subject till gradually I saw light through it. I perceived that the word Necessity, as a name for the doctrine of Cause and Effect, applied to human action carried with it a misleading association, and that this association was the operative force in the depressing and paralyzing influence which I had experienced. I saw that, though our character is formed by circumstances, our own desires can do much to shape those circumstances, and what is really inspiriting and ennobling in the doctrine of Free Will is the conviction that we have real power over formation of our own character; that our will, by influencing some of our circumstances, can modify our future habits or capabilities of willing. All this was entirely consistent with the doctrine of Circumstances, or, rather, was that doctrine itself properly understood. From that time I drew, in my own mind, a clear distinction between the doctrine of Circumstances and Fatalism, discarding altogether the misleading word, Necessity. The theory, which I now for the first time rightly apprehended, ceased altogether to be discouraging. And besides the relief to my spirits, I no longer suffered under the burden, so heavy to one who aims at being a reformer in opinions, of thinking one doctrine true and the contrary doctrine morally beneficial. The train of thought which had extricated me from this dilemma, seemed to me, in after years, fitted to render a similar service to others; and it now forms the chapter on Liberty and Necessity in the concluding book of my System of Logic.

Surely it is clear that the extrication was really effected, not by the change of names or the metaphysical legerdemain, but by the dispersion of moral shadows and the reviving sense of liberty. "Desires" cannot shape circumstances, though Will may.

Without real will there can be practically and to common apprehension no such thing as effort. Mr. Stephen's view on this subject, like his view on the subject of Free Will, I shrink from attempting to condense. It can be safely gathered only from his own pages; to send readers to which may be, perhaps, the best effect of this paper. Though he does not directly traverse, I apprehend he distinctly excludes, the opinion that effort is an essential part of human virtue, and that the highest thing of which we can conceive is excellence of character produced by overcoming evil. He would see no special value in the character which Socrates, according to his own account, had formed by victoriously battling against the naturally bad disposition betrayed by his uncomely face. That effort is in itself desirable, nobody has affirmed; much less has anybody affirmed that it is the end. This would be an ascetic doctrine indeed. Humanity struggles and stumbles towards perfection, hoping that in perfection it may rest. But effort is the law of the world and clearly a part of the plan, if plan there be. Does not Mr. Stephen himself imply as much when he says that "the whole race is perpetually, even when unconsciously, *laboring* at the produc-

tion of the most vigorous type?" It might have been better to create at once infallible excellence, but this has not been done; and so foreign is the idea to our experience, that when we try to depict a seraph, the result is merely insipidity with wings. "A man," says Mr. Stephen, "who felt no disposition whatever to commit any sin, would so far be absolutely perfect, and such a character is attributed by Christians to a divine man." "Christ," he adds, "was not the less perfect if He never felt the least velleity to do wrong; on the contrary, such a character represents the unattainable moral ideal." It is perplexing in ethical discussion to be called upon to deal with the ecclesiastical conception of Christ, and I am not going to maintain the 'sweet reasonableness' of the Athanasian Creed; but the history of Christ's life given in the Gospels distinctly implies resistance to temptation, and however victorious the resistance, temptation implies liability to fall. If this world is merely a state of existence, it is a fearful failure, even in comparison with the works of man, who economizes material and tries to spare labor and avoid inflicting pain. If it is a theatre of action and a school of preparation for something higher, its imperfections may be capable of explanation; and supposing the Eye of Supreme Equity to look on all, the Parable of the Talents may be true, and the effort to be good may, for some reason beyond our ken, be more valuable than goodness without effort. In the highest of human characters there is probably as much effort as in the lowest; the lowest may be struggling to keep out of the pit, the highest is striving to realize an ideal.

To realize by effort a Moral Ideal embodied in the character of Christ has been since His coming the avowed object, and in no small degree the real endeavor of the whole progressive portion of humanity. The established belief has been that the Ideal was perfect; that in proportion as it was realized, human nature, individually and collectively, would be raised and made like that of the Author of our being; that the world would thus at last become the kingdom of God, and that the spiritual society so formed would survive the physical catastrophe of the planet. This belief, so far as it extended and was operative, has hitherto been the practical basis of Christian Ethics, and whether true or false, has furnished a definite rule and aim for the lives, personal and social, of those who held it. It includes, from its very nature, an assurance that man, whose form the Ideal took, is the crowning product of Creation, and will not be superseded on earth by another order of beings, of which no assurance apparently is offered by Evolutionary science. Granting that there is a plan in the world, as the most thoroughgoing Positivists and enemies of Teleology will be found, in spite of themselves, and perhaps with doubtful warranty, so far as their philosophy is concerned, to assume, there seems nothing inherently absurd in the supposition that this is the plan. Mr. Stephen recognizes the existence of Types, which in another point of view are Ideals; there have been many of them, such as the heroic type embodied in Achilles, which probably had great influence on character in Greece; that of the Platonic Socrates; the great-souled man of Aristotle's Ethics; the bastard Christian type of Rousseauism: and no one can doubt that, apart from any analytic appreciation of their qualities, they have moved admiration, love, and imitation, or that this is a peculiar and important force in the moral sphere. Not all perhaps who think that they have renounced faith in the Ideal have really done so. The Positivist worships Humanity. What is Humanity? Is it an abstraction? I must say again that I would rather worship a stone idol, which at least has real existence. Is it an aggregate? Then it includes the wicked. Is it an induction? Then it will be incomplete till the scene of history is closed. I believe that it is an Ideal, and I declare that I fail to see how it differs from the Ideal of the Christian.

In Ontology I confess that, like Mr. Stephen, I find little comfort; and what I do find is unphilosophic and unproducible in discussion. My understanding also yields implicit assent to the array of arguments by which it is proved that with our limited capacities we should in vain attempt to comprehend the Incomprehensible. But there is surely nothing extravagant or manifestly beyond the range of human faculties in scanning our own nature or the circumstances of the dispensation under which we live, to discover the design of the Being who has placed us here. That there is a design, I repeat, almost every one, however rigorously scientific, asserts or implies. Mr. Stephen speaks of Nature as "wanting" a particular type of man. He is careful to add that Nature is "a personification for things considered as part of a continuous system;" yet if she "wants" she is a female Deity, and her want is the Plan. Mr. Spencer assumes, though he does not prove, that the Power manifested through Evolution is seeking to produce the highest form of life, the term "highest" plainly assuming an Ideal. They all, in short, would apparently "find it easier to believe all the fables in the Legend and the Talmud and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind." One great Evolutionist is inclined to endow the primordial atoms with intelligence, and to insinuate that the universe is the product of a Pan-atomic Council. There is nothing, therefore, ridiculous or unsanctioned by high authorities in believing that the universal frame is not without meaning; or in trying to find out by inspection what it means. But if we look to the physical dispensation and the lot of man as a part of it, perplexity and despondency fill our minds. Design there is, certainly, in us, who are a part of Nature, and if we may reason from analogy, in Nature at large; at least there is far-off and complex preparation for things to come, as in the case of the pre-natal provisions for life, which irresistibly raises in us a sense of design. But there is also undesign, there is abortion, there is failure, there is waste, there is wreckage on a fearful scale, not only of brute material, but

of material that bleeds and groans. If there are signs of beneficence, there are terrible signs also of cruelty. If there is beauty, it is mated with hideousness and loathsomeness. "Teeth," says Paley, "were evidently made to eat, not to ache:" but they do ache, as do hearts also; and we should not listen to a watchmaker if he told us that though half his watches stopped they were evidently made not to stop but to go. If the Pessimist affirms that the life of man has in it no happiness, plainly he is wrong; if he affirms that, taken alone, it has in it but a tantalizing taste of happiness, that the higher and more intellectual it becomes the greater is our sense of imperfection, that hitherto toil, pain and misery have preponderated over pleasure, his assertion can hardly be gainsayed. No view of Nature, in short, can reconcile power with beneficence, or assure us that we are under the dominion of Good, not under the dominion of Evil. If a clue is to be found, apparently it must be in history; and on the hypothesis that man is really the crowning work, and that the ruling power of the universe is not mechanical but moral, to which, as to any other hypothesis, we are entitled, it seems as likely that the clue should be found in history as in the pigeon-house. Great physicists neglect history; they call it gossip, and plume themselves, not without justice, on their superior ignorance of the subject; it is, therefore, at all events, a field which they have as yet left unexplored.

I base nothing upon miracle, or upon supernatural evidence of any kind. It is my own belief that the proof of miracle has failed. I set aside all theological dogma respecting the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Scheme of Redemption and the Atonement. I confine my view to the facts of history. The historical importance of the coming of Christ and of the foundation of Christianity has, it seems to me, been overlaid and obscured by the exclusive attention paid to miracle and dogma. Progress, as was said before, is conterminous with Christendom. Outside the pale of Christendom all is stationary; there have been notable outbursts of material wealth and splendor, transient flashes even of intellectual brilliancy, as in the Caliphates and the Mogul Empire, though the light in these cases was mainly borrowed: real and sustained progress there has been none. Japan, to whatever she may be destined to come, has kindled her new civilization with a coal taken from the Christian hearth. Before Christendom there was in the world generally nothing but material preparation carried on through a series of empires, each of which in turn yielded to the material law of decay. The exceptions were Judea, Greece and Rome. Jewish progress terminated in Christendom, to which, when the fulness of time was come, Judaism delivered its principle of life, and having done so itself became typically stationary. Christendom also received and assimilated the parts of Greece and Rome, in each of which progress, though real and brilliant, so far at least as intellect and politics were concerned, was comparatively brief, and carried in it from the first its own moral death-warrant. We are vaguely conscious of this fact, but we do not apprehend it distinctly because we are accustomed to talk in general terms of the progress of mankind, forgetting that the mass of mankind is not progressive, but, on the contrary, clings to and consecrates the past, as in theory and sentiment did even the Greek and the Roman. What makes the fact more notable is that Christ appeared, not in the line of such material, intellectual or political progress as there was, but out of that line, in a province of the Roman Empire which was materially poor, as the Gospel narrative shows us, intellectually backward, and, as a dependency, devoid of political life.

Philosophers speak of four universal religions, Christianity, Judaism, Mahometanism and Buddhism. There is only one. No religion but Christianity has attempted to preach its Gospel to the world. Mahometan or Buddhist missionaries at London or New York! Mahometanism and Buddhism are more than tribal perhaps, but they are far less than universal. Mahometanism is military, as its Koran most plainly avows; in conquest it lives, with conquest it decays: it also practically belongs to the despotic, polygamic and slave-owning East: it has never been the religion of a western race or of a free and industrial community; by arms it has been propagated or by local influence and contagion, not by missions. Buddhism, if it is really a religion and not merely a quietist philosophy engendered of languor and helpless suffering, is the religion of a climate and a race: its boasted myriads are all enclosed within a ring-fence, and it may have a prospect of becoming universal when an Englishman becomes a Hindoo, while in the heart of its domain Hindoos are becoming Christians. Judaism, after surrendering its universal and spiritual element to Christendom, fell back into a tribalism, which, as a relapse, is of all tribalisms the narrowest and the worst, being not primitive and natural but self-chosen and obstinately maintained in the face of humanity. Witness the Talmud, that hideous code of antagonism to the spiritual faith of the prophets and the psalmists.* Witness also the total cessation of the proselytism so rife in that epoch of Judaism when it was verging on the universal.

Wonderful treasures of spiritual lore were supposed to be hidden in the sacred books of the East. Thanks to the University of Oxford and Professor Max Müller, they have now been opened, and after a perusal of the long series, I confess my profane reflection was that there had been no such literary revelation since Monkbarns constrained Hector McIntyre, with much hesitancy, to give him a specimen of an Ossianic lay. Social and legal antiquities of the highest interest doubtless

* The presentation of the Talmud by Mr. Deutsch, is, by this time, probably understood to be about equal in genuineness to Mr. Shapira's Deuteronomic Roll. "With the exception of Hillel," says Delitzsch, who is the best of authorities, "all Talmudical teachers whose maxims correspond to the words of the New Testament, are of a far later date than Jesus and the records of Christianity." Hillel manifestly belonged to that element of Judaism which passed into Christendom.

there are in these books; much, too, of the poetry of primitive nature-worship; but of anything spiritual, universal, moral, hardly a trace. "Sinful men are, he who sleeps at sunrise or at sunset, he who has deformed nails or black teeth, he whose younger brother was married first, he who married before his elder brother, the husband of a younger sister married before the elder, the husband of an elder sister whose younger sister was married first, he who extinguishes the sacred fires, and he who forgets the Veda through neglect of the daily recitation." This is about the religious level; much grosser specimens might be cited; and the consecration of caste is the perpetuation of iniquity. There is but one spiritual and universal religion. There is but one religion of which Renan could say, as he says in his passage on the words of Christ at the well, that if there were religion in another planet it could be none other than this.

Let us consider what changes came with Christianity, I do not say suddenly or without previous glimmerings, yet for the first time in a distinct form. Tribalism was abolished and gave place to a brotherhood of men without distinction of race or nation, and to the hope of gathering the whole of mankind into one spiritual community, the transition being marked by the substitution of baptism for the tribal mark of circumcision. Hope for the future of humanity, the indispensable condition of sustained progress, was proclaimed, whereas the ancient communities, as has often been observed, had looked back hopelessly to a lost Paradise of the past, and the Jewish hope, so far as it had a definite existence, was only for a single nation. The things of Cæsar were divided from the things of God, a principle entirely new, or but faintly foreshadowed in the philosophic organizations of Greece, on the immense importance of which Comte has with justice dwelt, since, without it, thought must forever have remained enslaved to political expediency, as it would be under Hobbes' Leviathan, who is not necessarily a despot but any civil power supreme in Church as well as in State. Christianity, too, first asserted the spiritual equality of all men, and of the two sexes. The consequence of the first was the gradual but sure abolition of slavery, the doom of which we read in the Epistle to Philemon. The consequence of the second was the institution, in place of the marital despotism which prevailed in early, or the concubinage which prevailed in later, Rome, of that real union which, without subverting the headship indispensable to the unity of the family, blends two lives into one higher than either, and has been the mainstay of private virtue and of moral civilization from that hour to this. Again, the enunciation of the principle that morality is internal, that the true law is not "Do this," but "Be this," that the commandment ought to be directed not against killing but against hatred, not against adultery but against lust, is recognized by Mr. Stephen as a momentous discovery in morals, and as forming the point at which the moral code first becomes distinctly separated from other codes. "The greatness of Christ," he says, "as a moral teacher was manifested in nothing more than in the clearness with which he gave utterance to this doctrine." "It would be easy," he adds, "to show how profoundly the same doctrine, in various forms, has been bound up with other moral and religious reformations in many ages of the world." In many ages since Christ, no doubt—but in many ages before Him? It seems over-bold in the face of the fearful violations of freedom of opinion of which many who bore the Christian name have been, and still are, guilty, to say that freedom of opinion came with Christianity; yet it did come with the separation of the spiritual from the temporal; it was the principle of the Early Christians, nor did it cease to be so, I apprehend, for half a century after the union of the Church with the Empire. It certainly was not the principle of Rome, or of Athens which put to death Socrates. Wherever Gospel Christianity has appeared, it has been the enemy of persecution. The massacre of the Albigenses was the act of Papal ambition, from which Christianity suffered in all other respects as well as in this. The hideous crimes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries can hardly be said, I believe, to have been mainly perpetrated by religious bigotry, though religious bigotry played its fell part: they were mainly the crimes of political despots and an enormously rich clergy alarmed, and justly alarmed, for their power and wealth by the progress of innovation. I believe it might be shown that, in almost all cases, the persecuting Catholic monarchies were willing to ally themselves for the purposes of their political ambition with heretics and even with infidels. There can be no doubt that, after the recovery of the Gospel at the Reformation, intolerance gradually departed and tolerance returned, though nothing comes or goes with a bound. When a great Evolutionist persuades himself, as the late Professor Clifford seems to have done, that the eighteen Christian centuries, with all their progress and productions, have been worse than a blank in the life of humanity, and that history has been a retrogression since the Empire of the sword and of slavery as it was under Tiberius, surely we receive a practical warning to be on our guard against the fervor of a new faith which sees facts through a medium of its own.

Is Christianity exhausted? It can hardly be thought so by those who, with too much justice, upbraid Christians for falling short of their moral standard. What says Mr. Herbert Spencer? At the end of his chapter on the Reconciliation of Egoism with Altruism, after launching anathemas against Fifeshire Militiamen* and Jingo bishops for being still in the military stage of their evolution, he says:—

* It seems that the anathema launched against the militiamen was misdirected, the story of their bloodthirstiness, which Mr. Spencer tells, being, as they protest, unfounded. I owe them an apology for having innocently transcribed the story. It was, indeed, not likely that a commanding officer would offer his regiment for active service against whichever Her Majesty chose of two powers, with both of which Her Majesty was at peace.

"But, though men who profess Christianity and practise Paganism can feel no sympathy with such a view (as his own), there are some, classed as antagonists to the current creed, who may not think it absurd to believe that a rationalized version of its ethical principles will eventually be acted upon."

It is not easy to see how the ethical principles of the current creed can be so rationalized as to separate the precepts of Christ from His example; or how, unless this is done, the creed of Calvary can be made to harmonize with a system which pronounces that the absolutely right and good in conduct can be that only which produces pure pleasure, unalloyed with pain anywhere, and that conduct with any concomitant of pain, or any painful consequence, is partially wrong, so that the highest claim which can be made for it is that it is the least wrong possible under the conditions, the relatively right. However, what Mr. Spencer has written, he has written. The fundamental principles of morality were enunciated by an unscientific peasant of Galilee, who died upon the Cross eighteen centuries ago. Is not this almost enough to make one doubt whether morality is a science?

A scientific hypothesis is verified by comparison with facts. A moral ideal is verified by practical experience individual and social. Each inquirer must judge for himself whether the characters and lives of the best Christians, those who have most distinctly formed themselves on the Gospel model, the state of the communities in which the ethical mode of the Gospel has most prevailed, and the general advance of society under the influence of Christianity, have not been such as to render it credible that the Christian ideal is the true ideal; that it fits the facts and meets the requirements of man's estate; that the attempt to realize it is the right line of progress for us individually and for mankind at large. This is the main question, the question by the answer to which it must be determined whether we shall adhere to Christianity or look for some other guide of our moral life. It will be noticed that Mr. Spencer, in denouncing the shortcomings of Christians, incidentally contrasts Christianity with Paganism in a manner which implies that there is an ethical difference of a radical kind between them to the advantage of Christianity.

Is the Christian Ideal anti-scientific? Why should it be so? What is there in it opposed to the love of any kind of truth? Is not its self-devotion favorable, on the contrary, to earnest and conscientious investigation, and has not this appeared in the characters of eminent discoverers? In Monotheism there can be nothing at variance with the conception or with the study of general law. Mr. Spencer tenders us an equivalent for the Divine Will, the Will of the Power manifested throughout Evolution, and it can make no difference to the scientific inquirer which of the two equivalents is chosen so long as observation is free. That belief in miracle has practically interfered with the formation of the scientific habit of mind, and thus retarded the progress of science, is true; though it need not have done anything of the kind, inasmuch as miracle, instead of denying, assumes the general law, and Newton was a firm believer in miracle: but the Moral Ideal is a thing apart from miracle. In the only prayer dictated by Christ, the physical petition implies no more than that the course of Nature to which we owe our daily bread is sustained by God, as sustained by some power it must be. Prayer for spiritual help, however irrational it may be deemed, cannot possibly interfere with physical investigation. That the character of Christ should be scientific was of course impossible; so it is that the characters of Christians who lived before science or remote from it should be scientific; but surely there are enough men who are scientific and at the same time believers in the Christian Ideal to repel the assumption of an inherent antagonism. Any objection grounded on the theory that morality is a science and could arrive only in due course when the other sciences had been evolved, is met by the fact virtually admitted in the words quoted from Mr. Herbert Spencer. It is met so far as the principles of morality and the ideal of character are concerned; ethical analysis is a different affair, and could become possible only under intellectual conditions which were not fulfilled in Galilee, including a knowledge of physiology in its bearing on moral character.

Is the Christian Ideal ascetic and therefore opposed to sound good sense and morality? Asceticism is treated more philosophically by Mr. Stephen than by those who can see in it nothing but devil-worship. Fakirism is devil-worship, and it spread from the Ganges to the Nile, where it produced Simeon Stylites and the self-torturing monks of the Thebaid. But Asceticism, as was said before, is not devil-worship or self-torture, it is severe self-training; its aim is to give the higher part of our nature ascendency over the lower parts; it pursues that object irrationally, and runs into extravagance; but we must judge it with reference to the days before hygiene, and before those other influences, social and intellectual, which sustain the reasonable temperance of highly civilized men. We shall then, perhaps, find that it won for us a victory which entitles it to our gratitude. We must consider, too, the authority which it gave the missionary with barbarians, who were the slaves of their lusts. No one can question the services rendered to civilization by western monasticism, among other things in giving shelter to gentleness during the iron times. It may be doubted, however, whether the Ideal presented in the Gospels is really Ascetic. The career begins with a wedding feast and ends with a Paschal supper. Christ seems to mix in the social life and share the meals of the people. He is called by his enemies a glutton and a winebibber. His abstinence from food in the wilderness is not a feat of fasting, as in the life of an Ascetic it would have been, but a suspension of hunger. His homelessness and his poverty are simply those of a missionary; He could not teach except by wandering; there is nothing about Him of the Begging Friar. He is unmarried, but no merit is made of His celibacy. Yet He was in contact with the asceticism of the Essenes. The austerity of John the Baptist

is not self-torture, but a preaching of repentance by signs.

"Nature," says Mr. Stephen, "wants big, strong, hearty, eupeptic, shrewd, sensible human beings, and would be grossly inconsistent if she bestowed her highest reward of happiness upon a bilious, scrofulous, knock-kneed saint, merely because he had a strong objection to adultery, drunkenness, murder and robbery, or an utter absence of malice, or even highly cultivated sympathies." There is no reason why a saint should be scrofulous or knock-kneed; bilious, if his diet is spare, he is pretty sure not to be; and we know that he may be long-lived and intellectually prolific. But if what Nature wanted was the set of qualities here enumerated, why did she not rest content when she had got it? In the museum at Oxford are some of the bones of a Saurian which must have been so large as absolutely to dwarf any creature now on earth. Here were bigness, strength, heartiness, eupepsia in perfection; here too were practical shrewdness and sense enough to make the best of physical existence; nay, the monster may be said to have reached the height of positive philosophy, for he was a real Agnostic, which hardly any human being is, and had never lapsed into Theism. Nature can hardly have attached paramount importance to the human form, so long as the essential qualities were produced. Why, I ask again, did she not rest content? Why did she retrograde to a weaker type, to say nothing of invalids like Alfred, Pascal and William the Third? After all, while we heartily recognize the advantages of soundness in mind and body, and the duty—the moral and religious duty—of cultivating it, is there much hope of attaining universal perfection in this line? Will not minds especially be always required to sacrifice something of their balance to the division of labor in a complex society? Will poets ever be thoroughly practical or pinmakers very large minded? But poet and pinmaker alike may aspire to the Christian Ideal, and to anything which the realization of that Ideal brings along with it.

Steeped in sadness the character of Christ is, though, as I conceive, it is not ascetic; and the life ends in an agony. Accepted that Ideal cannot be by any philosophy which makes pleasure and pain the unconditional tests of conduct. Yet this does not prove that the Christian Ideal affords no clue to the enigma of our being. When Origen and Butler tell us, by way of apology for a revealed religion, that the same difficulties which we find in Revelation are found in Nature also, the answer is that Revelation came to clear up the difficulties of Nature. But an Ideal in unison with a world of suffering is not to be at once pronounced on that account false or a failure, provided it brings with it the secret of turning suffering ultimately into happiness and triumphing at last over evil. Evil is a mystery as inscrutable as Being itself. We can only say that apart from a struggle with it and a triumph over it we have no conception of human excellence.

Is the Christian Ideal anti-economical? Strict economists like the late Mr. Greg seem to be repelled from it on this ground. No missionary can be commercial; but Xavier and Heber did not oppose commerce. It is said that in the Gospel poverty is blessed and wealth is cursed. But is poverty blessed apart from lowliness of mind? Is wealth cursed apart from selfishness and insolence, which in these times were its general concomitants; for the sense of the duties of property and of what the rich owe the poor had really their origin in Christianity? Is any blessing pronounced on indolence or mendicancy? What has been the practical result? The practical result has been the wealth of Christendom, a wealth both far greater and far better distributed than any wealth elsewhere. And whence has this wealth come but from honest industry, which the Gospel preaches and to which Paul was so loyal that instead of taking that to which he had a right as a missionary, he chose to live by the work of his hands? We forget to how large an extent the world outside Christendom always has been and still is predatory, counting conquest, and conquest for the purpose of sheer plunder, not only lawful but most glorious, while of Christendom honest industry is the principle, and though the lust of conquest is but imperfectly subdued, the motive is now hardly ever sheer plunder. The substitution of free labor for slavery was another grand source of increased wealth as well as of increased happiness; and this, I repeat, it is impossible not to ascribe in a large measure to Christianity. How otherwise can we account for the fact that nowhere outside Christendom has slavery been condemned? Temperance and simplicity of life, which are certainly taught by Christianity, lead to frugality and saving, which again increase wealth. To those who seek the Kingdom of God and his righteousness first, the other things are, as the Gospel says, added. The Communism of the Early Church was not, like that of the present day, a Communism of public robbery. It was a voluntary Communism of fraternity and of missionary zeal: it distinctly recognized property, telling Ananias that his field, while he chose to keep it, was his own. Allowance must be made for Eastern hyperbole and for the strong language of reform: but is it not true that it is hard for a rich man, especially for one who has not earned his riches by labor, to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven? Does not wealth tempt with pleasures which make the heart gross and stifle high aims and pure affections? Has not heroic patriotism been less often found in those who had a great stake in the country than in the poor? If Christ had preached that riches were stable and that our affections might safely anchor on them, would He not have preached untruth? To provide for the morrow, it is not necessary to be vexed with care about it. To gain riches, in the way of fair and regular industry, it is not necessary to set your heart upon them. There are men who have put forth great energy, made large fortunes, won high place, yet would resign all with hardly a murmur, retaining their Christian hope.

The spiritual life is an inner life which a man may live to himself, and which in that sense takes him out of the world, yet leaves him free to play his part in the world and to play it with the best effect.

Is the Christian Ideal opposed to political effort and improvement? No life could be political in a dependency of the Roman Empire, and it has been shown a hundred times that there was no political significance in Paul's submission to Nero. But, as in the case of slavery and other social questions, so in politics; the change began inwardly in the hearts of men and worked outwardly to institutions. We have seen the opposite course adopted on a large scale by the French Jacobins, and we can compare the results of the two methods. In both of the two movements to which British liberty owes its existence, that of the thirteenth century and that of the seventeenth, there was a moral and religious as well as a political element; of the second, the moral and religions element was the strongest part. What was valuable in the politics of Greece and Rome Christendom has absorbed, together, perhaps, with some things of doubtful value. Saving Greece and Rome, there has been no political life outside Christendom, because nowhere outside Christendom has there been a real sense of community, hope for the future of humanity or the conviction that institutions were made for man, not man for institutions. "That is the best form of government which doth most actuate and dispose all members of the commonwealth to the common good," is a maxim which would hardly have a practical meaning for any but a Christian ear, or the ear of one trained up in the notions and sentiments of Christianity: it has its source in the doctrine that we are members one of another. Constantine was not a religious convert: he was a statesman who, seeing that the best citizenship, the real political life and force, were in the sect, vainly persecuted, of the Nazarene, embraced the manifest destiny of the Empire. It has been asked why the Empire was not regenerated by Christianity. For Rome, which was not a nation or the centre of a nation but merely an imperial and predatory city subsisting on the tribute of a conquered world, no regeneration was possible or to be desired: the only thing which could be done for Rome was to turn it from a military into a religious centre, and send forth the eagles of the Christian Missions to conquer the barbarians. To Constantinople, which was the centre of a nation, or at least of a people united territorially and by language, was given a new life of eleven centuries; a life was given to it which has remained inextinguishable through four centuries of Turkish conquest, and is again kindling into Hellenic nationality. If the early Christians shunned military service, it was because they shrank from the Paganism of the camp religion, perhaps also, and not without reason, from camp life. With regard to all the relations of Christianity with Paganism, including what seem and to some extent are persecutions of the Pagans, it must be borne in mind that Paganism was not a creed, though Julian tried to spin a creed out of it, but a set of practices embracing groves of Venus, orgies, and gladiatorial shows. The Council of Arles threatened deserters with excommunication. Certainly there have been truly Christian soldiers, though not truly Christian lovers of war; and they have done their duty none the worse for knowing that war would be extinguished if Christianity prevailed.

Again, it seems to be felt in some quarters that there is an antagonism betweeen Christianity and Art. If there were, it would be an objection to Christianity, the compass of which would thereby be shown to be less than the full circle of Humanity. Beauty is an essential part of the dispensation, and one on which it is cheering to dwell, inasmuch as it seems to indicate tenderness in the Author of our Being, while Humor, perhaps, which also falls within the scope of Art, but to which moral philosophy has paid little attention, indicates indulgence and condescension to human weakness. But is Beauty alien to the Gospel? How comes the Gospel to have furnished subjects for so many masterpieces? Sculpture, other than monumental, may have suffered by Christian aversion to worship of the flesh and nudity; but with regard to painting and music as well as with regard to poetry, has not Christianity been rather the soul of Art than its enemy? Did the passion for Art ever show itself so strong as when, in an age poor in science and mechanical appliances, above a city almost of hovels uprose the Christian Cathedral? That the love of hospital pathos did mischief, æsthetic as well as moral, is true, but it was the offspring of monkery, not of Christianity. In the most glorious works of ancient Art, and those of which the execution is most transcendent, such as the works of Phidias, is there a depth of sentiment comparable to that which is found in the works of Christian artists? If Art is itself a religion demanding exclusive devotion, there will be a contest for the throne. If it is only an instrument of expression there can be no opposition, supposing that the ideas which it wishes to express are only clean and healthy; and if they are not, the antagonism will be with the purity and welfare of society, not with the Christian Ideal alone.

Since its appearance the Ideal has passd under many successive clouds of human opinion, from which there was no supernatural intervention to save it. It has passed under the cloud of Legend, which among a primitive people in an uncritical age was sure to gather round the figure of a great Teacher; of Alexandrian Theosophy; of ecclesiasticism, and of sacerdotalism begotten by Pagan contagion; of Popery; of Monasticism; of Scholasticism; of Protestant sectarianism and the dogmatism which was left in existence and perhaps in some respects intensified by an imperfect Reformation. It has passed also under clouds of political influence, such as Byzantine Imperialism, Feudalism, Spanish and Bourbon despotism, and has been ob-

secured and distorted in transit. Yet it has always emerged again, and even in passing it has filled the cloud with light. Compare the Christian Legend with the Legend of any other religion; compare the dogmatism of the Nicene Creed with the dogmatism of the Zendavest, the Koran or the Talmud. Even Jesuitism had a Xavier.

The Christian Ideal has just been subjected to a test, which in its unsparing application at all events is new—the test of ridicule. Before me lies a "Comic Life of Jesus," one of the publications of the Atheist Propaganda in France, which I bought at an anti-clerical book shop in Paris. The writer, inspired by the inconoclastic fury of his sect, has done his utmost, and has been aided throughout by the engraver. I will venture to say that any man of common taste and feeling, however hostile to Christianity he might be, would pronounce the book, as satire, a disgusting failure, a brutal and pointless outrage, not so much on Christ as on Humanity. It is the yell of a baffled fiend.—GOLDWIN SMITH, in *The Contemporary Review.*

THE ETHICS OF ARIOSTO.

THE gradual evolution of the Italian epic from the songs of the people can be distinctly traced in one of its most characteristic features, the address to the public at the opening and close of each canto. With the *giullari* and *cantastorie* of the street corners, these invariable apostrophes, called *saluto* and *commiato*, or greeting and adieu, had a religious character, and recommended the audience to heaven or the saints in a spirit of piety, sometimes startlingly at variance with the theme of the intervening narrative. The subjoined examples will give an idea of these invocations.

> In my next canto, fitly to describe
> This fierce and furious fight I will endeavor;
> Christ and his blessed mother keep ye ever.

Thus closes the tenth canto of an old poem called *Spagna*, while the fiftieth canto of an early version of Rinaldo's adventures concludes in a similar spirit—

> When next I sing I'll with the end reward ye,
> The king of heavenly virtues ever guard ye.

Matteo Boiardo, who first fused the raw material of the market-place into a courtly and classical mould, shaped too its simple prefatory utterances into that consummate perfection of form which only waited at the hands of Ariosto the stamp of his powerful individuality to gain currency for all time. Through the cantos of the "Orlando Innamorato" we can trace this progressive transformation of the rude greetings of the street singer into a series of melodious preludes, to whose infinitely modulated cadences the chords of the poet's lyre are swept with all the freedom of improvisation. Adopting the form as well as the matter of their humbler prototypes of the piazza, the masterpieces of Renaissance song still retained the character of recitations, each canto being designed for a separate day's declamation. Their aim being thus different from that of a purely literary work, in requiring rather a succession of striking episodes giving independent interest to each chapter, than the sustained developed of a continuous action, we find in them the faults and beauties created by such a plan of construction; on the one hand, absence of unity and sequence, and want of due proportion between the parts; on the other, inexhaustible fertility of invention, lavish profusion of incident, and florid brilliancy in descriptive detail. Abounding in rhetorical perfections and constructive defects, they scarcely bear to be read as a whole, and would perhaps be best enjoyed by modern readers in the form of extracts connected by a slight thread of explanatory narrative. In contrast with the severe unity of design exhibited in the "Divina Commedia," they produce the same impression on the mind as a gorgeous specimen of flamboyant architecture studied side by side with the majestic outlines of an Early Gothic cathedral. And as the former, while defective in contour, is rich in suggestion for the artist's pencil when studied in detail, so the romantic poems of Italy gain rather than lose by analysis of their parts, and we do them no injustice by detaching from the general mass of the structure some of its ornamental capitals for separate examination.*

In his earlier chapters, Boiardo, still mindful of his plebeian models, occasionally recurs to the religious ejaculatory form, as in the following lines, closing the nineteenth canto of his first book:—

> But since this canto over long hath been,
> Another day the rest I will recount;
> If you return to hear the pleasant story,
> So keep ye all the mighty king of glory.

His prologue stanzas throughout the early part of the poem are invariably recapitulations of the previous situation. Of this explanatory formula the two following may serve as specimens:—

> Fair sirs, in the last canto I left off,
> Where at the Saracen Astolfo jeers,
> And "villain," saith, "thy vaunting fashion doff,
> Unless thou vaunt in hell amid thy peers,
> Of barons proud laid low to be thy scoff;
> To what I plan for thee now ope thine ears,
> Since with thy giant frame such rank doth tally,
> First boatswain I will make thee in a galley."†

> Above, ye saw the havoc and dismay
> Wrought by King Agricane fierce of soul,
> Like torrent through the coast that cleaves its way,
> Or petard breaching ranks where it doth roll,
> So with his sword he makes no idle play,
> But strikes each standard and high banner pole,
> Hews down the foe, and his own men doth scatter,
> Nor cares which falls, the former or the latter.‡

It is not until the fifteenth canto that he first breaks through the trammels of prescription by introducing one of those passages of abstract reflection definitively adopted by him

* The extracts from the "Orlando Innamorato" are translated throughout from Sir Anthony Panizzi's edition, published in 1830.

† "Orl. Inn.," Book I., canto iv.

‡ *Idem.*, Book I., canto ii.

as an invariable introductory form from the twenty-sixth canto onwards, and handed down by him as a legacy to his successor. We subjoin the first example of this later style of preface, which thus superseded the earlier fashion:—

All things beneath the moon—wealth's vast increase—
Kingdoms, and realms, and rule, the whole world o'er,
Are subject to Dame Fortune's light caprice,
Who, when least thought of, opes and shuts the door,
And seeming white turns black, nor e'er doth cease
From change, but doth in war display her more
Unstable, fickle, shifty, and ungracious,
And beyond all things flighty and fallacious.*

It is in these preliminary passages that the poet, liberated from the restrictions of convention, had free scope for the development of his personal genius, suppressed in the narrative portions of his work by the exigencies of his theme. Thus Boiardo's vivid fancy, expatiating here in its enlargement, seized on every mood of Nature and his own mind, as a means of reintroducing himself to his audience. Here is a stanza in the form of a spring greeting, a class of opening in which he evidently took especial delight:—

The season that doth heaven with light illume,
And gives the trees a vesture green to wear,
That fills the air and earth with love and bloom,
And tuneful birds, and flowrets blushing fair,
My song of love doth lead me to resume,
And bids me to all here once more declare,
The prowess and the deeds of lofty fashion
Wrought by Orlando in his amorous passion.†

In the same spirit is the May carol, with which he opens the nineteenth canto of his second book:—

I found myself, one merry morn in May,
In a fair meadow decked with blossoms fair;
'Twas on a hill, the sea beside it lay,
All tremulous with splendor shining there;
'Mid roses on a thorn-bush green, her lay
Of love a damsel sang and thrilled the air,
So sweetly moved her lips to dulcet phrases,
The thought of it my heart still stirs and raises.

A classical simile furnishes another introduction with which he presents himself to his audience as follows:—

A story-teller, Arion was his name,
In the Sicilian sea, or near those bounds,
Had voice and words so sweet that round him came
Dolphins and tunny-fish to hear the sounds.
That fishes in the sea should music tame,
Is in good sooth a thing that much astounds,
But for my lyre 'tis greater grace and glory
If it draw you, fair sirs, to hear my story.‡

Sometimes he stimulates the curiosity of his hearers by a foreshadowing of the exciting subject of his narrative in the following fashion:—

Morgana and Alcina and their charms,
Have long delayed my song in its career,
Nor have I shown one brilliant feat of arms,
Or the sky full of shivered lance and spear.
Now must the world all shake to war's alarms,
And blood above the saddle-bows rise clear,
For towards this canto's close, or I'm in error,
You'll come upon wounds. flames, fire, sword and terror.§

Again, when invoking, as follows, inspiration from his subject, he contrives to herald its importance:—

Now must my voice to my song's level soar,
And lordlier measure I must seek to find,
With bow more rapid sweep my lyre-strings o'er,
Since of a youth to tell I have a mind,
So rude and fierce, in ruin drenched with gore,
To lay the world he well had been inclined,
Hight Rodamonte was this braggart heady,
Of whom I more than once have spoke already.*

In another preface he takes the audience into his confidence, expounding the plan of his work with consummate grace and beguiling simplicity in the subjoined stanzas:—

Of many a flower, blue, yellow, red, and white,
And every kind that in the woodland blows,
With beauteous herbs I've made a nosegay bright,
Pinks, gillyflowers, fair lily, blushing rose,
Come forward all whom fragrance doth delight,
And pick and choose as fancy doth dispose,
For some delight in lilies, some in roses,
And this and that show varying choice in posies.
So I in divers mode have planted o'er,
With fights and love-affairs mine orchard plot,
Fierce hearts with joy on tales of battle pore,
The soft and gentle on the lover's lot.
Now to Ruggiero left in battle sore,
With Rodamonte on the meadow spot,
Mid blows so stormy, and assaults so cruel,
That ne'er was seen the like of this fierce duel.†

The foregoing specimens will serve to show how completely the traditional forms at first adhered to in the composition of the "Orlando Innamorato," were discarded before its completion, and how great was the variety of the prefatory addresses by which they were gradually superseded. Now it is somewhat remarkable that Ariosto, having so wide a field of choice, should have contracted instead of enlarging its limits, practically confining himself to one style of exordium, that couched in the sermonizing vein of philosophical abstraction. The key to this anomaly lies in the character of his mind, which instinctively selected human nature as its first, if not its sole, subject of study.

Some modern critics see in the author of the "Furioso" an embodiment of the pictorial genius of the Renaissance, but it seems to us that they have mistaken his temper and tendency, misled by the wonderful command of language, which not only clothed but decorated his ideas. For he was in reality totally wanting in the painter's first gift, that discriminating power which seizes on the salient and suggestive features of the subject, and assigns due proportion to its relative parts. His descriptions are catalogues, not paintings; he can compile an inventory, but not create a picture; and there is not throughout the "Orlando Furioso" a single passage that calls up to the mind a clear vision of any external scene or object, such as Boiardo can evoke with a sketch in verse, like that of the May morning just quoted.

Ariosto's strength lay in a different direction, in dramatic power of describing, and dramatic insight in analyzing human actions and motives, in keen though not profound comprehension of character; in realizing, in short, the world within instead of the world without. With external Nature indeed, he

* "Orl. Inn.," Book I., canto xv.
† *Idem.*, Book II., canto xx.
‡ *Idem.*, Book II., canto xxvii.
§ *Idem.*, Book II., canto xiv.

* "Orl. Inn.," Book II., canto vi.
† *Idem.*, Book III., canto v.

has little or no sympathy, and there is scarcely a trace in his poem that he was ever touched by her varying aspects. We know that he passed three years as Governor of the Garfagnana, in the heart of some of the finest scenery in Italy or the world. Morning by morning he must have seen the blanched and shattered pinnacles of Carrara flush and pale as the great conflagration of the dawn fired and faded; day after day watched the tossing crests of the Modenese Apennines sculptured in sunshine, the violet shadows on their flanks deepening and shoaling as the light came and went above them; year after year seen the moving pageantry of nature, the shifting panorama of the seasons, roll to and fro over the wide valley of the Serchio, winding like a highway among the hills to where it was swallowed up in their blue gulfs of distance. Yet of all this we find no hint in his verse, and despite its elegant garrulity, his references to scenery are of the scantiest. At most a garden or two planted with ornamental flowers carefully enumerated, a well-kept shrubbery with fruit-trees and shady arbors, occasionally a fountain, and more rarely a low hill, are mentioned with approval. Some of the adventures recounted by him take place during maritime travel, and Notus or Boreas are even evoked to call up a storm, which is, however, introduced as a purely conventional piece of stage mechanism, and in the strictest subordination to the human action it promotes. Boiardo, on the contrary, when he describes the sea quivering in the morning splendor, suggests the whole ocean in a single line, as a skilled draughtsman does, by the sweep of his pencil limiting its horizon.

Keeping in mind this difference in mental constitution, it ceases to be surprising that Ariosto should have rejected for his exordiums all the models of pictorial and descriptive style left by his predecessor, and followed him only in those which gave free play to his own analytical and reflective turn of mind. His initial stanzas being thus wholly devoted to moral generalities, we can reconstruct from them with tolerable accuracy the poet's scheme of life, regarded from the genially cynical point of view befitting a man well satisfied, in the main, with himself and his surroundings. For it must be remembered that all the philosophy handed down to us is necessarily, from the mere fact of its survival, the philosophy of success, and that the real bitterness of life remains mute in the inarticulate oblivion of obscurity. Your true cynic is the man who has failed, but whose opinions consequently no one thinks worth listening to; while triumph, trumpet-tongued, has the ear of the world and futurity. Diogenes in his tub, blazoning obtrusive self-abnegation in the pride that apes humility, is but a sham pessimist compared to Lazarus amid his potsherds, who, though proposing no paradoxes, and formulating no theories, is the more genuine if less noisy philosopher.

Ariosto's cynicism, we feel, is but the imaginative bitterness of prosperity, just sharp enough, like the *agro dolce* sauce of Italian cooks, to give piquancy of savor to dainty viands, but with no sting of the real gall and wormwood of life. The foibles and inconsistencies of humanity he touches with a light hand, as much in caress as in chastisement; but its struggles and sufferings, its doubts and self-questionings, he leaves unexplored in his brilliant verse. Theology has no place in his system, and there is no longer a reminiscence of the religious invocations so long adhered to by his predecessors. Indeed, his code of morality is rather of a Pagan than Christian type, and inculcating only a certain measure of truth and kindliness, without any ascetic self-restraint, would have sat lightly on an ancient Greek. The following stanzas (first and second of canto xxi.), emphasizing the obligation of good faith, represent about the highest moral level to which he soars:—

No hempen rope doth bind a load so fast,
Or nail hold wood with such a forceful strain,
As faith, when o'er a lofty soul is cast
The bond of its indissoluble chain.
Nor was true faith by artists of the past,
Depicted, save in vesture without stain,
Draped in a fair white veil like a religious,
Since slightest soil or speck would make her hideous.
Good faith should be maintained then without spot,
Whether to thousands pledged, or one alone,
Though in lone forest or sequestered grot,
Remote from towns 'twere plighted all unknown,
And as before tribunals and the knot
Of witnesses, in deed or parchment shown,
So without oath or vow or any token
The simplest promise should be kept unbroken.

Against this sermon on truth, however, may be set off the following defence of dissimulation when used against an unscrupulous opponent by his heroine Bradamante:—

Though simulation oft doth meet rebuke,
And index of an evil mind may be,
In many cases, if we closely look,
That it hath wrought much good we plainly see,
And cause of death and blame and loss hath took.
Since not with friends in converse aye are we,
In this our mortal life, where more prevaileth
Darkness than light, and envy oft assaileth.
Though from long proof and toil we, in the end,
Find one in friendship true, in kindness dear,
To whom full trust undoubting we may lend,
And every thought discover without fear,
How now should act Ruggiero's lovely friend,
With false Brunel, disloyal, insincere;
To feigning and to artifice addicted,
As by the wizard he had been depicted!*

In the two stanzas next quoted, opening respectively the sixth and twenty-third cantos, sound moral lessons are taught, perhaps all the more effectively that the motive invoked is none of the highest:—

Ill fares the evil-doer who doth trust
That hidden crime will secresy aye shroud,
For if all else were mute the entombing dust
Of earth—nay, air itself—would cry aloud.
And heaven ordains the sin itself shall thrust
The sinner—spent his term—to stand avowed;
His own accuser, though by none suspected,
In unforeseen betrayal self-detected.

Let each one help the other—rarely fate
Omits the recompense good actions claim,
Or if she do, at least they bear no freight
Of death or loss, or ignominious shame.
Who injures others payeth soon or late
The unforgotten score against his name.
The proverb says, Men go forth nimble-footed
To meet each other, but the hills stand rooted.

Ariosto, however, is not seen to advantage in this commonplace garb of sententious mor-

* "Orlando Furioso," canto iv.

ality which ill beseems his gay and worldly temperament. He is at his best in the vein of playful sarcasm, which characterizes most of his philosophical utterances, and is his favorite method of rebuke for falsehood or folly. His caustic irony, indeed, spared nothing, not even himself, for we can hardly believe that the following stanzas on poetical chroniclers were penned without conscious satirical reference to his own servility to princely patrons. They form an exception to his ordinary rhetorical outbursts, occurring in the middle, not at the opening of a canto, and are part of St. John's discourse to Astolfo, on his journey to the limbo of lost property in the moon, in search of the vanished reason of Orlando:—

Less pious was Eneas—nor so bold
Achilles—as Fame tells—less Hector's fire—
And thousands there have been in days of old,
Who might to higher place than these aspire;
But palaces and villas, lands and gold,
Conferred by their descendants were the hire
Paid for transcendent and immortal glory,
Bestowed on them by writers of their story.
Scarce was Augustus so benign and good
As Virgil's sounding trumpet doth proclaim;
His taste in poetry, 'tis understood,
Doth cancel the proscription's debt of shame.
Of Nero's crimes far less perchance we should
Have heard, and glorious yet might be his name,
Though earth and heaven he equally offended,
If scribes and authors he had but befriended.
In Homer's page Atrides now we see,
With triumph crowned—the Trojans dull and cold
And faithful to her spouse, Penelope
Bear from her suitors insults manifold.
But whoso wishes truth from falsehood free,
Reversed and changed should have the story told;
Troy should victorious be, and Hellas routed,
And as a flirt Penelope be scouted.
And then, again, by history see betrayed
The fame of Dido, who, though pure of heart,
Is now reputed as a worthless jade
Since Virgil played her an unfriendly part.
Nor marvel if some warmth I have displayed,
Or if my views at some length I impart;
Writers I love, as suits my former station,
Since I on earth pursued the same vocation.*

Like all flatterers, Ariosto occasionally vented his repressed feelings in an outburst of candor, in the style of the subjoined sly hit at his fair auditors, on their most sensitive point:—

Oh, happy cavaliers of elder days,
Who in lone valley or sequestered dell,
In cavern dark, or savage forest ways,
In den of serpents, bears, or lions fell,
Found what in palaces scarce meets the gaze
In our time, e'en of eyes that seek it well,
Women, I mean, who in their youth's fresh morning
With beauty's title merit the adorning.†

And in another passage, under the form of a defence of the fair sex against their slanderers, he contrives to insinuate the truth of the charges brought against them by describing his own very unfavorable experience of women. He seems slightly unfair to his lady friends, in judging them by a standard of constancy he evidently did not apply to himself:—

Mid these complaints, and many more beside,
Along his road the King of Sarza spurred,
As now in murmurs low he faintly sighed,
Now spake in tones that distant echo stirred;
While thus the female sex he vilified,
We must allow his reasoning was absurd,
Since for a bad one here and there detected,
At least a hundred good might be selected.
Though mid the many I have loved, I vow
I have not found a single constant dame;
That all are false I never will allow,
But on harsh destiny still throw the blame.
Many there are and have been before now,
'Gainst whom to lodge complaint no man can claim.
But 'tis my fate, if 'mid five score nonsuches
There be one jade, to fall into her clutches.
Nor will I cease to seek till, ere I die—
Nay, ere my locks more threads of silver show—
One day I yet may boast that even I
Some fair have found whose faith no change doth know.
If this occur (and yet my hopes are high
That it may be) I ne'er will weary grow
Of crowning her, as best I can, with glory,
With pen and tongue, in prose and verse and story.*

Ariosto's tone in speaking of women, of whom his real estimate was very low, alternates between raillery and panegyric. We subjoin a specimen of the latter, selecting two stanzas from the long opening passage of the thirty-sixth canto, leading up to a tribute of flattery to Vittoria Colonna:—

Not Tomyris or Harpalyce, dread,
Nor those who came to Turnus—Hector's aid—
Not she who Tyrians and Sidonians led,
Across the sea to Libya's shore embayed,
Zenobia not, nor she before whom fled
Assyria's, India's, Persia's hosts dismayed,
Not these alone, with others famed in story,
Deserve to shine forever crowned with glory.
For women strong and faithful, pure and wise,
Not Rome and Greece alone have had to boast,
But every land on which the sun doth rise,
From the Hesperides to India's coast,
Whose worth and fame are smothered in such guise,
That of a thousand one is known at most,
Since of their deeds there then were none to tell us,
Save only writers masculine and jealous.†

The ethics of love occupy the largest space in the poet's lucubrations, as the vicissitudes of the tender passion itself supplied no doubt the subject of his most frequent meditations and the source of his keenest emotions. Adhering to the principle of allowing him as far as possible to speak for himself, we extract one of the few passages in which he takes an ennobling view of the sentiment:—

In love full many a one feels pangs full sore,
Of which the greater part have I essayed,
And for my hurt so varied o'er and o'er,
That I can speak as one who's of the trade,
Hence if I say, as I have said before,
In speech and writing and have ne'er gainsaid,
That pain is light, or sharp and keen this latter,
Accept as truth my verdict in the matter.
I say and said, and will say till I die,
Who knows himself entrapped in worthy snare,
Although he finds his lady cold and shy,
Averse and distant to his burning prayer;
Though hope be none, though love all wage deny,
Though toil and time be vainly wasted there,
If high his heart be set, in deepest anguish
He need not weep although he droop and languish.
But weep, should he, who hath enslaved his will,
To a fair tress of hair and bright eyes twain,
'Neath which doth hide a heart defiled with ill,
Where naught is pure and only dregs remain;
The wretch would fly but with him carries still,
Like stricken deer, the arrow's rankling pain,
Shame of himself, and of his love he feeleth,
Nor dares disclose a wound no balsam healeth.‡

Ariosto always treats this subject from an autobiographical point of view, alleging his experience or bemoaning his weakness with ingenuous naïveté and frankness. The following three stanzas were evidently penned in one of those moments of disillusion which were no doubt frequent with him:—

* "Orl. Fur.," canto xxxiv., stanzas 24, etc.
† *Idem.*, canto xvi., stanza 1.

* "Orl. Fur.," canto xxvii., stanza 122, etc.
† *Idem.*, canto xxxvi., stanzas 5 and 6.
‡ *Idem.*, canto xvi., stanza 1, etc.

Who sets his foot in love's entangling snare,
Withdraw it ere his wings are limed as well.
That love is madness all the wise declare,
With concord that our doubts should sure dispel.
Though all may not Orlando's fury share,
Some other sign their lunacy doth tell;
And of insanity what proof more striking
Than sacrifice of self for others' liking?
By varied symptoms shown, the cause is one,
Alike the frenzied folly whence they spring,
Like a great wood untracked and vast, where none
Finds the straight road 'mid paths all wandering,
To left, to right, and here and there they run—
In short, my reasoning to an end to bring,
He who grows old in love deserves no better,
For all his pains, than manacle and fetter.
Well might ye answer me—another's fault,
Friend, thou dost show, unmindful of thine own;
Full well (I answer) now my mind makes halt
In lucid interval, my case is known;
And much I strive and hope (the last assault
Repelled) to rest and leave this dance alone,
But all at once to do't my strength exceedeth,
Since on my very bones the poison feedeth.*

From the subjoined stanzas on jealousy we should have inferred that the susceptible poet was a victim to the green-eyed monster, even if his biographers had not expressly stated it:—

What happier or more joyous state had been
Than that of tender heart in amorous mood?
What life more beatific and serene
Than to be bound by love's sweet servitude?
Were man not goaded by that sting so keen
Of black suspicion—by that fear pursued—
And martyred by that dark and deadly passion
Of jealousy, whose rage takes every fashion.
While every other bitter interblent
Amid the honey of this sweetest sweet,
Is but additional perfection lent
To love, its joy to heighten and complete,
More dainty tastes the liquid element
From thirst prolonged, and after fasting meat;
Nor can the joys of peace be duly rated
Save first the ills of war are known and hated.
Though eyes behold not what the heart would see,
And ever craves—e'en this may be made light,
The longer the slow hours of absence be,
The greater joy when time doth reunite.
To service without wage we may agree
If hope survive, however faint and slight.
For service true is in the end rewarded,
Though long it seem to pass quite unregarded.
The angers, the repulses, and in short
All pains and torments love has to endure,
Do by their recollection but exhort
To fuller sense of joy that we secure.
But this infernal plague if it distort
And poison the sick mind with ills past cure,
Makes even mirth and gladness when they follow,
Seem to the lover flavorless and hollow.†

Though Ariosto's views of life may not seem to the modern reader very novel or profound, we can well believe that his contemporaries, dazzled by the florid and brilliant language in which they were expressed, may not have perceived that these sparkling epigrams in octaves embodied only commonplace and obvious truths. Indeed, they may perhaps be best summed up in the celebrated definition of a popular proverb as, "the wisdom of many, and the wit of one." For he converted the common stock of ideas around him into an intellectual currency, stamped with the impress of his genius, and coined in the authority of his name.

This novelty of form may be accepted as a substitute for absolute originality of substance, but it does not atone for the absence of moral elevation in the utterances of the laughing philosopher of Ferrara. The best that can be said for him in this respect is, that his morality, if not lofty, was sincere; that he assumed nothing he did not feel; and that if his ideal was placed low, he at least lived up to it. There is abundant evidence in his biography that he practised the facile virtues he preached, and attained the level of the low standard he set before him.

In his so-called satires, which are, however, little more than epistles versified in *terza-rima*, he conveys his theories of life with a still stronger infusion of the personal element than was admissible in a narrative poem. In the fourth satire, addressed to Annibale Malegucio, he expresses himself as follows in regard to worldly ambition:—

If honor and vast wealth the soul could fill
With true content, then would I praise, indeed,
Pursuit of them with all the heart and will.
But if to popes and monarchs we give heed,
Esteemed as gods on earth, yet full of care,
That here contentment dwells we cannot plead.
Though with the Turk in riches I compare—
In greatness with the Pope—yet still aspire
To further rise—what happiness were there?
Needful it is, and fit, that I desire
To want for naught required that life to feed,
I justly prize above my gods entire.
But if one be so rich as naught to need
For nature's wants, then should he be content
If he but place a curb on evil greed.
If he fast not when hunger's pangs torment
And crave allay—if roof and fire be there,
When on escape from sun and cold intent.
Nor were it fitting he on foot should fare—
If driven to roam—nor that his house have none
His board to garnish and his bed prepare.*

He concludes this moderate programme of requirements by summing up the moral of ambition in the following lines:—

To dress in homespun and be good and true,
Rather than wearing cloth of gold, be known
As knave and traitor, aye would be my view.

Side by side with these homely generalizations on life in the abstract, we give a specimen of the poet's views on its practical aspects, embodied in the first satire, addressed to his brother Galasso, and containing directions of housewifely minuteness for the hire of a lodging in Rome:—

Since need doth urge me, rather than desire,
To visit Rome, when at this time of year
The cardinals, like serpents, change attire.†
Now that less sharp and perilous appear
Our ills of body, while worse sickness tries
The troubled minds of mortal sufferers here.‡
How the great wheel that doth not e'en chastise
Ixion guilty, here in Rome doth spin
To vex men's souls with travail as it plies!§
Galasso, near the temple that doth win
Its name from that bold priest who Malchus' ear
So deftly shore away from hair and skin,
Lodging provide me for four beasts and gear,
Reckoning a room apiece for me and Jack;
My mule and one old jade be stabled near.
Where'er I lodge, in room or attic back,
Be few the stairs and much the light, I pray,
Nor place for fire and chimney let it lack;
Nor for the steeds less thought and care display,
Since quarters fine would serve them not a pin
If wanting in due store of straw and hay.
A wool or cotton mattress (not too thin),
My ribs to flatter, in my couch be laid,
So that for sleep I need not seek the inn.
Of dry and seasoned firewood store be made,
That one accustomed homely fare to dress
May cook plain beef or mutton by its aid;
I want not one to furnish forth a mess
So spiced as e'en death's palate to provoke,
And the grave's inmates rouse to fresh excess.

* "Orl. Fur.," canto xxiv., stanza 1, etc.
† *Idem.*, canto xxx., stanza 1, etc.

* Translated with the subsequent passages from the edition of the "Opere Minori di Lodovico Ariosto," published in Florence in 1857.
† In Advent, when they wear violet robes.
‡ Alludes to the cessation of some epidemic.
§ In reference to the intrigues at Court, and political affairs generally.

Let Ser Vorano—born the earth to soak
With dripping fat—in such one's spits and pans
Up to the ears his greasy muzzle poke;
Who hunger for food's sake desires and fans—
Not food for hunger's—may on viands brood,
And for such dainty meals lay all his plans.
By my new valet be a bond made good
By earnest money, with a cook home-fed
On bread and garlic, with his brethren chewed,
Fresh from their spades, while he the oxen led;
Who now doth sigh for pheasant, pigeon, quail,
And tires of sameness in his daily bread;
And who can tell the difference without fail
'Twixt flesh of goat or boar when mountain-bred
And that which fattened in the Elysian vale.

Another of the satires is equally circumstantial in its advice to a friend on his choice of a wife. The poet recommends a just medium in all things, even in beauty and piety; and would prefer that the lady should be neither too handsome nor too ugly; while though he would not choose her altogether without religion, he would wish it to be of a character to be contented with one Mass in the day. It may be suspected that, like many other sages, he was more discreet for others than for himself; and that though he might have been satisfied with the same measure of devotion, in the matter of personal attractions he would in his own case have been more exacting. All his wisdom and experience would scarcely have been proof against the potent counter-spells of a coquettish glance or beguiling smile, nor would his constant raillery against womankind in general have availed to steel his heart against the charms of any one of the sex in particular. So, at least, we may fairly conclude from the following sonnet, one of many inspired by the golden locks of Alessandra Bennucci, the fair widow whom he certainly loved, and probably married. It furnishes a not inappropriate sequel to the philosophy formulated by the singer of the amorous frenzy of Orlando, and in despite of all the sententious aphorisms culled from his pages, it may raise a suspicion that the bard, like his hero, "loved not wisely, but too well:"—

How can I worthily the praise unfold
Due to thy charms angelic and divine.
Since e'en at thought of those fair locks of thine
The tongue doth fail, and speech grows dull and cold?
Though lofty style and phrase of dulcet mould,
Taught by all Greek and Latin schools, were mine,
Not half or part the meed could they assign
Of praise to those bright knots of rippling gold.
To see them shine so even and so long
In wealth of golden skeins, to many a lute
Might furnish matter for eternal song.
Ah! had I bit, like Ascra's bard, the fruit
Of laurel, so my praise would I prolong,
That I should die a swan, where I die mute.

E. M. CLERKE, in *The Contemporary Review.*

ANCIENT INTERNATIONAL LAW.

PART II.

IN the February number of this *Review*, I endeavored to show that a system of rules regulating the mutual intercourse of States, and properly denoted by the expression "International Law," did actually exist among the States of the ancient world. In support of this position I referred to various passages in the writings of contemporary historians, in which such a system is clearly recognized: in this article I propose to adduce the more special evidence derived from an examination of the treaties and other documents of a diplomatic nature which have been transmitted to us mainly through the medium of the Greek inscriptions.

The general progress of modern civilization has, as might be expected, developed a number of new international questions, the complication of which is increased, owing to the circumstance that the several members of the civilized fraternity have not, as regards their moral progress, advanced with equal strides. The questions connected with slavery, which is still recognized by some civilized States, present an instance of the difficulties arising from this cause. It is, of course, not unlikely that in the ancient world similar perplexities may have arisen; but they were probably resolved in a rough-and-ready way which modern enlightenment could not tolerate.

But in several departments International Law advanced in a manner not altogether disproportionate to its progress in later times. The treaty system, the rights of ambassadors, the systems of consular agency and of arbitration, and the usages of war, all present points of analogy with the corresponding modern institutions. To some of these subjects I have already incidentally alluded in discussing the phraseology which marks the recognition of International Law. Each of them now demands a few further remarks, to which will be added a brief notice of the more important diplomatic records whence our knowledge is derived.

The oldest text of a treaty now in existence is that of the convention made between Ramses II., King of Egypt, and the Prince of the Kheta. Even those who are aware of the early progress made by the Egyptians in the arts of writing and of diplomacy, cannot fail to be surprised at the length, nature, and precision of this remarkable document. The original was engraved on a large silver plate with a ring at the top; an official copy on a *stele* of stone was found embedded in the ground at Karnak, with a portion of the surface protruding. It contains, according to the arrangement of the Vicomte de Rougè, forty-nine clauses, many of which are mutilated. The earlier clauses contain recitals of the relations previously existing between the two peoples, and of the manner in which the Prince of the Kheta on his accession directed his thoughts towards peace. The articles of a permanent offensive and defensive alliance are then inserted, and are followed by clauses providing for the extradition of emigrants, deserters, and in particular of skilled workmen. The arrangement is then, in a series of articles, commended to the protection of innumerable gods and goddesses of Egypt and the Kheta. There follow special provisions to the effect that in the case of the extradition of any runaway, his delinquency shall not be brought up against him; further, that no punishment shall be inflicted on any member

of his family, and that no tortures or cruelties, which from their accurate specification would seem to have been common, shall be practised on himself. The final clause refers to a relief at the top of the tablet, in which a figure representing the King of Heaven, protector of the stipulations proposed by the Prince of the Kheta, is embracing a figure of that prince. I have described this treaty somewhat in detail, as it may fairly be considered, having regard to its antiquity (about the fourteenth century B.C.), the most remarkable document now in existence which records an international transaction.

In Greece, on the other hand, ignorance or an imperfect knowledge of the art of writing for a long time retarded a similar development of diplomatic documents. Passing over a mythical treaty supposed to have been made between Athens and Eleusis in the reign of Erechtheus, and arriving at a time hardly less fabulous, the earliest account of a treaty or of an agreement in the nature thereof, and of the ceremonial with which it was concluded, is that given in the third book of the Iliad (245 *sqq.*)—a scene imitated by Virgil in the twelfth book of the Æneid. In such cases, the preliminaries having been arranged, the making of the treaty consisted in the public declaration of its terms, and invocation of the gods, sacrifices and libations, with a solemn imprecation of vengeance on any one who should set it at naught. This custom of imprecating Divine vengeance upon him who violated an oath was common to many nations of antiquity—among others, to the Jews and Phœnicians. The publicity of the proceedings imported as much certainty into the transaction as was required, while the brevity and simplicity of the terms sufficiently ensured their remembrance without the assistance of documentary records.

Descending to more historical times, the earliest formula which we find in connection with alliances is the oath taken by the several members of the Amphictyonic Confederacy. The orator Æschines has preserved this oath in his speech *περὶ παραπρεσβείας*, s. 116. In that against Ktesiphon, s. 109, he refers to the time of Solon a formula of imprecation which formed part of the Amphictyonic proceedings, and which would seem to have been the usual complement of the oath before mentioned; for he remarks, immediately after repeating the terms of the oath, that "it was sanctioned by a mighty imprecation:"—*καὶ προσῆν τῷ ὅρκῳ ἀρὰ ἰσχυρά.* The archaic simplicity and brevity of these documents assign their composition to an early period. The formula by which the Greeks bound themselves together on the approach of the Persians, set out by Herodotus, vii. 132, and the oath which the Athenians took individually, are couched in a similar style.

The treaty made between the Eleans and the Heræans, the original of which was discovered at Olympia in 1813, is the oldest original document in existence belonging to European diplomacy. It is written in the Doric dialect, and the translation runs somewhat thus:—

Treaty of the Eleans and Heræans. Let there be an alliance for one hundred years commencing from this year. Should there be need of words or action, let them unite, as well for other purposes as for war. Let those who refuse so to do pay a silver talent to Olympian Zeus by way of fine. Whosoever shall destroy this writing, whether private person, magistrate, or town, shall be liable to the penalty herein written.

This laconic document suggests several points of importance. The custom prevailed among the Greeks, which, as already noticed, existed in Egypt, of placing a treaty under the specific guardianship of one or more deities. The preservation of so many documents of this sort is owing mainly to this custom; for the *στῆλαι* or tablets were naturally deposited in the temple of the guardian deity, so as to be within his special cognizance. Thus, it was prescribed by the terms of the fifty years' truce between Athens and Lacedæmon (B.C. 421), that counterparts should be placed in the temples of the Olympian Zeus, of the Isthmian and Delphian Apollo, upon the Athenian Akropolis, and in the sanctuary of the Amyklæan Apollo at Sparta. At Rome, Janus was the guardian deity of alliances, and such records were kept at first in the temple of Dius Fidius, and afterwards in that of Bona Fides on the Capitol.

Another point is suggested by the provision which fixes a definite period during which the treaty is to remain in force. The idea may have been that the progress of events might, at the end of the period named, demand a revision of the arrangement; or possibly, the rise and fall of States being so rapid in those times, a treaty for one hundred years may have been looked upon in the light in which a lease for nine hundred and ninty-nine years is regarded by us. In somewhat later times special articles were inserted in treaties (Thuc. v. 18), empowering the contracting parties to revise and alter with mutual consent. The principle is here recognized, which, though formally admitted, was practically disregarded by Russia in 1871, that no State can liberate itself from the engagements of a treaty, or modify its stipulations, without the consent of the other signatories. It is the practice in modern times neither to define the period during which the treaty is to remain in force, nor to insert a clause providing for its periodical revision. This system would seem to have been instrumental in producing a loose morality with regard to the obligatory force of such documents; and the question is thereby raised whether a return to the ancient system would not be advisable, by the definition of a period long enough to secure the subsidence of angry feelings and the re-establishment of amicable relations. This practice would, at any rate, have the advantage of making the disregard of such obligations during the prescribed period more glaring, and consequently of bringing a stronger public opinion to bear upon the international offender. According to the present system, the State upon which a restriction is imposed itself selects the time for making the desired alteration; and it is needless to add that it finds its opportunity, as Russia did in 1871, in the difficulties of those who have imposed the burden. Nor

does such a proceeding want the justification of a high and independent authority. Professor Mommsen, speaking of the transaction at the Caudine Forks, of which his particular view is correct, states the general principle thus:—"A great nation does not surrender what it possesses except under the pressure of extreme necessity. All treaties which make concessions are acknowledgments of such a necessity, not moral obligations. Every people justly reckons it a point of honor to tear in pieces by force of arms treaties that are disgraceful."

It was confessedly the prevalence of this doctrine, and the knowledge that it would meet with a practical recognition in France, that induced the Germans, after the war of 1870, to impose such conditions as would materially cripple that country in a future struggle with the German Empire. The victors, no doubt, estimated with care the circumstances of the position, and it may be presumed that they were competent judges of it; yet the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine renders inevitable a war which might otherwise have been indefinitely postponed, and which, in the event of danger to the German Empire from religious discontent or other causes, may prove disastrous in its results to those who took so hazardous a security.

When in subsequent times treaties were made with the intention that friendly relations should continue to exist without interruption, a provision was inserted to the effect that the treaty was to remain in operation forever. This clause is found in the treaty between Olonte and Lato, two Cretan towns (*Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum*, No. 2554). The Roman treaties, on the other hand, resemble in this respect those of modern times. The first treaty between Rome and Carthage, a translation of which is given by Polybius, and which is generally supposed to have been made shortly after the expulsion of the kings, contains no limitation of this kind. It has some clauses of a protective nature, indicative of the jealous spirit which naturally pervaded a great mercantile community. Roman vessels generally are forbidden to pass the promontory called Kalon; and if compelled to do so by stress of weather or of the enemy, are not to trade, but may purchase necessaries for refitting or for religious observances, and must leave within five days. The regular traders (probably those who were licensed) are to transact no business except in the presence of a herald or a notary; if they observe this regulation, the public credit is pledged for the merchandise which they sell. Romans coming into the part of Sicily owning Carthaginian sway, are to enjoy a complete equality of rights with the Carthaginians.

The mention of the Carthaginians in connection with Sicily, recalls a remarkable treaty to which this State was a party a few years subsequently. Simultaneously with the triumph achieved by the Greeks at Salamis, Gelon and Theron, the Greek despots of Sicily gained a great victory at the Himera over the Carthaginian forces. In the treaty which settled the terms of peace, if we are to believe Theophrastus, an article was inserted which imposed upon the Carthaginians the obligation of abandoning the practice of human sacrifice. Some writers are inclined to be incredulous as to this, on the ground that Theophrastus is the only author who mentions the circumstance, and that, as we learn from Diodorus Siculus (xx. 14), the practice was not permanently discontinued at Carthage. Failing, however, further means of discrediting Theophrastus as to a statement the reverse of incredible, this may be regarded as an instance in which the principle of humanity dictated the imposition of a condition upon a subject about which those who imposed it were not materially concerned.

Coming to a somewhat later period, we shall find a considerable development in the art of treaty-making. The various negotiations which were carried on during the Peloponnesian war show a marked advance in this direction. The strict observance of the recognized formalities of International Law is shown by the statement made at the commencement of Thucydides' second book, that thenceforward the two parties opened no communication with one another except through the intervention of heralds. This historian adopted the practice, too much neglected by others, of inserting into his work not only the texts of official documents, but also in some cases a detailed account of the negotiations which preceded them. The first of these documents which requires notice is that which records the terms of the truce for a year made in 425 B.C. (Thuc. iv. 118). From this it appears that three classes of persons were concerned in such negotiations—heralds, ambassadors, and their suites (*κήρυκι δὲ καὶ πρεσβείᾳ καὶ ἀκολούθοις κ. τ. λ.*). The herald, to whom the preliminary arrangements were assigned, had played an important part in the heroic times. About the age of Solon this office seems to have been a recognized part of the Athenian constitution, and to have been regarded as a sort of magistracy, as may be inferred from the oath of the Heliasts, quoted by Demosthenes in his speech against Timocrates (§ 149). The ambassadors, styled *αὐτοκράτορες* when entrusted with the authority of plenipotentiaries, of course conducted the main business; their chief was termed *ἀρχιπρεσβευτής*. The *ἀκόλουθοι* were probably the ordinary attendants of an ambassador, such as Cicero calls "asseclæ." The two Athenian State galleys, the *Paralus* and *Salaminia*, were set apart, amongst other duties, for the conveyance of embassies; and it was possibly from this employment that they derived their name of *εἰρηναρχίδες*.

It would appear from the hypothetical form of the document that it was drafted at Sparta and sent to Athens for approval. Its final clause contains a request to the Athenians, if they think any alteration desirable, to send ambassadors with full powers for its discussion. The course thus adopted was the same as that pursued in the case of the Egyp-

tian treaty already mentioned. The text of the agreement is followed in Thucydides by the formal decree of ratification on the part of the Athenians. This decree records the name of the presiding tribe, of the clerk of the council, and of the chairman or speaker. It was moved by Laches, and by it the truce was accepted as the basis for negotiations which should determine the war. It was sworn to by three representatives of Athens and Sparta respectively, and by two belonging to each of the other contracting parties.

The similarity in form between this document and the three treaties set out at length by Thucydides in his fifth book shows that by this time a fixed and peculiar style had been adopted for the recording of international transactions. In these treaties the rights of the several parties are accurately stated, and their mutual concessions and engagements set out with much precision. The alliance, offensive and defensive, of the Athenians with the Argives, Mantineans and Eleans, contains, among other minute provisions, a clause regulating the pay to be given to the troops of any State from which assistance may have been required, a higher rate being fixed for the cavalry than for the light and heavy infantry and archers. The religious formalities are prescribed with scrupulous care, as is also the form of the oath, which is to be sworn by the several States in their most solemn fashion. The various bodies and individuals who must take the oath are mentioned, as well as the officers who are to administer it. Provision too is made for the periodic renewal of these oaths, and the times and places for such ceremonies are determined. Copies of the treaty are to be kept in the respective capitals, and the several States are to join in depositing a copy at Olympia. In the final clause of each treaty mentioned in this book, there is a provision for making such alterations as events may demand, to the validity of which the consent of all parties is required; while the several modifications of the arrangement between the Lacedæmonians and the Persian satraps, recorded in the eighth book, present an instance of the manner in which such provisions were carried into effect.

One of the points which strikes us most forcibly in reading the account of Thucydides is the great publicity amidst which these negotiations were conducted, as compared with the excessive secrecy which characterizes the operations of modern diplomacy. Ambassadors arriving at Athens or Sparta announced their powers and discussed the business with which they were charged, in presence of the general assembly of the citizens. This seems to have been almost the universal practice of the Greek States, including those whose form of government was not democratic. At times, indeed, when it was desirable to avoid the turbulence of a public discussion, or for other reasons, a private conference with some of the leading statesmen was proposed. Such a proposition was acceded to in the case of the Melians, and Thucydides gives a detailed account of the manner in which the discussion was conducted. Sufficient reason for the granting of this request is to be found in the nature of the argument advanced by the Athenian envoys. That its general character was such as Thucydides has stated, there is a little reason to doubt, even though Dionysius of Halicarnassus accuses the historian of attempting to discredit the country which sent him into exile. But we may readily hesitate to believe that the Athenians, though demoralized, as any nation might be, by the long continuance of the war, would have advanced before a public assembly the arguments by which they then sustained their cause. Mention is made occasionally of such a request being refused. The Spartan envoys who came to Athens to treat for the release of the men blockaded at Sphakteria requested that commissioners (ξυνέδροι) might be appointed, with whom they might discuss each point in quietude, and arrange such terms as they might persuade one another to accede to. This, through Kleon's influence, was refused, and the envoys—not sufficiently confident of their ability to face the assembly, and feeling that the popular expectation would not be satisfied with the concessions which they were empowered to make—retired without having accomplished anything.

It might have been thought that the documents already referred to were sufficiently minute; but the treaties made in the ensuing century show a further development in this direction. A treaty between the towns of Hierapytna and Priansos (C.I. 2556), confirming and extending the terms of a previous alliance, contains a number of provisions relative to favors which are mutually bestowed. The rights of citizenship in general, including that of intermarriage, of the acquisition of property, of participation in religious observances, of buying and selling, borrowing and lending at interest, and of entering into every sort of contract according to the *lex loci*, are interchanged. A system of free trade is established between the two towns, with the exception of certain articles imported by sea, and a right of search is given. The Cosmi or chief magistrates of each town are to supply with necessaries the envoys of the other, failing the performance of which duty they are to pay them ten *staters*. The magistrates of each town are to have the right of entry to the senate and seats in the public assembly of the other town, along with the magistrates of the latter. Thenceforth and forever, the terms of the alliance are to be read publicly every year during a certain festival, and ten days' notice is to be given to the other town of the intention to perform this ceremony. The omission to do this, or to give the proper notice, is visited with a fine of one hundred *staters*. Any offender against the terms of the treaty may be brought to justice before the "Common Court," at the suit of an informer, who, if he proves the offence, is to have one-third of the penalty, the remainder to be consigned to the public chest. In case of spoil taken from the enemy, either on a joint expedition or otherwise, each soldier is to draw a share by lot, after a certain portion has been set apart for one or both of the towns. With

respect to any wrongs still unredressed, or claims unsatisfied, they are to be settled by a mixed commission, composed of the chief magistrates of both towns, whose decisions are to be given within one month after the ratification of the treaty. As regards the settlement of future wrongs, advocates are to be employed, according to the prescribed general orders. The place for the sittings of the Common Court is to be regulated by the annual magistrates, and mutual guarantees are to be given for the due discharge of this business within two months of their taking office. Then follow regulations providing for the revision of the treaty, and for the setting up of the tablets in the temples, with specified fines for neglect.

The texts of the treaty between Hierapytna and Rhodes, and of that between Olonte and Lato—two Cretan towns—are each somewhat longer than that of which an abstract has been given; but the most remarkable of all the records of this class which have survived is the stone on which are engraved three documents, settling the relations of the Smyrneans and Magnesians, 244 B.C. (C.I. 3137). The first of these documents is the decree promulgating the alliance, the length of which is almost equal to that of the treaty between Hierapytna and Priansos. The second is the text of the treaty itself, which is about twice as long as the decree. The third shows that the proceedings were rather one-sided, as it records a proposal on the part of the Smyrneans, in the interest of Seleucus, that the Magnesians should admit a garrison into their town, and the acceptance of the proposal by the latter people.

Reviewing generally these last-mentioned treaties, and others of the same period, it may be said that their most curious provisions are those which regulate the formalities to be observed in their ratification and future publication at intervals. Several of them contain, in addition to the form of the oaths, and the specification of the functionaries who are to administer them, provisions that the expense of the marble tablets, and of engraving and setting them up, shall be furnished by the treasury, while economy is secured by limiting the sum to be expended for this purpose. The special attention paid to these matters will not seem strange, when it is remembered that the inscribing of a treaty upon marble and its deposit in a temple, may be taken to represent the practice of publishing State papers in the official *Gazette*.

The Roman diplomatic documents, of which but a few have reached us, present a marked contrast to those which have been examined. Livy unfortunately contents himself with stating the purport of a treaty instead of recording the text. In addition to the early treaty between Rome and Carthage, already mentioned, Polybius (iii. 24, 25) sets out the text of two further documents by which the previous arrangements were revised and altered. The second treaty is directed especially against the encroachment of either party on the domain of the other. The Romans are forbidden to trade, colonize, or go on pilfering expeditions outside certain limits; while the Carthaginians, if they capture a city in the Latin territory not subject to Rome, may carry off the inhabitants and movables, but must give up the city. The third treaty, made in the expectation of the arrival of Pyrrhus, is remarkable as containing the form of invocation of Zeus Lithos, and an imprecation of disaster on him who, in intention or in deed, violates its provisions. The treaties by which the first and second Punic wars were concluded adopted the practice introduced by Gelon of Syracuse, and becoming prevalent in modern times, of making the vanquished party pay the expenses of the war. This idea, once started, seems to have recommended itself to the Romans; for they followed it up by seizing Sardinia in the midst of the distress occasioned to Carthage by the Libyan war, and by making the Carthaginians, as the price of peace, pay the costs incurred in that most unjustifiable proceeding. The treaty which closed the first Punic war also fully recognized the principles embodied in our Foreign Enlistment Acts, inasmuch as by one of its provisions each party was forbidden to enlist recruits in the territory of the other.

The conciseness which marks these treaties displays a remarkable contrast to the luxuriant verbiage and excessive formality which characterize contemporary Greek documents of a similar kind. In these latter, mutual covenants and agreements are set out with almost as much prolixity as the covenants in a modern settlement. Here, on the other hand, an undertaking by one of the contracting parties is frequently provided for by reference to a similar undertaking on the part of the other. Amongst the other treaties noticed by Polybius, the most deserving of mention is that made between Hannibal and Philip of Macedon for the prosecution of the war against Rome (vii. 9). In this document a successful issue of the war is anticipated with much confidence. It goes so far as to mention some of the conditions to be imposed upon the vanquished Romans; and concludes with the clause so usual, as above mentioned, in Greece, which provides for the revision of the terms of the alliance.

But from the time when Rome became mistress of Italy, and felt her power thoroughly consolidated at home, her international discussions began to be conducted in a manner in which the refinements of diplomacy were but little regarded. Livy gives an interesting account of a conference (xxxiv. 57, 58) between ten Roman representatives and two ambassadors of Antiochus. An Œcumenical Meeting of Legates was then being held at Rome, each of whom stated his business in the presence of the Senate. In this case a private conference had been arranged, *quia longior disceptatio erat*. When Menippus, the envoy of Antiochus, was proceeding to settle in true diplomatic style the basis upon which the discussion should proceed, the Roman Quinctius, coming to the point at once, offered him one or other of two conditions. The argument had but just started upon these alter-

natives, when Sulpicius, the senior Roman delegate, cut it short: "What is the use of circumlocution? Choose one or other of the two conditions, or give over the question of an amicable arrangement." At times, however, Roman diplomacy would seem to have been less ungenerous and exacting. The letter of the Roman Senate recognizing the right of asylum at Teos, and exempting that city from tribute, which has reached us through a Greek inscription (C.I. 3045), besides indicating a regard for the principles of humanity, is one among many instances of the consideration displayed by Rome for the smaller States with which she came into contact. This letter, moreover, mentions Menippus as the ambassador of Antiochus and the Teians—probably the same person whose plausibility failed to convince the Roman legates. It seems, indeed, to have been her policy to endeavor to weaken the influence of the larger kingdoms, by encouraging a spirit of independence among the more insignificant communities. As an instance of this, it is recorded by a fragmentary inscription (C.I. 2485) that about the year 105 B.C. the petty Dorian community of Astypalæa, one of the Sporades, concluded an offensive and defensive alliance with the Roman Senate. Thus did the kingdom of iron consolidate her power by conciliating the petty nationalities against which the employment of force would have been almost ridiculous. This remnant of a treaty is fraught with a lesson which has not always been remembered by the statesmen of modern times.

A few other documents of this kind have survived, mainly through the Greek inscriptions, the Books of the Maccabees, and the History of Josephus; but an examination of them fails to show any progress such as that which marks the development of Greek diplomacy. Once impressed with the imperious tone which it was not unnatural that a conquering nation should assume, Roman diplomacy pursued the even tenor of its way, until, having ceased to be required, it was succeeded by the system of imperial rescripts, in reply to queries of provincial governors.

Touching the duties and privileges of ambassadors, to a part of which subject incidental allusion has already been made, the literature of antiquity is plenteous in information. The position of an ambassador was well defined from a very early time. Whatever offence he might commit, he was amenable solely to the jurisdiction of the country which he represented. This rule of International Law, recognized, as will be seen, by the Greeks and Romans, was settled in modern times, as late as the reign of Elizabeth, when an attempt was made to bring the ambassadors of Spain and Scotland within the criminal jurisdiction. The extension of similar immunities to an ambassador's suite was analogous to the privileges now conceded to such persons, and to the extra-territoriality which by a legal fiction belongs to an ambassador's residence. The case of Bomilcar (De Bell. Jug. c. xxxv.) may aptly be quoted here. Bomilcar, at the instigation of Jugurtha, then sojourning at Rome, had treacherously slain Massiva, and been detected through the information of an accomplice. "Fit reus," says the historian, "magis ex æquo bonoque quam ex jure gentium Bomilcar comes ejus, qui Romana fide publica venerat." Bomilcar, no doubt, belonged to a royal suite: but the principle which the historian here recognizes as a part of the *jus gentium* is the same, for such privileges are extended to an ambassador solely upon the ground that he represents a king, or other sovereign authority.

As the Athenians frequently bestowed public honors on those who successfully discharged their missions, so they were at times called upon to punish their representatives for malversation or other misconduct. An inscription (Rangabè, ii. 422) records a decree of this nature in favor of Demetrius the Phalerean. According to another inscription (Rangabè, ii. 2298) a similar honor was paid to one Posidippus, who had rendered much service to an embassy accredited to Cassander. The modern practice analogous to this is the bestowal of the thanks of Parliament—a favor, however, which is generally reserved for military or naval success.

Malversation on the part of an envoy was deemed a crime of the gravest character. A law quoted by Demosthenes (*περὶ τῆς παραπρεσβείας*, § 7), and probably attributable to Solon, specially forbids an ambassador to receive presents; and it is recorded by Xenophon and Plutarch that Timagoras, an Athenian envoy to Artaxerxes, was accused by his fellow envoy and put to death for this offence. "If it was for the quantity he got," says Plutarch, "it served him right;" and he subjoins a list of the presents, adding that the hire of the vessel chartered to convey them amounted to four talents. It is stated by Demosthenes in the same speech (§§ 126 and 131) that death was the penalty for merely pretending to be an ambassador, and acting in that capacity without due authority; with so great jealousy did the Athenians regard the attempt to usurp a function which carried with it such important privileges.

Few instances are recorded of violence offered to the persons of ambassadors by those to whom they were accredited in consequence of offences committed against them. The rule was well recognized and almost universally acted upon by both Greeks and Romans, that they were amenable only to the jurisdiction of their own country. The outrage offered to their ambassadors by Alexander of Pheræ, B.C. 366, was considered by the Thebans to constitute a *casus belli*. Pelopidas and Ismenias having been thrown into prison by that prince, on suspicion of a design on their part to overthrow the independence of Thessaly, the Thebans forthwith declared war, and despatched two expeditions in succession to the rescue of their envoys. It would appear from the account of Cornelius Nepos (Pelopidas, c. v.) that the suspicion was not without foundation; for he describes Pelopidas as "aiming at the reduction of Thessaly beneath Theban sway, and deeming himself sufficiently protected by his right as ambassador, which was customarily held sacred among all nations."

An incident narrated in Livy's second book (c. 4) indicates the historian's belief that this principle of International Law was held in respect by the Romans at a very early time. The Tarquins, shortly after their expulsion, sent envoys to Rome nominally to demand possession of the property which had belonged to them. This request was granted by the Senate after some hesitation, and a time allowed to the envoys within which the property should be removed. They employed this interval in organizing a conspiracy for the restoration of the royal family, but were detected through the instrumentality of a slave. For awhile there was some doubt as to the course to be adopted with regard to the envoys; "and though their conduct seemed to entitle them to be treated as enemies, nevertheless the law of nations prevailed."

The story told by the same historian (viii. 5, 6) of Annius, the Latin ambassador, shows a similar spirit on the part of the Roman senators of that day, and reflects much credit on their moderation in rather aggravating circumstances. Annius, having addressed the Senate in a violent and insulting speech, was answered by the Consul Manlius in a similar tone. Amid the uproar which ensued the voice of Annius was heard, raised in blasphemous contempt of the Roman divinities whom the consul had invoked. Quitting the Senate-house the Latin ambassador fell, and striking his head against a stone, for a time lay senseless. So furious was the commotion which arose over his prostrate body that, according to the historian, "it was the care of the officers who, by the consul's orders, were in attendance on the departing envoys, rather than regard for the law of nations, which saved them from the infuriated onset of the populace." Livy relates another instance (xxv. 7) in which the offence seemed so unpardonable that the rules of law were for the moment forgotten, and all concerned were put to death. During the second Punic war, Phileas of Tarentum, an envoy to Rome from that city, established a communication with some Thurian and Tarentine hostages, and persuaded them to attempt an escape. Having bribed their keepers and made all the arrangements, he accompanied them in their flight; but the party was overtaken and captured, all and were executed without delay, upon their return to Rome. The severity of this procedure against an envoy seems to be without parallel in Roman history; and doubtless the Romans themselves ere long regretted their hasty action, as it occasioned them the loss of both Thurii and Tarentum. There were, however, some extenuating circumstances: the Tarentines were notoriously regardless of international obligations, as shown by their wanton attack upon a Roman fleet some seventy years before, and their outrageous insolence to the Roman envoy Postumius, who was sent to demand satisfaction. Moreover, the historian freely intimates that the embassy of Phileas was merely a cloak for his design; for he describes him as sojourning at Rome *diu jam per speciem legationis*. The occurrence, too, took place when the war was at its height, at a time when the excited temper of the people would be more likely to resent so treacherous a proceeding.

We have the authority of Diodorus Siculus for an incident nearly contemporaneous with that last mentioned, which, if true, to some extent redeems that error. During the same war, some envoys sent by Scipio on a mission to another State, had been roughly handled and subjected to much indignity by the Carthaginians; shortly afterwards, by a sort of Divine retribution, a Carthaginian embassy fell into his hands; and though, according to the recognized doctrine of reprisals, he would have been justified in retaliating, he declined to follow a bad precedent, and sent them back in safety to Carthage.

A further instance, unique in all its particulars, may be subjoined. In this case a State not only submitted to the execution of its ambassador by the prince to whom he was sent, but ratified the sentence by inflicting the further penalty of confiscation of his property in favor of that prince. The document which records this remarkable circumstance (C.I. 2691) deserves to be set out in full:—

> In the thirty-ninth year of the reign of Artaxerxes, and during the satrapy of Mausolus, a decree of the sovereign assembly of the Mylasians, confirmed by the three tribes: Whereas Araissis, son of Thyssolus, has failed of the duties of his mission and conspired against Mausolus, the benefactor of the city of Mylasa, not to mention his father and their ancestors; and the king having convicted Araissis of his crime, has caused him to be put to death: the assembly decides to proceed in the matter of his estate according to the laws of the country: it declares such estate forfeited to Mausolus, and forbids the proposing or voting upon any amendment opposed to these resolutions. Let whosoever infringes them be annihilated with all his race.

It is not necessary, of course, to assign much weight to the final paragraph: it was probably a legal formula, adopted, like many others, at a time when the weakness of the community required such stringent sanctions for its enactments, and retained in official documents of this class long after it had practically become obsolete.

But the strongest proof of the sanctity with which the person of an ambassador was invested is to be found in the circumstances consequent on the maltreatment by Sparta and Athens of the Persian envoys of Darius. This case is also of importance as suggesting a refutation of the charge advanced by so many modern writers, that the Greeks, even as between their own cities, were bound by no obligations except such as had been the subject of actual compact. These outrages, probably the result of an outbreak of popular indignation caused by the insolent nature of the demand, were committed upon the envoys of a foreign prince, considered by the Greeks as a barbarian, and outside the pale. But the story of the remorse of the Spartans, as told by Herodotus (vii. 137), shows how thoroughly they recognized the obligation, even as towards the barbarian, the breach of which they regretted so bitterly, and were at such pains to expiate.

According to Herodotus, the wrath of the herald Talthybius, whose shrine was worshipped at Sparta, displayed itself in the continued untowardness of the sacrificial offerings. Thereupon two high-born and wealthy Spartans—Sperthies the son of Aneristus, and

Bulis the son of Nikolas—volunteered to make atonement to Xerxes in their own persons for the maltreatment of the Persian heralds. When, on their arrival at Susa, they made known their mission to the king, he declared that he would not place himself on the same level as the Spartans, who had been guilty of confounding ordinances that were universally recognized; that he would not himself do what he censured in them, nor release them from their guilt in the way that they proposed. The wrath of Talthybius was therefore allayed but for a time, and revived during the Peloponnesian war; nor was it entirely appeased until the occurrence of the following event. Aneristus and Nikolas, the sons of the men who had gone to Susa to tender their lives, were sent as envoys to the great king to solicit his alliance for Sparta. Having turned aside for the purpose of seducing Sitalkes from the Athenian alliance, they were by him handed over to the Athenians, and unceremoniously put to death.

These facts related by a contemporary historian so reliable as Herodotus go far to refute statements, such as those of Manning, that "the Greeks had a few customary observances; but their slaying of prisoners, and occasional maltreatment of ambassadors, show them to have had nothing that can properly be called a notion of the law of nations." This, being the only known case of such maltreatment by any leading Greek States—for Alexander of Pheræ can hardly be considered in this light, and the Megarian outrage on the herald Anthemokritus rests on more than doubtful authority—was probably the ground of that jurist's assertion; but having upon this matter exactly that amount of knowledge which is justly called dangerous, he committed himself to an inference directly contrary to that which the sequel of the story warrants.

I think that I may now fairly claim to have shown that, as far, at any rate, as treaty obligations and ambassadorial privileges are concerned, the contemptuous indifference with which this branch of their subject has been treated by English writers is not warranted by the facts. The usages of war recognized by the peoples of the ancient world, their practice with regard to arbitration and extradition, and the institution called προξενία, which is strikingly analogous to our consular system, all point to the same conclusion. The discussion of these subjects must, however, be reserved for a future occasion.—H. BROUGHAM LEECH, in *The Contemporary Review.*

OUTCAST RUSSIA.

I. THE JOURNEY TO SIBERIA.

SIBERIA—the land of exile—has always appeared in the conceptions of the Europeans as a land of horrors, as a land of the chains and *knoot*, where convicts are flogged to death by cruel officials, or killed by overwork in mines; as a land of unutterable sufferings of the masses and of horrible prosecutions of the foes of the Russian Government. Surely nobody, Russian or foreigner, has crossed the Ural Mountains and stopped on their water-divide, at the border-pillar that bears the inscription "Europe" on one side, and "Asia" on the other, without shuddering at the idea that he is entering the land of woes. Many a traveller has certainly said to himself that the inscription of Dante's *Inferno* would be more appropriate to the boundary-pillar of Siberia than these two words which pretend to delineate two continents.

As the traveller descends, however, towards the rich prairies of Western Siberia; as he notices there the relative welfare and the spirit of independence of the Siberian peasant, and compares them with the wretchedness and subjection of the Russian peasant; as he makes acquaintance with the hospitality of the supposed ex-convicts—the "Siberyaks"—and with the intelligent society of the Siberian towns, and perceives nothing of the exiles, and hears nothing of them in conversations going on about everything but this subject; as he hears the boasting reply of the Eastern Yankee who dryly says to the stranger that in Siberia the exiles are far better off than peasants in Russia—he feels inclined to admit that his former conceptions about the great penal colony of the North were rather exaggerated, and that, on the whole, the exiles may be not so unfortunate in Siberia, as they were represented to be by sentimental writers.

Very many visitors to Siberia, and not foreigners alone, have made this mistake. Some occasional circumstance—something like a convoy of exiles met with on the muddy road during an autumn storm, or a Polish insurrection on the shores of Lake Baikal, or, at least, such a rencontre with an exile in the forests of Yakutsk, as Adolf Erman made and so warmly described in his "Travels"—some occasional striking fact, in short, must fall under the notice of the traveller, to give him the necessary impulse for discovering the truth amidst the official misrepresentation and the non-official indifference: to open his eyes and to display before them the abyss of sufferings that are concealed behind those three words: Exile to Siberia. Then he perceives that besides the official story of Siberia there is another sad story, through which the shrieks of the exiles have been going on as a black thread from the remotest times of the conquest until now. Then he learns that, however dark, the plain popular conception of Siberia is still brighter than the horrible naked truth; and that the horrible tales he has heard long ago, in his childhood, and has supposed since to be tales of a remote past, in reality are tales of what is going on now, in our century which writes so much, and cares so little, about humanitarian principles.

This story already lasts for three centuries. As soon as the Tsars of Moscow learned that their rebel Cossacks had conquered a new country "beyond the Stone" (the Ural), they sent there batches of exiles, ordering them to settle along the rivers and footpaths that connected together the blockhouses erected, in

the space of seventy years, from the sources of the Kama to the Sea of Okhotsk. Where no free settlers would settle, the chained colonizers had to undertake a desperate struggle against the wilderness. As to those individuals whom the rising powers of the Tsars considered most dangerous, we find them with the most advanced parties of Cossacks who were sent "across the mountains, in search for new lands." No distance, however immense, no wilderness, however unpracticable, seemed sufficient to the suspicious rule of the *boyars* to be put between such exiles and the capital of the Tsardom. And, as soon as a blockhouse was built, or a convent erected, at the very confines of the Tsar's dominions—beyond the Arctic circle, in the *toundras* of the Obi, or beyond the mountains of Daouria—the exiles were there, building themselves the cells that had to be their graves.

Even now, Siberia is, on account of its steep mountains, its thick forests, wild streams, and rough climate, one of the most difficult countries to explore. It is easy to conceive what it was 300 years ago. Even now it is that part of the Russian Empire where the arbitrariness and brutality of officers are the most unlimited. What was it, then, during the seventeenth century? "The river is shallow; the rafts are heavy; the chiefs are wicked, and their sticks are big; their whips cut through the skin, and their tortures are cruel; fire and strappado; but the men are hungry, and they die, poor creatures, at once after the torture," wrote the *protopope* Avvakum, the fanatic priest of the "old religion" whom we met with the first parties going to take possession of the Amor.—"How long, my master, will these tortures last?" asks his wife as she falls attenuated on the ice of the river, after a journey that already has lasted for five years.—"Until our death, my dear; until our death," replies this precursor of the steel-characters of our own times; and both, man and wife, continue their march towards the place where the *protopope* will be chained to the walls of an icy cellar digged out by his own hands.

Since the beginning of the seventeenth century, the flow of exiles poured into Siberia has never ceased. During the first years of the century, we see the inhabitants of Uglitch exiled to Pelym, together with their bell which rang the alarm when it became known that the young Demetrius has been assassinated by order of the regent Boris Godunoff. Men and bell alike have tongues and ears torn away, and are confined in a hamlet on the borders of the *toundra*. Later on they are followed by the *raskolniks* (nonconformists) who revolt against the aristocratic innovations of Nikon in Church matters. Those who escape the masacres, like that "of the Three Thousand," go to people the Siberian wildernesses. They are soon followed by the serfs who make desperate attempts of overthrowing the yoke freshly imposed on them; by the leaders of the Moscow mob revolted against the rule of the *boyars;* by the militia of the *streltsy* who revolt against the all-crushing despotism of Peter I.; by the Little Russians who fight for their autonomy and old institutions; by all those populations who will not submit to the yoke of the rising empire; by the Poles—by three great and several smaller batches of Poles—who are despatched to Siberia by thousands at once, after each attempt at recovering their independence. . . . Later on all those whom Russia fears to keep in her towns and villages—murderers and simple vagrants, nonconformists and rebels; thieves and paupers who are unable to pay for a passport; serfs who have incurred the displeasure of their proprietors; and still later on, "free peasants" who have incurred the disgrace of an *ispravnik*, or are unable to pay the ever-increasing taxes—all these are going to die in the marshy lowlands, in the thick forests, in the dark mines. This current flows until our own days, steadily increasing in an alarming proportion. Seven to eight thousand were exiled every year at the beginning of this century; 18,000 to 19,000 are exiled now—not to speak of the years when this figure was doubled, as was the case after the last Polish insurrection—making thus a total of more than 600,000 people who have crossed the Ural Mountains since 1823, when the first records of exile were taken.

Few of those who have endured the horrors of hard labor and exile in Siberia have committed to paper their sad experience. The *protopope* Avvakum did, and his letters still feed the fanaticism of the *raskolniks*. The melancholy stories of the Menshikoff, the Dolgorouky, the Biron, and other exiles of high rank have been transmitted to posterity by their sympathizers. Our young republican poet Ryléeff before being hung in 1827, told in a beautiful poem, "Vainarovsky," the sufferings of a Little Russian patriot. Several memoirs of the "Decembrists" (exiled for the insurrection of December 26, 1825), and the poem of Nekrasoff, "The Russian Women," are still inspiring the young Russian hearts with love for the prosecuted and hate to the prosecutors. Dostoevsky has told in a remarkable psychological study of prison life his experience at the fortress of Omsk after 1848; and several Poles have described the martyrdom of their friends after the revolutions of 1831 and 1848. . . . But, what are all these pains in comparison with the sufferings endured by half a million of people, from the day when, chained to iron rods, they started from Moscow for a two or three years' walk towards the mines of Transbaïkalia, until the day when, broken down by hard labor and privations, they died at a distance of 5000 miles from their native villages, in a country whose scenery and customs were as strange to them as its inhabitants—a strong, intelligent, but egotistic race!

What are the sufferings of the few, in comparison with those of the thousands under the cat-o'-nine-tails of the legendary monster Rozguildéeff, whose name is still the horror of the Transbaïkalian villages; with the pains of those who, like the Polish doctor Szokalsky and his companions, died under the *seventh thousand* of rod strokes for an attempt to escape; with the sufferings of those thousands

of women who followed their husbands and for whom death was a release from a life of hunger, of sorrow, and of humiliation; with the sufferings of those thousands who yearly undertake to make their escape from Siberia and walk through the virgin forests, living on mushrooms and berries, and inspired with the hope of at least seeing again their native village and their kinsfolk?

Who has told the less striking, but not less dramatic pains of those thousands who spin out an aimless life in the hamlets of the far north, and put an end to their wearisome existence by drowning in the clear waters of the Yenisei? M. Maximoff has tried, in his work on "Hard Labor and Exile," to raise a corner of the veil that conceals these sufferings; but he has shown only a small corner of the dark picture. The whole remains and probably will remain unknown; its very features are obliterated day by day, leaving but a faint trace in the folk-lore and in the songs of the exiles; and each decade brings its new features, its new forms of misery for the ever-increasing number of exiles.

It is obvious that I shall not venture to draw the whole of this picture in the narrow limits of a review article. I must necessarily limit my task to the description of the exile as it is now—say, during the last ten years. No less than 165,000 human beings have been transported to Siberia during this short space of time; a very high figure of criminality, indeed, for a population numbering 72,000,000, if all exiles were "criminals." Less than one-half of them, however, crossed the Ural in accordance with sentences of the courts. The others were thrown into Siberia, without having seen any judges, by simple order of the Administrative, or in accordance with resolutions taken by their communes—nearly always under the pressure of the omnipotent local authorities. Out of the 151,184 exiles who crossed the Ural during the years 1867 to 1876, no less than 78,676 belonged to this last category. The remaining were condemned by courts: 18,582 to hard labor, and 54,316 to be settled in Siberia, mostly for life, with or without loss of all their civil rights.*

Twenty years ago, the exiles traversed on foot all the distance between Moscow and the place to which they were despatched. They had thus to walk something like 4700 miles in order to reach the hard-labor colonies of Transbaïkalia, and 5200 miles to reach Yakutsk. Nearly a two years' walk for the former, and two years' and a half for the second. Some amelioration has been introduced since. After having been gathered from all parts of Russia at Moscow, or at Nijniy-Novgorod, they are transported now by steamer to Perm, by rail to Ekaterinburg, in carriages to Tumen, and again by steamer to Tomsk. Thus, according to a recent English book on exile to Siberia, they have to walk "only the distance beyond Tomsk." In plain figures, this trifling distance means 2065 miles to Kara, something like a nine months' foot journey. If the prisoner be sent to Yakutsk he has "only" 2940 miles to walk, and the Russian Government having discovered that Yakutsk is a place still too near to St. Petersburg to keep these political exiles, and sending them now to Verkhoyansk and Nijne-Kolymsk (in the neighborhood of Nordenskjöld's wintering-station), a distance of some fifteen hundred miles must be added to the former "trifling" distance, and we have again the magic figure of 4500 miles—or two years' walk—reconstituted in full.

However, for the great mass of exiles, the foot journey has been reduced by one-half, and they begin their peregrinations in Siberia in special carriages. M. Maximoff has very vividly described how the convicts at Irkutsk, to whose judgment such a moving machine was submitted, declared at once that it was the most stupid vehicle that could be invented for the torment of both horses and convicts. Such carriages, which have no accommodation for deadening the shocks, move slowly on the rugged, jolting road, ploughed over and over by thousands of heavily loaded cars. In Western Siberia, amidst the marshes on the eastern slope of the Ural, the journey becomes a true torture, as the highway is covered with loose beams of wood, which recall the sensation experienced when a finger is dragged across the keys of a piano, the black keys included. The journey is hard, even for the traveller who is lying on a thick felt mattress in a comfortable *tarantass*, and it is easy to conceive what the convict experiences, who is bound to sit motionless for eight or ten hours on the bench of the famous vehicle, having

* Our criminal statistics are so imperfect that a thorough classification of exiles is very difficult. We have but one good work on this subject, by M. Anuchin, published a few years ago by the Russian Geographical Society, and crowned with its great gold medal; it gives the criminal statistics for the years 1827 to 1846. However old, these statistics still give an approximate idea of the present conditions, more recent partial statistics having shown that since that time all figures have doubled, but the relative proportions of different categories of exiles have remained nearly the same. Thus, to quote but one instance, out of the 159,755 exiled during the years 1827 to 1846, no less than 79,909, or 50 per cent., were exiled by simple orders of the Administrative; and thirty years later we find again nearly the same rate—slightly increased—of arbitrary exile (78,676 out of 151,184 in 1867 to 1876). The same is approximately true with regard to other categories. It appears from M. Anuchin's researches that out of the 79,846 condemned by courts 14,581 (725 per year) were condemned as assassins; 14,248 for heavier crimes, such as incendiarism, robbery, and forgery; 40,666 for stealing, and 1428 for smuggling, making thus a total of 70,871 cases (about 3545 per year) which would have been condemned by the Codes—although not always by a jury—of all countries in Europe. The remainder, however (that is, nearly 80,000), were exiled for offences which depended chiefly, if not entirely, upon the political institutions of Russia: their crimes were: rebellion against any self-proprietors and authorities (16,456 cases); nonconformist-fanaticism (2139 cases); desertion from a twenty-five years' military service (1651 cases); and escape from Siberia, mostly from Administrative exile (18,328 cases). Finally, we find among them the enormous figure of 48,466 "vagrants," of whom the laureate of the Geographical Society says: "Vagrancy mostly means simply going to a neighboring province without a passport"—out of 48,466 "vagrants," 40,000, at least, "being merely people who have not complied with passport regulations" (that is—their wife and children being brought to starvation, they not having the necessary five or ten roubles for taking a passport, and walking from Kalouga, or Tula, to Odessa, or Astrakhan, in search of labor). And he adds: "Considering these 80,000 exiled by order of the Administrative, we not only doubt their criminality; we simply doubt the very existence of such crimes as those imputed to them." The number of such "criminals" has not diminished since. It has nearly doubled, like other figures. Russia continues to send every year to Siberia, for life, four to five thousand men and women, who in other States would be simply condemned to a fine of a few shillings. To these "criminals" we must add no less than 1500 women and 2000 to 2500 children who follow every year their husbands, or parents, enduring all the horrors of a march through Siberia and of the exile.

but a few rags to shelter him from snow and rain.

Happily enough this journey lasts but a few days, as at Tumen the exiles are embarked on special barges, or floating prisons, taken in tow by steamers, and in the space of eight or ten days are brought to Tomsk. I hardly need say that, however excellent the idea of thus reducing by one-half the long journey through Siberia, its partial realization has been most imperfect. The convict barges are usually so overcrowded, and are usually kept in such a state of filthiness, that they have become real nests of infection. "Each barge has been built for the transport of 800 convicts and the convoy," wrote the Tomsk correspondent of the *Moscow Telegraph*, on November 15, 1881; "the calculation of the size of the barges has not been made, however, according to the necessary cubical space, but according to the interests of the owners of the steamers, MM. Kurbatoff and Ignatoff. These gentlemen occupy for their own purposes two compartments for a hundred men each, and thus eight hundred must take the room destined for six hundred. The ventilation is very bad, there being no accommodation at all for that purpose, and the cabinets are of an unimaginable nastiness." He adds that "the mortality on these barges is very great, especially among the children," and his information is fully confirmed by official figures published last year in all newspapers. It appears from these figures that eight to ten per cent. of the convict passengers died during their ten days' journey on board these barges; that is, something like sixty to eighty out of eight hundred.

"Here you see," wrote friends of ours who have made this passage, "the reign of death. Diphtheria and typhus pitilessly cut down the lives of adults and children, especially of these last. Corpses of children are thrown out nearly at each station. The hospital, placed under the supervision of an ignorant soldier, is always overcrowded."

At Tomsk the convicts stop for a few days. One part of them—especially the common-law exiles, transported by order of the Administrative—are sent to some district of the province of Tomsk which extends from the spurs of the Altay ridge on the south to the Arctic Ocean on the north. The others are despatched farther towards the east. It is easy to conceive what a hell the Tomsk prison becomes when the convicts arriving every week cannot be sent on to Irkutsk with the same speed, on account of inundations, or obstacles on the rivers. The prison was built to contain 960 souls, but it never holds less than 1300 to 1400, and very often 2200, or more. One-quarter of the prisoners are sick, but the infirmary can shelter only one-third, or so, of those who are in need of it; and so the sick remain in the same rooms, upon or beneath the same platforms where the remainder are crammed to the amount of three men for each free place. The shrieks of the sick, the cries of the fever-stricken patients, and the rattle of the dying mix together with the jokes and laughter of the prisoners, with the curses of the warders. The exhalations of this human heap mix with those of their wet and filthy clothes and with the emanations of the horrible *Parasha*. "You are suffocated as you enter the room, you are fainting and must run back to breathe some fresh air; you must accustom yourself by and by to the horrible emanations which float like a fog in the river"—such is the testimony of all those who have entered unexpectedly a Siberian prison. The "families room" is still more horrible. "Here you see," says a Siberian official in charge of the prisons—M. Mishlo—"hundreds of women and children closely packed together, in such a state of misery, as no imagination could picture." The families of the convicts receive no cloth from the State. Mostly peasant women who, as a rule, never have more than one dress at once; mostly reduced to starvation as soon as their husbands were taken into custody, they have buckled on their sole cloth when starting from Arkhangelsk or Astrakhan, and, after their long peregrinations from one lock-up to another, after the long years of preliminary detention and months of journey, only rags have remained on their shoulders from their weather-worn clothes. The naked emaciated body and the wounded feet appear from beneath the tattered clothes as they are sitting on the nasty floor, eating the hard black bread received from compassionate peasants. Amidst this moving heap of human beings who cover each square foot of the platforms and beneath them, you perceive the dying child on the knees of his mother, and close by, the new-born baby. The baby is the delight of, the consolation to these women, each of whom surely has more human feelings than any of the chiefs and warders. It is passed from hand to hand; the best rags are parted with to cover its shivering limbs, the tenderest caresses are for it. . . . How many have grown up in this way! One of them stands by my side as I write these lines, and repeats to me the stories she has heard so many times from her mother about the humanity of the "scelerates" and the infamy of their "chiefs." She describes to me the toys that the convicts made for her during the interminable journey —plain toys inspired by a good-hearted humor, and side by side, the miserable proceedings, the exactions of money, the curses and blows, the whistling of the whips of the chiefs.

The prison, however, is cleared by and by, as the parties of convicts start to continue their journey. When the season and the state of the rivers permit it, parties of 500 convicts each, with women and children, leave the Tomsk prison every week, and begin their foot journey to Irkutsk and Transbaïkalia. Those who have seen such a party in march, will never forget it. A Russian painter, M. Jacoby, has tried to represent it on canvas; his picture is sickening, but the reality is still worse.

You see a marshy plain where the icy wind blows freely, driving before it the snow that begins to cover the frozen soil. Morasses with small shrubs, or crumpled trees, bent down by wind and snow, spread as far as the eye can reach; the next village is twenty miles distant. Low mountains, covered with thick

pine forests, mingling with the gray snow-clouds, rise in the dust on the horizon. A track, marked all along by poles to distinguish it from the surrounding plain, ploughed and rugged by the passage of thousands of cars, covered with ruts that break down the hardest wheels, runs through the naked plain. The party slowly moves along this road. In front, a row of soldiers opens the march. Behind them, heavily advance the hard-labor convicts, with half-shaved heads, wearing gray clothes, with a yellow diamond on the back, and open shoes worn out by the long journey and exhibiting the tatters in which the wounded feet are wrapped. Each convict wears a chain, riveted to his ankles, its rings being twisted into rags—if the convict has collected enough of alms during his journey to pay the blacksmith for riveting it looser on his feet. The chain goes up each foot and is suspended to a girdle. Another chain closely ties both hands, and a third chain binds together six or eight convicts. Every false movement of any of the pack is felt by all his chain companions; the feebler is dragged forward by the stronger, and he must not stop; the way—the *étape*—is long, and the autumn day is short.

Behind the hard-labor convicts march the *poselentsy* (condemned to be settled in Siberia) wearing the same gray cloth and the same kind of shoes. Soldiers accompany the party on both sides, meditating perhaps the order given at the departure: "If one of them runs away, shoot him down. If he is killed, five roubles of reward for you, and a dog's death to the dog!" In the rear you discover a few cars that are drawn by the small, attenuated, cat-like peasants' horses. They are loaded with the bags of the convicts, with the sick or dying, who are fastened by ropes on the top of the load.

Behind the cars hasten the wives of the convicts; a few have found a free corner on a loaded car, and crouch there when unable to move further; whilst the great number march behind the cars, leading their children by the hands, or bearing them on their arms. Dressed in rags, freezing under the gusts of the cold wind, cutting their almost naked feet on the frozen ruts, how many of them repeat the words of Avvakum's wife: "These tortures, ah, dear! how long will they last?" In the rear, comes a second detachment of soldiers who drive with the butt-ends of their rifles those women who stop exhausted in the freezing mud of the road. The procession is closed by the car of the commander of the party.*

As the party enter some great village, it begins to sing the *Miloserdnaya*—the "charity song." They call it a song, but it hardly is that. It is a succession of woes escaping from hundreds of breasts at once, a recital in very plain words expressing with a childish simplicity the sad fate of the convict—a horrible lamentation by means of which the Russian exile appeals to the mercy of other miserables like himself. Centuries of sufferings, of pains and misery, of persecutions that crush down the most vital forces of our nation, are heard in these recitals and shrieks. These tones of deep sorrow recall the tortures of the last century, the stifled cries under the sticks and whips of our own time, the darkness of the cellars, the wildness of the woods, the tears of the starving wife. The peasants of the villages on the Siberian highway understand these tunes; they know their true meaning from their own experience, and the appeal of the *Neschastnyie*—of the "sufferers," as our people call all prisoners—is answered by the poor; the most destitute widow, signing herself with the cross, brings her coppers, or her piece of bread, and deeply bows before the chained "sufferer," grateful to him for not disdaining her small offering.

Late in the afternoon, after having covered some fifteen or twenty miles, the party reaches the *étape* where it spends the night and takes one day's rest each three days. It accelerates its pace as soon as the paling that incloses the old log-wood building is perceived, and the strongest run to take possession by force of the best places on the platforms. The *étapes* were mostly built fifty years ago, and after having resisted the inclemencies of the climate, and the passage of a hundred thousand of convicts, they have become now rotten and foul from top to bottom. The old log-wood house refuses shelter to the chained travellers brought under its roof, and wind and snow freely enter the interstices between its rotten beams; heaps of snow are accumulated in the corners of the rooms. The *étape* was built to shelter 150 convicts; that being the average size of parties thirty years ago. At present the parties consist of 450 to 500 human beings, and the 500 must lodge on the space parsimoniously calculated for 150.*

The stronger ones, or the aristocracy among the convicts—the elder vagrants and the great murderers—cover each square inch of the platforms; the remainder, that is, double the number of the former, lie down on the rotten floor, covered with an inch of sticky filth, beneath and between the platforms. What becomes of the rooms when the doors are closed, and the whole space filled with human beings who lie naked on their nasty clothes impregnated with water, will be easily imagined.

The *étapes*, however, are palaces when compared with the *half-étapes*, where the parties spend only the nights. These buildings are still smaller, and, as a rule, still more dilapidated, still more rotten and foul. Sometimes they are in such a state as to compel the party

* The Russian law says that the families of the convicts are not submitted to the control of the convoy. In reality they are submitted to the same treatment as the convicts. To quote but one instance. The Tomsk correspondent of the *Moscow Telegraph* wrote on November 3, 1881: "We have seen on the march the party which left Tomsk on September 14. The exhausted women and children literally stuck in the mud, and the soldiers dealt them blows, to make them advance and to keep pace with the party."

* The Russian law, which mostly has been written without any knowledge of the real conditions it deals with, forbids to send out such numerous parties. But, in reality, the normal party numbers now 480 persons. In 1881, according to the *Golos*, 6507 convicts were sent in sixteen parties, making thus an average of 406 convicts per party. N. Lopatin gives us the figure of 480 as the average size of parties.

to spend the cold Siberian nights in light barracks erected in the yard, and without fire. As a rule, the *half-étape* has no special compartment for the women, and they must lodge in the room of the soldiers (*see* Maximoff's "Siberia"). With the resignation of our "all-enduring" Russian mothers, they squat down with their babies wrapped in rags, in some corner of the room below the platforms or close by the door, among the rifles of the escort.

No wonder that, according to official statistics, out of the 2561 children less than fifteen years old who were sent in 1881 to Siberia with their parents, "*a very small part survived.*" "The majority," the *Golos* says, "could not support the very bad conditions of the journey, and died before, or immediately after, having reached their destination in Siberia." In sober truth, the transportation to Siberia, as practised now, is a real "Massacre of Innocents."

Shall I add that there is no accommodation for the sick, and that one must have exceptionally robust health to survive an illness during the journey? There are but five small hospitals, with a total of a hundred beds, on the whole stretch between Tomsk and Irkutsk, that is, on a distance which represents at least a four months' journey. As for those who cannot hold out until a hospital is reached, it was written to the *Golos*, on January 5, 1881: "They are left at the *étapes* without any medical help. The sick-room has no bedsteads, no beds, no cushions, no coverings, and of course nothing like linen. The 48 1-2 *kopecks* per day that are allowed for the sick, remain mostly in full in the hands of the authorities."

Shall I dwell upon the exactions to which the convicts are submitted, notwithstanding their dreadful misery, by the warders of the *étapes*? Is it not sufficient to say that the warders of these buildings are paid by the Crown, besides the allowance of corn flour for black bread, only with three roubles, or 6*s.* per year? "The stove is out of order, you cannot light the fire," says one of them, when the party arrives quite wet or frozen; and the party pays its tribute for permission to light the fire. "The windows are under repair," and the party pays for having some rags to fill up the openings through which freely blows the icy wind. "Wash up the *étape* before leaving, or pay so much," and the party pays again, and so on and so on. And shall I mention, too, the manner in which the convicts and their families are treated during the journey? Even the political exiles once revolted, in 1881, against an officer who had permitted himself to assault in the dark corridor a lady marched to Siberia for a political offence. The common-law exiles surely are not treated better than the political ones.

All these are not tales of the past. They are real pictures of what is going on now, at the very moment when I write these lines. My friend N. Lopatin, who made the same journey two years ago, and to whom I have shown these pages, fully confirms all the above statements, and adds much more which I do not mention only for want of space. What really is a tale of the past—of a very recent case—is the chaining together of eight or ten convicts. This horrible measure, however, was abolished in January, 1881. At present, each convict has his hands chained separately from his comrades. But still, the chain being very short, gives such a posture to the arms as renders the ten and twelve hours' march very difficult, not to speak of the insupportable rheumatic pain occasioned in the bones by the contact of the iron rings during the hard Siberian frosts. This pain, I am told and readily believe it, soon becomes a real torture.

I hardly need add that, contrary to the statements of a recent English traveller through Siberia, the political convicts perform the journey to Kara, or to the places where they are to be settled as *poselentsy*, under the same conditions as, and together with, the common-law convicts. The very fact of Izbitskiy and Debagorio-Mokrievitch having exchanged names with two common-law convicts, and having thus escaped from hard labor, proves that the English traveller's information was false. Nicholas Lopatin, whom I have already mentioned, and who has been condemned to settlement in Siberia, performed the journey on foot, in company with a dozen, or so, of comrades. It is true that a great number of Polish exiles of 1864, and notably all noblemen and chief convicts, were transported in carriages, on posting horses. The numerous political exiles, transported to Siberia by order of the Administrative, also perform the journey in the same way—where there are posting horses. But since 1866, the political convicts (condemned by courts to hard labor or exile) have mostly made the journey on foot, together with common-law convicts. An exception was made in 1877–1879 for the few who were transported to Eastern Siberia during those three years. They were transported in cars, but following the line of the *étapes*. Since 1879, however, all political convicts—men and women alike, and many exiled by order of the Administrative—have made the journey precisely in the way I have described, very many of them chained, contrary to the law of 1827.

When writing his book on "Hard Labor and Exile," M. Maximoff concluded it with the wish that the horrors of the foot-journey he had described might become as soon as possible matter of history. The transport of convicts on barges was then just inaugurated, and this measure had saved the State, during the first year, a sum of 40,000*l.* The Ministry of Justice was earnestly pressing at that time all honest men to tell what they knew about the exiles, and announced its readiness to undertake a complete reform of the whole system. There was no lack of men ready to devote their lives to ameliorating the sad fate of the exiles and to erasing forever from our life the black reminiscence of exile in Siberia. But M. Maximoff's wish has not been realized. The Liberal movement of 1861 was crushed down by the Government; the attempts at reform were considered as "dangerous tenden-

cies," and the transport of exiles to Siberia has remained what it was twenty years ago—a source of unutterable sufferings for nearly 20,000 of people.

The shameful system, branded at that time by all those who had studied it, has maintained itself in full; and, whilst the rotten buildings on the highway are falling to pieces, and the whole system disintegrates more and more, new thousands of men and women transported for such crimes as those, "the very existence of which" was doubted twenty years ago, are added annually to the thousands already transported to Siberia, and their number is increasing every year in an awful proportion.—PRINCE P. KRAPOTKINE, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

(To be concluded.)

SCIENCE NOTES.

SCIENCE AND PEDANTRY.

A WRITER in a scientific magazine of high standing, reviewing an introductory book on chemistry, says that "it is questionable whether young persons do well in attempting to study chemistry," and proceeds to remark that "should, however, any youth desire information regarding material changes which he observes around him," the book in question is good enough, but not so "should he be desirous to study chemistry," and that "without steady work in a laboratory no real progress in chemistry can be looked for."

I know nothing of the book in question beyond what is told in the review, but quote the above as an example of the direction in which modern pedantry is drifting, to the serious detriment of true science and sound philosophy.

In our laboratories we have a considerable number of scientific workmen who have served their apprenticeship in these chemical workshops, and do much useful mechanical work in the way of analyses and the manufacture of new organic compounds, etc. They contribute to the progress of science by working out the minor details, which the philosopher afterwards grasps and collates for the induction of general laws. Until such generalization is completed these details are but superficial trivialities, though to the small mind of the technical pedant they appear to constitute the profoundest depths of science, only attainable by superior creatures like himself.

Men of this class are incapable of understanding that the true profundities of science are the great general laws which are so firmly established and so clearly defined that they may be taught to little children in any ordinary school, and illustrated effectively by the most simple and familiar facts. This is especially the case with chemistry, as it deals with visible, tangible, audible, smellable, and tasteable phenomena, and thus appeals to the senses, which are so specially active in children.

The technical pedant imagines that chemical science is something that is only to be found in laboratories, transactions of learned societies, and technical treatises; his intellect is too narrowly specialized to enable him to understand that these "material changes" which the child "observes around him" are as purely chemical and as strictly scientific as any possible laboratory performances, and that the rationale of such vulgar every-day proceedings as are described in Faraday's lectures on "The Chemical History of a Candle," is of much greater philosophical interest than the hypothetical formula of diammoniumpentranitrodiazomidomonoxyhomofluorescein, or that of anhydroorthochlorobenzometamidoparatoluide (*see* Science Note on Chemical Transformations, *Gentleman's Magazine*, October, 1880) or tetramethyldiamiododiphenylaminezincochloride, recently concocted from the coloring matter of saffron by R. Nietzki, or any of the other similar organic compounds that may be produced *ad infinitum* in the manner described in the above-quoted note.

I have taught chemistry to children of five years of age and upwards, and find that the chemical elements—the letters of Nature's alphabet—are quite as intelligible to them as the letters of the literary alphabet, and that the ordinary combinations of chemical elements are as easily understood and remembered as the spelling of common English words. Chemistry is far more intelligible to young children than English grammar as usually taught, simply because chemical phenomena are facts presentable to the senses, which are more active in children than in adults, while the rules of grammar are intangible, invisible abstractions.

It is perfectly true that if I had attempted to expound to children the latest fashion in atomic hypotheses, and of rational and empirical formulæ, I should have deservedly failed to teach anything. Faraday himself, in spite of his unrivalled powers of exposition, would have similarly failed had he exalted the outside surface of unsettled embryo science above its clearly demonstrated and easily understood fundamental elements.

The moral and intellectual value of science is simply commensurate with the breadth of its diffusion as the common heritage of all human beings. Shut up in laboratories and the archives of learned societies as the exclusive property of experts it is worse than worthless, it is positively demoralizing, by encouraging the institution of a sort of intellectual priesthood, composed of pedantic charlatans with affectations of scientific infallibility, whose dictum is to be accepted on the bare authority of university degrees or cabalistic capitals cheaply appended to their names.

True science is essentially democratic; its devotees are students always, from the beginning to the end of their career; intellectual modesty is forced upon them by their perception of the overwhelming magnitude of the problems presented by the mechanism of creation and the feebleness of the human intellect in its efforts to solve them.

ARTIFICIAL EARTH-WAVES.

When I lived in Sheffield my abode was at the top of Woodhill, about a quarter of a mile from the centre of the Atlas Iron Works, and about one hundred and fifty feet above their level. At this distance and elevation I could feel the thumps of the largest steam hammer by the vibrations or shakings of the house.

What was the nature of these shakings? What must have happened to produce them? It is evident that the whole of Woodhill, with all the houses built thereon, must have vibrated or have risen and fallen bodily in response to these thumps in order to effect the sensible tremor. A heavy-laden wagon passing over a lumpy stone-paved road causes the houses on both sides of the road to move in like manner with every down-jolt of its wheels, on their dropping from the middle of each paving-stone to the depression between it and the next.

Professor H. M. Paul, of the Seismological Society of Japan, placed a box containing about twenty pounds of mercury, thickened by amalgamation with tin, upon a post sunk four and a half feet deep in the ground. An express train passing at a distance of one-third of a mile set the surface of the mercury in confused vibration for two or three minutes, and a one-horse vehicle passing along a gravelled road four hundred or five hundred feet distant agitated the mercury whenever the wheels struck a small stone.

Those who have accepted the current conceptions concerning the solid foundations of the earth should reflect on these simple facts and consider how they happen. The hammer must make an indent or depression on the face of the earth at every blow, so must the wagon wheel. If the surface were inelastic clay, the depression would remain, and no sensible effects would be produced at even a few yards' distance.

On a surface of stony material, such as constitutes the chief material of the earth's crust, the effect of such a thump is similar to that produced on water when it is struck in a similar manner. Let us consider what happens in this case.

The blow may be struck by a falling stone, but in order to simplify, I suppose it to be by something which immediately after making its depression is lifted or withdrawn, as in the case of the steam hammer. The water, of course, will "find its level" by yielding to the inequalities of fluid pressure, and this recovery of level is effected by an upward motion of the depressed portion of the water, towards its position of equilibrium (*i.e.*, the general level), just as a pendulum moves towards its perpendicular equilibrium. But, like the pendulum, the water will not make a sudden halt when it has reached this point; the momentum it has acquired in moving thus far will carry it farther, in the same upward course, and thus the depression is converted into a mound,—the concavity into a convexity. This falls again, not merely to the mean level, but beyond it, like the returning pendulum, and thus depression, mound, depression, mound, and so on, succeed each other at the spot where the first depression was made, each of these gradually diminishing until equilibrium and consequent rest is regained.

And this is not all. The first shock on the surface not only made a depression where it struck, but pushed aside the waters all around it, forming a circular ridge or wave. This heap, by its falling, was a contributor to the first uplifting of the original depression, and it pushed outwards as well as inwards, thus making its circle larger and larger, as shown so visibly when a stone thrown on the water is the prime mover of such a series.

The actions of the hammer and the cart wheel are similar, and a circular outspreading wave of actual superficial deformation, due to the partial fluidity of the so-called solid earth, is one of the results, though the action is not so simple as in the case of the freely fluid water, where the wave action is merely a rise and fall due to gravitation. A little reflection will show that the primary indentation of the resisting rock must effect a compression of the matter lying on the boundary of the indent, if such matter be at all compressible, and if it be likewise elastic it must react expansively, and transmit this compression and expansive reaction outwards like sound-waves in the air.

The steam-hammer blows must, therefore, have not only moved Woodhill and all the houses upon it up and down, but have also moved them in horizontal tremors, as the wave of condensation travelled in horizontal outspread. These waves of superficial deformation or uplifting, combined with waves of lateral vibration, constitute true earthquakes on a small scale.

NATURAL EARTH-WAVES.

If the thump of a steam hammer is sufficient to disturb the solid foundation of the earth, and produce outspreading waves upon its surface and in its substance, what must happen when the incomparably greater violence of eruptive volcanic force operates in the manner of striking a sudden blow?

In thinking out this problem, keep well before the mind the distinction between an ordinary eruption of Mount Vesuvius, Stromboli, and other similar volcanoes, and that which recently occurred with such terrible consequences on the island of Krakatoa.

Stromboli (Lipari Islands) is so constantly in eruption that it serves as a lighthouse just where a lighthouse is required. I passed it in the night some years ago, and it then flashed out at intervals of about half a minute. Although very variable (so much so that it serves as a weather warning to the fishermen, being more active on the approach of stormy weather), it is never quite quiescent. Vesuvius has usually a small open cone at the bottom of the great crater, and from this there is sufficient emission to produce a trail of cloud stretching away at varying distances to windward. The same with Etna and many other active volcanoes.

It is evident that where such open vents exist an increase of eruptive energy below may effect a gradual widening of this vent, which thus acts as a safety-valve, and prevents the sudden explosive shock that must occur when the expansive steam, etc., have to break through new ground or through the sealed mouth of an old and long quiescent volcano. The most calamitous eruptions of Vesuvius have been those which, like that which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii, occurred after a long period of repose.

It is easy to understand how the safety-valve must become shut down during such a period. The steep sides of the crater are lined with loose powdered ash and pumice-like fragments. It is conical, with the vent below. Every shower of rain must wash the loose matter down, into the vent, and in tropical regions where the showers are torrents this action must speedily pile up a great thickness of stratified deposit that will practically seal the opening, and keep down the expanding materials below until their expansive energies accumulate sufficiently to break through the barrier with sudden explosive outburst.

This evidently happened at the recent eruption. All accounts agree in describing the old crater as having been explosively shattered. Some say that the whole of the island was blown up and disappeared, but better information proves this to be an exaggeration built upon the actual shattering of the crater.

This wreckage of the body of the volcano itself appears to be one of the usual results of the greater volcanic outbreaks of this region. Thus at the great eruption of Papandayang in 1772 "the whole of the upper part of the mountain was blown away." All the accounts of these eruptions describe *explosions.*

It is evident that such sudden and violent shocks must produce earth-waves similar to those described in the preceding note, but on a scale of vastly greater magnitude. The upthrow that could blow away a mountain must produce a huge earth-wave, a billow that would travel far and wide with fearful effects.

Where would these effects be most evident and most disastrous?

Evidently on the sea-coast, where it would be displayed by the difference of level of the land and the sea. As the advancing earth-billow reached the sea margin the waters would recede down its advancing slope, or, otherwise stated, the bottom of the sea would be uplifted to the height of the crest of the earth-wave. Then as it progressed the sea-shore would fall, and become the hollow or trough of the earth-wave, into which the waters would now rush and advance inland to a distance proportionate to its magnitude, and this with a force and suddenness that must sweep every movable object before it.

In this recent eruption, as in so many of its predecessors, the destruction of life and property by the rush of waters over the land (the "tidal wave," as the newspapers have called it) has far exceeded that effected by the direct action of the eruption itself.

In this case the wave was ninety-eight feet high when it reached the opposite coast of Java, twenty-five miles distant from the shattered island. It swept along more than fifty miles of the coast of Java, totally destroying the towns of Anjer, Merak, and Tjiringin. At Taujong Priok, fifty-eight miles from the source of disturbance, "a sea, seven and a half feet higher than the ordinary highest level suddenly rushed in and overwhelmed the place. Immediately afterwards it as suddenly sank ten and a half feet below the high-water mark, the effect being most destructive." On the same day, August 27, series of waves, supposed to be an extension of this, reached the harbor of San Francisco, on the other side of the Pacific Ocean.

The great wave of the great earthquake of Iquique, on the coast of Peru, spread over the Pacific as far north as the Sandwich Islands, and South to New Zealand and Australia.

In Vol. I. of *Nature* (November 11, 1869) is a carefully collected statement by Mr. Proctor of the course of the waves produced by another Peruvian earthquake which started from Arica and overswept the whole of the Pacific. The shores of Lower California, at a distance of between three and four thousand miles, were swept by a wave sixty-three feet high. The Sandwich Islands, the Marquesas Islands, Yokohama (nearly half way round the globe from Arica), the Fiji Islands, New Zealand, and Australia, and all the multitude of intermediate islands as far as Australia, were visited by monster waves, between five in the afternoon of August 13 and half-past six on the following morning.

Mr. Proctor says that at the Sandwich Isles the sea around rose and fell in a surprising manner; that "it appeared as though the islands were first slowly raised as by some irresistible subterranean forces, and then suffered to subside until they seemed about to disappear forever beneath the waves; nor was it easy to believe that in reality the sea around them was in motion."

I am disposed to conclude that the islands actually did rise and fall, that the primary action was that of earth-waves, the sea-waves being merely secondary and comparatively small.

This view is confirmed by the facts connected with the Lisbon earthquake of 1755. There the greatest destruction was effected by the wave which swept away the multitude that had fled from their falling houses to the new marble quay. This was certainly a land-wave, for the quay and all upon it subsided bodily, and has never since been seen. During the Calabrian earthquake of 1783 the Prince of Scilla, with one thousand four hundred and thirty of his people, encamped on a plain near the sea. "The earth rocked," and "*immediately afterwards*, the sea rising more than twenty feet above the level of this low tract, rolled foaming over it and swept away the multitude" (Lyell).

The crucial facts upon which I mainly rely are the movements of inland lakes. At Loch Lomond in 1755, as Lyell says, "the water,

without the least apparent cause, rose against its banks, and then subsided below its lowest usual level. The greatest perpendicular height of this swell was two feet four inches." The lake of Neufchatel was similarly disturbed to about the same extent, and also the lakes of Norway. Great waves were observed on some of the canals of Holland, waves that had not entered from the sea.

All these phenomena are easily explained as results of an outspreading earth-wave, or a series of such waves, the only difficulty in admitting this theory being that of the supposed absolute solidity of the earth's crust. An absolute solid has no objective existence on this earth. Its only place is in the human imagination.

Those mysterious proceedings of the Canadian lakes, the lakes of Constance, Geneva, etc., to which the name of *seiches* has been given, are explained at once when the possibility of earth-waves is admitted. Otherwise the rising and falling of the waters on the shore of such a lake as that of Geneva to a height of four or five feet several times in the course of a few hours is utterly inexplicable, especially as it happens at irregular periods and after long intervals.

HOMOGENEOUS IRON.

THE effects of such substances as silicon, carbon, sulphur, and phosphorus upon iron, when combined with it in small quantities, are very remarkable. In the first place, they render it more fusible. Pure iron is practically infusible under ordinary circumstances of exposure to the atmosphere, for ere it reaches the very high temperature demanded for its fusion it becomes vigorously combustible, and is thus burned into oxide.

The addition of only one-four-hundredth part of carbon changes all this. The melting point is lowered and the carbon protects the iron from oxidation by taking the oxygen to itself.

By skilfully turning these laws to account we have become the possessors of what is practically a new metal, viz., "homogeneous iron," bearing also other names, such as "mild steel," "Bessemer metal," etc. It is a cast iron, but it differs from ordinary or old-fashioned cast iron quite as widely as copper differs from brass.

Silicon, sulphur, and phosphorus, like carbon, lower the melting point of iron, and in similar manner and degree. All the four increase its hardness and brittleness. In ordinary cast iron all are there, and hence we have a fusible, hard, and brittle compound, almost glass-like in its hardness and brittleness when the quantities of these are excessive.

The infusibility of iron would have deprived mankind of the vast services it has rendered but for the beneficent compensation due to another property, viz., its *weldability*. This, and the regelation of water, as I have long since contended, is simply a result of softening before melting, after the familiar manner of sealing-wax, so that pieces in this soft or viscous condition adhere when pressed together.

Any ordinary mass of wrought iron is composed of a multitude of particles that have been welded together by hammering, and by squeezing between cylindrical rollers. As these particles may vary considerably in regard to their purity, and some of them may be imperfectly united together, or may enclose impurities between them, the iron thus produced is heterogeneous in its structure, a defect that is removed in the new material, which is rendered fusible in modern furnaces and melting pots by its quarter per cent. of carbon, and becomes homogeneous in consequence of its fluidity.

The reader not learned in ironmaking may ask for the origin of this "multitude of particles." They are produced in the puddling furnace, where crude and very fusible pig iron (*i.e.*, a compound of iron with silicon, carbon, sulphur, and phosphorus) is melted, and the impurities which render it fusible are oxidized and washed away, leaving the iron itself precipitated in the midst of the liquid impurities as small granules. These are gathered by the puddler into a pasty yellow-hot ball, which is hammered and squeezed until the particles of iron cohere; the residual liquid impurities that lie between them are then squeezed out from the spongy mass.

PEA-STALKS AS FODDER.

ENSILAGE is progressing generally, but least of all in England. The reason of our backwardness is doubtless that which I assigned in a previous note (January last). A successful and very important experiment has been made in the western part of the State of Savannah, and the results officially recorded.

The proprietor of a dairy farm packed during the summer some tons of pea-vines, and on opening it at the end of November, found that it had formed excellent forage. It was given to the cows, and they preferred it to any other food.

Some years ago analyses were made (by Lawes and Gilbert, if I recollect rightly) of the constituents of pea-stalks and leaves, and they were found to contain a large amount of nitrogenous flesh-forming material, but the great drawback to their use as forage is that when the peas are mature the stalks have become woody and indigestible. Now this is exactly the defect that is remedied by ensilage, which effects a slow cookery or semi-digestion of the packed vegetable matter.

I know by vexatious experience that cattle relish pea-vines, having had all the peas growing in my garden demolished in a single night by an errant epicurean cow that perpetrated its trespass in spite of having rich pasture under its feet in its own field. In this case the vines were in the blossoming stage and succulent. In their last stage, after the maturing and gathering of the peas, they would have offered but small temptation. This is well known to our farmers, but they know nothing about the value of the same fodder after a few months of ensilage.—W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS, in *The Gentleman's Magazine.*

JOHN ELIOT,

THE APOSTLE TO THE INDIANS.

THE Rev. John Eliot was styled by his contemporaries, and he is known to posterity, as "the Apostle to the Indians." A truer philanthropist than he did not exist among the early New Englanders. In his day the feeling towards the Indians was not kindly. It seems as if the opinion prevailed then, which has since been embodied in the discreditable phrase, that "the only good Indian is a dead one." The Puritans pronounced the Indians children of the devil, and thought they did a service in ridding the world of as many of them as possible. Yet the conversion and civilization of the natives of America were amongst the professed objects for which the Puritans left England. The charter of Massachusetts granted by Charles I. contains an expression of the hope that the settlers to whom it is granted "may win and incite the natives of the country to the knowledge and obedience of the only true God and Saviour of mankind and the Christian faith, which is our royal intention, and the adventurers' free profession is the principal end of this plantation." The first seal of Massachusetts represented an Indian giving utterance to the words, "Come over and help us."

John Eliot was a native of Nasing, in Essex, where he was born in 1604. Little is known about his family and his early years; it is unquestionable that he received a good education, but where or by whom is uncertain. His own words imply that his family were God-fearing persons, who trained him with care. About the year 1630 he became usher in a school kept by the Rev. Thomas Hooker at Little Baddow, near Chelmsford. Hooker was one of the most popular Puritan clergymen of his time. His preaching at Chelmsford had been very effective; but his eloquent tongue was silenced by Laud, because he would not conform on certain points of ritual upon which Laud set great store. At the request of several influential members of his congregation he took pupils, and engaged John Eliot as usher. The result was that Eliot became imbued with Hooker's opinions, and inspired with a desire to become a preacher of the gospel. Referring to his sojourn in Hooker's house he wrote, that "to this place I was called, through the infinite riches of God's mercy in Christ Jesus to my poor soul; for here the Lord said unto my dead soul, *Live;* and through the grace of Christ I do live, and I shall live forever. When I came to this blessed family I then saw, and never before, the power of godliness in its lively vigor and efficacy."

Hooker, being summoned to appear before the Court of High Commission, fled to Holland, where he remained till 1633, when he emigrated to New England. Eliot, having apparently incurred the suspicion of the ecclesiastical authorities, and finding insurmountable obstacles interposed to his following the profession of teacher, resolved to cross the Atlantic He was one of sixty passengers in the ship *Lyon*, which arrived at Boston on the 3d of November, 1631; among the passengers were the wife, the eldest son, and other children of Governor Winthrop. The congregation of the first church of Boston earnestly desired that Eliot should become their pastor. Before leaving England he had promised to be the pastor in America of several families of Puritans, who contemplated emigrating thither, and, as they fulfilled their intention and settled at Roxbury, he kept his promise by settling there also. A year after landing at Boston he was married, his wife being a lady whose acquaintance he had made in England, and who followed him to America.

In a work published in 1654, entitled the "Wonder-working Providence of Sion's Saviour in New England," the following account is given of the founding of the Church at Roxbury, of Roxbury itself, and of Eliot:—

> The fifth church of Christ was gathered at Roxbury, situated between Boston and Dorchester, being well watered with cool and pleasant springs issuing forth from the rocky hills, and with small freshets, watering the valleys of this fertile town, whose form is somewhat like a wedge double-pointed, entering between the two fore-named towns, filled with a very laborious people, whose labors the Lord hath so blessed, that in the room of dismal swamps and tearing bushes they have very goodly fruit-trees, fruitful fields and gardens, their herd of cows, oxen, and other young cattle of that kind about three hundred and fifty, and dwelling-houses near upon one hundred and twenty. Their streets are large, and some fair houses, yet have they built their house for church assembly destitute and unbeautified with other buildings. The Church of Christ here is increased to about one hundred and twenty persons, their first teaching elder called to office is Mr. Eliot, a young man at his coming hither of a cheerful spirit, walking unblamable, of a godly conversation, apt to teach, as by his indefatigable pains, both with his own flock and the poor Indians, doth appear, whose language he learned purposely to help them to the knowledge of God in Christ, frequently preaching in their wigwams and catechizing their children.

Few incidents of importance are preserved as to Eliot's life as pastor at Roxbury. The most noteworthy relates to an early stage in his career there, when he was taken to task by the rulers of Massachusetts for having improperly reflected upon their conduct. His offence consisted in censuring them in a sermon for having made peace with the Pequot Indians without consulting those among the people who were entitled to vote. Three clergymen who were appointed to "deal with him," brought him to acknowledge that he had erred in holding that the magistrates could not conclude a peace on their own authority, and he made public acknowledgment of his mistake. He was one of the clergymen who actively took part against Mrs. Anne Hutchinson. He was as uncharitable as any of his colleagues in treating that unfortunate woman, who was punished for her independence of spirit with excommunication and banishment.

Eliot was one of three persons chosen by the magistrates and the ministers of Massachusetts to prepare a new metrical version of the Psalms of David, his colleagues being the Rev. Thomas Wilde and the Rev. Richard Mather. The chief reason for their being entrusted with this difficult task was their acknowledged proficiency in Hebrew. Their version, which was first known as the "Bay Psalm-Book," and afterwards as the "New England Version of the Psalms," continued in use for upwards of a century. It demonstrated

that Hebrew scholars might be incapable of writing English verse; even contemporaries, whose own powers of versification were beneath contempt, were astounded at the exceeding badness of the verse produced by those who were sarcastically described as "the Roxbury poets."

The book has a bibliographical value which almost compensates for literary shortcomings. An almanac and the "Freeman's Oath" had issued from the press a year before its appearance. It was, however, the first book printed in North America.

In the year 1646, fifteen years after he had settled in New England, Eliot began to preach to the Indians in their own tongue. Before so doing he had spent some time in mastering their language. He learned it from a young native, employed in his house, whom he describes as "a pregnant-witted young man, who had been a servant in an English house, pretty well understood his own language, and had a clear pronunciation."

Irrespective of the philanthropy which prompted Eliot to render service to the Indians, there was an influence which specially moved him. While others held these Indians to be children of the devil, he firmly believed them to be descendants of the lost tribes of the House of Israel. To raise these people from their fallen and degraded state was, in his opinion, a sacred duty. He was not singular in thinking that the Indians were of Jewish descent; the same theory still finds adherents. The origin of the North American Indians is involved in as great mystery in our day as it was when Eliot lived. Anything may be conjectured about them with plausibility, because so very little is known with certainty; yet it is no longer doubtful that these Indians were not the first or only inhabitants of the country before the advent of white men. Another race, called Mound Builders, which has long been extinct, possessed the land before the Indians, and they were either driven from it southward or exterminated. The lot of the Indians, owing to the conduct of the white men who have mastered and supplanted them, cannot, at the worst, be more deplorable than that of the Mound Builders whom these Indians subdued and succeeded.

After laboring for two years to obtain a colloquial command over the tongue spoken by the Indians of Massachusetts, Eliot considered himself qualified for preaching to them. The first Christian sermon in the Indian tongue delivered on the North American continent was delivered by Eliot at Nonantum on the 28th of October, 1646. His text was the 9th and 10th verses of the 37th chapter of Ezekiel —"Then said he unto me, Prophesy unto the wind, prophesy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God; Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live. So I prophesied as He commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army." In his sermon he explained the character of Christ, the purpose and manner of His appearance upon earth; he told them of the judgment day, when the wicked are to suffer and the good are to be rewarded; he urged them to repent of their sins as fallen children of Adam, and to pray to God and accept Christ as their Saviour. He invited questions after his sermon, and he found it as difficult to return satisfactory replies as in our day Bishop Colenso did in the case of the inquiring Zulu.

After satisfying their curiosity Eliot received their thanks. He neither spared himself nor them. His sermon lasted an hour and a quarter, and the conference three hours. As a reward for their patient attention he distributed tobacco among the men and apples among the children. This was the beginning of a course of teaching which Eliot kept up during forty years, in addition to discharging his duties as pastor of Roxbury. He underwent many dangers as well as severe toil. What he sometimes endured, and the spirit which always animated him, can be gathered from his own words to Mr. Winslow: "I have not been dry, night or day, from the third day of the week until the sixth, but so travelled, and at night pull off my boots, wring my stockings, and on with them, and so continue. But God steps in and helps. I have considered the Word of God, II. Timothy, ii. 3, 'Endure hardship, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.'"

One of the first fruits of his teaching was to excite a desire on the part of the Indians to have their children educated in the English fashion. A convert named Wampas brought his own son to Eliot, and three other children, of whom the youngest was four and the eldest was nine, with the request that they might be brought up by him in the fear and knowledge of God. The same Indian and two others sought and found situations in English families, with a view of being better instructed in religion. Difficulties of various kinds had to be overcome. In addition to accepting the religious faith offered to them by the English missionary, the Indians copied the English fashion of cropping their hair. This exposed them to the derision of their unconverted brethren. But they had a still harder trial to undergo. Speaking for his fellow converts, Wampas told Eliot that "On the one hand, the other Indians hate and oppose us because we pray to God; on the other, the English will not put confidence in us, and suspect that we do not really pray." Eliot admitted that such a suspicion was entertained by some of the English, adding that, for his part, he considered it groundless.

It was natural that the Powaws, or priests, should have objected to Eliot's work and have placed obstacles in his path. He had the triumph of converting one Powaw, but he found it hard to satisfy another, who asked him how it happened that the English were twenty-seven years in the country before attempting to teach their religion to the Indians? The Powaw urged that if this had been done sooner much sin might have been prevented; "but now some of us are grown old in sin." All that could be said by way of defence and

explanation was that the English had repented them of their neglect, as was evinced by the efforts which Eliot and others were then making. As a consequence of the adoption of Christianity, the Indians had to change many old habits and customs, and in doing so they were often perplexed. They were enjoined to renounce polygamy; but they asked which of their wives should they put away? They were told that gaming was sinful; but they asked was it permissible to repudiate debts contracted before their conversion through gaming with non-praying Indians? This last question gave Eliot great concern. He could not reply that gaming was lawful, nor would he countenance the breach of a promise. He found a way out of the dilemma by urging on the creditor that gaming was sinful, and persuading him to reduce his claim by one-half; by informing the debtor that though he had sinned by gaming yet that he must fulfil his promise, and by inducing him to pay one-half of what he owed. This compromise was adopted in all cases of the kind, but it led to the result of a winner at play counting upon receiving and the loser of paying half the amount in each case, so that the change was no real improvement..

The conversion of Cutshamakin, an Indian Sachem, was one of Eliot's triumphs. He did not find this Sachem a very meek or tractable Christian. On the contrary, the Sachem was not gratified to see the members of his tribe walking in new paths. He complained bitterly that the converts ceased to pay tribute to him as in the old time, and feared that he might eventually be left without any revenue. His complaint was diligently investigated. The Indians alleged that they had paid the accustomed tribute to their chief; that at one time he had received from them six bushels of maize, and twenty at another; that he had obtained their services in hunting for several days; that fifteen deer had been killed for him; that two acres of land had been broken and a large wigwam built for him. Eliot held that this was an ample payment for one year. He eventually learned that the Sachem's real grievance was, that the converted Indians were not so ready as the others to comply with all his orders and submit to his despotic rule.

Eliot's labors to benefit the Indians were so much appreciated in Massachusetts that, on the 26th of May, 1647, the General Court passed the following resolution:—"It is ordered that £10 be given to Mr. Eliot as a gratuity from this Court in respect of his pains in instructing the Indians in the knowledge of God, and that order be taken that the £20 per annum given by the Lady Armine for that purpose may be called for and employed accordingly." The tidings of his work crossed the sea and became the subject of deliberation in Parliament. It was held to be the duty of "the godly and well-affected" to aid the enterprise, and a resolution was passed on the 17th of March, 1647, desiring the Committee on Plantations to prepare an ordinance "for the encouragement and advancement of learning and piety in New England." No result followed till the 27th of July, 1649, when an ordinance to the same effect being passed, a Corporation was founded for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England: a general collection was ordered to be made in the churches of England and Wales, and the clergymen were required to read the ordinance from their pulpits. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge issued an appeal in support of the undertaking. Though the sum placed at the disposal of the Corporation was not large, yet it sufficed to establish schools for the Indians, to supply them with implements of husbandry, and to defray the cost of printing Eliot's translation of the Bible and other books into the Indian tongue.

When Charles II. became king it was feared that the Corporation for Propagating Christianity among the Indians would share the fate of other institutions established during the Commonwealth. Happily, the Corporation for the Propagation of the Gospel found a warm supporter in Robert Boyle, through whose representations Lord Chancellor Clarendon advised the king to grant a new charter to it. Under this charter, Boyle was appointed Governor, and he directed the affairs of the Corporation with great zeal, earning Eliot's heartfelt gratitude.

It was Eliot's conviction that, unless the praying Indians, as the converts were always styled, lived in the European fashion there was a fear lest they should lapse from the right path. Accordingly, he planned a town where they might live together. It was called Natick, being situated on the banks of the Charles River, eighteen miles to the south-east of Boston. Natick is described as a town covering six thousand acres, wherein one hundred and forty Indians dwelt. It had three long streets, two on the north side and one on the south. A bridge, built by the Indians, spanned the river. There was a fort for their protection. Some families dwelt in wigwams; others in houses on the English model. A large building served as a place of meeting on Sundays and a schoolhouse on week-days. It had an upper floor, in one corner of which a room was partitioned off to serve as a bedchamber for Eliot.

After the praying Indians had taken up their abode at Natick they applied to Eliot to devise a plan of municipal government for them. He had previously induced the converts to agree to the following, among other conditions:—"Powawing" and drunkenness were to be punished with a fine of 20s. for each offence; the person convicted of stealing was to restore fourfold the amount taken; the profaner of the Sabbath was to be fined 20s.; a wife-beater was to pay the same fine; while murder and monstrous crimes were to be punished with death. The converts likewise agreed to pray in their wigwams, to say grace before and after meat, to cease howling, greasing their bodies, and adorning their hair, and to follow the English fashions.

Eliot held that all governments should be founded on the pattern given in the Old Testament; he was anxious that England

should set an example in this respect, holding that "it would be a blessed day in England when the word of God shall be their Magna Charta and chief law book, and when all lawyers shall be divines and study the Scriptures." It was natural, then, that he should give effect to his views at Natick, and should persuade the Indians there to divide the community into hundreds and tithings, and should appoint rulers over hundreds, rulers over fifties, and rulers over tens, or tithing men. He enjoined the payment of tithes on strictly scriptural grounds, and the Indians consented to do as he desired. Having settled the manner in which, subject to the General Court of Massachusetts, these Indians should govern themselves, Eliot induced them to enter into a solemn covenant. On the 6th of August, 1651, they assembled together, and, after divine service, the following declaration received their assent:—

We are the sons of Adam. We and our forefathers have a long time been lost in our sins; but now the mercy of the Lord beginneth to find us out again. Therefore, the grace of Christ helping us, we do give ourselves and our children to God, to be His people. He shall rule us in all our affairs, not only in our religion and affairs of the Church, but also in all our works and affairs in this world. God shall rule over us. The Lord is our Judge; the Lord is our law-giver; the Lord is our King, He will save us. The wisdom which God hath taught us in His book, that shall guide us and direct us in the way. O Jehovah! teach us wisdom to find out thy wisdom in thy Scriptures. Let the grace of Christ help us, because Christ is the wisdom of God. Send thy Spirit into our hearts, and let it teach us. Lord, take us to be thy people, and let us take thee to be our God.

Nine years after these proceedings a further step was taken in the direction of putting the praying Indians on a footing of equality with their white brethren. A Church on the Congregational model was founded there, so that the Indians of Natick enjoyed the same civil and religious privileges as the Puritans of Boston. In the strict observance of their religious duties the Indians were patterns to many of their white brethren. They even complained, not without reason, that white men did not seem to be sufficiently scrupulous in their religious observances. On the other hand, the white men expected the Indians to be faultless, and regarded any error on their parts as the evidence of an ineradicably perverse nature.

The most grievous trial which the praying Indians had to endure, and the most despondingperiod in Eliot's dealings with them, was during the year of the war, commonly called King Philip's war, which began in 1675. This was the most vigorous effort as well as the last combined attempt of the Indians to exterminate the white men in New England. The loss of life was great on both sides; as many as six hundred of the settlers were slain. Much property was destroyed. Thirteen towns were laid in ruins; hundreds of dwellings were burned to the ground. Whilst the hostilities between the Indians and white men were in progress, the position of the praying Indians was very trying. Their brethren in race regarded them as enemies; the white men did not count them as friends. Indeed, all Indians were not only regarded as foes at heart, but every Indian's life was in danger at the hands of the exasperated and panic-stricken whites. The General Court, unable to withstand the pressure of public opinion, ordered that the Indians at Natick should be transported for safe custody to Deer Island. They quietly submitted to their fate. After the death of Philip the Indians were permitted to return, at their own expense, to their old homes. Such as did return keenly felt that the love and charity, which they had been enjoined to practise, were not displayed towards them. King Philip's war proved the hopelessness of any struggle in the field between Indians and white men, while it gave a blow to the spread of Christianity among the Indians. The latter were indisposed to listen to teachers whose brethren flagrantly violated the precepts which they inculcated.

In 1797, one hundred and twenty-one years after the war which ended with Philip's death, the Rev. Stephen Badger, minister at Natick, was asked to give an account of the Indians there. He was then in his seventy-second year, and had beheld many changes. The white men had ousted the Indians from their property and offices at Natick before the time that Mr. Badger wrote; the Church members had been reduced to two or three; one of them was an aged Indian woman, who could still understand the tongue of her people, but could not speak it. At the present day not an Indian in existence can speak the language which Eliot learned in order to preach the gospel, and into which he translated the Bible. His translation of the Bible is a monument of vast labor. The only practical value of that translation now consists in the service it renders to the philological students who investigate the dead tongue of an extinct race. Besides the Bible, Eliot translated the catechism and Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted" and the "Practice of Piety." He labored zealously and without ceasing during a long life. In 1688 he wrote to Boyle, saying, "I am drawing home," and on 20th May, 1690, he passed away, in his 86th year, uttering the words, "Welcome joy."

Eliot's wife, whom he married the year after he settled in New England, died three years before him. He had six children, of whom a son and a daughter alone survived him. He owed much to his wife, who managed his household admirably. He was not exacting in domestic affairs, and his tastes were so simple that he was very easily pleased; he liked the plainest food, and he drank water from choice. He had two great aversions—wigs and tobacco. Wearing wigs he regarded as a lust of the flesh, and tobacco he considdered a weed produced by Satan for man's injury.

The blunders with which Eliot is chargeable are few and trivial, while his good deeds are innumerable. His character is without reproach; he was one of the small band of Puritans in whom there was no guile. Unhappily, he could not leave behind him a body of men imbued with his spirit and fitted to continue his work from generation to generation. Had the Indians on the North American Continent been constantly treated in the spirit which animated Eliot, the history of

the United States would be free from many grievous stains. It was not Eliot's fault that the Indians of New England faded away till the land wherein they were once supreme did not contain a single suvivor. His memory is still held in honor as that of one who loved his fellow-men, and who devoted a long and laborious life to their service.—W. FRASER RAE, in *Good Words*.

THEORIES AND PRACTICE OF MODERN FICTION.

I.

IN considering the theories and practice of modern fiction with a view of estimating the probable character of its future development, it will be necessary to find the theories abroad and the practice at home. For in England, since apparently everybody is writing novels, either in the old form or disguised as "reminiscences," there is nobody left to criticize, while abroad there is an abundance of criticism, and no original work of any value has appeared for a long time. In France, M. Zola is still the centre of the literary battle-field, and his sworn enemy, M. Brunetière, has just collected into a volume the essays in which he demolished each new naturalistic work as it appeared. In Germany, Spielhagen has published a weighty volume of *Beiträge* to the art of novel-writing, and in America, besides much discussion in the periodicals, a volume by the late Mr. Sidney Lanier has appeared, purporting to be a history of the development of the English novel. In our own country at the present moment every one's attention is called to the labors of the novelist by that most entertaining book, the "Autobiography of Anthony Trollope."* There is no reference in it to archery, but in the other two features of ancient Persian education—horsemanship and speaking the truth—Trollope was an adept, and it is the presence of the latter quality that gives these volumes their charm. There is no doubting the perfect sincerity of the writer; one of his stories may have failed to interest the public, have been condemned by the critics, and brought loss on the publishers, but his words carry conviction when he says, "Nevertheless, I think this was a very good novel." It is an unvarnished account of a life fought and won step by step from extreme poverty to wealth, from neglect and dislike to fame and favor, told throughout with strong sense and humor, hiding no buffets and adding no gloss. It may be perfectly described in Trollope's words about his own book on Thackeray, "How first he worked and struggled, and then how he worked and prospered, and became a household word in English literature." If there is a dull part it is the chapters in which the author drops his autobiography and gives us his opinions on matters which touch the subject of the present article—novels, and the art of writing them, contemporary novelists, and criticism. The origin and adventures of his own novels he tells admirably, but when it comes to discussing the principles involved in the idea of the novel, and the fine distinctions between the different schools, the ground is rather too light for his powerful insular tread. In writing of Trollope shortly after his death Mr. Henry James said, "It is probably safe to affirm that he had no views whatever on the subject of novel-writing;" the autobiography shows that he has views, but they are of the most ordinary kind. His advice to the young author is, do not write because you have to tell a story, but because you have a story to tell; cultivate a pleasant and clear style; avoid unnecessary episodes; study proportion; beware of tedium. All excellent advice, but we need no novelist come from the grave to tell us this. These volumes, however, teach another lesson of constant value, namely, that success in the novelist's career is to be gained, as in every other, only by ceaseless devotion of mind and unintermittent labor of body; Trollope seems to be thinking always of Turner's saying, "I know of no genius but the genius of hard work." Two hundred and fifty words in a quarter of an hour, three hours a day, three novels in a year—no waiting for inspiration for him! "When I have heard such doctrine preached," says this admirable Englishman, "I have hardly been able to repress my scorn."

Indeed, we shall look in vain to any Englishman for a discussion of the theories of fiction. A few years ago Mr. Ruskin published an irregular series of articles entitled "Fiction—Fair and Foul;" but, as seems inevitable with him, they dealt more with almost all other subjects than with their own. Scott is his ideal novelist, principally because of his "absolute purity of any loathsome element or excitement of the lower passions;" and he abominates the modern delineation of blotches, burrs, and pimples, a "study of cutaneous disease," of which the "Mill on the Floss" is the most striking example. We have had, too, some interesting instructions in the art of story-writing from Mr. James Payn, characterized by his unfailing common sense and genial fun; but containing nothing that could be called theory. Neither shall we find it in Miss Thackeray's volume,* although it would be difficult to find four minor biographies more charming and entertaining than those in which she has so satisfactorily painted her Sibyls for us. The truth is that theory in such matters is alien to the English mind, and that to find it we must pass to other nations whose authors are always critical, even to the sacrifice of their creative powers.

It is a far cry from the practical maxims of hard-working Anthony Trollope to the metaphysical theories of the author of "Hammer und Amboss." In a number of essays collected under the title of "Beiträge zur Theorie und Technik des Romans," Spielhagen discusses

* "Anthony Trollope: An Autobiography." London: Blackwood & Sons. 1883.

* "A Book of Sibyls. Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Opie, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen." By Miss Thackeray (Mrs. Richmond Ritchie). London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1883.

the various aspects of the novelist's art as purely *à priori* as the subject permits. It would be unprofitable to follow him in the minute reasoning with which he traces the genesis of the novel, from the original "I-novel," through the "he-novel," back to another kind of "I-novel," and many similar arguments; the weighty points of his theory may be given very briefly. The novelist is the most favorably situated of all the contemporary artists; from his wide outlook and deep insight into human nature he alone is able to withstand the fearful competition of science. This is the first lesson; and the second, taught alike consciously by the author and by the unconscious testimony of his book, is that an unceasing and immovable industry, an industry that never loses sight of its method, that finishes the back of the frieze which nobody sees, as carefully as the front which everybody sees, is the only means by which the novelist can attain a success proportionate to his high vocation.

The most conspicuous modern theory of fiction is to be found in France, and it has become conspicuous chiefly through its connection with the name and fortunes of M. Zola and his family of Rougon-Macquardt. Every one has heard of the *école naturaliste*, and every one knows that it means the detailed account of the most deliberately abominable scenes and subjects that have ever seen the light under the name of literature. But the truth is that M. Zola has explained and defended his theory in several volumes of critical works which, outside France, are probably not known by one of his readers out of thousands; that his novels fail entirely to represent these theories fairly, often directly contradicting them; that his real method may result as naturally in the delineation of the purest of lives as of the vilest; and that he is clearly the mouthpiece—more or less distorted—of the main tendency of the thought of the present age. Put in the fewest words his views are as follows: This is the age of science—of the universal application of the scientific method, and no subject which is not studied and developed according to the scientific method can claim recognition as a branch of human knowledge. To this method, then, literature must be brought, and the novel is at once the most prominent form of modern literature, and the form which is most capable of being adapted to the new method. Now the starting-point and keystone of the scientific method is the experiment, so the natural offspring of this alliance between literature and the scientific method is the experimental novel "Le Roman Expérimental," which is the title of M. Zola's great work. In the progress of the application of experiment to the benefit of man first come, he says, experimental chemistry and physics, then experimental physiology, then the experimental novel. As the novel is the great tool of the reformer—the amelioration of man the *grande besogne* of the novelist, the author of the experimental novel now takes, in M. Zola's nomenclature, the title of *moraliste*. The *moraliste expérimentateur* must do for man as a whole what the experimenting physiologist does for his body: he must trace the result of every inherited tendency, analyze the influence of the constantly varying environment, dissect every action to discover its cause and effect; and then—knowing of course that everything occurs infallibly according to the laws of scientific determinism—he will be able to narrate with truly impressive accuracy the career of a man in all the complicated interworkings of mind, body, and environment, from the moment of the first temptation to that of the final collapse. For the men of M. Zola's imagination all collapse. This method has been described, not altogether inaccurately, as making the novelist of the future "enter the service of science as police reporter in ordinary for the information of current sociology." The outfit of the *moraliste expérimentateur* must consist of all the scientific knowledge he can obtain, a prolonged study of the *documens humains* of his subject, that is of all the persons in real life corresponding to his hero, and just a touch—*un aiguillon*, M. Zola calls it—of imagination. Then let him boldly launch his experimental man into his experimental world and write his experimental novel. "C'est un nouveau siècle littéraire qui s'ouvre!" says M. Zola.

This is the naturalistic theory of M. Zola as conceived by himself. To dwell on the childish fallacy of applying the terms experiment and observation to the deliberately planned actions of these creatures of one's own pseudo-scientific imagination, is entirely unnecessary. As he himself conceives it, M. Zola's theory is not worth a moment's consideration. But as gathered by another from his many volumes it has an important significance. It is a powerful and reiterated protest against the extravagance and affectation of modern novelists, and a passionate appeal for all fiction to be closely based upon the realities of life. "Je voudrais lui souffler," he says of the young French writer, "la haine de la phrase, et la méfiance des culbutes dans le bleu." Do not contrive a complicated family or social puzzle, of which your novel is to exhibit the process of solution, exhausting your ingenuity in making people misunderstand one another, and in placing obstacles in their way; but take a piece of real life for your basis and let your motives and means be those of our common existence, "a man's mere 'yes,' a woman's common 'no,'"—be sincere, and be accurate. 'La grande affaire est de mettre debout des créatures vivantes, jouant devant les lecteurs la comédie humaine avec le plus de naturel possible." Such is the real theory of M. Emile Zola and the fundamental principle of the *école naturaliste;* its truth is not lessened because he and his followers have found their market in a depraved society, by pushing it to an extreme in a single limited direction. There is no reason why "un morceau de rue," as M. Zola calls his stories, should not show courage and chastity as well as hypocrisy and lust, and to what heights this method may lead is well known to every reader of George Eliot. M. Zola's theory is thus the right one, but all memory of his

novels must be dismissed, for, as has been said, they contradict it in every way. They are not faithful representations of life, and they are full of the faults of the romantic method. Their origin must be sought elsewhere than in their author's theory. When his Parisian public grows tired of wallowing in the filth with which he has supplied them, M. Zola will doubtless awake to the fact that his true method is equally applicable to wholesome themes.

The truth of what has been said about the method of M. Zola is shown by the procedure of the new American school, who are actuated by the same fundamental views, and who yet produce works of great delicacy and purity. "Notre roman contemporain se simplifie de plus en plus, par haine des intrigues compliquées et mensongères; il y a là une revanche contre les aventures, le romanesque, les fables à dormir debout." And Mr. Howells says of the new school, "The moving accident is certainly not its trade, and it prefers to avoid all manner of dire catastrophes." "In one manner or other the stories were all told long ago." So, too, when Mr. Howells forecasts the novel of the future as "an analytic study rather than a story, which is apt to leave the reader arbiter of the destiny of the author's creations," is he not repeating the idea of M. Zola, "On finira par donner de simples études, sans péripéties ni dénoûment, l'analyse d'une année d'existence, l'histoire d'une passion?"

Mr. Howells is a far better representative of this school than Mr. Henry James. The latter is a very clever artist, and his books are full of ingenuity and are highly polished, but there is a hollowness in them—a lack of bottom, if one may use the expression. The reader fells that, when the author unseals the vase of his cultivated fancy and the *dramatis personæ* issue and begin their manœuvres, their liberator does not care much what they do or what finally becomes of them and the idea involved in their existence, so long as their conversation keeps up to the proper standard of ingenious and cultured ambiguity. With Mr. Howells, on the contrary, although he is, perhaps, not quite so finished a literary artist, one feels the ground of real human life underneath; the characters possess a vital interest to their creator. The reader is convinced that the author is perfectly serious and earnest in his desire to represent life truthfully, and that nothing would cause him so great regret as the consciousness of apparent mere ingenious imagination in his work. Consequently Mr. Howells's books take a greater hold of the reader and stay longer with him than do those of Mr. James. The latter has struck a rich vein of popular matter, which he is engaged in working thoroughly, to the evident injury of his talent for better things. But when the international episode has grown to be a bore, when an English lord is no longer an object of curiosity at Newport and an American no longer *ipso facto* welcome in Mayfair, when Americans have entirely ceased to find a burning interest in what Englishmen think of them, where will be Mr. James's audience, and what hope will there be for the continued existence of these clever books? Mr. Howells's work is growing steadily stronger and more artistic. Three stages of his development may be marked by three of his books—an early one, say "A Foregone Conclusion," then "The Undiscovered Country," and now his latest and best.* In "A Woman's Reason" he has given us a study of a few eventful years of a woman's life, characterized by his unequalled knowledge of the mysterious working of woman's mind and heart, and told with great power and truth to nature. The environment—so important a feature in the methods of the *école naturaliste*—is perfect: the whole story is redolent of Boston, and the account of the sale by auction of Mr. Harkness's house which the reader is at first inclined to regard as an interpolated incident, but which is afterwards found to be a step in the logical development of events, is one of the best bits of humorous descriptions of American life that has ever been written.

II.

Passing, now, from foreign theories to English practice we shall find that a typical collection of recent novels falls naturally into two divisions, the first consisting of novels written without regard to any theory, and the second of novels in which the foregoing theories are more or less successfully embodied. To begin with the former, Mr. William Black's insight into some of the more delicate phases of character, his warm sympathy with everything that is good and genuine in life, his intimate acquaintance with several of the most delightful methods of human recreation, his keen observation of the phenomena of nature, have combined to secure for his best works considerable popularity. Nevertheless, strangely enough he is the first to come to mind as an example of the truth of a severe charge brought by M. Sherer against English novelists in general: "Ils n'obéissent pas à une vocation, ils sont en quête d'une manière et d'un succès." Mr. Black has long found his manner and his success, and when we open a new story from his pen we know well that it will not be long before we shall find ourselves in a sunrise or a mist among the Scotch Highlands, or watching extraordinary colors of sea and sky from the deck of a yacht beating off the Scotch coast. He has long been in the habit of abusing his great powers of observation and description of nature; his books have been half made up of meteorological and topographical studies, and his influence in this respect has been most pernicious, as may be seen in the fatiguing imitations of his peculiar manner with which our little novelists abound. It should be one of the strictest canons of the art of novel writing that the description of scenery is to be strictly confined to what is in close connection with the development of character. "La nature est entrée dans nos œuvres d'un élan si im-

* "A Woman's Reason." By W. D. Howells. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1883.

pétueux, qu'elle les a emplies, noyant parfois l'humanité, submergeant et emportant les personnages, au milieu d'une débâcle de roches et de grands arbres." A novel has but one legitimate aim—to be a representation of human life; to that aim everything else must be subordinated. And it is because he has failed to obey this supreme rule, following up too carelessly his "manner and success," that Mr. Black's latest novel* is probably the worst that has ever borne his name. In the first place, it is certain that so acute and scientific a man as Melville would have known that the vice of confirmed opium-drinking must be attacked first from a physical standpoint, and not from a transcendently moral one. But many flaws in the character-drawing must be passed over; the important point is that the book is a mere *roman de voyage*, the reader being dragged from place to place and from sight to sight till he becomes as weary and irritated as if he had been beguiled into joining a "personally-conducted" trip up the Nile, with, of course, the inevitable Highlands to follow. But is it not the fact that Mr. Black was a member of the expedition that went up the Nile some short time ago to observe the transit of Venus? And is not this dull book the utilization of the new material which he picked up in the way of scenery and sights, wound about a lame love-story, and the whole flavored with Alt-namba? Mr. Black has written at least three books which are valuable additions to the literature of our language, and in "Sunrise" he has shown that he can treat one of the most difficult subjects of contemporary life with remarkable fascination and power: it would be a thousand pities if he should sacrifice his genius by following public taste instead of leading it, as it is in his power, and therefore his duty to do.

The last two works† from the pen of that clever and always entertaining writer, Mr. James Payn, afford as clear evidence as any recent novels of the unsatisfying character of the method of which they are excellent examples. Mr. Payn always contrives to have a distinct story to tell, he is full of good-humor, he can make puns inoffensively, and he is most fertile in incident. But all these good qualities only serve to make the reader regret that they should find no fitter employment than the making of books which will be used for a few months to while away idle hours, and which deserve no better fate. "Kit" is indeed a half-hearted attempt at something better, the delineation of the self-destruction of a man who relies on mere kindness of heart and good-fellowship to take the place of real character, but there is nothing to show why or how such a man must fall; all we see is the ingenious way in which he does fall. "Thicker than Water" is a regular novelist's story with rather more irrelevant incident than usual. "C'est un théâtre mécanique dont ils tournent la manivelle dans la coulisse." It is as amusing and as meaningless as a marionette-show.

From the heterogeneous memory of much reading of recent fiction one figure and one scene stand out clearly. The figure is that of Egon Vàsàrhely, the cousin of Wanda von Szalras,* whose name gives the title to one of the most powerful stories of the year. It is a book not only of great power but of great delicacy, and exhibits the talents of its authoress more clearly than any of her previous works, and her weaknesses in a smaller degree. "Ouida" has often painted miniatures, but sometimes, as in the present instance, she loves a large canvas, and then there is no living novelist who can fill one so well. Although she is growing more reasonable, and her heroes no longer wait in the middle of the road for a pair of runaway horses, and stop them without yielding an inch, one is still compelled to discount all her figures and pass lightly over the account of her hero's accomplishments. But, admitting this, "Wanda" is a story of great people and great passions, very skilfully constructed, and told with consummate ease. It has the faults which seem inherent in the modern novel, but with them all it casts far into the shade the tales of those whom we are accustomed to call our leading writers.

Miss Braddon's latest novel† may be taken as a type of contemporary fiction. It contains, like so many of the novels written nowadays, much that is excellent together with much that is despicable and that should be intolerable. At first it is all good: the plot, the characters, the environment, are all natural and pleasing; Lady Mary and the fox-terriers are a charming memory. Then it begins to grow wrong. The spirit of the story grows more vulgar than the society it tries to depict, and it concludes with a great rush of lurid melodrama, all utterly impossible, unnecessary, and meaningless. One cannot wholly denounce a book like this, for there is so much good in it, but the terrible feature of it and of our contemporary fiction is the fact that the good and bad are introduced with equal carelessness; there is nothing to suggest that one of them has the tenacity of necessity and that the other carries its death-warrant with it. Here is the moral of it: "After all it is possible for a man without principle, without morality, to begin to make love to a woman in a mere spirit of adventure, in sheer devilry, and to be rather hard hit at the last." So the picture of a devilish adventurer who has utterly debased a good girl's life, and is now "rather hard hit," is the benefit to be gained from reading this book.

The first sentence in the third of the three volumes‡ which Miss Rhoda Broughton has once more furnished to an eager public reads as follows: "The year declines towards its mirk close." There is no mistaking the hand that has already spoiled for us two or three sacred bits of our literature by filching them to serve as the catch-titles of her ignoble tales.

* "Yolande." By William Black. Macmillan & Co. 1883.
† "Kit: A Memory." By James Payn. Chatto & Windus. 1883. "Thicker than Water." By James Payn. Longman & Co. 1883.

* "Wanda." By Ouida. Chatto & Windus. 1883.
† "Phantom Fortune." By Miss Braddon.
‡ "Belinda." By Rhoda Broughton. Bentley. 1883.

And the mere citation of the sentence is perhaps a sufficient commentary upon the story, if one can see all that it implies of deliberate, vulgar, illiterate affectation. "The year declines towards its mirk close." Well may M. Zola employ all the acerbities of his practised pen in inculcating "la haine de la phrase," so long as we have a leading novelist who can write a sentence like this, and a reading public which will tolerate it.

It is a relief to turn to Mrs. Oliphant's wholesome pages, and the racy Scotch of some of those who surrounded "The Ladies Lindores."* It is unnecessary to speak in the ordinary terms of praise of her work. She has all the qualities which go to make up a first-rate novelist and many of them find employment in this story. But it would seem that Mr. Howells is right after all, and that the stories are really all told, when Mrs. Oliphant condescends to avail herself of the ten times worn-out expedient of causing the suspicion of the death of a man accidentally killed by another to fall upon her hero, for the double purpose of getting him into trouble which shall elicit the avowal of a hitherto suppressed love for him, and of getting rid of an obnoxious personage whom it was necessary to "remove." Except this blemish—and it is a serious one—"The Ladies Lindores" is a clever, entertaining, and profitable story.

The most interesting event in recent fiction was the *début* of Mr. F. Marion Crawford, who, previous to the publication of his first two books,† was so unknown to the world that the critics could not make up their minds whether he was a man or a woman. "Mr. Isaacs" gave him at once a high place and a public of his own. It was seen to be a straightforward story, moving through a series of appropriate incidents, with constantly growing characters, told in a simple and powerful style, and permeated with a lofty view of life. It was felt to be a real novel, into which much of the life of the author had passed, not one of the familiar puppet-shows with some one turning the handle outside. It dealt with moving events in a new field, and introduced boldly an Indian adept and his doings, a subject on which most of those who know anything prefer being silent to being ridiculed. For to the readers who have been shocked at the appearance of Ram Lal's "astral body" it may be confidently said that there are people to whom such an appearance is by no means uncommon, as we shall all know when a few more of the things that exist in heaven and earth outside of our philosophy are revealed to Western omniscience. The two distinguishing merits, however, of "Mr. Isaacs," apart from its attractiveness as a story, are, first, the loftiness of its sentiment, and second, the naturalness of the action, in which there are no puerile misunderstandings and no ingeniously contrived obstacles, but which moves on simply, logically, clearly to the end. In this case the death of the heroine is not a loophole for an embarrassed author; it is fitting, and even necessary, to the development of the idea of the story. "Mr. Isaacs" is a tale which contains the promise of future great performances. "Dr. Claudius" shows a more finished literary style, and is proof that Mr. Crawford need not depend upon remarkable subjects to give power and interest to his work It is simply the account of the falling in love of the Countess Margaret and Claudius, Ph.D., to whom the story of their own love is dedicated. It is full of good, both artistically and morally, and, though not on the high level of "Mr. Isaacs," it is still much above most of its three-volume contemporaries. I shall speak of Mr. Crawford's latest book farther on.

The foregoing books all belong to what may be called the old-fashioned school, but a number of novels have appeared lately which show clearly the influence of the new views of fiction which are springing up; novels, that is, which are something beyond mere stories; which are written with the desire of affecting the mind of the reader on some question beyond the mere fortunes of the people whom it describes. Mr. Moore's story of "A Modern Lover"* does not go so far as this, but it belongs to this list because it is an unmistakable atttempt to step in the footsteps of the French *naturaliste* writers. Mr. Moore writes with vigor, and possesses much delicacy of observation, and at the beginning of the story, when he tells how a poor girl, for pure love, sat to her lover for a study of the nude to save him from starvation, he reaches a high level under most difficult conditions. But Mr. Moore does not understand that the French method is not merely *naturaliste* but *moraliste*, that its works are *Tendenzschriften* pure and simple, and ignorance of this fact spoils his book. He tries to be surpassingly realistic. For instance: "No sooner had the music ceased than a crowd of black coats and white shoulders entered, and the quick movement of the fans wafted forwards an odor of shoulders and sachet-scented pocket-handkerchiefs." But this is merely a servile imitation of impressionist mannerism, and Mr. Moore must extend his observations far deeper than to black coats and the odor of shoulders if he would enter the ranks of the new order of knights of fiction. "On ne vous demande pas," M. Zola is saying to him, "d'écrire d'une certaine façon, de copier tel maître; on vous demande de chercher et de classer votre part de documens humains, de découvrir votre coin de vérité, grâce à la méthode." It will be interesting to watch how far Mr. Moore thus employs in the future the talents which he undoubtedly possesses.

Mr. Wilkie Collins has been upon the warpath. It is as clear as possible that he said to himself, Vivisection is a horror and an abomination, and I will smite it hip and thigh. I will paint a first-class vivisectionist, who shall be ashamed of his occupation, and hide it away and lie about it; in whose heart every sentiment of humanity and pity shall be dried

* "The Ladies Lindores." By Mrs. Oliphant. Blackwood, 1883.

† "Mr. Isaacs. A Tale of Modern India." By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co. 1883. "Dr. Claudius. A True Story." By the same.

* "A Modern Lover." By George Moore. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1883.

up by his cruel labors; who shall be such a despicable brute that he stands by while an ignorant doctor lets a young girl (for whom I shall previously win all the reader's affections) nearly die of disease of the brain, in order that he may watch the interesting symptoms; and who shall discover nothing after all. And in "Heart and Science"* we have the result of this determination. As might naturally be expected, it is a pretty story completely disfigured by the horrid Dr. Benjulia posing in the background, a mere grotesque bogey. If every trace of him and every mention of vivisection were to be removed the story of the love of Ovid and Vere would be complete and charming. But the serious novel of vivisection, fair-minded and properly informed, based upon large opportunities for study of the theory and for observation of the practice of it, founded faithfully upon life, instead of extracted from the depths of the author's moral consciousness, still remains to be written.

Truly, a little longing for what one may call teleologic fiction is a dangerous thing, for in Mr. Besant's case, too, it has spoiled a good story. Good, because all Mr. Besant's stories, when left to themselves, are good; and it is fair to presume that the present would have been no exception. But "All Sorts and Conditions of Men"† is a ridiculous book; it is much worse than "impossible," which it admits upon the title-page. In these days when the most serious questions of our social life are those of the relation of the rich to the poor and of the future of the poor in our civilization, it is not a pleasant sight to see Mr. Besant frisking about in the solemn fields of political economy, and apparently proposing in all seriousness his scheme of an artificially-nurtured society of Associated Dressmakers, his wild flight of imagination in the Palace of Delight, and holding up for our admiration several other distinctly wrong charities, all based upon Miss Messenger's millions. Not even Mr. Besant's charming story-telling and warm human sympathies can cover up such impracticable and unwise teachings as these.

A short time ago a great blast of literary trumpets announced the resuscitation of the brilliant author of "Piccadilly," and since then the vocabulary of panegyric has been exhausted upon its successor, "Altiora Peto."‡ Mr. Oliphant's style is flowing and incisive, and he is a master of brilliant satire; he has a fund of remarkable and varied experiences from which to draw, and thus no one is better qualified to give us a novel which should deserve such a reception. But in "Altiora Peto" he seems to be restraining himself, as an hautbois-player holds his breath, instead of putting forth all his strength, as one does who plays the trombone. Perhaps, like Dr. Holmes, who dares not write "as funny as he can," Mr. Oliphant has some reason for not exercising all his power. At any rate "Altiora Peto" is not as good as we have a right to expect. The first chapter is an admirable picture of the mind of a conscientious young girl, confused by the reading of much philosophy and science; and the fourteenth chapter, containing the humorous account of life at Beaufort Castle from a Californian point of view, is very good in its way, but the plot is wild and incoherent, and some of the caricatures are exaggerated to grotesqueness.

"King Capital"* is a book which succeeds in many of the things in which "Altiora Peto" fails. It is written in a crisp, highly humorous style, the characters are original and lifelike, and the author shows a grasp of some of the fundamental questions of social life which fits him to write a thoroughly good modern novel. The present story is not thoroughly good, for after the first volume the romantic element begins to predominate and the serious side of the story is treated in a cavalier fashion; the strike, for which the way was so well prepared and which deserved exhaustive treatment, comes to nothing; the hero suddenly and for no reason drops all his ideals and the hopes of his lifetime, and the men whose pride it was to be poor are left in a way to amass large fortunes. Carried out to the end consistently with the first half, "King Capital" would have been a most excellent novel: as it is, it is well worth reading for the sake of the promise it gives, as well as for the good things it contains. If this is Mr. Sime's first effort one may safely forecast for him a high place among coming writers of fiction.

I said just now that from the confused memory of many novels one person and one place stood out most prominently. The person was Egon Vàsàrhely, the place is a weary flat plain of red sand, broken only by a solitary hillock and a clump or two of prickly pear-trees; in the distance a ragged boy with a big straw hat is herding a few ewes and lambs, and still farther off a few ungainly ostriches are feeding. A simple scene, truly, but a memorable one to most of the readers of the story of that "African Farm."† In spite of the very masculine name on the title-page it is clearly the work of a woman, and almost equally clearly of a very young one, which makes it all the more remarkable. The hand of the beginner, too, is betrayed by a number of faults of proportion and perspective. The modest title gives no clew to the contents. It is the story of the growth of a human mind cut off from all but the most commonplace influences, facing its own doubts, crushing its own and others' deceits, and at last beating out a music which is not very melodious, but which is thoroughly honest. On the solitary "Kopje," in the growth of the mind of the little Dutch Waldo, there comes up for solution one after another the simple questions of human nature and human actions that the world has labelled with many

* "Heart and Science. A Story of the Present Time." By Wilkie Collins. London: Chatto & Windus. 1883.
† "All Sorts and Conditions of Men. An Impossible Story." By Walter Besant. London: Chatto & Windus. 1883.
‡ "Altiora Peto." By Laurence Oliphant. London: Blackwood & Son. 1883.

* "King Capital. A tale of Provincial Ambition." By William Sime. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1883.
† "The Story of an African Farm." By Ralph Iron. London: Chapham & Hall. 1883.

big names; and this young lady historian of Boer life—if the above surmise is correct—faces them as they rise with refreshing temerity, and what is still more surprising and refreshing, she has the right word to say about almost all. Orthodox Christianity, Unitarian Christianity, woman suffrage, marriage, Malthusianism, immortality—they all arise, though not with these names, over the horizon of this African farm. The book might well be called the "Romance of the New Ethics," and to those to whom the New Ethics embodies the hopes and the promises of the future, this novel offers a rare treat, for its author has a just appreciation of the terms and the solution of most of the problems to which this ethics applies. It is, too, an unspeakable relief to escape from the domains of the ordinary novelist—from Homburg and the Highlands, from yachts, clubs, hansoms, and Piccadilly. This book teaches the lesson that wherever there are human hearts beating with natural impulses there is scene enough for all the tragedy and all the comedy of life—that for the delineation of the highest interests of men and women *una domus sufficit*. The characters are all original—we have met none of them before: the style is fresh and full of humor; and, in spite of its occasional youthful lapses, the whole story is of fascinating interest, and, what is more, of great moral power.

In his latest story* Mr. Crawford occupies new ground, and ranges himself on the side of the new school of fiction. The sight of a soul beating to windward is always invigorating, but it is a question whether we are not so constituted as to be more impressed by the spectacle of one drifting to leeward, and it is upon this supposition that Mr. Crawford has described for us the life of Leonora Carantoni. It is not, however, a book which flaunts its moral before the reader; it tells its story and leaves him to draw a conclusion if he can find one. "What is the moral of all this?" the reader asks the author upon the last page, and the answer is, "Ask yourself, ask the Marchese Carantoni, ask Julius Batiscombe." But it is a faithful picture of life, and the moral is there plain enough. The book might have been called *ex nihilo nihil*, for it is based upon the fact that out of nothing nothing can come, or rather that out of a passive nothing there will arise an active chaos. In the mind of Leonora Carnethy there is nothing of sure knowledge or of definite conviction: in the life of Leonora, Marchesa Carantoni, there is the consequent wreck of all that is fairest and best. The action of the story goes steadily and relentlessly on from beginning to end. First, the bulwark is built of sand; then come the waves rippling pleasantly at the foot of it; then the surf beating angrily against it and wearing it into gaps; then the great billow that rolls over it and far beyond. "To Leeward" is probably in style and construction the best work that Mr. Crawford has yet done; the interest grows steadily from beginning to end, the leading characters are full of life and thought, and the environment is admirably drawn in proportion to form a significant and accurate *mise-en-scène*. Of this book, too, one may say that it is of equal interest and power, and the admirers of Mr. Crawford's previous work will be no less glad to mark the maturing of his talents, than to see that he is turning them to serious purposes.

* "To Leeward." By F. Marion Crawford. London: Chapman and Hall. 1883.

III.

"A writer of story-books!" Hawthorne imagines his gray Puritan ancestor to be saying; "what kind of a business in life—what mode of glorifying God, or being serviceable to mankind in his day and generation—may that be?" And the more one examines the field of contemporary English fiction the more surely is one obliged to admit that there is neither glory to God nor service to mankind in it. For it is unwise to shut our eyes in public to what every one is saying in private, namely, that English fiction is in a miserable condition. The fact is well enough known to others, for a recent article in the *Revue des deux Mondes* begins with the statement, "It is to America, beyond all doubt, that we owe to-day the best novels written in English." We have a host of self-styled novelists who, with "frightful facility," produce their weekly crop of volumes, and it is the rarest thing to find, outside of half-a-dozen names, a story which shows even an ordinary amount of cultivation on the part of the writer, to say nothing of any comprehension of the principles of his art. All writers upon fiction are struck with the nobility and responsibility of the calling—the novelist-creator who brings new beings into existence and turns them loose to work good or evil among his fellow men, is upon a higher plane than any other artist. "His mysterious faculty," said Mr. Lowell recently at Taunton, "cheats us with a semblance of creative activity which is almost divine." "The very highest and holiest plane of creative effort," Lanier called it, and Spielhagen says it is proper for us to look upon the creative artist "in scheuer Erfurcht, als einem Auserwählten, Gottbegnadigten und Begeisterten." From this lofty point of view how pitiable are the novels with which our libraries are flooded and which are to be found in every drawing-room in England, with blunders of English or French upon every page, utterly inartistic in their construction, false in their sentiment, and mechanical in their morals, as vulgar as the society for whose amusement they are written, an unvarying presentation of—

> The inhuman dearth
> Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
> Of all the unhealthy and o'erdarkened ways
> Made for our searching.

M. Ferdinand Brunetière, a most subtle and excellent critic, has recently written the significant sentence: "M. Zola n'est de ses romans que le principal auteur, mais il a pour complices tous les imprudents fauteurs de sa réputation." And this is true of us; our host of second and third-rate novelists are only

partly to blame for the unceasing supply of worthless books; it is equally the readers who are to blame, the readers who from their circulating libraries turn this supply into their own houses, who read to pass away the time, who read to escape from the monotony or reproach of their own thoughts, who read themselves to sleep, who read for worse reasons than any of these, it is they who have the largest share in this degradation of English literature. These novels are a true reflection of the society which reads them; in neither case are there any ideals of life, any special standards of duty, any definite and reasoned convictions. One does not find our ordinary contemporary novel in the hands of people who have these things. Never before was any kind of literature so purely mechanical as novel-reading and novel-writing have become with us; the story of the man who ordered books for his library by the yard is realized a hundred times a day at Mudie's, where people send up their boxes with an order for so many volumes of fiction. In the present condition of literature the circulating library is an almost unmixed evil; there will not be much improvement until people who can afford themselves any of the luxuries of life learn that it is best for them to refrain from reading books which they do not care to own or cannot buy.

So much for the present; in the nature of things it cannot be permanent. What, then, will the future be? Judging from the influences of foreign theories, which we have seen embodied in a number of recent novels, in some cases with great success, and the tendencies shadowed forth in our latest and best works, one may venture to forecast that the English fiction of the future will take two distinct directions, which we may call, for want of a more accurate nomenclature, first, that of amusement, and second, that of instruction. By the first of these two crude terms is meant the romance proper, the story of incident for which Mr. R. L. Stevenson has recently made such a pleasant plea, the *novelle*, as Spielhagen terms it, which deals with a few full-grown characters and a few bright colors laid on quickly and lightly. To most readers this will be simply the amusing, light-hearted story, of which "A Misguidit Lassie"* is a very good specimen, or it may take the more solid form of "In the Olden Time,"† a scholarly reanimation of old times and scenes by interweaving among them an ever-young story of lofty human affections and struggles. It is the fiction of this first kind that will satisfy our common longing for incident and romantic adventure, the fiction of "Robinson Crusoe" and "Monte Christo," and the "Leather-stocking Tales;" we shall apply no very strict standard to it, so long as it amuses and cheers us, and confines itself to that, and none of us will grumble if Mr. Stevenson is made happy by a solitary horseman in a long cloak riding rapidly on a frosty night up to the inn on the old North road, and rattling his heavy riding-whip against the green shutters. But the second direction of the fiction of the future will be a very different one, and before it can be described the vexed question of didacticism must be set aside. A false theory of art has obtained such a hold upon us that the mere suggestion of anything to be taught by a work of art is received with horror. M. Brunetière, when he comes across the suggestion of a novel written for moral ends, hastens parenthetically to disavow all sympathy, just as a good Catholic crosses himself when he meets an evil spirit, and yet his profound and keenly reasoned admiration for George Eliot rests upon the fact that her best novel is the outcome of her philosophy, and that this philosophy "se couronne d'une morale." We have here to do with only one form of art, otherwise it would be easy enough to prove the underlying didactic purpose in the work of the greatest artists from Phidias down; but it is certain that the masterpieces of fiction have been deliberately didactic. Bunyan, Swift, Addison, Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett,—but the list might be continued without interruption down to our own times and the latest works of Alphonse Daudet, and every writer of them all be quoted as to the lesson he would teach. Indeed, it cannot be otherwise. In an admirable piece of criticism Mr. James has said: "I should say that the main object of the novel is to represent life. I cannot understand any other motive for combining imaginary incidents, and I do not perceive any other measure of the value of such combinations." Now life is the great school of mankind; there is nothing of life that does not teach its lesson; *experientia docet* is the tritest of proverbs. If, therefore, any novel faithfully represents life, it must necessarily teach; and conversely, if a novelist wishes to teach any particular truth, he may choose for portrayal that section of life which exhibits it. Consequently, the more nearly perfect his story as a work of art, *i.e.*, as a faithful picture of life, the more didactic it will necessarily be. There is no chasm between art and instruction; on the contrary, they cannot properly exist separately.

The second and chief direction, then, of future fiction will be that of instruction. There can be little doubt that life will become more serious for us all in the near future—more serious especially for those to whom as yet it has shown only its luxurious side. The struggle of ideas is already commencing, and the victorious ideas will demand prompt embodiment in our civilization. And in this more serious existence which awaits us the novelist who can paint life will possess a tool—indeed a weapon—of great power. Writing after prolonged observation, and with educated sympathies, half-observer and half-creator, he shall guide and mediate, or warn and destroy, as need shall be. There need be no fear that imagination shall perish in this process; it will be needed, and of a

* "A Misguidit Lassie." By Percy Ross. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

† "In the Olden Time." By the Author of "The Atelier du Lys," "Mademoiselle Mori," etc. London: Longman, Green & Co. 1883.

higher quality than ever before, as a solvent for the result of his observation. "The truth is," says Spielhagen most truly, and all Zola's denial of it is in vain, "that the artist can apply nothing in the form in which he receives it; every particle of material gathered from experience must first be fertilized by his imagination." At the funeral of Tourguenef M. Renan beautifully said of him, "He felt that he was the keeper of souls," and it is this same high consciousness that will give nobility and unfailing seriousness to the work of the novelist of the future. Being more of a man than ever before, he will be required to be no less of an artist, and his novels will then be true works of art, which means, in Browning's words, that they will "delight the eye, and save the soul besides."—HENRY NORMAN, in *The Fortnightly Review.*

RIVERS AND RIVER-GORGES OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

DURING that slow process of growth whereby the scenery of the land has become what it now is, no features have been so permanent as the river-channels, and none speak more eloquently of past changes in geological structure and in climate. Where a river first fixes its course, there as a rule it remains. Only some colossal upheaval of the earth's crust can make it quit its hold of the ground it has first chosen. A history of the rivers of a country includes, therefore, a history of the whole topography.

To one characteristic feature in river-scenery —their gorges or ravines—I propose to devote the present paper. I wish to call attention to a remarkable difference in type between the ravines of Europe and those of a high arid region like that of the Western Territories of North America.

European river-gorges, though they present abundant diversity of detail, are marked by a general similarity of character which cannot be better illustrated than by the well-known examples of the Rhine and the Meuse. The Rhine, between Bingen and the Siebengebirge, flows through the tableland of the Taunus in a winding trench, the breadth of which at bottom is greatly narrower than at the top. Hence the sides of the ravine, though steep, are hardly ever precipitous, save here and there where some more stubborn mass of rock, like that of the Lurelei, projects from the side. Moreover, the ravine varies greatly in width, expanding from time to time into more open valleys, and then contracting into narrower gorges. Throughout its length no naked walls of verdureless rock shoot upwards from the edge of the stream. The underlying Devonian strata appear, indeed, almost everywhere, clearly enough revealing their structure to a passing geological eye; but they are concealed more than they are seen. Over their crumbling slopes the vineyards creep painfully from the margin of the river up to the edge of the tableland. And where man has not interfered nature has festooned with vegetation even their barest crags.

The gorge of the Meuse between Givet and Namur presents many of the same features, but is less continuous than that of the Rhine. Groups of white walls of limestone, strangely cleft into spire and pinnacle, rise now from the midst of wide bosky hollows, and now from the verge of open meadows and gardens. At times the character of the gorge is lost in that of the valley with gently-sloping verdurous sides. The influence of vegetation is here again a dominant one in the landscape. Its presence everywhere tells of a genial climate and abundance of moisture.

In another important point the gorges of the Rhine and Meuse resemble each other, and are typical of a large proportion of European ravines. The traveller who passes even cursorily through them can hardly fail to notice how greatly the rocks between which the rivers wind have been curved and contorted. On the Meuse, for instance, the massive white beds of limestone have been crumpled and bent over in the most remarkable way, and the ravine has been cut across the edges of the rock-folds. On the Rhine and Moselle it is the hard Devonian graywacke and shale that have been similarly crushed together.

A long narrow ravine naturally suggests the operation of subterranean movements as its cause. Instinctively the first impulse of the mind is to conceive a rent in the solid earth which has remained open, and into which the river has made its way. This idea appears to derive support from the frequent evidence of great subterranean disturbances furnished by the rocks themselves. In the Rhine and Meuse, so greatly have the strata been plicated that there might seem to be no reason why the same movements by which this plication was effected should not have rent open the ravines. That such has been generally the origin of long deep river-chasms was for many years the commonly accepted belief among geologists, and it is probably not yet wholly abandoned. But for a good many years the opposite opinion has steadily gained ground, that these chasms have in the main been excavated by the water that flows through them.

As in the case of other geological problems, the solution of this one has been in no small degree affected by the limited area within which the subject was first studied. Europe after all is but a small part of the earth, and the portion of Europe that until recently served as the arena for geological investigation, is but a small part of the whole Continent. Obviously, therefore, questions involving conditions of climate, topography, and geological structure must take a distinctly local coloring when studied in so restricted a field.

An illustration of this effect of environment on geological thought is furnished by the history of opinion regarding the geological work of rivers. If we consider this question as it presents itself to observation in Europe, we can hardly fail to perceive how powerfully

river-action is governed by geographical conditions. In this part of the world, rivers are hampered in their work by restrictions from which in other regions they are free. In particular, their power to excavate ravines is materially affected.

In the first place, leaving out of account the mountainous tracts, which cover so small a proportion of the Continent, and which, so far as river action is concerned, serve rather as gathering ground for the drainage than as a field for the excavation of ravines, the general low level of the land acts as a powerful hindrance to river-erosion. Among the mountains, indeed, where the slopes are steep and the velocity of the streams is great, many narrow but singularly picturesque gorges have been dug out. But when the rivers quit these heights, the lower grounds, on which they debouch, are so little raised above the level of the sea that the slope of the rivers, in their courses across the plains, is usually extremely small. No scope is therefore afforded for the excavation of long narrow winding gorges. When these occur, they must rather be looked upon as due to some accidental geological features, than as the normal result of river-erosion in Europe.

In the second place, the geological structure of our area is remarkably complicated. For the most part the rocks through which European rivers wind are so continually changing in relative hardness and softness, as well as in structure, that even if other conditions for erosion were favorable, the excavation of long continuous gorges would be hardly possible here.

In the third place, the climate is so moist and the rainfall so copious, that the general surface of the land is disintegrated and lowered in level by the washing away of its superficial layers. So large is the quantity of detritus thus swept off, that the rivers into which it is borne are in many cases hardly able to carry it onward, and cannot therefore seriously deepen their channels. Moreover, where erosion does take place, the sides of the river channels are simultaneously attacked by rain, frost, and springs, so that instead of a ravine with precipitous walls, a valley with more gently sloping sides is the result. Wherever a stream has succeeded in digging out a gorge, we may infer that its action has there been more rapid than that of the atmospheric agents of decay.

In the fourth place, the presence of vegetation everywhere affects the progress of erosion, sometimes accelerating, but more frequently diminishing it. Protecting the soil from being rapidly washed away, it retards the general lowering of the level of the land by the operation of rain and wind. Even along river-courses, where nature's saw cuts deepest into the framework of a country, the subtle influence of vegetation may be traced. The talus of rubbish at the foot of a cliff is by degrees covered and protected by a growth of brushwood and grass, which, creeping upward, may even at last overspread the rocky scarps above and screen them from further decay.

One further fact must be kept in view when we discuss the history of river-erosion in Europe. A very large part of the Continent was buried beneath the ice-fields of the glacial period. Under the slow grinding action of the ice, the surface of the land was worn down, and that characteristic contour was given to it which, in spite of the subsequent progress of weathering, is still so conspicuous. Moreover vast quantities of earth and stones, pushed on under the ice or dropped from its melting edges, were strewn over the plains. Thus the pre-glacial contours of the land were partly ground away, and partly buried underneath piles of detritus. Among the features more specially liable to modification or obliteration by these means were the river-channels, down which the drainage of the Continent flowed during the long ages that preceded the Age of Ice. Occupying generally the lowest levels, they would naturally be usurped by the glaciers, as they had previously been used by the rivers. Even where they escaped effacement by the erosion of the ice they could not fail to be more or less choked up, and would doubtless in many cases be completely obliterated under the mass of debris pushed over them by the glaciers. When the snow-fields eventually retired to the higher mountains, where they still maintain their hold, the aspect of the lower grounds must have been essentially different from what it had been before the ice settled down upon them. The hills and valleys would still remain, but the details of the landscape must have been entirely changed. In particular, the old river channels would be no longer traceable. The streams that now began to flow over the country, as the snow and ice withdrew from its surface, would have their channels determined by the inequalities left by the retreating glaciers. And these channels, once chosen, would be maintained. The rivers would first cut their way down through the loose materials strewn over the land by the ice, and would then begin to saw into the solid rock underneath. Sometimes they could hardly fail to strike into their former or pre-glacial courses, but probably in most cases they would not. Every geologist who has attended to this subject is familiar with instances where the post-glacial channels have been cut across those of earlier date, sections of which, filled up with glacial debris, are to be seen along the sides of the present streams.

Hence it is clear that in Europe, or at least over that large part of Europe which lay beneath the ice-fields, the present river-channels are not older than the Glacial Period, though the valleys down which the waters drain have usually a far higher antiquity. It was at the close of that period that the rivers began to flow. A great part of their work since then has consisted in cutting through the detritus left by the ice. Many of them have not completed even this portion of their task, but are still slowly grinding their channels out of the glacial clay and boulders.

The rivers of Europe, therefore, cannot be

taken as illustrations of the most vigorous type of river-erosion. They are impeded in their operations by various retarding conditions, which do not exist in other regions. Moreover their history has been interrupted so profoundly by the episode of the Ice Age, that as a rule they cannot be regarded as having occupied their present courses for a longer interval than that which separates us from the recession of the ice-sheet across the lowlands of central and northern Europe.

One of the most noticeable results of this combination of circumstances is the comparative rarity of river-gorges in Europe. This may seem at first to be a kind of paradoxical statement, for many familiar examples of such gorges in this country and on the Continent at once rise in our recollection. But further consideration of the matter will show us that these features of river-scenery are absent from a vast number of our rivers, that where they appear at all, they usually do so only for short spaces, and almost as it were accidentally, and that, when well developed, they are so exceptional as to be deserving of special notice among the scenic attractions of a district. In the great majority of cases our rivers flow in open valleys with gently sloping sides.

There are other regions of the earth's surface where the rivers are allowed to do their work, unimpeded by the various hindrances that have retarded it in Europe. Of these regions by far the most remarkable is that which lies in North America, between the southern borders of Wyoming and the desert plateau of Arizona. In no part of the world can the results of river-erosion be seen on such a colossal scale. The scenery is there of a type so peculiar to the eye and so overwhelming to the imagination, that the language which suffices for the description of landscapes elsewhere is felt to be powerless to convey an adequate impression of the strange magnificence that bewilders the vision. Thanks to the various expeditions and surveys equipped by the American Government for the exploration of this wonderland of geology, its leading features and history are now distinctly intelligible. Among the names which will always be honorably associated with these discoveries, those of Ives, Newberry, Powell, Dutton, and Holmes will occupy a foremost place.

A succession of high plains or plateaux covering many thousands of square miles stretches southwards from the Uinta Mountains. In Utah these plateaux attain a height of more than 11,000 feet, are densely wooded with pines, and enjoy a cool and comparatively moist climate. They have been built up of Mesozoic and Tertiary strata, which for the most part are nearly horizontal, but show a very slight inclination northwards. Along their southern margin they suddenly descend by a kind of gigantic staircase to the lower desert plateaux of the Colorado. Each step in this descent is formed by the escarpment of some harder band or bands of rock, often hundreds of feet thick, which, with level top and vertical front, wind for many miles to right and left. The Eocene rocks cap the summits of the high plateaux. From beneath them at lower levels the Cretaceous beds extend further southward, followed successively by the Jurassic, Triassic, and Permian groups of escarpments, dropping down terrace after terrace, until the broad comparatively smooth platform of the Carboniferous rocks is reached, which sweeps for 150 miles or more into the heart of Arizona.

Many of these escarpments throw out projecting bastions. Detached portions, once connected with the main mass, stand far forward, as monuments of the enormous waste which the country has undergone. The horizontal lines of stratification impart to many of the rock-forms a strangely architectural character, and at the same time furnish impressive evidence of the extent to which successive geological formations have been removed from the Colorado plateau.

The color of these rocks are of the most vivid hues. Bands of brilliant red are relieved by others of dull chocolate-brown, deepening into purple or fading into slate and lavender. Some of the beds are of a pale lemon-yellow, shading into orange or brown or into a delicate pearl-gray, with here and there perhaps a seam of pale verdigris-green. As these tints characterize different layers of rock, the level stratification of the country, thus so clearly marked off, is one of the first and most striking features in the scenery.

The platform that stretches southward from the base of the great stairway of terraces in southern Utah, is a wide desert. Various species of cactus and other desert plants find a footing on its surface, but it is on the whole verdureless. The climate is extremely arid. The scanty rains sink at once into the dry ground, or run off into the nearest depressions, without giving rise to a single permanent stream.

But the strangest feature in this strange region is the way in which it is trenched by profound ravines, on a scale of grandeur to which there is no parallel in any other part of the world. The Colorado River runs, in a winding course, for more than 1000 miles through the region, but sunk to a depth of several thousand feet below the level of the surrounding country. It flows in a succession of gorges, to which the Spanish name of cañon (*i.e.*, pipes or tunnels) is given. Every tributary stream runs in a similar gorge. Each cañon moreover branches into side cañons, and these again subdivide, until some parts of the region have been so trenched that they look like piles of the most colossal ruins. At the bottom of its abyss, almost out of sight and sound, the Colorado River rushes furiously over its rapids. The coolness and moisture near the water allow, here and there, a fringe of willows and cottonwood trees to find a footing, and furnish a contrast to the dry, dusty sterility of the plateaux above.

The most astonishing portion of the course of the Colorado, through this deeply dissected region, is that to which the name of the Grand Cañon has been given, and which has recently been so well described by Captain Dutton. It

is about 220 miles long, being the last of a long succession of similar cañons. Where deepest, it is about 6000 feet below the level of the country on either side. It presents two cañons, one within the other. The outer has a width of from five to six miles, bounded on either side by a noble range of cliffs, about 2,000 feet high, that sweep into the distance with many a projecting point and deep recess, and are here and there cut down from summit to base by some lateral cañon. The bottom of this wide gorge or valley is a platform, along which winds the inner chasm—a narrower and more profound depression, measuring about 3000 feet in depth and from 3500 to 4000 feet from crest to crest.

Now here, if anywhere, there should be evidence of subterranean movements, if it is to such a cause that river-gorges are to be assigned. But not the least trace has been found of any coincidence between these cañons and actual rupture of the rocks. On the contrary, wherever the strata can be traced across the dried-up channel of a gorge, they are found to be unbroken. So far from having been determined by ruptures of the ground, the cañons exhibit the most remarkable indifference to all the fractures and foldings which have affected the rocks. Although nearly horizontal for such wide spaces, the strata have been ridged up into broad folds, and have also been dislocated by a number of large faults. But the cañons cross these features without deflection. So that, far from having been determined by lines of disturbance, they cross these lines indefinitely wherever they may chance to occur.

It is the concurrent testimony of every explorer who has penetrated into the cañon region, that these remarkable defiles have been entirely excavated by running water. From the ruts torn out of the level strata of an escarpment by the last rain-storm, an insensible gradation in form and size can be traced into the deeper gullies gouged out by the rains of centuries, and from these into the defiles of the side cañons, and lastly into the gulf of the great chasm itself. The whole network of lines is unmistakably the work of running water alone, furnishing the most stupendous example of erosion in the world.

In considering the cause of the extraordinary development of ravines in the Colorado basin, we perceive that running water acts in that region under conditions that peculiarly favor its operations. Among these favorable circumstances the following deserve to be noticed.

1. The country through which the rivers flow consists of lofty plateaux, rising in some places to more than 11,000 feet above the level of the sea. The great declivity thus given to the streams, endows them with considerable velocity and unusual power of erosion. The Colorado River is an impetuous stream, with many cataracts and rapids, from which it rushes downward flecked with foam. In the Grand Cañon district the fall of the river is believed to be about seven and one-half feet in a mile—a slope probably four times greater than the average declivity of the great rivers of the globe. The velocity which such a slope gives is so great that the erosive power of the river must be enormously higher than the average rate among European rivers.

2. The climate of the cañon region furnishes the most favorable meteorological conditions for river-erosion. It is remarkably dry. Though heavy rain-showers occasionally fall, there is no coating of vegetation or of soil to intercept and retain the moisture. The rain, so far as not evaporated, partly rushes off the surface at once by innumerable channels worn out of the bare rock, and plunges into the cañons, partly sinks into the ground, whence it issues in springs at the base of the cañon walls. The quantity of water supplied by these springs appears to be considerable, and as Captain Dutton has pointed out, it is important to notice that the volume, and consequently the velocity, of the river is thus increased by the addition of water free from sediment.

The water of the rivers flowing through the cañon region comes almost wholly from a distance. The area drained by the Colorado River and its tributaries, to the foot of the Grand Cañon, is given roughly at 165,000 square miles. To the north lie the lofty ranges of the Wind River Mountains in Wyoming. Eastward rise the chains that run through the heart of Colorado. Westward the lofty plateaux of Utah cover a vast area. The rains and melting snows of these remote heights supply most of the water that flows through the cañons.

Hence the copious rainfall, which in Europe rushes down the slopes of our river-valleys, is absent from the cañon region. The rivers are there allowed to carry on unimpeded their task of sawing downward into the solid rock. And this task they have continued until they have sunk from 1000 to 6000 feet below the general surface of the surrounding country.

3. Another factmust be kept in view. The amount of sediment in the waters of the cañon rivers is described by Captain Dutton as being abnormally great. Though rains are infrequent at any one locality, they are not uncommon in the plateau country as a whole. Heavy local showers fall from time to time, and rapidly fill the gullies with torrents of water. The loose decomposed rock is at once washed off, and this takes place so effectually that the runnels are soon loaded to the full with mud and sand, carrying down twice or three times their own volume of sediment. All this detritus is swept into the cañons, and maintains the turbidity of the river. The velocity of the Colorado is so great that it can transport a much greater load than rivers usually carry. From the side cañons immense quantities of rubbish are shot out into the main stream, partially impeding its course and causing rapids. But these piles of rock are ere long ground away by the rush of sand-laden water over them.

An appreciable amount of sand must also be supplied to the rivers by the action of wind. As the general surface of the arid country is bare crumbling rock, the winds lift up the finer particles and sweep them away. Here and there, blown sand has accumulated into

shifting dunes, that add to the barren desolation of these deserts, but some of it must be carried into the cañons, and thus increase the sediment borne onward by the rivers.

In the cañon region, then, river erosion attains its maximum development, because the rivers, flowing with abnormal rapidity, are abundantly supplied with rock-debris, and because the climate is such as to retard the decay of the sides of the ravines, so that the rivers are left to their task of deepening the channels they have excavated in the solid rocks.

But it must not be supposed that the general surface of the cañon region remains free from the disintegration that more or less affects all land-surfaces. From some kinds of decay indeed it is remarkably exempt. The scarcity of rain, with the consequent absence or scantiness of vegetation, tells in some interesting ways upon the weathering of the landscapes. In moist climates, such as those of Western Europe, much of the decay of the outer layer of the surface arises from the chemical action of the moisture retained between the pores of the rocks and soils. Certain more soluble minerals are attacked, and portions of them are slowly removed in solution by the creeping moisture. By degrees this removal loosens the cohesion of the parts that remain, which are thus liable to be washed off by rain, or blown away as dust by wind, exposing a new skin of rock or soil to undergo a similar process. Vegetation, indeed, to some extent checks this decay, by screening the surface from the direct mechanical effects of heavy rain or high wind. But, on the other hand, the decay of plants and animals furnishes percolating rain with certain organic acids, which give it greatly increased solvent power, and thus augment its efficacy in the process of weathering.

In the cañon country, however, the surface of the ground is excessively parched and dry. There can be hardly any chemical dissolution of the superficial rocks. The heavy rains that now and then fall, moisten the surface indeed, but so rapid is the evaporation, that the moisture quickly returns to the atmosphere, before it can have time to exercise any appreciable solvent action on the rocks. There is no vegetation to retain it or to increase its chemical activity. The absence of moisture further excludes the operation of frost, which in less arid climates produces such notable effects on the rocks and soils of a country.

But that the waste of the surface of the cañon region has been enormous, is most impressively shown by the abrupt escarpments of the strata, rising above each other, terrace upon terrace, and looking over the vast plains from which they have been removed. Here and there a solitary outlying *butte* remains to witness the former extension of the rocks of which it is built up. In the Grand Cañon district a thickness of about 10,000 feet of strata has been removed from an area of from 13,000 to 15,000 square miles. In other words a mass of rock measuring from 25,000 to 30,000 cubic miles has been entirely swept away. From the Uinta Mountains further north, the amount of material removed has been still more stupendous. It is estimated by Major Powell at three and one-half miles in depth. These almost incredible quantities are not mere guesses, but are computed from measurements of the actual thickness of the groups of rock that have demonstrably been removed, and of the areas from which the removal has certainly taken place.

It is obvious that so enormous a denudation has been long in progress. There is evidence which seems to establish that it began in older Tertiary time and has been continued ever since. In such a protracted lapse of geological periods, there may have been variations in climate. Indeed, we know that at first the climate was sufficiently moist to nourish a rich vegetation, the remains of which have been imbedded in the Eocene strata. Alternations in meteorological conditions would probably produce changes in the rate of denudation. And there are traces of such changes in the structure of the cañons.

Under the present climatal conditions of these Western Territories there is a remarkably great daily oscillation in temperature. At mid-day, the thermometer may rise to 100° or more, and may fall at night below the freezing point. The superficial parts of the rocks are thus in a continual state of strain, expanding under the fierce heat of the sun during the day, and contracting from the rapid radiation at night. Where this kind of action is well sustained, its effects resemble those of frost. The outer skin of many rocks is disintegrated and peeled off, or crumbles into sand. The loosened particles are then ready to be washed off by rain or to be blown away by wind.

One of the lessons which a European geologist is most interested in learning among these plateaux of the Far West is the efficacy of wind in the general lowering of the surface of the land. This action is of a twofold nature. In the first place, the wind lifts and carries off the finer particles loosened from the baked and barren surfaces of bare rock, thereby exposing a new surface to the disintegrating effects of the weather. In the second place, it uses the materials thus carried off, as a kind of grinding powder by which it polishes and ultimately rubs down the surfaces across which it blows. In the gravelly patches of desert places, the stones are left sticking out of the soil which is blown away from around them, and every projecting pebble is worn smooth and bright by the friction of the sand-blast. Even large fallen blocks of rock are eaten away along their base, until they come to be supported on a narrowing pedestal, which in the end is so reduced that the block topples over, and the same process is again renewed.

Bearing in mind this slow but constant disintegration of the surface, we can understand why the sudden infrequent rains should soon give birth to torrents of mud. Every precipice and slope, every crag and cleft, every ledge and gully has its crust of pulverized rock ready for removal. As the rain-threads gather into runnels and these into larger tor-

rents, they rush with this disintegrated material headlong into the chasms, and sweep it into the main river.

The enormous waste from the surface of the plateaux has been entirely the work of atmospheric agents. It is quite certain that since the Colorado River and its tributaries began to flow, this region has never been under the sea. At the close of the Cretaceous period the sea still stretched across the area of the plateau country. But about that time an elevation began. By degrees a large lake or group of lakes took the place of the upraised sea-floor, and covered with fresh water a vast area in the heart of the continent. In these fresh-water basins the Eocene deposits of the region were laid down to a total depth of sometimes more than 10,000 feet. The plants that clothed the surrounding land with green, the fish that abounded in the lake-waters, the huge and strange mammals that frequented the shores, have been partially entombed in these lake-deposits, and their remains have given us an interesting glimpse into the life of the time. Eventually the lake that covered what is now the cañon country began to diminish in size, by a gradual elevation of its southern portion into dry land. At the same time the whole region was slowly upheaved, the sea was finally excluded from the heart of the continent, and the great high plateaux gradually appeared.

In this upward movement, the strata of the dried-up lake, with the underlying Mesozoic formations, were elevated so equably as to retain nearly their original approximately horizontal position. Over the upraised lake-bottom the overflowing water drained southward, as the earliest Colorado River. So far as we can tell, the stream has flowed along the same course ever since. The lakes have long since disappeared, but the channels cut by their escaping waters are still the channels by which the drainage of a vast region to the west of the Rocky Mountains finds its way to the Pacific Ocean.

There can be no doubt that much that is most characteristic in the scenery of the plateaux and cañons depends upon the fact that the rocks are stratified masses of vast thickness, and nearly flat, varying greatly among themselves in hardness, but each bed or group of beds retaining the same characters for great distances. For hundreds of square miles, the same zone of sandstone or limestone may be traced, with hardly any alteration in thickness, and little or no change in color, aspect, or mode of weathering. The same escarpment may be recognized, by its own peculiar contours and tints, for distances of many leagues across the plateaux.

The deposits of the long-vanished Tertiary lakes consist for the most part of soft strata —marls, clays, sands, and limestones—thinly bedded, and usually nearly horizontal. These friable rocks have been especially liable to erosion, and they have consequently been entirely removed from wide areas which they undoubtedly once covered. In their decay, they give rise to one of the most characteristic features of the scenery of the plateau country—the "Mauvaises Terres" or "Bad Lands." These tracts are utterly barren; the soft level strata have been so deeply trenched, by a network of gullies and valleys, that they have been separated into detached hills and ridges. The slopes are everywhere crumbling into sand. Here and there, a harder rib of rock, projecting from them, and traceable from mound to mound, or cliff to cliff, shows the stratified character of the rocks. By occasional heavy rains, the crumbled rock is washed off in torrents of mud into the plains. But the general dryness of the climate is shown in the white alkaline crust that forms on the ground, as the scanty moisture from below rises and is evaporated. Fierce hot winds howl through these dreary wastes, sweeping off the finer particles of the decomposing strata, and filling the air with a blinding alkaline dust. A region of truly hopeless sterility, on which the seal of death and desolation has been set forever.

But among the older Mesozoic and Palæozoic formations the rocks are more coherent. They present a remarkable alternation of harder and softer strata, and it is in this association of materials possessing different powers of resistance, that scope is afforded for the development of these inequalities of weathering on which so much of the peculiar scenery of the region depends. The harder or more durable bands project from the surface, while the softer or less permanent recede. Along the cañon-walls the harder limestones and sandstones stand out as bold lines of terraced cliff, while the softer clays and shales retire in gentle talus-slopes, or are etched into niches and mouldings. On the plateaux the harder strata form lines of winding escarpment. But as they are interstratified with less durable layers, and are traversed by lines of joint, their cliffs are sculptured into the most marvellous variety of contours. The vocabulary of architectural terms has been ransacked to find expressions that will in some measure convey an idea of these ever-varying rock-forms, so strangely symmetrical and architectural in their regularity of recurrence. Some portions stand out from the line of cliff like the buttresses of a Gothic cathedral, mounting up into pinnacles and finials. At other parts, the cliffs retire into vast recesses or alcoves, enriched with a fretwork of arabesque-like sculpturing. Spires, towers, colonnades, friezes, mouldings, in endless diversity of style, rise on every side till the eye grows almost weary of the multiplicity of detail.

Yet through all this strange variety and richness of architectural effect, the pervading influence of the stratification of the rocks is never for a moment lost. The long level and parallel bars of sandstone, limestone, or shale may be traced from cliff to cliff, rising one over the other, like lines of gigantic masonry. Each group of rock, moreover, contributes its own peculiar and characteristic colors and contours to the scenery. The rock-forms and tints of the Carboniferous strata of the Grand Cañon are distinct from those of the Permian and the Trias escarpments, as these in turn differ from each other, and from the Jurassic,

Cretaceous, and Eocene terraces that successively overlie them.

Amidst this extraordinary richness of rock-forms, while the cañons are sinking deeper and deeper below the level of the surrounding country, the lines of escarpment, that wind across the plateaux, are slowly retreating. Their array of buttresses, alcoves, towers, and pinnacles, is continually crumbling down, but new shapes of a like kind are being carved, by the same atmospheric agents, out of the cliffs behind, and thus each cliff slowly creeps backward.

This recession of the lines of escarpment constitutes an essential feature in the waste of the plateaux. It depends upon the alternation of beds of very different powers of resistance. Each cliff consists of one or more bands of hard rock, but at its base lies a zone of softer material, the more rapid decay and removal of which deprives the overlying mass of its support. Slice after slice is thus detached from the face of the cliff. The fallen masses accumulate at the base, but by degrees are broken up, and removed by weathering, so that the cliff is not finally protected by its own ruins, but is exposed to a renewal of the same waste.

Compared with the action of the cañon-rivers in grinding up the blocks which fall down from the cliffs, that of the atmospheric agents, in wearing away and removing the rubbish from the base of the escarpments, may appear almost too slow and feeble, materially to count in the general degradation of the land. The rains, which are so rapidly absorbed by the thirsty surfaces of the plateaux, soak through the underlying strata, and issuing at the foot of an escarpment, promote the decay and removal of the softer rock lying there. No perennial streams are thus formed indeed, but every successive shower does its part, and the dry climate and drifting winds do the rest.

The climate of the cañon country has been such as it now is for a very long period, probably from the beginning of Pliocene time. Captain Dutton has noticed traces of an earlier drainage-system than the present, on the summits of some of the plateaux—old river-channels that have little or no reference to the present levels of the country, and which sometimes open on the crest of the cañon-walls. In these cases, the bottoms of the valleys, not being attacked by streams, are not deepened, but the cliffs at their sides are nevertheless exposed to the same process of waste which causes the recession of the escarpment elsewhere. Hence the cliffs recede from each other, and the depressions become wide but shallow valleys, while those which are traversed by living streams remain narrow and deep cañons.

There can be little doubt, however, that this long protracted period of great aridity was interrupted by at least one interval of greater coolness and moisture—that of the Ice Age. It is a remarkable feature of American geological history that while in the Eastern States, the northern ice-sheet, as indicated by striated rock-surfaces and transported debris, crept over the country as far south as the latitude of Washington, over-flowing ranges of hills 5000 feet high, on the elevated plateaux and lofty mountain ranges about the watershed of the continent only small valley glaciers were nourished. To the north of the cañon region, the range of the Uinta Mountains had its tiny glaciers, which threw across its valleys the crescent-shaped moraine mounds, still so perfect there. Farther west the Wahsatch Mountains maintained in like manner a group of glaciers, of which the memorials are still clear in ice-worn hummocks of rock and heaps of moraine-rubbish. To the north, the cañons of the Yellowstone were choked with glaciers, some of which were probably more than 1900 feet thick. But no proof has yet been found that the glaciers marched out from the mountains and spread over the plains. I searched for proofs of glaciation on the plateaux on both sides of the watershed, but without success.

The reason of this contrast between the glaciation of the high regions of the West and that of the comparatively low lands of the East has doubtless been correctly traced to a difference in the meteorological conditions of the two areas. The annual precipitation of moisture, during the Ice Age, was probably much less in the one region than in the other, as it still is; though the difference may not have been so great as now. Over the summits of the high plateaux and the ranges of mountains that rise beyond them, the moisture that would now fall as rain, fell as snow, and accumulated into snow-fields and glaciers. From these regions perennial streams of water flowed into the cañon country, while a lower temperature and less active evaporation might lead to the more frequent precipitation of rain over tracts that are now but scantily watered. It has been even suggested that the glacial period in these regions was rather a time of copious rains than of snow and ice.

This much at least is certain, that there was far more water in those tracts, during the glacial period, than there was in the ages immediately preceding, or than there has been since. A singularly impressive proof of this fact is furnished by the terraces of the Great Salt Lake. These ancient shore-lines mark former higher levels of the water. They show that at its maximum height the lake was at least six times larger and nearly 1000 feet deeper than it is now; that its waters were then fresh, and that they escaped by an out let at the northern end, so as to join the Snake. River and reach the Pacific Ocean. Mr. Gilbert, by whom these interesting facts have been brought to light, has further shown that there was formerly another lake, of hardly inferior size, in the same great basin.

On the eastern margin of the Great Salt Lake valley, rises the picturesque chain of the Wahsatch Mountains. At the time of its greatest extension, this lake bathed the lower slopes of these heights, for its terraces wind along them, like artificial roadways. At that time also, glaciers nestled in the mountains, and crept down to the edge of the water. The glacier of Little Cottonwood cañon has shed

its moraine just at the level of the highest of the terraces.

If such was the state of the climate on the west side of the mountains looking into the Great Basin, we may conclude that it was not greatly different on the other side, which drains into the cañon region. The rivers were doubtless well supplied, and many channels that have long since been dried up, were then filled with living streams. But this interval of greater humidity was of comparatively brief duration, and though, whilst it lasted, there may have been increased activity in some of the forms of disintegration in the cañon country, it passed away, and the former conditions of aridity returned. Possibly the network of small dried-up channels on parts of the plateaux may be a relic of this transient episode in the history of cañon erosion.

I have said that a ravine, when left dry by the disappearance of the stream that excavated it, does not sink any deeper, but becomes wider by the sapping and retreat of its walls. Such a piece of topography is vividly suggestive of the gradual change of climate. Not less so, however, is the evidence, which Captain Dutton has adduced, that lateral cañons in the terraces are being gradually filled up by the accumulation of alluvium, which has buried their talus-slopes and extends as a level floor between the cliffs on either side.

There is a question in theoretical geology on which the history of the cañons casts a new and unexpected light. Measures of time, though so desirable in geological speculation, are rarely obtainable. Absolute measures, except for changes now in progress, can hardly be said to exist, and even relative measures are neither abundant nor satisfactory. No one has yet attempted to measure, nor even to estimate, the rate at which the cañons are being eroded. Obviously, even if this rate were reliably ascertained, it would afford us the means only for an approximate computation of the length of time which has been occupied in the erosion of the cañons as a whole. The present rate may be above or below the average, and we have no means of ascertaining what the average has been.

Still, even under the most favorable conditions, and those of the present day seem eminently favorable, we cannot suppose cañon-erosion to be a rapid process, though it may well be a good deal more expeditious than the rate at which ordinary rivers deepen their channels in Europe. If we were to say that a great geological change took place at the same rate at which the cañons were dug out, we should no doubt be understood to mean that the change was an extremely slow and gradual one, the passage of which would not have been appreciable in a lifetime nor even in centuries.

Now it happens that the story of the cañons is connected with movements of the earth's crust, and actually furnishes us with data for estimating the relative rapidity with which mountains have been ridged up and faults in the earth's crust have been formed. This deeply interesting question was first discussed by Major Powell in reference to the Green River in the Uinta Mountains, and has since been more fully illustrated by Captain Dutton from the history of the Grand Cañon.

The Uinta Mountains, unlike other North American chains, run in an east and west direction. They are about 150 miles long and 50 miles broad. They have been formed by a vast billow or anticlinal fold of the strata. The same rocks observable on both sides of the fold have been denuded from its crest. If all the material thus removed could be restored it would form a broad flattened arch, the top of which would be some 24,000 feet higher than the present summits of the Uinta range. The Green River, which is the name of the upper part of the Colorado, after flowing southward from the Wind River Mountains, approaches the Uinta chain. Instead, however, of turning round the flank of the chain, as it might be expected to have done, it boldly dashes into it, flowing through a series of profound cañons, right across the axis, and then passing out into the lower country.

The first obvious explanation of this singular course supposes that a way has been opened for the river by some underground disturbance which has ruptured the mountains. One of the cañons indeed flows through a portion of the chain, called "Split Mountain" by the explorers. But no trace of any dislocation can be found. On the contrary, the cañons of the Green River, across the Uinta anticline, are precisely like those in the flat undisturbed strata of the plateaux further south. They assuredly have not been caused by subterranean movements, but are entirely due to the action of the river itself.

There are only two possible explanations of this action. If the folding took place before the river began to cut its channel, the whole of the Uinta Mountains and of the surrounding country must have been buried under a mass of rock of sufficient depth completely to conceal all trace of the fold; otherwise the river would have been turned aside. This overlying mass, several thousand feet thick, overlying the youngest of the Tertiary groups of the plains, would need to be cut through before the river could reach the plicated Uinta rocks underneath. Not a trace of it now remains, however, and there is good evidence to show that it never existed.

We are thus shut up to the remaining conclusion, that the curving course of the Green River was traced out before the folding of the Uinta range began. The axis of upheaval passed athwart the course of the river. Had the movement been rapid, it would certainly have turned the river aside. It must have been so gentle and equable, that the deepening of the channel kept pace with the upheaval. The action has been compared to that of the circular saw revolving on a fixed pivot, while the log to be cut through is moved along. The great Uinta anticline was the log, slowly pushed upward, and the Green River was the saw that cut it in two.

Such in its simplest expression has been the history of the cañons carved out of these mountains. But the process has involved far more than the mere excavation of ravines 2000 to 3000 feet deep. Before the Uinta uplift began, the various Mesozoic and Tertiary formations of the region, somewhere about 24,000 feet thick, stretched across its site. The Green River, when it first began to flow upon the floor of the desiccated Eocene lake, had therefore somwhere about four and a half miles of stratified rock lying between the bottom of its channel and the top of the sandstones that were subsequently to be ridged up into the range of the Uinta Mountains. As the uplift slowly advanced, the river had to saw its way down through this enormous overlying depth of rock, before it could reach the sandstones out of which its present cañons have since been carved. The total mass of solid rock, through the erosion of which the river has reached its present bed, must thus be more than six miles in vertical thickness. Simultaneously, the surrounding area of upheaval has been attacked by the ordinary agents of atmospheric disintegration. The whole of the 24,000 feet of younger formations has been stripped off the site of the Uinta Mountains, and the underlying massive Palæozoic sandstones have been cut into vast amphitheatres, gorges, and glens. This denudation, like the river-erosion, may have advanced as fast as the rate of uplift. We do not need therefore to suppose that the Uinta Mountains ever rose 24,000 feet higher than they do now. If, as is probable, their overlying mantle of strata was removed as fast as they rose, they may never have been more elevated than they are at present.

The Grand Cañon district of the Colorado, so clearly interpreted by Captain Dutton, impresses upon us the same lesson of the extreme slowness with which colossal disturbances of the earth's crust may take place. The nearly level stratified formations of that region have been dislocated by a series of great faults, which run in a general north and south direction. By these fractures the country is divided into wide plateaux, varying considerably in size and altitude, but all composed of similar nearly flat beds. One of the most important of these dislocations forms the western boundary of the plateau province. It drops the country to the west of it about 6000 feet. Now the Colorado River has cut its cañons right across these displacements, and without being in any way deflected by them. The geological history of the district shows conclusively that, as in the case of the Green River cañons, no vast superincumbent formation ever covered the country after the establishment of the existing dislocations. The faults affect the Eocene strata, and are therefore of later date. The Colorado River, which began to flow as far back as Eocene time, had already established its channel before the displacements were made, winding to and fro on the dried-up lake-floor, and gradually sawing its way down through the uplifted lacustrine strata. The faulting, therefore, must have been effected so gently, as not sensibly to interfere with the erosion of the river. The cañons traverse the plateaux, cut down successive escarpments, and cross large dislocations, with an independence or indifference which powerfully impresses upon the mind their venerable antiquity, and the tranquillity with which even the most stupendous geological results have, in these regions, been achieved.

When we stand before a great mountain-chain, or look into a profound chasm, we instinctively associate these manifestations of nature's energy with the idea of rapidity of action. We think of some sudden convulsion some titanic earth-throe, that gave them birth. We see the complete result, and realize at once the tremendous energy of which it is a memorial. We do not so readily recognize the element of time. It requires a little reflection to perceive that in many cases, at least, the same result might have been produced by an action so slow, as to be at any moment, or perhaps in the course of many years or even centuries, quite inappreciable by our senses. Doubtless from time to time, in the past history of our planet, there have been epochs of convulsion —periods when under the strain of prolonged contraction portions of the crust have snapped, and mountain-chains have been rapidly ridged up. One cannot look up at the wonderfully contorted rocks that surround the Lake of the Four Cantons, for example, without sharing the common conviction that they must surely bear witness to some sudden convulsion in the uprise of the Alps. But the cañons of the Far West teach us that faults with a throw of 6000 feet, and mountain-chains of imposing magnitude have been produced by movements of the crust so slow and gentle that they did not disturb the rivers which were flowing over their sites.

There can be no doubt, however, that the upheaval of the cañon region, to its present height above the sea, must have affected the river-erosion. When the Colorado began to flow over the top of the Eocene strata, its channel was probably little above the level of the sea. Could the denuded strata be restored above the present surface, the beds through which the young river made its infant way would be somewhere about 16,000 feet above the sea, or 10,000 feet above the general level of the plateau through which the cañons have been dug. The total upheaval of the region therefore cannot have been less than 16,000 feet. The present level of the plateaux represents the sum of the difference between upheaval and denudation.

The most obvious result of this elevation was to increase the declivity, and therefore the rapidity and erosive energy, of the rivers. If the movement continued unintermittently, there might be no further effect on the erosion than a progressive increase in the rate of cañon-cutting. But if the uprise, instead of being continuous, advanced by stages, with long pauses between, as seems to have been so generally the case with such movements in all parts of the world, then the action of

the rivers would be alternately accelerated and left to decline.

There can be little doubt that this must be the explanation of the conspicuous series of terraces so often observable along the sides of river-valleys in this and other countries. Each terrace may be taken to mark off, in a general way, the pauses in the rise of the land, when the rivers, having reached what Powell has called a "base-level of erosion," laid down alluvium, rather than eroded their channels. The spaces between the terraces serve to show the intervals of uplift, when the scour of the rivers was increased, and they were again enabled to deepen their beds.

In the cañon country, the same succession of events appears to be indicated in another way. There are no alluvial terraces, but the manner in which the level sheets of sandstone and limestone have been eroded points to intermittent activity on the part of the rivers. The outer chasm of the Grand Cañon, with its level platform through which the inner gorge has been excavated, belongs evidently to a distinct period in the history of the cañon. Captain Dutton regards the platform as evidence of a pause in the upward movement. The country, he thinks, had been stationary for an interval, during which the surface of the Carboniferous plateau was near sea-level. Then came an elevation of from 2000 to 3000 feet, quickening the erosion, whereby the outer gorge of the river was excavated. A cessation of the uplift checked the cañon-cutting capacity of the river, which had probably again deepened its channel nearly to the sea-level. It was during this pause that the cliffs on either side began to recede, leaving the broad esplanade between them. Eventually the upward movement recommenced, and continued until it amounted to from 3000 to 4000 feet, and the present levels were established. As one of the concomitant results of this last uprise, the inner gorge has been cut out in the esplanade between the outer walls. The whole region has meanwhile been exposed to continuous disintegration, during which nearly two miles of rock have ultimately been removed from its general surface, and the present marvellous contours have been sculptured.

Such has been the past history of the cañons. What is to be their future? Obviously the Colorado has still more than a thousand feet to cut out of the bottom of its cañons before it can reach a base-level of erosion, at which its excavating power will cease. Unless, therefore, subsidence of the land should occur, we may anticipate that these profound chasms will sink yet deeper beneath the plateaux. There is one effect of their erosion, however, which may possibly set a limit to their depth. When a seam of coal has been mined at a considerable depth from the surface, the immense superincumbent pressure on the supporting pillars on either side of a gallery sometimes forces up the intervening floor until it presses against the roof. Now something analogous to this "creep" in a coal mine is conceivable, as not only possible but probable, in the cañon country. It has been noticed there that the almost level strata of the plateaux have their most marked dip just as they are about to plunge beneath the next overlying massive escarpment; and Captain Dutton connects this rise or inclination with the weight of the escarpment. Major Powell also informed me that he had seen something strongly suggestive of a "creep" at the bottom of one of the cañons. If this be established, it would show that these chasms have now nearly reached their furthest limits of depth, and that in the future, as the rivers grind down their channels, the bottom of these channels will be squeezed up by the weight of the walls on either hand. This uprise of the bottom cannot fail to be exceedingly irregular, some portions bulging more than others. Considerable irregularities in the channels of the rivers will thus be caused, and a new element will be introduced into the problem of the erosion of the canons.—ARCHIBALD GEIKIE.

HOUSES WITH SECRET CHAMBERS.

APART from the romance and legendary lore associated with many of our old country-houses, one of their most interesting features is the secret chamber, which is not only curious as a relic of architectural ingenuity, but has been in most cases so skilfully contrived as to escape detection from even the most experienced eye. Few persons, too, perhaps are aware how numerous these hiding-places were in days gone by; and indeed, it would seem that the mansions of our leading families were not considered complete without them. It is easy to understand how necessary such contrivances were regarded, when we call to mind the wide-spread and deep-rooted feeling of insecurity which once prevailed throughout the country, engendered by religious and political intolerance. It must not be forgotten, also, that in the sixteenth century, and early in the seventeenth, the celebration of mass in this country was forbidden; and hence those families that persisted in adhering to the Roman Catholic faith oftentimes kept a priest, who celebrated it in a room, opening whence was a hiding-place, to which, in case of emergency, he could retreat. It is recorded, for instance, how a priest of the name of Genings was hanged on the 10th of December, 1591, before the door of a house in Gray's Inn Fields, for having said mass in a chamber of the said house on the previous 8th of November.

These hiding-places, too, were used for other purposes; often affording a welcome shelter to political refugees, besides in various other ways furthering the designs of those who abetted, and connived at, deeds that would not bear the light. Southey in his "Commonplace Book," for example, records the following anecdote, which is a good illustration of the bad uses to which these secret chambers were probably often put: "At Bishop's Middleham, a man died with the reputation of a water-drinker; and it was discovered

that he had killed himself by secret drunkenness. There was a Roman Catholic hiding-place in the house, the entrance to which was from his bedroom; he converted it into a cellar, and the quantity of brandy which he had consumed was ascertained." In truth, as it has been often pointed out, it is impossible to say to what ends these hiding-places were occasionally devoted; and there is little doubt but that they were the scenes of some of those thrilling stories upon which many of our local traditions have been founded. The subject, however, is an extensive one, so that in the present paper we can only give an outline of some of the principal instances.

In Clarke's "History of Ipswich" (1830) there is an interesting account of Sparrow's House, built in the year 1567, in which the following facts are stated: "There is an apartment in the roof of the back-part of the house, the entrance to which was ingeniously hidden by a sliding panel. It has only one small window, and that cannot be seen from any other part of the premises. It had been fitted up as a private chapel or oratory; and there is a tradition that Charles II. was secreted in this room some time after the battle of Worcester." At Melford Hall, too, in Suffolk, there is a curious hiding-place in the thickness of the walls and chimney, approached only through a trap panel. Referring, however, to the concealment of Charles II., we must not omit to mention Boscobel House, which afforded him such a safe retreat. This old building has two actual hiding-places, and there are indications which point to the former existence of a third. The place, we are told by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, in which the king was hidden is situated in the Squire's bedroom. There was formerly a sliding panel in the wainscot, near the fireplace, which, when opened, gave access to a closet, the false floor of which still admits of a person taking up his position in this secret nook. In days gone by, it had a communication with the garden; but this is now blocked up. The wainscoting, too, which concealed the movable panel in the bedroom was originally covered with the tapestry, with which the room was hung. The other chamber is at the top of the house, in a kind of loft, access to which is through a trap-door, wherein, tradition says, recusants and priests were occasionally secreted.

Again, an important instance of these secret chambers is that existing at Ingatestone Hall, in Essex, which, it may be remembered, was in years gone by a summer residence belonging to the abbey of Barking. It came with the estate into possession of the family of Petre in the reign of Henry VIII., and continued to be occupied as their family seat until the latter half of the last century. The hiding-place, which is fourteen feet long, two feet broad, and ten feet high, was discovered in the south-east corner of a small room attached to what was probably the host's bedroom. Underneath the floor-boards, a hole or trap-door about two feet square was found, with a twelve-step ladder to descend into the room below, the floor of which was composed of nine inches of dry sand. This, on being examined, brought to light a few bones, which, it has been suggested, are the remains of food supplied to some unfortunate occupant during confinement. The existence of this retreat, it is said, must have been familiar to the heads of the family for several generations; evidence of this circumstance being afforded by a packing-case which was found in the secret chamber, and upon which was the following direction: "For the Right Honble the Lady Petre, at Ingatestone Hall, in Essex." The wood, also, was in a decayed state, and the writing in an antiquated style, which is only what might be expected, considering that the Petre family left Ingatestone Hall between the years 1770 and 1780.

Then there is Hendlip House, situated about four miles from Worcester, which was long famous for the ingenuity with which its secret hiding-places had been contrived. It is said to have been built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth by John Abingdon, the queen's cofferer, a zealous partisan of Mary Queen of Scots. It is believed, says a writer in the *Beauties of England*, that the person who designed the arrangements of this mansion was Thomas Abingdon, the son of the builder. Hence the result of his labors was that there was scarcely a room for which there was not provided a secret way of going in and out. Some, for instance, we are informed, had places of retreat in their chimneys; others had staircases concealed in the walls; and in short there was not a nook or corner that was not turned to some advantage. The house, too, as a contributor to the *Book of Days* has observed, owing to its elevated position, was highly valuable for the purposes for which it was designed, since "it afforded the means of keeping a watchful lookout for the approach of the emissaries of the law, or of persons by whom it might have been dangerous for any skulking priest to be seen, supposing his reverence to have gone forth for an hour to take the air." In an historical point of view, its memory will always be preserved, because it was here that Father Garnet was concealed for several weeks in the winter of 1605-6, but who eventually paid the penalty of his guilty knowledge of the Gunpowder Plot.

Among other houses of this kind in the neighborhood of Worcester may be mentioned Harington Hall, near Chaddesley-Corbett, which dates back as far as the time of Henry VIII. One of its hiding-places, we are told by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, "can only be entered by lifting one of the wooden stairs, and is a very gloomy recess. The house is moated round; and Lady Mary Yate, who is said, as lady of the manor, to have resided here for sixty-five years, successfully defended the building against the attack of a Kidderminster mob who had come to pillage it in the time of James II." There is, too, the interesting half-timber house of Harborough Hall, midway between Hegley and Kidderminster. Milner, in his "Letters to a Prebendary," after telling us that "on two occasions the king (Charles) owed his life to the care and ingenuity of priests, who con-

cealed him in the hiding-hole provided for their own safety," adds in a foot note: "The above-mentioned hiding-hole is still to be seen at the present Mr. Whitegrave's house, at Moseley, near Wolverhampton; as is also the priest's hiding-hole—which concealed the king, whilst he did not sit in the oak-tree—at White-ladies, about ten miles from that town." Again, in the manor-house, Trent, near Sherborne, is a secret chamber, entered from one of the upper rooms through a sliding panel in the oak wainscoting, in which, tradition tells us, Charles II. lay concealed for a fortnight on his escape to the coast after the battle of Worcester. Captain Duthy, in his "Sketches of Hampshire," writing of the old mansion of Woodcote, says that, "behind a stack of chimneys accessible only by removing the floor-boards, was an apartment which contained a concealed closet. Treago, in the neighborhood of Monmouth, is said to be a good specimen, containing a sleeping-place and a reading-desk; the chamber being lighted by a shot-hole in the wall.

These secret chambers were not uncommon in old Lancashire houses. Thus, at Widness, near Warrington, there is a picturesque Tudor mansion with one of these hiding-places. Some years ago, too, in some fields adjoining this residence were discovered various relics, and amongst them arms, coins, tobacco-pipes, etc. which it has been suggested indicate encampments of Roundhead, and probably afterwards of Dutch soldiers. At Mains Hall, in the parish of Kirkham, a secret room was accidentally discovered by some workmen behind a stack of chimneys; and another one in an old house in Goosnargh, called Ashes, which has two small cavities in its centre wall, which is about four feet thick. Lydvate Hall, also, as well as Speke Hall, both in Lancashire, had secret chambers, a full description of which is given by Mr. Gibson in his interesting little volume entitled "Lydvate Hall and its Associations." To these we may also add Borwick Hall, and Stonyhurst, the seat of the Sherbournes.

Amongst the houses of this class in Lincolnshire may be noticed Upton Hall, where there is a secret chamber most cleverly contrived. It is about eight feet long, five feet broad, and just high enough to allow a person to stand upright. The opening was accidentally ascertained by removing a beam behind a single step between two servants' bedrooms. Lipscomb, in his "History of Buckinghamshire," refers to Dinton Hall near Aylesbury, the seat of Judge Mayne, one of the regicides, to whom it is reported to have given shelter at the time of the Restoration. The secret room was built at the top of the house, under the beams of the roof, and was reached by a narrow passage lined with cloth. Ufton Hall, near Reading, and Minster-Lovell, Oxfordshire, have both obtained a notoriety as being possessed of these curious secret contrivances, having in consequence at different times attracted considerable notice.

Referring to instances in the north of England, may be noticed Netherhall, near Maryport, Cumberland, the seat of the old family of Senhouse. In this mansion there is reported to be a veritable secret chamber, its exact position in the house being known but to two persons—the heir-at-law and the family solicitor. It is affirmed that never has the secret of this hidden room been revealed to more than two living persons at a time. It has no window, and has hitherto defied the ingenuity of every visitor staying in the house, in spite of all endeavors made to discover it. This Netherhall tradition is very similar to the celebrated one connected with Glamis, only in the latter case the secret chamber possesses a window, which, nevertheless, has not led to the identification of the room. Hodgson, in his "History of Northumberland," has given a full account of a secret room at Nether-Witton, in Northumberland, formerly the seat of the Thorntons, and now of their lineal descendant, Roger Thornton Trevelyan.

The two secret chambers of Danby Hall in Wensleydale, Yorkshire, deserve notice. One of these was discovered between the hall fireplace and the west wall of the house, and when entered, was found to contain arms and saddlery for a troop of forty or fifty horse. It is generally supposed that these weapons had been hidden away in readiness for the Jacobite rising of 1715 or 1745. The other chamber was situated in the upper story of the old tower, access to which was gained by a narrow staircase in the thickness of the wall; having, it is commonly thought, been used as a chapel. There are, too, the Abbey House, Whitby, the sea-side residence of Sir Charles Strickland, and Kirkby-Knowle Castle, near Thirsk. Another remarkable instance, also, is Oxburgh Hall, in the county of Norfolk, which no doubt in days of old was extensively used as a place of concealment.

Evelyn, in his "Diary," under August 23, 1678, speaks of Ham House at Weybridge, in Surrey, belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, as having some of these secret hiding-places, and says: "My lord, leading me about the house, made no scruple of showing me all the hiding-places for popish priests, and where they said mass; for he was no bigoted papist." Again, Paxhill, near Lindfield, in Sussex, is worthy of notice. It is reported to have been built by Dr. Andrew Borde, physician and jester to Henry VIII., and the original "Merry Andrew." In the ceiling of the ground-floor we are told is a large chamber surrounded by a stone bench, which is entered by a trap-door in the floor above; and behind the shutters of the window in one of the upper rooms is a door, opening into a recess in the wall capable of containing several persons standing upright side by side.

Slindon House, between Arundel and Chichester, a seat of the present Leslie of Balquhain, is one of the most famous residences with secret chambers in this part of the country, and has long been looked on with much interest. There is, too, a secret room at Moyles Court, the house held by the unfortunate Lady Lisle, who, it may be remembered, died on the scaffold at Winchester, on the charge of concealing fugitives after the battle of

Sedgemoor. Nor must we omit to mention Carew Castle, about six miles from Tenby, in which there is a secret hiding-place and passage constructed between the outer and inner walls of the dining-halls. It was built about the time of Henry I., and is described at some length in Fenton's "Historical Tour through Pembrokeshire." Of other instances in the west of England, Bochym Castle may be noticed, a curious old house in the district between Helston and the Lizard.—*Chambers's Journal.*

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE DISCOVERY OF COAL IN BELGIUM.

"*Non Angli sed Angeli,*" said the gallant Pope Gregory when the beautiful captives from Britain were brought before him. That British women, undeformed by stays or fichus or high-heeled boots, should be thus described, was natural enough, but that an Englishman concerned in coal-mining should be mistaken for an angel is curious.

According to a paper read by M. Edouard de Laveleye to the recent meeting of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers at Liège, this appears to have been the case.

A legend, authenticated by ancient documents, tells of a blacksmith of the village of Plaineveaux, near Liège, named Houllos, who was complaining of the dearness of his wood fuel, when an angel appeared and advised him to go to the heights of Publémont hard by, where he would find a black earth that might be used as fuel. He did so, found it, and used it so successfully that it thenceforth bore his name, "*houille*," and bears it still in France and Belgium. But Father Bouille, who transmits the legend, suggests that in the old Latin manuscript there is a copyist's error of *Angelus* for *Anglus*, a version that greatly improves the credibility of the story.

A NEW ALLOY.

In the preceding note I described the modern soft cast iron or mild steel as practically a new metal. Something newer still is now promised.

M. J. Garnier asserts in the "Comptes Rendus" that three tenths per cent. of phosphorus added to nickel remedies its brittleness, which he ascribes to the oxygen that the nickel otherwise holds in combination. If this is correct, the deoxidizing action of the phosphorus is similar to that of carbon on "burnt iron," *i.e.*, iron rendered rotten by the entanglement of pulverent oxide with its substance.

He further states that this phosphorized nickel may be alloyed with iron, and that the alloy thus obtained is soft and malleable. If there is no mistake here, the results are likely to be most important, seeing that one of the greatest of metallurgical desiderata is a metal or alloy that shall possess the tenacity and hardness of iron without its oxidizing propensities, which the nickel is said to cure.

The demand for phosphorus by M. Garnier's alloy simplifies rather than complicates the problem of producing it, as phosphorus is one of the most obstinate and mischievous impurities of iron. It exists largely in the cheapest and most abundant of British iron ores, and therefore we can supply at very low cost any required quantity of the phosphorized iron demanded for making this alloy.

I have included an "if" or two in the above, partly because M. Garnier's results have been disputed, and further from a general mistrust in the conclusions of French chemists concerning iron. While they have taught us how to construct our soda works, and the general theory and practice of our greatest of chemical industries—soap-making—their contributions to the metallurgy of iron have been, with few exceptions, merely a series of mistakes and contradictions. The following quotation from "Gmelin's Handbook," vol. v. p. 207, is an example of the contradictions. "According to Clouet steel contains, on an average, 3.1 per cent. of carbon; according to Vauquelin, 0.71."

I have been for some time engaged in writing a "History of Invention in the Manufacture of Iron," for *Iron*, and find among the specifications communicated from France some wonderful examples of practical metallurgical blunders expressed in language of lofty chemical erudition. The German chemists are but little better than the French, and the total contributions of both of these great nations to the progress of the metallurgy of iron when added together are equivalent to but a small fraction of those of Sweden, which stands next to our own country, but very far behind it. Every great step that has been made in the progress of this remarkably progressive industry from the time of Dud Dudley (1620) to the present time is of British invention and elaboration.

It is scarcely necessary to add that I shall be heartily glad to be cured of this scepticism by witnessing the complete fulfilment of M. Garnier's expectations. A metallic and fusible alloy of iron and nickel should be not only of vast utility but very beautiful, if we may judge by the effect of nickel when alloyed with other metals; it should combine the beauty of silver with that of polished steel, and afford a splendid basis for the highest efforts of artistic design in metal work.

M. FAYE'S THEORY OF THE EARTH'S INEQUALITIES.

At the meeting of the Academy of Sciences on October 1st, M. Faye argued that the progressive cooling of the earth's crust goes on at a more rapid rate under water than on dry land, and therefore that the solidified crust is much thicker under the oceans than on the Continents. Hence, he maintains, the liquid mass in the interior of the globe is subjected to far greater pressure under the seas than under the mainland, and as this excess of pressure is diffused in every direction, the less dense continental crust must yield to the pressure thus exerted, and is continually upheaved thereby, while the submarine crust, becoming denser and denser, is slowly subsiding.

This theory does not explain the primary formation of the oceanic depression, nor will it bear critical examination, as the very slight increase of density due to the cooling of the rock in immediate contact with the sea bottom would not compensate for the lesser pressure of the water itself, as compared with that of the material of the dry land, the average density of which is above two and a half that of sea water.

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE PRESENT OCEAN.

THE existence of sea-shells and other remains of marine animals in sedimentary rocks that are now far above the sea level has led to the general geological inference that, during the formation of the existing crust of our globe, sea and land have alternated; according to some, have made several of such alternations; or, otherwise stated, the present bed of the ocean was once, or more than once, dry land, and the present continents and islands were once, or more than once, a part of the ocean bed.

I was strongly impressed with the soundness of this induction, when, shortly after attending Jameson's lectures on the subject in Edinburgh, I climbed Mont Pilatus, spent a night *al fresco* and alone on his shoulder, and there found an abundance of marine fossils at an elevation of 7000 feet above the sea. Here was limestone and sandstone at double the height of Snowdon, and these certainly had once constituted the bottom of the sea, had, in fact, there been formed. As there are many considerable oceanic regions less than 7000 feet deep, it was not at all unreasonable to suppose that they may now be as much depressed below their former height, as that Pilatus, the Righi, and the other mountains now surrounding the Lake of Lucerne, should ever have been submerged with the rest of Switzerland and the minor Alps.

I mention this merely as one case (a rather extreme and striking case it is true) among a multitude of others all pointing to the same conclusion.

Nevertheless, geologists are *now* gradually dropping the once apparently well established conclusion based on these facts, and are gradually moving towards the opposite one—viz., that the present distribution of land and water on the globe represents *broadly*, though not in detail, the distribution that has prevailed during what may be strictly defined as all geological time—*i.e.*, the period during which the known crust of the earth has been formed.

The case of my old friend Pilatus illustrates one of the general facts connected with this change of front—viz., that his fossils are littoral, or sea-shore fossils, and the sandstone rock itself must have been deposited on the shore, as it is formed of disintegrated land material that could not float out to mid-ocean or to any considerable distance from land. According to this view, the present high Alps or a similar back-bone must have been there to supply the material, and must have formerly been much larger than now, since the material of Pilatus and all the country round was derived from it.

EARTHQUAKE WAVES.

IN my last month's notes I contended that the great waves which accompany certain earthquakes and eruptions, and are so destructive along the coasts exposed to them, are not sea waves, but earth waves.

Since writing these I have carefully looked through the further reports of the Java eruption, but can find no account of ships *out at sea* witnessing the progress of the supposed sea wave.

A detailed account of later date than those available when I wrote (*see Nature*, October 11th) says: "The subsidences and upheavals we have alluded to, caused a large wave about 100 feet in height to sweep down on the south-west coast of Java and south of Sumatra. This wave swept inland, doing great injury to life and property. We are here only twelve miles away from one of the points on which the wave spent its fury. The whole coast-line to the south-west has changed is configuration. The inhabitants of the Island of Onrust were only saved from the flood which swept over the island by taking refuge on board two steamers. At Merak Government establishment the inhabitants took refuge on a knoll 50 feet high, but were all swept off and drowned, with the exception of one European and two Malays, who were saved."

To sweep the coasts of Java and Sumatra as described, a *sea wave* starting from Krakatoa must have traversed fully a hundred miles of clear sea-way in the Sunda Strait. To be 100 feet high at the end of this journey it must have been more than double that height at starting. Such a wave could not have passed under a ship unperceived, and we have accounts from ships that were in its course at the time. They describe the terrible destruction they witnessed on reaching the main coasts and the small island, but say nothing of any wave out at sea.

The supposed sea wave has been described as "tidal," a very deceptive word, utterly inapplicable to such a wave, even if it were a water wave produced by shock communicated to the sea. Such a wave would be renewed and transmitted by gravitation, the upraised portion of the water descending by terrestrial gravitation in accordance with laws of falling bodies. The monstrous difference between such an undulation and the tidal deformation of the ocean is displayed by the fact that the return of the water from the summit of the tidal protuberance to mean level occupies above six hours.

The mean height of the tidal deformation in mid-ocean is about 58 inches, though exaggerated on certain shores by heaping up in converging channels.

I may here incidentally express my opinion that astronomers, in describing this travelling elongation of the earth's diameter as a "*wave*," perpetrate a barbarous perversion of the Queen's English.—W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS, in *The Gentleman's Magazine.*

SOME INDIAN STORIES.*

WE have poetic authority for the statement that the path of empire wends its way westward. Whether this be true or not, there seems to be good reason for believing that the progress of popular fiction has been in a westerly direction. The light thrown upon the field of European folk-lore by recent researches has enabled its explorers to trace some of its products clearly back to an eastern home; while others, which were at first supposed to be indigenous, are at least suspected of being naturalized aliens of Oriental extraction. However this may be, the mere supposition that a great part of the popular literature of Europe owes its existence to Asiatic fancy invests the legendary lore of Asia with a special interest, and renders widely attractive such collections of Eastern legends and fables as might otherwise seem to concern only the limited circle of Oriental scholars. Of two of the important but not generally known story-collections which have lately appeared in an English garb it is here purposed to give some idea to the general reader, who may not be aware how much that is universally interesting is contained in volumes which are too often confined to the libraries of specialists. One of these works, although its contents are not invariably edifying, belongs to the domain of sacred literature, and has been written down by the pens of pious ecclesiastics. The other is of a more worldly nature, being partly due to the fancy of a poetic prime minister, who turned an older collection of tales into verse in order "to enable the memory more readily to retain the complicated net of narrative instruction." To a few other minor translations of Oriental stories, contained in volumes which are less bulky and may be more generally known, some reference will also be made. In dealing with all of these products of the Asiatic mind, special attention will be paid to those narratives which throw most light upon Eastern ideas about morality and religion. Let us begin with a few specimens from one of the sacred books of Tibet. But first a few words about the book itself.

A Hungarian nobleman, Count Teleky, was standing in front of his house one day, three and sixty years ago, when he saw a young neighbor passing by, clad in a thin yellow garment, carrying a staff in one hand and a small bundle in the other. "Where are you going, M. Körösi?" asked the Count. "To Asia, in search of our kinsmen," was the reply. And away eastward, with but a scantily supplied purse, sturdily walked the enthusiastic young Hungarian scholar, Alexander Csoma Körösi, hoping to find somewhere in Central Asia the original home of those Huns from whom the Magyar inhabitants of Hungary are supposed to have descended, and to recognize in some unfamiliar race the far-away cousins of the compatriots he had left behind him in Central Europe. Wearily, painfully, overcoming countless obstacles by sheer strength of will, the Hungarian pilgrim made his way as far as Tibet, where he studied long and hard. Thence he brought to Calcutta the rich fruits of his researches, and in that city he spent some time, engaged in studies which produced linguistic results of the highest value. But his mind was ever bent on realizing the dream of his youth. In 1842 he set out on a fresh expedition to Tibet. On the way thither he was struck down by illness at Darjíling, in Nepal. And there he died, a victim, as Professor Max Müller has said, "to his heroic devotion to the study of ancient languages and religions." He never found the home of his ancestors which he so eagerly longed to discover. But in the Buddhist monasteries in which he lived for years, on the high, bleak, table-land of Tibet, he did discover what was much more useful to mankind in general, a vast religious literature until his time all but unknown. The sacred books, which he was one of the first to make known to Europe, he also rendered available to Western scholars by producing the first serviceable grammar and dictionary of which the little studied Tibetan language could boast. Very interesting and pathetic is the account given of him in the Introduction to the late Professor Schiefner's translation of "Tibetan Tales derived from Indian Sources," based upon communications made by the well-known Hungarian traveller, Professor Arminius Vámbéry, the distinguished Orientalist, Dr. S. C. Malan, and other linguists. At one time we see him sitting "in a wretched hut at the door of a monastery, reading aloud Buddhistic works with a Lama by his side. When a page was finished the two readers would nudge each other's elbows. The question was which of them was to turn over the leaf, thereby exposing his hand, for the moment unprotected by the long furred sleeve, to the risk of being frost-bitten." Again he is brought before our eyes in the study, from which he rarely emerged, in the library of the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, "absorbed in a dreamy meditation, smiling at his own thoughts, as silent as the Brahmans who were copying Sanskrit texts." And finally we are shown the hut wherein he ended his days, in which, "on a mat on the floor, with a box of books on the four sides, he sat, ate, slept, and studied. He never undressed at night, and rarely went out during the day." Among the results of his labors, not the least valuable was the analysis he made of the vast collection of Tibetan sacred

*(1) Tibetan Tales, derived from Indian Sources. Translated from the Tibetan of the Kahgyur by F. Anton von Schiefner. Done into English from the German, with an introduction, by W. R. S. Ralston. (2) The Kathâ Sarit Sâgara, or Ocean of the Streams of Story. Translated from the Original Sanskirt by C. H. Tawney. (3) Indian Fairy Tales. Collected and Translated by Maive Stokes. With Notes by Mary Stokes, and an introduction by W. R. S. Ralston. (4) Old Deccan Days, or Hindoo Fairy Legends current in Southern India. Collected from Oral Traditions by M. Frere. With an introduction and Notes by Sir Bartle Frere. Third Edition. (5) Folk-Tales of Bengal. By the Rev. Lal Behari Day, Author of "Bengal Peasant Life."

The present article was in type before the "Folk-Tales of Bengal" appeared. We have been unable, therefore, to make use of them. We can only recommend the book cordially to all who are interested in India and an Indian folk-lore. The author is a convert to Christianity, and he is a Professor in Hooghly College. His work forms an excellent supplement to the admirable collections of Miss Frere and Miss Stokes.

books known as the "Kahgyur" and "Tangyur." The "Kahgyur," or "Translation of Commandments," extends over about one hundred volumes, and consists of Tibetan translations of Sanskrit Buddhistic writings. The "Tangyur" is a compilation in Tibetan of all sorts of literary works, written by many ancient Indian and a few Tibetan sages, and it numbers no less than two hundred and twenty-five volumes. It was from the "Kahgyur" that Professor Schiefner translated the legends and fables which are contained in the first of the works of which the titles are given at the head of this article.

There is little or nothing that is absolutely new to Oriental scholars in these Tibetan versions of Indian Buddhistic narratives. But they are interesting and valuable as showing the difference which exists between North and South Buddhism, as well as between early and late Buddhistic ideas. The fables are for the most part inferior to their Pâli counterparts in the Jâtakas. But some of the longer legends are sufficiently remarkable to render a summary of their contents justifiable. Let us take, for instance, the story of the monarch whose wishes were successively granted until he asked for too much.

King Mândhâtar was a ruler after a Hindoo's heart. He came not into the world in the usual way, but emerged from "a very soft tumor, somewhat resembling a cushion of cotton or wool," which protruded from his father's head. His virtues and merits were so great that he acquired supernatural power, and all his wishes were realized the moment that they were conceived. Consequently he soon became the lord of the whole earth. But when no more earthly lands remained for him to conquer, he did not sit down and weep like Alexander. On the contrary "he rose heavenward, surrounded by his thousand sons, accompanied by an army one hundred and eighty millions strong," and successively subdued the various regions which lie around "Sumeru, the monarch of mountains," until he reached its summit, the abode of the Thirty-three Gods.

There he found the city of the gods, Sudarsana by name, surrounded by seven rows of golden walls, with windows set in them above and below, and with quadruple cornices of gold, silver, beryl, and crystal. Inside the walls was a vast space, "fair to see, pleasant, extensive, and copiously variegated with a hundred colors, and the ground was soft, extremely soft, like a cushion of cotton or wool, yielding to the pressure of the foot, rising again when the foot was lifted, and covered knee-deep with coral-tree flowers; when a wind arose, the faded blossoms were swept away and a rain of fresh flowers descended."

The market-place was "fair to see, strewn with golden sand, sprinkled with sandal-wood water, covered over with gold trellis-work," and on every side were to be seen fountains of various kinds, formed of gold, silver, beryl, and crystal, and "full of water which was cool and honey-sweet, set thick with blue, red, and white lotuses, replete with many water-haunting birds of beautiful form, which gave agreeable utterance to charming sounds." Around grew "blossoming and fruit-bearing trees of beauteous form and stately growth." Among these trees were many "wishing trees," from which "whatever the sons or daughters of the gods wished for, that thing came into their hands as soon as they had expressed their wish."

In the middle of the city rose what, from a distance, seemed to be "something white, which soared aloft like an accumulated mass of cloud," but which was in reality the crystal palace in which the "Thirty-three Gods and the Four Mahârâjas meet together, and view, scan, and test the affairs of gods and men." In it were arranged the seats of "the Thirty-three Gods, those of the Thirty-two Under-kings, and the seat of Sakra [or Indra], the King of the Thirty-three Gods." At the end of their seats a place was prepared for King Mândhâtar when he entered.

But he was not content with this arrangement, and "he came to the conclusion that Sakra, the King of the Gods, ought to give up to him half of his own seat." No sooner had he conceived this idea than Sakra yielded to him half of his seat, and the King of the Gods and King Mândhâtar sat side by side. And while they sat there in state it was impossible to detect any difference between them "except that Sakra, the King of the Gods, never closed his eyes."

While King Mândhâtar was living in the divine city, a war broke out between the Gods and the Asuras. He went forth to the field, and so terribly did his bow-string clang, so high did his war-chariot soar into the air, that the Asuras fled panic-stricken into their stronghold. "Then King Mândhâtar came to the conclusion that he was superior to the Thirty-three Gods." He reflected that he possessed all the continents of the earth; that he was the owner of the seven mystic treasures; that he had "a full thousand of heroic sons, endowed with the beauty of splendid bodies, victorious over hosts of foes;" that a rain of precious stones had fallen within his palace for the space of seven days; that he had made his way to the city of the Thirty-three Gods; that he had entered into the hall of the Gods, and that the King of the Gods had ceded to him half of his seat; "and he came to the conclusion that he must expel the King of the Gods, Sakra, from his seat, and take into his own hands the government of both gods and men."

But "as soon as he had conceived this idea the great King Mândhâtar came to the end of his good fortune." Returning to his earthly home, he fell ill and died. But before he departed he addressed the officers of state, who came together to hear his last words, and pointed out to them how fleeting are earthly pleasures. "The wise man," he remarked, "he who knows that wishes bring but little enjoyment and much sorrow, takes no delight even in divine enjoyments. The hearer of the perfected Buddha rejoices when desire fails. Even if a mountain of gold were like unto Himavant, yet it would not suffice for

the wealth of a single individual: that the discerning one knows full well. He who observes sorrows, starting from this base, how can he take pleasure in enjoyments? He who is steady, who has learned to recognize the thorn in the treasures of the world, will learn the essence of things to his own correction." So impressed were his saddened subjects by these words of their dying lord, that "many hundreds of thousands of men renounced house-life, retired from the world, and lived in the forest, fulfilling all the four duties of Brahmans, and abandoning all striving after enjoyment."

The successive realizations of King Mândhâtar's desires, and his sudden collapse when he wished to dethrone the King of the Gods, met with a curious parallel in the German story of "The Fisherman and his Wife," the nineteenth of Grimm's collection. In it all that the wife desires is for a long time granted by a grateful fish which her husband had spared. She craves first riches and then rank. The fishing couple become wealthy and aristocratic. She desired a throne, and she is made a queen. But even then she is discontented, and insists upon being made the Pope. When the fish hears of this demand its patience and gratitude come to an end, and along with them the good luck of the fisherman and his wife. They find themselves once more poor folks in their original hovel. In another German variant of the tale the final and fatal wish is the fisherman's, who says, "Let me be God, and my wife the Mother of God." This same moral is inculcated by the German folk-tale (and its numerous variants in different European lands) and by the Indo-Tibetan legend. They are both, in all probability, of Buddhistic origin, and they may claim a kind of cousin-like affinity.

Another of the Indian legends contained in the "Kahgyur" belongs to a section of tales familiar to English readers, the group of which the best known representative is the story of "Beauty and the Beast." The Tibetan rendering is very inferior to its South-Buddhistic original, but it is not deficient in either quaintness or pathos. A king had a son named Kusa, who was heroically strong, but who unfortunately "possessed the eighteen signs of ugliness, and a face like that of a lion." In order that the youth might not know how hideous he was, he was brought up without ever having seen a mirror or even the surface of standing water. And when he married, he was ordered never to show himself to his wife in the daytime, or by artificial light, lest she should find that she was wedded to a monster. After a time, however, the curiosity of the Tibetan Psyche was aroused. One night she lighted a lamp and covered it up with a bowl. When her husband arrived she lifted the bowl, and then for the first time she saw that he had "the eighteen marks of unsightliness and a face like a lion's jowl," so she exclaimed "A demon! a demon!" and fled away to her father's house. Sorrowfully did her deserted husband seek to recover her. Several times he, unrecognized, won her heart by his address. But whenever she saw his face she always uttered the same cry and fled. At last he displayed such heroic qualities in fighting against her father's foes, that the princess thought: "As this youth Kusa is excellently endowed with boldness and courage, why should I dislike him?" So "she took a liking for him," and returned to live with him. All went well for a time. But at length Kusa went down to a pool one day to bathe. Catching sight of the reflection of his face in the water, he said to himself, "As I have the eighteen signs of uncomeliness and a face like a lion, and as on that account the princess takes no pleasure in me, it is needless that such a one as I should remain alive. I will go and put myself to death." Thereupon he entered into a copse, and was about to hang himself, when Indra interfered, and presented him with a jewel which, when worn upon his forehead, endowed him with personal beauty. After which he lived happily with his admiring wife. The story has been considerably distorted in its change from a mythological to a moral tale. It originally belonged, no doubt, to the large group of Indian legends, in which are described the fortunes of a brilliant and generally divine being, who is forced to assume for a time a sombre or even repulsive appearance, and to live on earth, at all events during the daytime, as a hideous man, or even as so inferior a creature as a pig or a frog, until at last the spell which binds him is broken, usually in consequence of something done by his wife, and the long-degraded husband becomes once more bright and glorious.

In this story the wife acts capriciously, and her behavior cannot altogether be commended. But there is another legend in which the patience of an Indian wife and mother is represented as rivalling that of even Griselda, whose submission to her brutal husband has been rendered immortal by Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Chaucer. Dr. Richard Morris, an excellent authority on Pâli as well as early English, considers the Tibetan version of the story inferior to the better known Pâli forms, but there are some charming expressions in the tale as it is told in the "Kahgyur" which seem to possess a pathos of their own. The hero of the legend is a prince whose great desire in life was to bestow gifts, and who accordingly obtained the honorable name of the All-giver. Here is a summary of the narrative as it exists in its Tibetan form. For the Pâli form reference may be made to Mr. Spence Hardy's "Manual of Buddhism," where it is given under the title of the "Wessantara Jâtaka." It may be well to state that we do not mean to assert that the Indian Madrî was by any means the direct original of the Italian Griselda. But the idea of the too patient wife is far more Asiatic than European, and her story has probably been drawn from a source akin to that from which the compiler of the following legend drew his inspiration.

The young prince Visvantara was educated as an heir apparent should be. After he had learned reading, writing, and arithmetic, "he applied himself to all the arts and accomplishments befitting one of the Kshatriya class consecrated to be a king," such as "rid-

ing on elephants and horses, driving in a car, handling of a sword and bow, advancing and retreating, flinging an iron hook, slinging, shooting missiles, striking, cutting, stabbing, seizing, marching, and the five methods of shooting." Besides all that, he was the most generous of princes, and gave away freely all that he possessed. So completely did he divest himself of his valuables, that his father at length grew angry, and ordered him to quit the country. He obeyed, but first went to take leave of his wife Madrí, whom he informed that "as he was not capable of refusing requests, he was about to abandon his home, and enter into the forest of penance." She immediately declared that she would accompany him thither, for "As the sky when it is deprived of the moon, as the earth when it is deprived of water, so is the wife who is deprived of her husband." He attempted to dissuade her, but in vain. So at length he mounted a chariot, along with his wife and his two small children, and went forth from the city, "hundreds of thousands of the townspeople and country folk attending him with lamentation."

The exiles had not driven far when they were met by a Brahman, who requested the prince to make him a present of the chariot. Vainly did Madrí protest. Her husband "bestowed the chariot and horses on that Brahman with exceeding great joy," and then they set out on foot for the forest, he carrying the little boy on his shoulder, while she carried their little girl. After this fashion they reached the forest of penance, and in it they lived upon roots and berries.

One day a Brahman came to the prince and said to him, "As I have no slave, and wander about alone with my staff, therefore is it meet that you should give me your two children." Generous as he was, the father hesitated, and offered himself to the Brahman as a slave in lieu of his children. But the Brahman rejected this compromise, and called upon the prince to fulfil the vow he had taken to give away all that he possessed. Thereupon Visvantara yielded, and gave up to the Brahman his beloved little ones. "Immediately after the surrender of the children, the earth quaked in a sixfold manner." The children threw themselves at their father's feet, "uttering mournful cries, and joining the palms of their hands, and saying, 'O father, will you give us up in the absence of our mother? Be content to give us up after we have seen her.'" But he, his face all wet with tears, only embraced them and said, "O children, in my heart there is no unkindness but mere merciful compassion. As I have manifested virtue for the salvation of the whole world, I give you away whereby I may attain unto complete insight, and having myself obtained rest, may serve the worlds which lie, deprived of support, in the ocean of woes."

Then the children said, "Every fault which we, as children, have committed against you, our superior, or any words at any time uttered by us which displeased you, or anything in which, not obeying you, we have already left aught undone—grant us forgiveness of these things, regarding them as the faults of children." Having thus spoken, they went away submissively with their Brahman master.

Meantime Madrí, on her way home with roots and berries, was conscious of the quaking earth, and divined that some evil had come upon her children. Hastening toward the hermitage, she looked about for them in vain, exclaiming, "Here the boy Krishna and his sister were wont to play with the young gazelles; here is the house which they twain made out of earth; these are the playthings of the two children." At length she found her husband, and he told her how he had given the children away. He even requested her to "rejoice thereat." But she straightway "fell to the ground like a gazelle pierced by a poisoned arrow. Like a crane robbed of her young ones she uttered sad cries." Grievously did she mourn at the thought that her little ones, "shaped like young lotuses, with flesh as tender as a young lotus-leaf," were undergoing terrible sufferings, "down-trodden among needy men." Looking upon the thick-foliaged trees which the children had planted and tended, she embraced them tenderly, and said: "The children fetched water in small pitchers, and dropped water on the leaves. You, O trees, did the children suckle, as though ye had been possessed of souls." Presently she saw the young gazelles with which the children used to play standing in the hermitage, and she sadly said: "With the desire of seeing their playfellows do the young gazelles visit the spot, searching among the plants, offering companionship with my never-ending woe." A little later she came upon the footprints of her children in the dust, and seeing that they did not lie in a straight line, but in all manner of directions, she was seized with bitter anguish, and cried, "As the footprints point to dragging along, and some of them to swiftness of pace, you must surely have driven them on with blows. O most merciless Brahman. How have my children fared with tender feet, their throats breathing with difficulty, their voices reduced to weakness, their pretty lower lip trembling, like gazelles timidly looking around?" Observing her sorrow, her husband exhorted her "with a series of such and such words about instability," and said, "Not for the sake of renown, nor out of anger, have I given away your two children; for the salvation of all beings have I given the children, whom it was hard to give;" and he proceeded to inform her that his purpose was to give away also both her and himself. Thereupon she cried, "I will in nothing be a hindrance to you. Let your mind be constant. If you wish to give me too, give me without hesitation."

In order further to try Visvantara—who was a Bodisat, or potential Buddha—Sakra, the King of Gods, assumed the form of a Brahman, and demanded Madrí as a slave. She naturally objected to this transfer, saying, "I have no anxiety on my own account, I have no care for myself; my only anxiety

is as to how you are to exist when remaining alone." But her husband handed her over to the Brahman, "with joyous and exceedingly contented mind," saying to himself, "This gift here in this forest is my best." Thereupon the earth again "quaked six times to its extremities like a boat on the water," and the King of Gods, laying aside his Brahman's form, assumed his divine shape. Leading Madrî by the hand, he returned her to her husband, to whom he said: "I give you Madrî for your service. You must not give her to any one. If you give away what has been intrusted to you, fault will be found with you." Moreover he brought it about that Madrî's children were restored to her, and all went well with her in future.

In this version of the tale the "act of surrender" is invested with a certain grandeur and poetic beauty. But in some of the variants it is described in a manner which is grotesquely horrible. Thus in "The Three Epochs," translated in Mr. Rhys Davids' "Buddhist Birth-Stories," there is an account of the remarkable generosity of Mangala Buddha. While he was dwelling on a mountain with his wife and children, a demon named "Sharp-fang," hearing of his readiness to bestow gifts, approached him in human shape, and asked him for his two children. He complied "cheerfully and joyfully." The demon seized the children and "devoured them like a bunch of roots. Not a particle of sorrow arose in the Bodhisatta as he looked on the demon, and saw his mouth, as soon as he opened it, disgorging streams of blood like flames of fire; nay, a great joy and satisfaction welled within him as he thought, 'My gift was well given.'" This is a case of self-sacrifice by proxy, which does not commend itself to the Occidental mind. More pleasing is the account of the generosity of the Asura Namuchi, with which we shall meet further on. A common form of self-sacrifice in Indian tales is the slicing off by a hero of his own flesh, which he sometimes gives as food to the hungry, at others fling into the fire as an offering to the gods. Strangely enough this singular practice is in vogue in the China of the present day. Every now and then the official gazette of Peking records the filial devotion of children who have offered up pieces of their flesh as a sacrifice in order to insure the recovery of a diseased parent.

Stories of self-sacrifice of this nature do not find many parallels in the popular literature of Europe, nor do such moral tales as that of the Tibetan "Dumb Cripple"—who was really a fluent and able-bodied prince, but who pretended to be incapable of speaking or walking. His reason for this singular behavior was that "he reflected that if he were to be invested with sovereign power, this would not be a good thing, seeing that, in consequence of a sixty years' reign which he had accomplished in a previous state of existence, he had been born again in hell, and that he now ran the risk of going to hell a second time. So he determined to evade the sovereignty by means of an artifice, and he pretended to be a cripple." The following account of a birth due to prayer is also quite unlike the openings of European folk-tales in which similar events are described. A Brahman named Nyagrodha was exceedingly rich, but his wealth gave him no pleasure, for he and his wife were childless. At length his mother, seeing how sorrowful he was, recommended him to have recourse to the deity of the Nyagrodha tree, after which he had been named. So he betook himself to that tree, and sprinkled, cleansed, and adorned the ground around its stem. Then he filled the spaces with perfumes, flowers, and incense, set up flags and banners, and prayed thus to the tree-haunting deity: "Be pleased to bestow on me a son. If a son is born unto me, I will pay thee boundless honor after this fashion for the space of a year. But if no son is born unto me, then will I cut thee down and split thee into chips. These will I burn, when they have been dried by the wind and the sun, and their ashes will I scatter to the storm-wind or cast into the rolling stream." Terrified by these threats, the deity, "who was one of but small power," went to the four Mahârâjas, and begged them to fulfil Nyagrodha's request. This they were unable to do, "insomuch as the births of sons and daughters take place only in consequence of earlier actions." But they applied to Sakra, the King of the Gods, and asked him to grant the desired boon. He also pleaded inability to do so, "seeing that sons and daughters are born as a result of their own previous merits." Just then the divine palace was illuminated by a great radiance, and Brahmâ suddenly appeared, "he who fulfils all things which shall be accomplished." Him Sakra addressed as "the ruler, the worker, the bestower, the spell-wielder," and so forth, and besought him to make Nyagrodha a happy father. Brahmâ reflected, "that he really could not confer on any one a son or a daughter, but that if he stated that he could not do so, then all the designations would be discredited which it was customary to apply to him," such as the ruler, the worker, the bestower, and the like. So he determined to do what he could. Returning to his own region he found that "the life of a certain deity was coming to an end," so he asked that moribund divinity to allow himself to be born again as Nyagrodha's son. The deity objected, pleading that "he who is willing to come into existence in the house of a Brahman is like unto one who from love of golden fetters sets his own feet in bondage." However, Brahmâ insisted, and the expiring deity at length consented to be born again as Nyagrodha's son. The sole feature in this singular story which is in accordance with European ideas is the worship paid to the tree. All over Europe tree-worship once prevailed; and many survivals of it are still apparent, as the late Dr. Wilhelm Mannhardt has shown at great length in his exhaustive German work on "Ancient Cults of Forest and Field." In some parts of the North of Europe trees are still informed when their owner dies, and in others wood-cutters, before they fell a tree, ask its pardon. A widely spread German belief holds that in the case of some injuries, if the patient is passed through a split tree,

which is then bound up, the man and the tree will enter into sympathetic relations with each other. If the tree thrives, so will the man. If it withers, he will die. And a Rugen tradition adds that if a tree is afterward used for ship-building, the ghost of the man will, after his death, haunt the ship. Better known to ourselves, as relics of old tree-worship, are some of the customs which in most European lands are associated by the people with various seasons of the year. The Maypole which is gayly decked in the spring, the Christmas tree which renders winter cheerful, are familiar to us, even if we have allowed to drop into disuse the trees which play a leading part abroad in summer weather. No small confusion appears so have existed in the heathen mind as to the question whether the tree itself ought to be worshipped, or the deity residing in it. Indian stories, however, generally distinguish between the natural product and its supernatural occupant. According to the "Kahgyur," the Buddha gave directions that, when it was necessary for monks to fell a tree, they must previously draw a circle round it, offer up perfumes, flowers, and other sacrifices, recite prayers and spells, and cry aloud, "Let the deity who inhabits this tree find another dwelling." After doing this for a week they were at liberty to cut the tree down, provided no perceptible change had taken place in it. The opening of one of the stories of the "Panchatantra" excellently illustrates the ideas current in India with respect to tree-haunting deities. A weaver who was going to make a new loom was on the point of felling a tree for that purpose, when the spirit which lived in it begged him not to do so, promising, if it were spared, to grant any request he might proffer. The weaver accepted the offer, and consulted his wife as to what he should ask for. She recommended him to demand an extra head and an additional pair of arms, observing that they would enable him to keep two looms going at once instead of one. He followed her advice, and became bicephalous and quadrumanous. Unluckily, when he presented himself to the sight of his fellow-villagers, they took him for a bogey, and stoned him to death.

Let us turn now from these thoroughly alien fancies to one of the Tibetan tales to which most European lands can furnish a counterpart. A very common incident in Western as well as in Eastern popular literature is the capture by a mortal youth of a divine maiden, with whom he lives happily until the union is broken by her flight, consequent upon her recovery of the swan plumage or other garb of which he has deprived her. Very common also is the description of how a human hero or heroine, who has been severed from his or her supernatural spouse, seeks the lost one sorrowing, and after many perilous adventures is rewarded by reunion with the object of affection.

Sometimes these two themes are combined in the same narrative. Such is the case in the story of Prince Sudhana's troubles. A certain hunter captured a semi-divine maiden, Manoharâ by name, the daughter of the Kinnarî King Druma, taking from her the head-jewel by means of which she was able to fly heavenward, and handed her over to Prince Sudhana, who married her, and lived happily with her for some time. At length, however, he was obliged to go forth to war and leave her. Before he departed, he intrusted to his mother the magic head-jewel which the hunter had given him, telling her not to give it to Manoharâ except in a case of life and death. Then he sat out, conquered the enemy, and returned home, his heart yearning after his absent wife. Meantime she had been in great peril. During Sudhana's absence, his father the king dreamed a fearful dream. He consulted his family astrologer, who declared that a great danger menaced the king, who could escape from it only by one means. He must anoint his feet with "the fat of a non-human being, that is to say, a demon." The king observed, "All this may possibly be carried out, but yet demon-fat is very rare." The astrologer, who had a spite against Manoharâ, replied: "Your majesty, is that a rarity which it is possible to find?" Said the king, "What do you mean?" The astrologer answered: "Your majesty, is Manoharâ a human being or non-human being?" The result of this suggestion was that the king ordered Manoharâ to be put to death. Finding out what her father-in-law intended Manoharâ obtained from her husband's mother the mystic head-jewel which had been intrusted to her, and, instead of submitting to be put to death, flew up into the sky exclaiming, "After being seized and bound, like a cow freed from its bonds, will I flee away," and returned home to the celestial palace of her father, the Kinnarî King. But before she deserted the haunts of men, she left with a certain hermit a ring, and with it a message for her husband, telling him what road he must follow, what perils he must encounter, if he wished to see her again.

Great was the grief of Prince Sudhana, when he returned from the fight and found that his wife had fled. Unable to stay at home, he wandered forth from the city by night, calling upon the moon, and the birds and beasts and insects he met, to tell him if they had seen his "deer-like, long-eyed, beautifully-formed Manoharâ." At length he reached the cell of the hermit whom Manoharâ had visited. Following his instructions, he set out on a long and dangerous journey. Many a sky-piercing mountain did he climb; in a gloomy cavern he slew a snake which rolled "with the strength of a foaming stream;" many rivers filled with alligators did he cross; countless monsters did he overcome; and so at length he reached the capital of Druma, the Kinnarî King. There, in "a park rich in flowers and fruits of various kinds, the haunt of all sorts of birds," he saw a number of Kinnarî maidens, engaged in drawing water. "What are you going to do with all that water?" he asked. They replied, "The king has a daughter Manoharâ. As she has fallen into the hands of human beings, the smell of humanity has to be washed off her." Hearing this, Sudhana dropped Manoharâ's ring into one of the jugs,

and trusted to her recognizing it when the contents of the jug should be poured over her. What he had hoped for took place. When the ring fell at her feet, Manoharâ recognized the ring, and knew that her husband had come. So she sent for him, and hid him away. Then she said to the king, "Father, if the youth Sudhana, who was my husband, were to come here, what would you do with him?" He replied, "As he is a man, and I have no need of him, I would cut him into a hundred pieces and scatter him on all four sides." After awhile, however, the king relented, and allowed the prince to stand before him uninjured, and to manifest his remarkable skill with the sword and the bow. Pleased with the youth's address, the king promised to bestow upon him the hand of Manoharâ, provided he could identify her when she stood in the midst of a thousand Kinnarî maidens, each exactly like her. The prince evaded the difficulty by exclaiming in verse. "Thou who art Druma's daughter, thou art also my beloved Manoharâ. Let it come to pass, in consequence of this truth, that thou, O Manoharâ, swiftly steppest to the front." Whereupon she immediately steppèd forward, and her father said to Sudhana, "O youth I give you Manoharâ as your wife, surrounded by a thousand Kinnarîs. But men are of a fickle nature. Do not on any account desert her." After this Sudhana returned home with his celestial spouse, and was invested with regal power. Whereupon he said, "That I have met with Manoharâ, and obtained the might of kingly power, is the special result of earlier deeds. Therefore will I now also bestow gifts and practise virtuous works." So for the space of twelve years, "he without let or hindrance offered sacrifice in the city of Hastinâpura."

This romantic love-story has many close parallels in Europe, especially among the Slavonic races. One of these is cited in the Introduction to the "Tibetan Tales," the Russian *skazka*, or folk-tale, of the *Morskoi Tsar* or "Water King." One of that monarch's twelve daughters is captured while bathing by a prince, who gets hold of her feather-dress. Her sisters become spoonbills and fly away, but she remains in her captor's hands. He marries her, and she lives with him for some time as an obedient wife. But at length she recovers her spoonbill plumage, and immediately flies away. He follows her sorrowing, surmounts many obstacles, and at last reaches her father's subaqueous palace. The Water King sets him many difficult tasks, but he performs them all, thanks to his wife's assistance. Finally the king says, "Choose yourself a bride from among my twelve daughters. They are all exactly alike in face, in hair, and in dress. If you can pick out the same one three times running, she shall be your wife. If you fail, I shall put you to death." His wife enables him to succeed in this trial also and all goes well. If any one is of opinion that this story has not been borrowed from Asia, but has been "independently developed" by Slavonic fancy from some mythological germ common to the Russian and the Indian ancestors of the inventors of the tales of "Prince Sudhana" and "The Water King," he must be credited with the possession of abnormal means of arriving at an intellectual conclusion.

Many of the Buddhistic legends are of such a nature that it is difficult to understand how they could ever have found their way into any book designated sacred. They conduce but little to moral edification, and their only link with religion is that their heroes are supposed to have been Bodisats, potential or not fully perfected Buddhas, temporary incarnations of the "character" which was destined one day to be the consummate Buddha. The absurdities and incongruities of such legends, however, are often due to the fact that they are the product of the corrupted and debased Buddhism which, in the course of time, took the place of what was originally a pure and exalted form of religion. Among the better specimens of their class may be ranked the story of Prince Jîvaka, which is told at great length in the "Kahgyur." As it has already been made known to English readers by Mr. Spence Hardy in his "Manual of Buddhism," it will be sufficient to mention here one or two of the principal cures which that king's son, who devoted himself to the healing arts, effected. On one occasion, having gone to a certain spot, he found there "a man who was measuring with a measure, and who, when he had finished measuring, inflicted a wound upon his head with the measure." Surprised at this conduct, he asked the man why he behaved in that way. "My head itches greatly," replied the man. Jîvaka examined it, and found that the irritation was due to the presence of a centipede inside the skull. So he placed the man in a hole in the ground, "opened his skull with the proper instrument," and revealed the centipede. Then he made a pair of pincers warm, and gently stroked therewith the reptile's back. Thereupon it "drew its arms and feet together," and Jîvaka seized it with the pincers and lightly tossed it away. In another place he found a man "into whose ear a centipede had crept, and had therein given birth to seven hundred young ones."

To this sufferer he gave orders to construct a hut of foliage, carpet it with blue stuff, place a drum underneath and make the ground warm. When all was ready, Jîvaka made the man lie down, sprinkled the ground with water, and beat the drum. Thereupon the centipede, thinking that the summer was come, crept out. Then Jîvaka placed a piece of meat on the ear. The reptile turned back, but presently came again with its young ones, and they all laid hold of the piece of meat. Whereupon Jîvaka flung it into the flesh-pot, and the man recovered his health." For another of his remarkable cures he appears to have been indebted to his good luck rather than to his skill. A certain man died "who had possessed a garden of beautiful flowers, fruits, and water, and who, as he had been excessively fond of the garden, was born again there among the demons." His son appointed a man to watch over the park. But

the demon, who had been the owner of the property, slew the watchman. A second watchman was appointed, and the demon killed him too. After this the son of the deceased owner abandoned the park, whereupon "a dropsical man, whom all the doctors had given up, came to that park, and took up his quarters there for the night, thinking that it would not matter much if the demon were to kill him." Presently the demon appeared, and began to threaten the intruder. Then stepped forward the dropsy and said, "As I have already taken possession of this man, wherefore do you threaten him? Is there no one here who will fumigate you with the smoke of goats' hair? That would make you fly fifty leagues away." To this the demon replied, "And is there no one here to give you radish-seed pounded in butter? Thereby would you be broken to bits." Now Jîvaka happened to be in the park that night, and he overheard this altercation between the demon and the dropsy. So next day he caused the park to be fumigated with goats' hair smoke, and he gave the dropsical man a dose of radish-seed pounded in butter, and the demon and the dropsy disappeared. For all the cures that he performed, it should be remarked, Jîvaka took care to be well paid.

As a specimen of the grotesque absurdities in which adulterated Buddhism has indulged may be taken the story of the ascetic named, from the peculiarity of his origin, Gazelle Horn. This self-denying hermit was walking along one day with a jug in his hand, when a local divinity allowed a torrent of rain to descend upon him. Ascetics, we are told, "are very quickly moved to wrath." So Gazelle Horn cursed that deity, and ordered him not to rain any more for twelve years. The consequence of the drought was a famine. The king of the country sent for his diviners, who told him what had happened, and added that unless the ascetic could be disturbed in his penances, no rain could be expected. Being brought to the palace, the ascetic fell in love with one of the king's daughters, who did her best to please him, and her father gave her to him in marriage. Thereupon, his penances having come to an untimely end, his magic power vanished. Straightway "the deity rejoicing in rain called the clouds together from every side, and sent down copious showers, the consequence of which was an abundant harvest." For some time the ex-ascetic lived peaceably with his royal spouse, but after a time her good humor became deteriorated by jealousy, and one "day she hit him a blow on the head with a shoe. Then he said to himself: 'I, who used not to allow power to the thunder of the cloud, must now, being fettered by love-bonds, allow myself to be set at naught by a woman!' Thereupon he again devoted himself to ascetic exertion, and once more became possessed of the five kinds of higher knowledge."

The passages we have quoted will be sufficient to show how much that is interesting and valuable is contained in the extracts from the sacred books of Tibet, for an acquaintance with which we are indebted to the erudition of the late Professor Schiefner. We now propose to call attention to another most meritorious piece of translation, the version of the "Kathâ Sarit Sagarâ," or "Ocean of the Streams of Story," undertaken and on the point of being completed by Mr. C. H. Tawney. The original was written in Sanskrit verse by Srî Somadeva Bhatta, of Kashmir, in the twelfth century, his poem being founded upon an earlier work now lost, a collection of Indian tales supposed to have been written in prose about the sixth century. The translation—for the accuracy of which, as well as for the excellence of the notes by which it is accompanied, Mr. Tawney deserves the highest praise—is being published by the Asiatic Society of Bengal in its "Bibliotheca Indica." Previously to the appearance of Mr. Tawney's version, the work was known outside the comparatively limited circle of Sanskritists only through the late Dr. Hermann Brockhaus's German translation of the first five of its eighteen books, and his and Professor H. H. Wilson's analyses. Here are a few specimens of the stories which it contains, beginning with a tale of self-sacrifice comparable with that of the already mentioned "all-giving" Prince Visvantara.

In olden times there lived an Asura or Titan named Namuchi, who was so devoted to charity that he "did not refuse to give anything to anybody that asked, even if he were his enemy." Having practised asceticism "as a drinker of smoke" for ten thousand years, he "obtained as a favor from Brahmâ that he should be proof against iron, stone and wood." Moreover he possessed a magic horse, which had emerged from the ocean of milk when it was churned by the gods and Asuras, and which had the power of bringing dead Asuras to life by merely smelling them. So whenever the gods killed an Asura the horse resuscitated him by a sniff, and the slaughtered enemy began to fight anew. The gods were almost reduced to despair, but at length their preceptor advised Indra to go to Namuchi, and ask him for the horse as a present. Indra did so, and Namuchi said to himself, "I never turn back a suppliant, so I will not turn back Indra; and how can I, as long as I am Namuchi, refuse to give him the horse? If the glory of generosity, which I have been long acquiring in the worlds, were to wither, what would be the use to me of prosperity or life?" Accordingly he surrendered the horse to Indra, who straightway killed him "with foam of the Ganges in which he had placed a thunderbolt," ordinary weapons being of no avail. Before long, however, he was born again "as an Asura composed all of jewels," and he soon conquered Indra a hundred times. "Then the gods took counsel together, and came to him and said to him, 'By all means give us your body for a human sacrifice.' When he heard that he gave them his own body, although they were his enemies; noble men do not turn their backs on a suppliant, but bestow on him even their lives." It will be observed that Indian charity is not quite free from the element of what Coleridge called "other-worldliness." The giver gives, not so

much from pity for another's woes, as from a regard to the effect of a refusal upon his own accumulated stock of merits. And it must be evident to all that the almsgiving of the East might be subjected with advantage to the regulations of an Oriental Charity Organization Society. That self-sacrifice may be carried a little too far will probably be the conclusion at which will arrive the readers of one of the two variants contained in Somadeva's poem of the well-known story of the loyal sentinel Vîravara, who was ready to give his life for his king. According to it Vîravara was told by the goddess Earth that the king must die within three days unless he, Vîravara, would offer up his little son as a sacrifice to the image of the goddess Durgâ. The child, on being consulted, declared that he was delighted at the idea of being sacrificed for the king's sake. So Vîravara carried him to the temple, and cut off his head and offered it to the goddess Durgâ, exclaiming, "May the king be prosperous!" But Vîravara's little daughter, seeing what had taken place, "came up to the head of her slain brother, and embraced it, and kissed it, and crying out 'Alas! my brother!' died of a broken heart." When Vîravara's wife saw that her two children were dead, she determined to die also. So her husband, at her urgent request, constructed a funeral pyre, "and put the corpses of his children upon it, and lit a fire under it, so that it was enveloped in flames." Then, after falling at her husband's feet, and wishing prosperity to the king, "she leaped into that burning pyre, with its hair of flame, as gladly as into a cool lake." Thereupon Vîravara determined to follow the example of his family. But just as he was on the point of cutting off his own head the goddess Durgâ interposed, and brought his dead wife and children to life.

Nothing could be more abhorrent to the true and original spirit of Buddhism than the idea of offering up human sacrifices. But as time went by the purity of the ancient faith became sadly debased by the influence of the lower kinds of beliefs. Mr. Tawney justly says, speaking of the "Kathâ Sarit Sâgara," "The debased form of Buddhism found throughout this work is no doubt the Tantra system introduced by Asanga in the sixth century of our era." To borrow Dr. Râjendralâla Mitra's words, who is speaking of even worse corruptions, it is a wonder "that a system of religion so pure and lofty in its aspirations as Buddhism could be made to ally itself with such pestilent dogmas and practices." It may be allowable, in order to show what gross superstitions became engrafted upon an originally noble form of belief, to tarry for a moment over one or two of the tales of horror in which Oriental fancy delights, about Râkshasas or demons of cannibal tendencies, and Vetâlas, corpse-hunting demons somewhat akin to European vampires. Here is a Râkshasa story. The hero Asokadatta went one night to a lonely cemetery, in order to give a draught of water to an impaled culprit who had besought the king to send him some. When he arrived there "he beheld a man impaled on the top of a stake, and underneath it he saw a woman whom he had never seen before, weeping, adorned with beautiful ornaments, lovely in every limb." He asked her who she was, and she replied that she was the wife of the impaled man, to whom she had brought water to drink, but whose mouth she could not reach as the stake was too high. "Place your foot on my back and lift the water to his mouth," said Asokadatta. "When she heard that she consented, and taking the water she climbed up so as to plant her two feet on the back of Asokadatta, who bent down at the foot of the stake. Soon after, as drops of blood unexpectedly began to fall upon the earth and on his back, the hero lifted up his face and looked. There he saw that woman cutting off slice after slice of that impaled man's flesh with a knife and eating it. Then, perceiving that she was some horrible demon, he dragged her down in a rage, and took hold of her by her foot with its tinkling anklets in order to dash her in pieces on the earth." But she escaped from him, leaving one of her anklets in his hand, and flew up into heaven. Eventually he discovered, by means of the anklet, that she was the widow of a Râkshasa prince, and the mother of a marriageable daughter whom she wished Asokadatta to marry. With this view she had deluded him in the cemetery, all that had taken place there having been a trick, intended to make him inquisitive enough to follow her home. Thereupon he married the Râkshasî's daughter, and "dwelt with that loved one some time in that city, enjoying great comfort by means of his mother-in-law's wealth." Of a similarly grotesque horror is the account of Srîdarsana's visit to a cemetery. He had been sent thither by an ascetic, who told him to fetch a certain corpse. On his arrival he found some one else taking away the corpse, so he entered into a struggle with him. While the two disputants were fighting for the dead body,

The corpse itself, which was animated by a Vetâla, uttered a terrible shriek. That terrified the second person so that his heart broke, and he fell down dead, and then Srîdarsana went off with that corpse in his arms. Then the second man, though dead, rose, being possessed by a Vetâla, and tried to stop Srîdarsana, and said to him, "Halt! do not go off with my friend on your shoulder." Then Srîdarsana, knowing that his rival was possessed by a Vetâla, said to him, "What proof is there that you are his friend? He is my friend." The rival then said, "The corpse itself shall decide between us."

Then the corpse exclaimed, "I am hungry. So I decide that whoever gives me food is my friend. Let him take me where he likes." The second corpse said, "I have no food." The hero struck at it with his sword, but it disappeared. Then Srîdarsana, not being able to obtain any other flesh to give the vampire he was carrying, "cut off with his sword some of his own flesh, and gave it to him." This pleased the Vetâla, and all went well.

Far preferable to this ghastly tale is the following story of a hero's sacrifice of his own flesh. It is one which exists in various forms, and it has been adopted by the Moslem world, and told in honor of its own prophet. There was once a king named Sivi, who was "self-

denying, compassionate, generous, resolute, the protector of all creatures." In order to test him, Indra assumed the form of a hawk, and pursued Dharma, the God of Justice, who had transformed himself into a dove. The dove took refuge in Sivi's bosom. Then the hawk cried to Sivi: "O king, this is my natural food; surrender the dove to me for I am hungry. Know that my death will immediately follow if you refuse my prayer; in that case where will be your righteousness?" Sivi replied: "This creature has fled to me for protection, and I cannot abandon it; therefore I will give you an equal weight of some other kind of flesh." Said the hawk, "If this be so, then give me your own flesh." The king consented to do so. "But as fast as he cut off his flesh and threw it on the scale, the dove seemed to weigh more and more in the balance. Then the king threw his whole body on to the scale, and thereupon a celestial voice was heard, 'Well done! this is equal in weight to the dove.' Then Indra and Dharma abandoned the forms of hawk and dove, and, being highly pleased, restored the body of King Sivi whole as before, and, after bestowing on him many other blessings, they both disappeared."

This story is more moral than mythological, as is also, in all probability, the tale of Sunda and Upasunda, two Asuras or Titans, whom the gods could not overcome, "inasmuch as they surpassed the three worlds in valor." Anxious to destroy them, Brahmâ gave directions to the celestial artist Visvakarman to construct a "heavenly woman named Tillottamâ, in order to behold whose beauty even Siva truly became four-faced, so as to look four ways at once, while she was circumambulating him." In obedience to the orders of Brahmâ, this fair creature appeared in the presence of Sunda and Upasunda. "Both those two Asuras, distracted with love, seized the fair one at the same time by both her arms, the moment they saw her near them. And as they were dragging her off in mutual opposition, they soon came to blows, and both of them were destroyed." This reads very like a reminiscence of the Greek tale of how Pandora was created, by Hephæstus, in obedience to the commands of Zeus, in order that her charms might bring misery upon the human race, on whom Prometheus had just conferred the gift of fire. The wise Titan avoided the dangerous charmer, but his brother Epimetheus accepted the maiden endowed, like Italy, with "the fatal gift of beauty," and thereby entailed upon mankind all the evils which the earth has subsequently known. On the other hand, one of the incidents in the story of Saktideva, the hero who finds three apparently dead maidens in a Bluebeard's chamber in the palace of the Golden City, may be fairly supposed to have made its way into Greek fiction; the banyan or Indian fig, by means of which he extricates himself from a whirlpool which it overhangs, being a vegetable product much more available for such a purpose than the fig-tree which Homer represents as hanging above the whirlpool of Charybdis.

The following tale turns upon an idea which is so thoroughly Indian that it could not, unless almost entirely altered, be turned to account by a European story-teller. This idea is that every human being has previously passed through many existences, and that he may possibly remember what has taken place in one of them, but if he reveals it he will straightway die. Pythagoras is said to have replied to some inquisitive person who asked him if he had been present at the siege of Troy, "How could I possibly have been there, seeing that at that time I was a camel in Bactria?" But he may not have thought himself as strictly pledged to secrecy with regard to his previous existences as if he had been a genuine Buddhist. The Indian story is as follows: A queen, who was devoted to her husband, said to him one day, "O king, I have suddenly remembered my former birth. It is disagreeable to me not to tell it; but if I do tell it, it will cause my death." The king replied, "My beloved, I, like you, have suddenly remembered my former birth. Therefore, tell me yours, and I will tell you mine. Let what will be, be. For who can alter the decree of fate?" Thereupon the queen told him that in a former existence she was the loving wife of a man servant named Devadasa. She and her husband were very poor, but they lived happily together in a house "into which the demon of quarrelling never entered." At length a famine arose, and they were nearly starved to death. One day, when they had scarcely any food in the house, a weary Brahman arrived, and to him they gave all that they had. After the visitor had departed, Devadasa's breath deserted him, "as if angry that he respected a guest more than it." After that, added the queen, "I heaped up in honor of my husband a suitable pyre, and ascended it, and so laid down the load of my calamity. Then I was born in a royal family, and I became your queen, for the tree of good deeds produces to the righteous inconceivable glorious fruit." When the queen had told her story, the king said: "Come, my beloved, I am that husband of thine in a former birth; I was that very Devadasa, the merchant's servant, for I have remembered this moment the former existence of mine." After uttering these words, and having proved his identity with Devadasa, the king, despondent and yet glad, suddenly went with his queen to heaven."

Thoroughly Oriental in its machinery, but interesting, so far as its moral is concerned, to all lands in which education is rightly considered, is the story of Tapodatta. That Brahman, "though his father kept worrying him, would not learn the sciences in his boyhood." When he grew up "he found himself censured by all," so he repented of his negligence, and went to the bank of the Ganges "in order to perform asceticism for the acquisition of knowledge." After he had betaken himself to severe mortification of the flesh, Indra paid him a visit, disguised as a Brahman. Drawing near to the ascetic, Indra began to take grains of sand from the bank and throw them into the river. Seeing that, Tapo-

datta broke his silence, and said, "Brahman, why do you do this unceasingly?" Indra replied, "I am making a bridge over the Ganges for man and beast to cross by." Then Tapodatta said, "You fool, is it possible to make a bridge over the Ganges with sand, which will be carried away at some future time by the current?" When Indra heard that, he said. "If you know this truth, why do you attempt to acquire knowledge by vows and fasting, without reading or hearing lectures? The horns of a hare may really exist, and the sky may be adorned with painting, and writing may be performed without letters, if learning may be acquired without study. If it could be so acquired, no one in this world would study at all." Having heard these words and acknowledged their truth, Tapodatta "put a stop to his self-mortification, and went home." In this moral tale there is a slight infusion of grim humor, and the same may be said of the following narrative of matrimonial misadventures. A certain woman was singularly unfortunate. Her mother died in giving birth to her, and soon afterward one of her brothers died, and another was killed by an ox. So her father, attributing the three deaths to her birth, named her "Three-slayer." When she had grown up she was married to a husband who soon expired. She married again, and the second husband died also. Then, "led astray by her youthful feelings," she took a third husband, and he died too. "In this way she lost ten husbands in succession," and acquired the name of "Ten-Slayer." After that, her father became ashamed of her, and secluded her in his house. But one day a handsome young traveller came there as a guest, and fell in love with her. Her father objected to her marrying him, saying, "Do not think of such a thing; it is too disgraceful. You have lost ten husbands, and if this one dies too, people will laugh consumedly." When the traveller heard this he exclaimed, "No chance of my dying. I have lost ten wives, one after another. So we are on a par." After this "the villagers assembled, and with one consent gave permission to Ten-slayer to marry the traveller, and she took him for her husband. And she lived some time with him: but at last he was seized with an ague and died. Then she was called 'Eleven-Slayer,' and even the stones could not help laughing at her. So she betook herself in despondency to the bank of the Ganges and lived the life of an ascetic."

We might go on for any length of time quoting stories from the two works we have mentioned—Professor Schiefner's selection from the Tibetan sacred books, and Mr. Tawney's rendering of the Kashmir statesman Somadeva's Sanskrit poem. But we will devote what space remains to a few specimens of such folk-tales as are contained in Miss Frere's "Old Deccan Days," and Miss Maive Stokes's "Indian Fairy-Tales," two small volumes which comprise a great deal that is interesting and valuable. One day, says the tenth of the stories told to Miss Frere by her ayah, "the Sun, the Moon, and the Wind went out to dine with their uncle and aunt; the Thunder and Lightning. Their mother (one of the most distant stars you see far up in the sky) waited alone for her children's return." The Sun and the Wind were selfish, and brought nothing home to their mother, but the Moon remembered her absent parent, and "of every dainty dish that was brought round, she placed a small portion under one of her beautiful long finger-nails, that the Star might also have a share in the treat. When the three revellers returned, the Star was angry with the two who came empty-nailed; and she cursed the Sun, and said, "Henceforth your rays shall ever be hot and scorching, and shall burn all that they touch. And men shall hate you and cover their heads when you appear." And to the Wind she said, "You shall always blow in the hot, dry weather, and shall parch and shrivel all living things. And men shall detest and avoid you from this very time." But to the filial Moon she said, "Because you remembered your mother, and kept for her a share in your own enjoyment, from henceforth you shall be ever cool, and calm, and bright. No noxious glare shall accompany your pure rays, and men shall always call you 'blessed.'" The feminine nature here ascribed to the moon, it may be observed, is perhaps a Western touch. Miss Frere's ayah was a Christian, and as such came more within the reach of English ideas than the Hindu nurses and the Mussulman manservant who told the "Indian Fairy-Tales" to Miss Maive Stokes. Here is a thoroughly heathenish story from the latter collection. There was a certain man who was so poor that he did not know what to do. "At last he got furious with Khudâ [or God], and said, 'How wicked Khudâ is! He gives me a great many children, but no money.' So he set out to find his fate." After many wanderings, during which he was entreated to solve a variety of problems, "he came to the place where every one's fate lives." The fates were stones, some standing and others lying on the ground. "This must be mine," he said; "it is lying on the ground, that's why I am so poor." So he took a stick and beat it all day long, but still it would not stir. When night came on he left off beating the stone, and Khudâ "sent a soul into the poor man's fate," and it became a man, who stood looking at the poor man and said, "Why have you beaten me so much?" The poor man answered, "Because you were lying down, and I am very poor, and at home my wife and children are starving." "Oh, things will go well with you now," said the fate; and the man was satisfied. Moreover the fate enabled him to answer all the difficult questions which had been asked him on the way. The leading idea of this part of the story is very like that of the Sicilian tale of the luckless girl with whom everything went wrong, until at last she was able to discover and to propitiate her malevolent fortune. The word Khudâ was almost invariably employed by the tellers of the "Indian Fairy-Tales" when they wish to speak of a deity. "In this," says Mrs. Whitley Stokes, in one of the excellent notes with which she has enriched her

youthful daughter's story-book, "they differed from the narrator of the 'Old Deccan Days Stories,' who almost always gives her gods and goddesses their Hindu names; probably because, being a Christian, she had no religious scruples to deter her from so doing." Here is one of the tales in which Khudâ plays a prominent part. There was once a princess who was so beautiful that "if she went into a very dark room it was all lighted up by her beauty." Every morning her parents used to weigh her. "She only weighed one flower," and she ate very little food. This made her father unhappy, and he said, "I cannot let my daughter marry any one who weighs more than one flower." After a time a prince wished to marry her. Khudâ was favorable to the match, so he accompanied the prince to the king's palace, and "made him weigh very little." When the loving prince and the light princess were put into the scales by the maiden's anxious parent, "each weighed one flower," although the prince was fat and the princess thin. Then Khudâ went back to heaven, having told the prince that he would be free from danger as long as he wore flowers in his ears. The marriage took place, and all went well for a time. At last one day the prince forgot to provide his ears with flowers, and at once misfortune came upon him. For a hideous hag pushed the princess into a tank, in which she was drowned, and then assumed her place. Khudâ brought the dead princess to life, but again the impostor killed her. A second time was she resuscitated by Khudâ, but the impostor calumniated her, and induced the prince to take a knife and cut her in pieces. Thereupon her arms and legs "grew into four houses; her chest became a tank, and her head a house in the middle of the tank; her eyes turned into two little doves; and these five houses, the tank, and the doves, were transported to the jungle." In the course of time the prince, while hunting, saw the house, and lay down to sleep inside it. Then the two doves came and perched above his head, and he overheard their conversation, in which the story of his calumniated wife was related. Among other things the birds mentioned how the prince might recover his lost princess. The prince acted according to their advice next day, and succeeded in capturing the princess when she came to bathe in a tank. He laid his hands upon her dress, and she could not escape without that. In vain did she cry. "Oh, give me back my dress. If you keep it I shall die. Three times has Khudâ brought me to life, but he will bring me to life no more." The prince fell at her feet and begged her pardon, and they were reconciled, and lived happily ever afterward. And the impostor was cut to pieces and buried in the jungle.

Some of the incidents in this story figure also in European folk-tales, many of which narrate the misfortunes of the "Calumniated Wife," and the "Substituted Bride," after whom two extensive groups of stories are named. Why the change of wifes so often takes place beside a piece of water is one of those questions which are as puzzling as that which asks why lemons which contain fairy princesses never ought to be opened except beside a stream or pool. In the original forms of many Oriental legends such problems may have had some mythological significance. But it is hard to decipher their meaning in the distorted shapes which even in Asia those legends have assumed after long wanderings from land to land. It is harder still to comprehend their inner sense after they have passed, as has been the case with so many Buddhistic long narratives and short fables, from Asia into Europe, and have been adapted to the usages of alien races, tongues, and creeds. Instead of attempting to fathom these mythological mysteries, we will give by way of conclusion to the present article a couple of specimens of the purely moral tales narrated by Miss Maive Stokes's Hindu story-tellers.

The first—the subject of which, like that of Prince Visvantara's generosity, has afforded a theme to Indian sages and sages—tells how King Harchand used to pray a great deal to Khudâ, and Khudâ was very fond of him; so he said one day, "To see if King Harchand really loves me, I will make him very poor for twelve years." Accordingly the garden, "full of lovely flowers and fruits which he prized greatly," was ravaged by a wild boar, and all the money in his treasury was turned into charcoal. Now "every morning when he bathed he used to give some poor fakîr two pounds and a half of gold." His mind was greatly troubled when he found that he had nothing but charcoal to offer to a holy man to whom he had promised his usual alms. The only thing which occurred to him to do, in order to keep his word, was to sell himself and his wife and his boy as slaves. Collectively they fetched the promised amount of gold, which he accordingly handed over to the fakîr, who was, like the wild boar, no other than Khudâ himself in disguise. The man to whom the king sold himself set him to watch beside a tank, into which the bodies of the dead were cast, ordering him to demand a rupee for every adult corpse, and eight annas for every child's body, and if the bearers had no money to exact a piece of cloth. After a long time the king's son died, and the bereaved queen brought the body to the tank. Recognizing her husband in the tank-keeper, she thought that she would escape without payment. But he sternly demanded the eight annas, in order to fulfil his duty to his master. As the enslaved queen had no money, she was obliged to part with the greater part of her solitary raiment, after which the king threw his boy's body into the tank. Soon afterward, having caught a fish, the king was about to console himself with an unwonted meal, when the fish, although it had been killed and cooked, suddenly came to life again, and slipped back into the tank. Sadly did the king sit down by the waterside unfed. But all he said was, "For twelve years I have found it hard to get anything to eat; how long will Khudâ keep me without food?" Then "Khudâ was very pleased with Harchand for being so patient, for he had never com-

plained." So he came down to earth in the shape of a man, and visited the tank by the side of which the king was keeping his accustomed watch over the dead. "Would you like to have your wife and your son back again?" asked the deity. "Yes, I should; but how can I get them?" replied the king. "Tell me truly," continued Khudâ, "would you like to have your kingdom back again?" "Indeed I should," answered Harchand. Then the body of the dead child floated ashore, and came to life. And the disguised deity ransomed the king and the queen from their respective owners, and sent them home with their boy. And "when they reached the palace the garden was in splendid beauty. The charcoal was turned back into gold and silver and jewels. The servants were in waiting as usual. And they went into the palace, and lived happily forevermore.

The second story may call to mind some mediæval Christian legends. There was once a vicious young prince who was betrothed to a virtuous maiden. Before the marriage took place he became a gambler and a drunkard, and behaved so badly that his father and mother died of grief. After their death he continued leading a dissolute life, until at last he had no money left, and was obliged to wander about living on charity. Meantime his betrothed was doing all that was good. She had given to the poor half the money her parents left her when they died, and "spent her days in praying to God, and in reading in a holy book; and though she was so young, she was wise and very good." One day the poverty-stricken prince paid her a visit, and she received him kindly, and gave him food and clothing. He wanted to marry her at once; but she told him he must first go out into the jungle and see four sights. So he went forth, and what he saw was this. In one corner of a large tank he beheld "a man and woman who had good clothes, good food, good beds, and servants to wait on them, and seemed very happy." In another "he saw a wretchedly poor man and his wife, who did nothing but cry and sob because they had no food to eat, no water to drink, no bed to lie on, no one to take care of them." At the third corner were two little fishes, which were incessantly leaping up into the air and dropping back again; and at the fourth was "a huge demon, who was heating sand in an enormous iron pot, under which he kept up a big fire." The prince returned, and told his betrothed what he had seen. She explained to him the meaning of the spectacle. The happy pair, she said, were her own parents. She had been good to them while they lived, and after their death she had given half of their substance to the poor, and on the other half she had "lived quietly, and tried to be good." Therefore they were made happy in their posthumous existence. But the wretched man and woman, she told him. were his parents, who were in misery because he had gambled and drunk till they died of grief, and had afterward drunk and gambled their money away. As to the two fishes, she continued, "they were the two little children we should have had if you had taken me to your home as your wife. Now they cannot be born, for they can find no bodies in which to be born; so Khudâ has ordered them to rise and sink in the air in these fishes' forms." Finally she told him that the demon whom he had seen was heating the sand in the iron pot for him, because he had been such a wicked man. No sooner had the maiden told all this to the prince than she died. "But he did not get any better. He gambled and drank all her money away, and lived a wretched life, wandering about like a fakîr till his death."—W. R. S. RALSTON, in *British Quarterly Review.*

THE PROGRESS OF DEMOCRACY IN ENGLAND.

IT is now more than seventeen years since Lord Sherbrooke, then Mr. Lowe, warned his countrymen against the perils of advancing Democracy, in the most remarkable series of parliamentary speeches delivered within living memory. In opposing the very moderate Reform Bill then under discussion, he assumed that every downward extension of the franchise was "a step in the direction of Democracy," and he proceeded to construct a hideous ideal of Democracy, by combining all the worst features of ancient city governments with all the worst features of modern empires, republics, and colonial legislatures in which universal suffrage prevails. He described this imaginary Democracy as tyrannical at home and aggressive abroad, the enemy of all superiority, and the slave of every selfish prejudice. He pictured to himself the so-called "degradation of the suffrage" as inevitably involving a degradation of politics, and constantly lowering the standard of political morality. He maintained that if once the ignorant majority should become omnipotent, it would forthwith use its power to crush the educated minority, while it would prostitute itself before the flattery of demagogues and the bribes of millionaires. He foretold that democratic constituencies would assuredly return members of inferior character and intellect, little guided by public spirit or fixed principles, intolerant of administrative vigor in the Executive, and even of judicial independence on the Bench, obeying the caprices of popular sentiment, and incapable of appreciating a truly statesmanlike policy.

The year after these gloomy predictions were uttered, a "degradation" of the suffrage beyond that which Mr. Lowe had denounced was effected by a Conservative Ministry, and votes were given to all rate-paying householders in boroughs, as well as to a limited number of lodgers. We have now had some fifteen years' experience of this democratic franchise, and the sentiments of the new voters have been tested by three general elections. For awhile, the apparent results of the change were such as to disappoint both the hopes of its advocates and the fears of its opponents. The Parliament of 1868 contained a strong Liberal majority, and carried several great measures

which Lord Palmerston would probably have never introduced, even if the old constituencies would have backed their members in supporting them. But the reformed House of Commons differed little from its predecessors in personal composition, nor could any specially democratic tone be detected in its debates. In 1874 there was a reaction. The Parliament of that year was the most Conservative that had been elected for a whole generation, and the majority, instead of blindly seeking instructions from their constituents, yielded an almost passive obedience to Lord Beaconsfield. Still, the growing desire to conciliate the working classes made itself felt in such enactments as the Artisans and Laborers' Dwellings Act, while the action taken by Mr. Gladstone on the Eastern Question gave the first serious impulse to democratic interference with the conduct of foreign affairs. It is true that shopkeepers rather than laboring men crowded the indignation-meetings called to condemn the Bulgarian atrocities; it is perhaps true, also, that most of those who attended them were as ignorant of the real issues at stake as the working-class deputation which besought Lord Palmerston to espouse the cause of Poland under the impression that it was a democratic cause. Still, the fact remains that great mass-meetings were then, for the first time, urged by the first of English statesmen to take foreign policy under their own control, to drown the voice of Parliament, and to force the hand of the Government by a virtual *plébiscite*. The lesson has not been lost on the English, or on the Irish people. Thenceforward, Parliament has commanded less reverence in the eyes of the nation, and the same machinery which prevented Lord Beaconsfield from defending the integrity of the Turkish Empire was promptly set in motion to defeat Mr. Gladstone's own convention with M. de Lesseps respecting the Suez Canal.

The general election of 1880 was the sequel of his bold appeal to democratic sentiment, and a genuine expression of that sentiment. Whatever other influences may have contributed to swell the Liberal majority, and whether or not the enthusiasm then kindled has been justified by the event, the verdict returned by the constituencies in 1880 was a thoroughly popular and honest verdict—a democratic protest of the national conscience and common-sense against what most of the electors regarded as an immoral and reactionary state-craft. This verdict may possibly be reversed at the next election; personal and sectional discontents may again dissolve the cohesive power of Liberal principles and party spirit; the Irish legislation of 1881 and 1882 may prove to have alienated a considerable body of powerful Whigs; the Egyptian War and the moderation of the Government on certain domestic questions may have cost it the confidence of many extreme Radicals; the Affirmation Bill may be remembered against it in Scotland; Mr. Gladstone may retire and leave no successor capable of rallying an united Liberal Party; the extension of household suffrage to counties may be relegated, after all, to a new Parliament. But all this, even if it restore the Conservatives to office, will not arrest the steady progress to Democracy in England; for that progress is independent of party vicissitudes, and is part of a secular movement which no statesmanship can do much to accelerate or to retard.

I. It is high time, however, to ask ourselves what is meant by that progress of Democracy which all recognize, and which is tacitly assumed in the current language of politics. In what sense, if any, is England becoming every day more democratic? The answer, though simple, cannot be embraced within the limits of a legal definition. "Democracy," or the rule of the people, is not a name for any particular form of government; it denotes a political and social force which may underlie almost any form of government. No doubt this force operates most naturally and powerfully through republican institutions; but there may be republican institutions without democracy, and democracy without republican institutions. The last French Empire was founded on a *plébiscite*, and even under the restored monarchy Democracy in France was described by Royer Collard as "running with a full stream;" so profoundly democratic has French public opinion become ever since the Revolution. On the other hand, the ascendency of privilege and authority—the principles of which Democracy is the negation—has seldom been more oppressive than under the earlier republic of Rome and the mediæval republic of Venice. Neither of these Republics could have stood the crucial test of a *plébiscite*. Cromwell, who could not even keep the peace with a free Parliament, would assuredly never have submitted the fate of his own republican Commonwealth to such a test; and, if anything in history be certain, it is certain that the Restoration of Charles II. was the expression of an essentially popular revolt against the austere and intolerant reign of Puritanism, conducted under republican forms. It is the absolute supremacy of the popular will over all other powers in the State that constitutes a perfectly democratic government, as it is the abolition of all social distinctions that constitutes a perfectly democratic state of society. Where these conditions are more and more nearly realized in any community, that community is growing more democratic, whatever be its constitutional machinery, and it is in this sense that we may properly speak of the progress of Democracy in England.

At first sight, indeed, the contrast between such an indirect rule of the people as is gaining strength in England and the direct rule of the people which prevailed in the more democratic republics of Greece and Italy, is so violent as almost to repel the idea of analogy. Let us take, for example, the graphic picture of Athenian Democracy in its golden age drawn by Mr. Freeman in one of his historical essays. In this typical Greek Democracy, all power, legislative, executive, and judicial, was concentrated in the sovereign assembly of the people, where every citizen had an equal vote. The Senate, and even the

Courts of Justice, were mere committees of this assembly, and held to be animated by the same passions; Archons and Generals were mere executors of its will. No division of powers was attempted.

Dêmos was himself King, Minister, and Parliament. He had his smaller officials to carry out the necessary details of public business, but he was most undoubtedly his own First Lord of the Treasury, his own Foreign Secretary, his own Secretary for the Colonies. He himself kept up a personal correspondence both with foreign potentates and with his own officers on foreign service: . . . he gave personal audience to the ambassadors of other States, and clothed his own with just so great or so small a share as he deemed good of his own boundless authority. . . . He was his own Lord High Chancellor, his own Lord Primate, his own Commander-in-Chief. He listened to the arguments of Kleôn on behalf of a measure, and to the arguments of Nikias against it, and he ended by bidding Nikias to go and carry out the proposal which he had denounced as extravagant or unjust. He listened with approval to his own "explanations;" he passed votes of confidence in his own policy; he advised himself to give his own royal assent to the bills which he had himself passed, without the form of a second or third reading, or the vain ceremony of moving that the Prytaneis do leave their chairs.

It is self-evident that Democracy of this Athenian type could only be developed in an urban community which also constituted a nation, and which had one and the same word for the "city" and the "State." A city mob, clothed with executive functions, could not possibly govern the United Kingdom or the British Empire, however gifted the race of which its citizens might have sprung, and there is, happily, less prospect of the experiment being tried, since the institution of representative government—the most beneficent of all political discoveries—has enabled the many to rule through the agency of the few. The Democracy which is steadily advancing in England, though similar in its real tendency, is entirely different in outward character, and essentially modern in its origin. It may be traced with confidence to a variety of definite general causes, three of which are worthy of special notice.

1. One of these, clearly indicated by M. de Laveleye, is the effect of mechanical inventions on civilization. The invention of printing alone has done more to break down class-barriers and democratize society than all the efforts of social reformers in ancient and modern times. When books were manuscripts, and each of them cost months or years of labor to produce, the perusal of them was practically the monopoly of priests, monks, and philosophers, from whom the rest of mankind were content to borrow their ideas. Even in the last century, when there were plenty of books, indeed, but hardly any newspapers in England, criticism on the management of public affairs, and especially of foreign affairs, was practically confined within a narrow circle of readers, scarcely to be numbered by tens of thousands, and mostly concentrated in London. Swift's "Conduct of the Allies" and the "Letters of Junius" had, doubtless, a prodigious coffee-house circulation, and were probably devoured by a few hundred amateur politicians, male and female, in the long and dreary evenings which followed the early dinners in those country houses which Fielding and others have portrayed so vividly. But for the instruction of the people at large such circulation was as nothing compared with that of any one among the many leading newspapers, metropolitan and provincial, which now collectively number their readers by millions. Whether they be chiefly regarded as forming, or as reflecting, popular opinion, these journals have created a healthy community of political ideas between the people and the so-called governing classes. Instead of looking upon statesmanship as an occult science, the humblest elector or non-elector who can read now feels himself almost taken into the councils of the Cabinet, and, however conscious of ignorance, finds his political judgment treated with respect by Parliament and the Press.

2. A no less powerful democratic force is the ever-increasing facility of locomotion. When laborers in the country lived and died under the shadow of their parish churches, never travelling beyond the nearest market town, and when even artisans seldom migrated from their native cities, being rooted there by custom as well as by the old law of "settlement," the power of combination remained dormant, and labor never measured its strength against capital except under an extreme sense of oppression. In these days, the laborer changes his residence as freely as the capitalist, no longer tramping on foot, but conveyed by the same train as his employer, while the spirit of Trades-Unionism, aided by this very cause, associates him with all his fellow-laborers throughout Europe and America. The constant tide of emigration setting towards the United States and the colonies, where society is equally democratic, reacts upon Great Britain itself, and introduces democratic ideas into families which, in the last generation, accepted without a murmur the paternal despotism of the squire and the parson. In becoming less stationary, the working-classes are daily becoming more independent, and, in becoming more independent, they inevitably become a more important factor in the social and political community. Meanwhile Democracy, under these influences, is gradually assuming a more cosmopolitan character. National costumes have well-nigh disappeared in Europe, national prejudices are sensibly weakened, the dictates of national patriotism are often checked by sympathies of class or creed fostered by special organs of the press; and the statesman has sometimes to count not only with the demands of national, but also with those of international Democracy.

3. A third cause of democratic progress, which few can desire to arrest, is the spread of popular education. The Reformation, which is the real fountain-head of modern democratic ideas, gave the first impulse to this educational movement, as it also stamped with a religious sanction the aspirations of social equality. The democratic influence of Protestantism is perhaps most clearly marked in Scotland, where Presbyterian church government and the system of parish schools were established together by the authority of John Knox. No doubt, the political effects of that system have been partly intensi-

fied and partly tempered by other conditions, such as the survival of the old clan-spirit, and the natural energy which has pushed members of the poorest Scotch families into the highest positions in Church or State. Still, it is the general diffusion of education during the last three centuries, and the association of all classes in common schools, which have mainly contributed to develop the sturdy yet sober character of Scotch Democracy. An exact contrast is furnished by the experience of Ireland, where Democracy is travestied by anarchy and terrorism, utterly inconsistent with the manly self-reliance of free citizens, and where the democratic sentiment of social equality is almost entirely wanting. Had wiser counsels prevailed in the reign of Elizabeth, and had national schools been planted all over Ireland as they were in Scotland, it is quite certain that Irishmen, Catholics as they are, would now be far more democratic in temper, and probable that they would be far more loyal subjects. As for England, it is hardly too much to say that democratic tendencies date from the extension of popular education. Such outbreaks as the Lord George Gordon riots in the last century, or the Luddite riots in the early part of this century were in no sense democratic movements, but mere ebullitions of fanaticism and prejudice. Even the fierce spirit of class-hatred which inspired the Chartists, and survives in the pages of "Alton Locke," was not truly democratic but essentially sectional and sectarian in its nature. This spirit has not been extinguished in England, but it has been sensibly modified by the progressive community of ideas between all classes which it is the special mission of education to propagate, and which is specially characteristic of true Democracy. In an educated population like that of the United States, the conflict of races, of parties, or of commercial interests, may be as bitter as possible, but class-antipathies can never become internecine, because there are no permanent divisions of classes, and because all citizens have a common stock of ideas.

4. But the operation of these and other general causes in furthering Democracy has been favored by a negative condition which has not received sufficient attention. This condition is the internal decay of those forces which are essentially antagonistic to Democracy, Privilege, Authority, and Individuality. It is not only that Privilege, entrenched behind natural and artificial barriers, has been reduced to impotence by the destruction of these barriers; or that Authority, assuming a divine right to command, has been met by a revolt of human reason; or that Individuality has been weakened by the gravitation of modern life towards social, if not intellectual, equality. It is also that faith in any principles whatever has been impaired by the influence of that prevailing scepticism which has shaken religious belief, and penetrated into every other department of thought. Not many generations have elapsed since Englishmen were content to brave torture or the stake rather than subscribe to some abstruse formula about the mysteries of religion which modern casuistry would cynically accept as unmeaning and therefore harmless. These men had the courage of their convictions, but it is vain to expect the courage of their convictions from men who have no deep and fixed convictions, such as sustained the martyrs of old. Three centuries ago an Englishman of like passions with ourselves would give his body to be burned rather than affirm or deny transubstantiation or the royal supremacy; it is now considered an almost heroic feat, as it is certainly a very rare feat, of political constancy for an English politician to refuse a seat in Parliament, or give up office, rather than assent to measures which he privately condemns. Thus it happens that when once the popular will has declared itself, or is supposed to have declared itself—often on very slight evidence—it meets with no resisting power. If any one is found strong enough to stand against the stream, believing some things to be intrinsically right and others intrinsically wrong, he is stigmatized as "weak-kneed" by his more pliable fellows, who have no earnest convictions at all, and thenceforth passes for a theorist or crotcheteer. In a word, that which in France is called "opportunism," has become the guiding law of modern politics, and opportunism is but another name for subservience to democratic absolutism.

II. To enumerate all the symptoms of democratic progress in England would be a hopeless task, while some of them might be treated with equal propriety as causes. Of course, the most obvious instance of a change resulting, in part, from democratic pressure and contributing to strengthen that pressure is the adoption of household suffrage, with the ballot, in borough constituencies. The effect of this change is felt in every borough election and in every parliamentary debate; it has been the chief motive-power in most subsequent reforms, and the chief agent in the political education of the people. Bearing this in mind, we may, however, find it more instructive to observe those less patent signs of our own times which most clearly indicate the course of the democratic movement in this generation, and its probable direction in the next.

1. Foremost among these must be mentioned the almost universal recognition of Promotion by Merit as the rule which should govern the whole public service, both civil and military. An exclusive, or at least a preferential claim, to fill the higher offices of the State, is a typical peculiarity of aristocracies. The old Roman patricians bore with tolerable patience other encroachments on their privileges, but they denounced the opening of the great executive magistracies to plebeians as an insult to the gods themselves. The same notion is by no means extinct in Germany, and even in this country, but thirty years ago, the admission of candidates to the Civil Service and (still more) to the Army by competitive examination was justly resented as the thin edge of the democratic wedge. This is not the place to review the gradual triumph of the new sys-

tem, which has naturally kept pace with the development of education. Much remains to be done before it can truly be said that eminent ability, combined with force of character, will enable its possessor to attain success in England, but enough has been done to give the masses assurance that no door of preferment is now closed against them. There are probably few villages from which some laborer's son has not been raised to a higher station by his own capacity; there is certainly no college in the universities where students who have risen from the ranks do not mix with young men of superior birth and wealth; and within the next thirty years this healthy process of natural selection cannot fail to leaven the whole upper grade of English society.

2. Another striking evidence—as it is also a cause—of democratic progress is the rapid multiplication of new elective bodies for purposes of local government since the Reform Act of 1832. The local institutions of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were democratic enough, and even now there is perhaps less of popular self-government in country districts than there was for centuries before, and for some time after, the Norman conquest. But there is far more than there was in the last century, or even in the early part of the present century, when the whole conduct of county business and parochial affairs was legally or actually in the hands of magistrates nominated by the Crown. The successive creation of elective Town Councils, Boards of Guardians, Highway Boards, Sanitary Boards, and School Boards, represents so many important changes in the reconstruction of popular self-government. Hitherto the working classes have taken much less interest in local than in parliamentary elections, but their interest is yearly increasing, and in the mean time a far more practical concern for their well-being is shown by local governing bodies. A notable feature of this democratic revival in local government is the growing popularity of Permissive Bills, to be applied at the discretion of the local authorities. A similar tendency in ecclesiastical politics is shown in the congregationalist movement, which has stangely allied itself with the ritualistic movement within the State Church itself. The very contrary was anticipated by De Tocqueville, who predicted a sacrifice of local, no less than of individual, independence to centralization in England, as elsewhere, on the ground that all democracies crave for uniformity in administration, and that central governments are only too ready to grant it because it saves them all the trouble of studying local requirements. He little foresaw the democratic counter-currents which have brought about the demand for Home Rule in Ireland, and for the settlement of great questions, like the liquor traffic, by a local *plébiscite*. Probably he was misled by a confusion between the love of equality and the love of uniformity, possibly he did not allow enough for the English preference of liberty to equality; at all events, experience shows that democratic forces in this country do not set entirely in the direction of centralization.

3. There is another sense, however, in which the intervention of the central government is being more and more involved to compass democratic ends. The mass of the people have discovered that a resort to imperial legislation and the powerful machinery of imperial administration is the shortest and readiest method of getting a public benefit secured or a public abuse redressed. Hence the measures which have placed the Poor Law and National Education and Charitable Endowments under the superintendence of a central board; which have transferred the management of County Jails to the Home Office; which have brought Factories, Mines, Shipping and Emigration, more or less, under the control of Government Departments; which have established national savings banks and which have charged the State with the duty of guarding the health not only of British citizens but of British cattle. Democratic centralization of this kind is sometimes quite legitimate, and implies no vulgar jealousy of local independence. Most of the functions now assigned to central boards can be discharged more efficiently and with less waste of power by such boards than by local authorities, and would long ago have been thus assigned had not the people mistrusted a central executive mainly conducted by the Crown and the aristocracy. Since the central executive has come to reflect the will of the people, there is no longer any motive for this jealousy, and the people find it convenient to superintend many of their own affairs through officials in Downing Street.

But it is vain to conceal from ourselves that democratic centralization has another source in the wide diffusion of socialistic ideas. This is the most formidable symptom of democratic progress, as it is also the most novel. No essential connection exists between Socialism and democratic institutions. Great inequalities of fortune were tolerated in the Greek and Italian republics, and seem to excite little jealousy in the United States. There vast capitals are often amassed by plundering the public, while the very simplicity of domestic life favors accumulation, yet there is little trace of socialistic legislation. In England, on the contrary, the principle of Socialism was introduced into legislation by the Poor Law long before democratic forces were in the ascendant. Socialism is not a product of Democracy, but modern Socialism and modern Democracy are both fostered, to some extent, by the same industrial conditions. A very lucid explanation of this fact is given by M. de Laveleye in his admirable essay on "Democracy and Political Economy." He there shows how the same economical causes which promote social equality also gave birth to hostility between masters and workmen. In proportion as machinery facilitates the organization of industry on the grandest scale, and cheapens necessaries as well as luxuries, it widens and deepens the gulf which separates capital from labor. The caste-like immobility of classes which prevailed in the middle ages has passed away with serfdom, trade privileges, and the regulation of wages

by custom or Act of Parliament; but the unlimited competition which has succeeded it has introduced a struggle for existence unknown in the olden times.

> This general competition is the cause of all progress, the mainspring of industrial activity, the source of our power; but it produces, too, an incessant agitation, a permanent restlessness, an universal sense of instability. No one is content with his lot; no one is sure of to-morrow. The rich man desires to accumulate more riches; he who lives by labor trembles for his very livelihood. . . . Economical progress has emancipated artisans from all disabilities; it has rescued them from the bonds of trade guilds; it has raised their wages and improved their condition; but, at the same time, it forms them into a class by themselves, massing them in vast bodies into enormous factories and fixed centres; it has given them new wants, and it has exposed them, without protection or security, to all the fluctuations of business, so often turned upside-down by the revolutions of industry, the crisises of trade, and the stagnation of the markets.

Yet the franchise must be extended to all.

> You give the power of choosing legislators, and so of making laws, to men who have no property, and whose wages are inevitably forced downwards to a minimum representing the bare necessaries of life. You proclaim a legal equality, and the actual inequality which continues to exist causes more suffering, and becomes more irritating than ever.

The immense circulation of Mr. Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" is an instructive commentary on these words, published five years ago. It is true that Socialism has little hold in the United States, and is directly at variance with the best tendencies of Democracy, but it is zealously advocated by the democratic press in Europe, and is likely to be stimulated by the advance of Democracy in England for many years to come.

Though socialistic ideas have taken deeper root on the Continent than in England, it is to be feared that England has special reason to guard against their propagation. The greatest weakness of party government, as it exists in this country, is the proneness of one party to bid against the other for democratic support, and it would not be difficult to show how many benevolent measures, containing the germ of Socialism, have recently owed their origin to this fatal competition. Of these, by far the most important and disastrous is the Irish Land Act of 1881. If the progress of Democracy should involve further and further applications of that evil precedent to agrarian and commercial relations, the national character will assuredly become demoralized; State protection will usurp the place of self-help, and in the vain attempt to redress inequality by Act of Parliament we may end by quenching that spirit of liberty to which England owes so much not only of its present greatness, but of its capacity for a truly democratic civilization.

4. A fourth and more hopeful sympton of advancing Democracy is the far more active and intelligent part taken in elections by the mass of the people, who in too many boroughs had been passive material in the hands of self-elected committees, or cliques of local busybodies. The so-called Caucus system is rather the expression than the cause of this activity, which is shown in the greater frequency of political meetings, and even in the curious growth of mimic Parliaments on the model of the House of Commons. But the Caucus system has assuredly done much to stimulate and to consolidate democratic organization, giving a new political life to some of our more sluggish constituencies. In this it has been purely beneficial; it is mischievous so far as it tends to crush out personal independence and converts the representative into the mere delegate. It is one thing for the numerical majority of electors to claim the right of choosing a candidate for themselves, and of ascertaining that his general views are in harmony with their own; it is another to insist on dictating his vote on each particular measure, thereby annulling the grand advantage of representative government. Happily, this abuse of the Caucus system is likely to be checked by the natural good sense and independence of Englishmen; meanwhile, the system itself is, at least, a proof of a healthy democratic interest in national politics.

5. But the influence of democratic tendencies is equally manifest within the walls of Parliament itself. Lord Palmerston was not far wrong in surmising that, if the franchise were lowered, the actors of the political drama would probably remain much the same as before, but that they would play to the gallery, instead of to the pit and boxes. Several men of rough democratic fibre have forced their way into the House of Commons, but on the whole birth and wealth seem to hold their own in the open market of electioneering. The difference is that every question is discussed with a special regard for the claims and feelings of the million, sometimes verging upon undisguised popularity-hunting. Hence the protectionist spirit which has reappeared in Parliamentary debates. Whether it be the grievances of the Highland crofters, or the extension of polling hours to suit the convenience of laborers, or the abolition of imprisonment for debt, or Sunday closing, or any other subject which touches working-class sympathies, a sensitive anxiety is now shown to propitiate the poorest voters which used to be reserved for the prejudices of territorial aristocracy and commercial plutocracy. The same tender solicitude for the comfort of the many, as against the privileges of the few, may be traced even in such comparatively trifling matters as the recent erection of street-refuges for the security of foot passengers, and recent arrangements for the more popular enjoyment of royal parks. The deference to "Demos," as Aristophanes called it, may be carried, as we have seen, to socialistic extremes, but it is often dictated by motives not far removed from that paramount concern for the greatest happiness of the greatest number which ought to be the first rule of statesmanship. There is a striking passage in Mr. Trevelyan's "Early Days of Charles James Fox" where he shows how intense is the sentiment of oligarchical freemasonry, and how closely it is brought home to each member of such an exclusive society as then governed England. Sometimes an honest statesman might be supported by this sentiment against the *civium ardor prava jubentium;* but, in the main, it must surely be safer and better

for politicians to rely, as they now must, on the good opinion, not of a caste or a class, but of a much larger public, almost co-extensive with the nation.

6. On the other hand, we cannot expect the same delicacy or sense of honor from those who are studying to please small tradespeople, artisans, and day-laborers, as from those who obey the unwritten code of cultivated and refined circles. The experience of ancient Greece and Rome proves that chivalry may attain perfection under a republican government, but it certainly does not flourish nowadays in an atmosphere of social equality, or among persons chiefly engaged in mercantile competition. *Noblesse oblige* is a maxim which finds no response in the *bourgeoisie* or the *prolétariat*. Hence the admitted decline of gentlemanlike feeling and manners in the House of Commons which Mr. Bright has not shrunk from pointing out, and which is most conspicuous in a large section of the Irish members. We are bluntly warned by a Radical publicist that the House of Commons *must* "become the worst club in London, if it is to be a faithful mirror of popular political sentiment," and the remark is too forcibly confirmed by the example of the American and colonial legislatures. In this country the name of gentleman is still held in honor, but conduct unworthy of a gentleman is no longer condemned as it used to be by the House of Commons itself, and public opinion is not in advance of Parliamentary sentiment. Indeed it appears that vulgarity of tone is rather aggravated in England by that fierce light of publicity, gathered into a focus by "society papers," which now beats, not on thrones only, but on every transaction of private life. This is among the least amiable symptons of democratic progress, but it is, unhappily, not the least characteristic.

III. Such being the general causes, and the chief symptons, of democratic progress, we have to consider what attitude a far-sighted statesman ought to assume towards it, apart from the view which he may adopt on particular articles of the democratic programme. And, first let us dismiss once for all the absurd and unworthy notion that democracy must be welcomed because, forsooth, its progress is decreed by Political Necessity. No illusion has been so potent or so mischievous in its effect on statesmanship, as this metaphysical bugbear, peculiar to modern thought, of Political Necessity. The ancients held that man was often the sport of a cruel Destiny, but that Destiny was supposed to be superhuman, and was practically excluded from their calculations. It has been reserved for modern political philosophers to cower before a destiny of their own invention—an idol which is created by public opinion in its own image, and of which those who bow down to it individually form a part. If people had but the nerve to brave the consequences of defying a destiny of this kind, and acting on the far sounder belief that "man is man and master of his fate," it would often turn out that what had been mistaken for an irresistible stream of Political Necessity was nothing but a movement got up by a small band of *doctrinaires*, and capable of being stopped by a very moderate display of energy and self-sacrifice. If, then, such were the character of the democratic movement in England, if it depended for its success mainly upon those imaginary laws of Nature which are really within human control, it would be the duty of a true statesman to confront it boldly, and, should it appear mischievous, to oppose it vigorously.

If, on the on other hand, we have rightly interpreted the origin of this movement, we shall be compelled to recognize it as really irresistible in the political sense. It is irresistible in that sense, because it springs inevitably from causes, outside the sphere of politics, which have broken down the old barriers separating nations and classes, sapped the convictions which upheld privilege and authority, revived, though in a worldlier form, the sense of common brotherhood first proclaimed by the Gospel, and opened up the vision of a higher comfort and culture for the toiling and suffering masses of mankind. No one pretends that it is possible to arrest the developement of mechanical invention, of locomotion, of trade, or even of education, and, unless the developement of these forces can be arrested, the march of Democracy cannot be arrested. The existing Parliament may refuse the franchise to agricultural laborers, but it cannot prevent agricultural laborers becoming more intelligent or more independent; they must be enfranchised sooner or later, or their discontent will be a serious political danger, and, if they be enfranchised too late, the impulse given to Democracy will be all the greater. It was for this reason that De Tocqueville justly regarded the progress of Democracy as inevitable. He saw in it a political and social tendency inherent in the growth of modern civilization, and he wisely set himself, not to preach against it, but to study its probable operation.

It does not follow, however, that because the progress of Democracy may be inevitable, in England as elsewhere, it is therefore an unmixed benefit, still less that nothing can be done to direct it. A true friend of Democracy as it ought to be will not shut his eyes to the vices of Democracy as it is. He will not fail to observe that, in destroying many superstitions and prejudices, it has put nothing in their place, and has encouraged a contempt for experience which bodes ill for the stability of democratic policy. Whatever his confidence in the people, if left to follow their own convictions, he will not ignore the risk of their falling a prey to the arts of politicians trading upon their weaknesses and pandering to their passions. He may see reason to hope that Jack Cade would now fail to impose upon an audience of English working men, but he would not trust every constituency to reject Jack Cade's doctrines clothed in a socialist garb, and he knows that candidates of infamous character have been the chosen favorites of the populace not only in America and the colonies, but much nearer home. Whether or not he deplores the visible decay of dogmatic faith among the masses in Great Britain, he cannot but apprehend that a people which

no longer feared God might cease to regard man, and that unrestrained selfishness, rather than universal zeal for the public good, might result from a democratic regeneration of English society.

It is right that all these misgivings should be laid to heart by those who appreciate, and aspire to guide, the progress of Democracy in England. But it would be very wrong to let them obscure our view of those more favorable omens which justify, not political optimism, but a cheerful and courageous acceptance of the inevitable. Let us freely admit the besetting dangers and temptations of Democracy, but let us not forget the dangers and temptations which Democracy counteracts. If we must needs mistrust democratic ideas of economical justice, what shall we say of that system of taxation which, for want of democratic pressure, was the curse of France before the Revolution; and what of the Corn Laws and other commercial abuses which prevailed in this country until they were swept away by democratic pressure? Subservience to mobs tends, no doubt, to lower the standard of political morality, but in subservience to courts less demoralizing; and were members of Parliament, after all, more high-minded in the lifetime of Sir Robert Walpole, when there was no democracy to flatter? Many small, and some large, constituencies are doubtless tainted with corruption, but do not the vast majority of electors vote honestly; and is not even the servile and venal residuum almost as pure as the select bodies which monopolized borough elections in the olden times? The democracy press of our own day may not be as moderate or scrupulous as we could desire, but can it be said that modern English journalism, as a whole, compares unfavorably with the coarse pamphleteering literature of which Swift and Junius produced the choicest specimens; and have not the organs of sound political information been multiplied a hundred, or thousand-fold since the people have begun to read newspapers? These are not irrelevant questions; they bear directly on the past history of democratic progress, which is the most trustworthy basis for a forecast of its future tendencies. The prospect of liberty so ample as that which Englishmen now enjoy would have alarmed timid reformers of the last century quite as much as the prospect of greater political and social equality alarms those of the present age. Yet England, notwithstanding the much greater scale and complexity of its national life, is practically much easier to govern at this moment than it was in the evil days of court intrigue and parliamentary bribery. It was easier to govern after the Reform Act of 1832 than before it, and it became easier still after the Reform Act of 1867. Why should we doubt that future generations of English statesmen will learn to weather the admitted perils of advancing Democracy as skilfully as their fathers weathered the perils of personal government and oligarchy, or that a new order of political virtues will be developed under new social conditions?

One thing is certain, that it requires a more thorough political training, and a larger range of political knowledge, to lead a democratic nation and an almost despotic House of Commons, than it did to govern England as Walpole and Pitt governed it. The business then conducted by departments of State was comparatively simple, and a patrician minister of no extraordinary capacity might well appear to stand a head and shoulders above the people, when so few took active part in public affairs, and political life was still a close profession. Unless democratic progress is accompanied by a constant growth in the political education of statesmen, government will assuredly become weaker and weaker to control popular impulses, and popular impulses, however genuine, can never be a safe regulator even of domestic policy, much less of imperial policy, so long as the masses are mainly engrossed by manual labor, and ignorant of nearly all that it concerns a statesman to know. Mr. Bright is fond of telling us that "the people have no interest in wrong." This is true, but it is equally true that mankind has no interest in vice or error. If human nature could be trusted to understand and pursue its own highest interests, without instruction or guidance, this world would indeed be a paradise, and we might do well to welcome the substitution of *plébiscites* for responsible government. Unhappily, it is far otherwise, and the future of Democracy mainly depends on the willingness of the omnipotent people to be led by highly trained and conscientious statesmen, on the future supply of such leaders, and on their willingness to serve the people upon such terms as Democracy will accept.

Now, it may be fairly urged that, in proportion as the suffrage is extended and the governing classes recruited from below, the choice of materials for statemanship will be increased, while the stateman will derive increased assistance from intelligent criticism. The men who now attain Cabinet office cannot be presumed to be the ablest politicians that Great Britain can produce, but only the ablest, or most successful of those with leisure enough, fortune enough, and local interest enough, to find seats in Parliament and force themselves into the front ranks. The progress of Democracy will open a larger field of selection, but will the multitude of electors avail themselves of it, choose the best candidates, and support the wisest statemen? This is a question on which no prudent man will offer a confident opinion, for here the results of English experience materially differ from the lesson taught by the experience of America and the Australian colonies.

Hitherto, in this country, there have been few signs of a reluctance among men of high culture and social position to venture out on the open sea of politics, and not many signs of a reluctance in great popular constituencies to accept or even to prefer men of this type, when they can be induced to come forward. If such men are sometimes deterred from offering themselves, it is not so much by the display or the fear of democratic jealousy as by the covert opposition of short-sighted

and self-seeking wirepullers, who delight to honor the plausible money-maker, perhaps equally destitute of public spirit or political capacity, since they have no other ideal of merit than success and no other ideal of success than self-aggrandizement. No doubt rich candidates sometimes buy seats by corrupting poor electors, but they have to conduct their corrupt practices in secret, and an Act has just been passed, with the hearty approval of the public, which cannot fail to hinder corrupt practices in future. No doubt, great popular audiences will always be prone to follow demagogues, and to be unduly swayed by rhetorical ability, but English demagogues seldom venture to court popularity by appeals to base passion or sentiments, and the larger the constituency the higher, as a rule, is the general tone of electioneering speeches. Moreover, English society is not stratified in horizontal layers; nor do the working classes form a solid phalanx or mystic brotherhood swayed by one imperious will. The better they are known, the more they are found to comprise an infinite variety of interests, habits, and opinions, among which strong patriotic and Conservative instincts are by no means wanting. If we look to Great Britain alone, we might be tempted to await the progress of Democracy with little anxiety, and to rely on the extension of national education as an adequate security against any risk involved in a further extension of the suffrage. But at this point we are rudely confronted with the experience of America and our own colonies. There barefaced appeals to selfishness, bordering on dishonesty, constantly win the confidence of large constituencies better educated, on the average, than our own; and even personal integrity is by no means a qualification for political life. Let it be granted that Anglo-Saxon good sense, if not a higher principle, generally prevents these evil influences being carried to the extreme length of spoliation or repudiation; still the broad fact remains that, with the progress of Democracy, the standard of electoral purity and of public honor has apparently been lowered in highly educated communities. Education alone, then, at least in its narrower sense, is no effectual safeguard against the perils of advancing Democracy. Nor have we a right to assume that England will long be protected against them by her precious inheritance of sound traditions, so far as these traditions are mere survivals of institutions which Democracy is breaknig down.

There is, however, another explanation of the contrast between the code of political morality recognized in England and that recognized in the United States or the colonies. These democratic communities have practically no foreign policy or imperial responsibilities, and politics are practically confined to conflicts and regulation of material interests. In this country, on the other hand, even the humblest elector is sometimes made to feel that he is a member of the great European family, and a partner in a world-wide empire, to govern which requires a wisdom beyond the shrewdness of a merchant or railway director. Moreover, new countries are far more emphatically "nations of shopkeepers" than England, having comparatively few citizens with leisure, independence, and social prestige enough to rise above mercenary interests, or even to dispense with a salary for serving in Parliament. The advantage which England enjoys, in this respect, may well be weighed by the coming Democracy against the advantage of paying members, and thus opening Parliament to needy adventurers as well as to needy patriots.

At all events, our best hope for the future lies in cultivating and elevating the nobler conception of citizenship and statesmanship hitherto characteristic of England. Nothing but the maintenance of a high national character will avail to render the progress of Democracy conducive to national greatness or to national happiness. The standard of public virtue which may suffice for aristocratic government will not suffice for democratic government. The whole sphere of politics must be moralized, so to speak, and brought under the control of purer motives, if the more direct rule of the people in England is to be as successful as the older form of constitutional monarchy. If Democracy will not endure Privilege and Authority, it must learn to yield ungrudging loyalty to intellectual and moral ascendency. If it is not to be actuated by a refined sense of honor, it must be actuated by a robust sense of duty. If it will not be controlled by any power independent of itself, it must deliberately erect barriers against its own autocracy, as, for instance, by a thorough reconstruction of local government, and the delegation to local bodies of a much larger jurisdiction. The richer classes, on their part, must adopt the advice of M. de Laveleye, and combine plain living with high thinking and earnest work. The spirit of Christianity, democratic as it is, must be carried into political life, and the so-called laws of political economy must be reconciled with the dictates of benevolence, not by class legislation, but rather by the voluntary efforts of individuals and societies. Socialism must be combated, not by flinging away the rights of property, as sops to soothe the socialistic Cerberus, but, on the contrary, by far-sighted measures favoring a more equal distribution of property, and making as many citizens as possible shareholders in the national prosperity. If the House of Lords is to be upheld, it must be re-enforced with life peers, and submit to such other modifications of its constitution as may convert it into an efficient and popular Second Chamber. If the Church is to be upheld, it must be made in fact, and not in name only, the Church of the people.

Such counsels as these will not prevail, or will be adopted too late, if men fitted by nature and position to lead Democracy cynically persist in holding aloof from politics. Electors cannot be justly blamed for mistaking copper for gold, if the gold is never offered for their acceptance. Nor can it be truly asserted of Democracy that it is the implacable foe of all superiority. It levels

social and political inequalities, but it cannot level superiority of birth, of wealth, of intellect, of character, of energy, or of education; on the contrary, it gives free scope to each of these, and often rewards its fortunate possessor with unstinted homage. Science and art, literature and commerce, may and do flourish under the shelter of Democracy; it rests with their leading representatives to moderate and ennoble Democracy by heartily associating themselves with the people. Let it never be forgotten that, come what may, the mighty engines of Education and the Press must always remain in the hands of men far above the multitude in mental culture, if not in social position. The Universities have already done much in England, and may yet do far more, to promote the sentiment of fraternity by which equality should be consecrated. The London School Board, a standing example of unselfish public spirit, has appreciably humanized the dangerous classes of the metropolis, not only by reclaiming the street Arabs, but also by establishing a bond of sympathy, and a common ground of public action, between the higher and lower strata of the vast London population. It is in this direction, and in this spirit, that we must continue to move patiently and fearlessly, if we are to ward off the violent shock of democratic revolution by the gradual process of democratic evolution. For the vices of Democracy are only to be subdued by a vigorous development of its virtues; and those only will have strength to control the democratic movement who honestly and heartily embrace the democratic ideal of society.—HON. GEORGE C. BRODRICK, in *The Nineteenth Century.*

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RELIGIOUS RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.*

UNLIKE the ordinary consciousness, the religious consciousness is concerned with that which lies beyond the sphere of sense. A brute thinks only of things which can be touched, seen, heard, tasted, etc.; and the like is true of the untaught child, the deaf-mute, and the lowest savage. But the developing man has thoughts about existences which he regards as usually inaudible, intangible, invisible; and yet which he regards as operative upon him. What suggests this notion of agencies transcending perception? How do these ideas concerning the supernatural evolve out of ideas concerning the natural? The transition cannot be sudden; and an account of the genesis of religion must begin by describing the steps through which the transition takes place.

The ghost-theory exhibits these steps quite clearly. We are shown that the mental differentiation of invisible and intangible beings from visible and tangible beings progresses slowly and unobtrusively. In the fact that the other-self, supposed to wander in dreams, is believed to have actually done and seen whatever was dreamed, in the fact that the other-self when going away at death, but expected presently to return, is conceived as a double equally material with the original, we see that the supernatural agent in its primitive form diverges very little from the natural agent—is simply the original man with some added powers of going about secretly and doing good or evil. And the fact that, when the double of the dead man ceases to be dreamed about by those who knew him, his non-appearance in dreams is held to imply that he is finally dead, shows that these earliest supernatural agents have but a temporary existence: the first tendencies to a permanent consciousness of the supernatural prove abortive.

In many cases no higher degree of differentiation is reached. The ghost-population, recruited by deaths on the one side, but on the other side losing its members as they cease to be recollected and dreamed about, does *not* increase; and no individuals included in it come to be recognized through successive generations as established supernatural powers. Thus the Unkulunkulu, or old-old one, of the Zooloos, the father of the race, is regarded as finally or completely dead, and there is propitiation only of ghosts of more recent date. But where circumstances favor the continuance of sacrifices at graves, witnessed by members of each new generation who are told about the dead and transmit the tradition, there eventually arises the conception of a permanently-existing ghost or spirit. A more marked contrast in thought between supernatural beings and natural beings is thus established. There simultaneously results a great increase in the number of these supposed supernatural beings, since the aggregate of them is now continually added to; and there is a strengthening tendency to think of them as everywhere around, and as causing all unusual occurrences.

Differences among the ascribed powers of ghosts soon arise. They naturally follow from the observed differences among the powers of the living individuals. Hence it results that while the propitiations of ordinary ghosts are made only by their descendants, it comes occasionally to be thought prudent to propitiate also the ghosts of the more dreaded individuals, even though they have no claims of blood. Quite early there thus begin those grades of supernatural beings which eventually become so strongly marked.

Habitual wars, which more than all other causes initiate these first differentiations, go on to initiate further and more decided ones. For, with those compoundings of small social aggregates into greater ones, and recompounding of these into still greater which war effects, there, of course, with the multiplying gradations of power among living men, arises the conception of multiplying gradations of power among their ghosts. Thus in

* This article will eventually form the closing chapter of "Ecclesiastical Institutions"—Part VI. of "The Principles of Sociology." The statements concerning matters of fact in the first part of it are based on the contents of preceding chapters. Evidence for nearly all of them, however, may also be found in Part I. of "The Principles of Sociology," already published.

course of time are formed the conceptions of the great ghosts or gods, the more numerous secondary ghosts, or demi-gods, and so on downward—a pantheon: there being still, however, no essential distinction of kind; as we see in the calling of ordinary ghosts *manes*-gods by the Romans and *elohim* by the Hebrews. Moreover, repeating as the other life in the other world does, the life in this world, in its needs, occupations, and social organization, there arises not only a differentiation of grades among supernatural beings in respect of their powers, but also in respect of their characters and kinds of activity. There come to be local gods, and gods reigning over this or that order of phenomena; there come to be good and evil spirits of various qualities; and where there has been by conquest a superposing of societies one upon another, each having its own system of ghost-derived beliefs, there results an involved combination of such beliefs constituting a mythology.

Of course, ghosts primarily being doubles like the originals in all things, and gods (when not the living members of a conquering race) being doubles of the more powerful men, it results that they, too, are originally no less human than ordinary ghosts in their physical characters, their passions, and their intelligences. Like the doubles of the ordinary dead, they are supposed to consume the flesh, blood, bread, wine, given to them: at first literally, and later in a more spiritual way by consuming the essences of them. They not only appear as visible and tangible persons, but they enter into conflicts with men, are wounded, suffer pain: the sole distinction being that they have miraculous powers of healing and consequent immortality. Here, indeed, there needs a qualification; for not only do various peoples hold that the gods die a first death (as naturally happens where they are the members of a conquering race, called gods because of their superiority), but, as in the case of Pan, it is supposed, even among the cultured, that there is a second and final death of a god, like that second and final death of a ghost supposed among existing savages. With advancing civilization the divergence of the supernatural being from the natural being becomes more decided. There is nothing to check the gradual dematerialization of the ghost and of the god; and this dematerialization is insensibly furthered in the effort to reach consistent ideas of supernatural action: the god ceases to be tangible, and later he ceases to be visible or audible. Along with this differentiation of physical attributes from those of humanity there goes on more slowly the differentiation of mental attributes. The god of the savage, represented as having intelligence scarcely if at all greater than that of the living man, is deluded with ease. Even the gods of the semi-civilized are deceived, make mistakes, repent of their plans; and only in course of time does there arise the conception of unlimited vision and universal knowledge. The emotional nature simultaneously undergoes a parallel transformation. The grosser passions, originally conspicuous and carefully ministered to by devotees, gradually fade, leaving only the passions less related to corporal satisfactions; and eventually these too become partially dehumanized.

These ascribed characters of deities are continually adapted and re-adapted to the needs of the social state. During the militant phase of activity, the chief god is conceived as holding insubordination the greatest crime, as implacable in anger, as merciless in punishment; and any alleged attributes of a milder kind occupy but small space in the social consciousness. But, where militancy declines and the harsh despotic form of government appropriate to it is gradually qualified by the form appropriate to industrialism, the foreground of the religious consciousness is increasingly filled with those ascribed traits of the divine nature which are congruous with the ethics of peace: divine love, divine forgiveness, divine mercy, are now the characteristics enlarged upon.

To perceive clearly the effects of mental progress and changing social life, thus stated in the abstract, we must glance at them in the concrete. If, without foregone conclusions, we contemplate the traditions, records, and monuments, of the Egyptians, we see that out of their primitive ideas of gods, brute or human, there were evolved spiritualized ideas of gods, and finally of a god; until the priesthoods of later times, repudiating the earlier ideas, described them as corruptions: being swayed by the universal tendency to regard the first state as the highest—a tendency traceable down to the theories of existing theologians and mythologists. Again, if putting aside speculations, and not asking what historical value the "Iliad" may have, we take it simply as indicating the early Greek notion of Zeus, and compare this with the notion contained in the Platonic dialogues, we see that Greek civilization had greatly modified (in the better minds, at least) the purely anthropomorphic conception of him: the lower human attributes being dropped and the higher ones transfigured. Similarly, if we contrast the Hebrew God described in primitive traditions, manlike in appearance, appetites, and emotions, with the Hebrew God as characterized by the prophets, there is shown a widening range of power along with a nature increasingly remote from that of man. And, on passing to the conceptions of him which are now entertained, we are made aware of an extreme transfiguration. By a convenient obliviousness, a deity who in early times is represented as hardening men's hearts so that they may commit punishable acts, and as employing a lying spirit to deceive them, comes to be mostly thought of as an embodiment of virtues transcending the highest we can imagine.

Thus, recognizing the fact that in the primitive human mind there exists neither religious idea nor religious sentiment, we find that, in the course of social evolution and the evolution of intelligence accompanying it, there are generated both the ideas and sentiments which we distinguish as religious, and

that, through a process of causation clearly traceable, they traverse those stages which have brought them, among civilized races, to their present forms.

And now what may we infer will be the evolution of religious ideas and sentiments throughout the future? On the one hand, it is irrational to suppose that the changes which have brought the religious consciousness to its present form will suddenly cease. On the other hand, it is irrational to suppose that the religious consciousness, naturally generated as we have seen, will disappear and leave an unfilled gap. Manifestly it must undergo further changes; and, however much changed, it must continue to exist. What, then, are the transformations to be expected? If we reduce the process above delineated to its lowest terms, we shall see our way to an answer.

As pointed out in "First Principles," § 96, Evolution is throughout its course habitually modified by that Dissolution which eventually undoes it: the changes which become manifest being usually but the differential results of opposing tendencies toward integration and disintegration. Rightly to understand the genesis and decay of religious systems, and the probable future of those now existing, we must take this truth into account. During those earlier changes by which there is created a hierarchy of gods, demigods, manes-gods, and spirits of various kinds and ranks, Evolution goes on with but little qualification. The consolidated mythology produced, while growing in the mass of supernatural beings composing it, assumes increased definiteness in the arrangement of its parts and the attributes of its members. But the antagonist Dissolution eventually gains predominance. The spreading recognition of natural causation conflicts with this mythological evolution, and insensibly weakens those of its beliefs which are most at variance with advancing knowledge. Demons and the secondary divinities presiding over divisions of Nature become less thought of as the phenomena ascribed to them are more commonly observed to follow a constant order, and hence these minor components of the mythology slowly dissolve away. At the same time, with growing supremacy of the great god heading the hierarchy, there goes increasing ascription to him of actions which were before distributed among numerous supernatural beings: there is integration of power. While in proportion as there arises the consequent conception of an omnipotent and omnipresent deity, there is a gradual fading of his alleged human attributes: dissolution begins to affect the supreme personality in respect of ascribed form and nature.

Already, as we have seen, this process has in the more advanced societies, and especially among their higher members, gone to the extent of merging all minor supernatural powers in one supernatural power; and already this one supernatural power has, by what Mr. Fiske aptly calls deanthropomorphization, lost the grosser attributes of humanity. If things hereafter are to follow the same general course as heretofore, we must infer that this dropping of human attributes will continue. Let us ask what positive changes are hence to be expected.

Two factors must unite in producing them. There is the development of those higher sentiments which no longer tolerate the ascription of inferior sentiments to a divinity; and there is the intellectual development which causes dissatisfaction with the crude interpretations previously accepted. Of course, in pointing out the effects of these factors, I must name some which are familiar; but it is needful to glance at these along with others.

The cruelty of a Feejeean god, who, represented as devouring the souls of the dead may be supposed to inflict torture during the process, is small compared with the cruelty of a god who condemns men to tortures which are eternal; and the ascription of this cruelty, though habitual in ecclesiastical formulas, occasionally occurring in sermons, and still sometimes pictorially illustrated, is becoming so intolerable to the better-natured that, while some theologians distinctly deny it, others quietly drop it out of their teachings. Clearly, this change can not cease until the beliefs in hell and damnation disappear. Disappearance of them will be aided by an increasing repugnance to injustice. The visiting on Adam's descendants, through hundreds of generations, dreadful penalties for a small transgression which they did not commit; the damning of all men who do not avail themselves of an alleged mode of obtaining forgiveness, which most men have never heard of; and the effecting a reconciliation by sacrifice of one who was perfectly innocent—are modes of action which, ascribed to a human ruler, would call forth expressions of abhorrence; and the ascription of them to the Ultimate Cause of things, even now felt to be full of difficulties, must become impossible. So, too, must die out the belief that a Power present in innumerable worlds throughout infinite space, and who during millions of years of the earth's earlier existence needed no honoring by its inhabitants, should be seized with a craving for praise, and, having created mankind, should be angry with them if they do not perpetually tell him how great he is. Men will by and by refuse to imply a trait of character which is the reverse of worshipful.

Similarly with the logical incongruities more and more conspicuous to growing intelligence. Passing over the familiar difficulties that sundry of the implied divine traits are in contradiction with the divine attributes otherwise ascribed—that a god who repents of what he has done must be lacking either in power or in foresight; that his anger presupposes an occurrence which has been contrary to intention, and so indicates defect of means—we come to the deeper difficulty that such emotions, in common with all emotions, can exist only in a consciousness which is limited. Every emotion has its antecedent ideas, and antecedent ideas are habitually supposed to occur in God: he is represented as seeing and hearing this or the other, and as being emo-

tionally affected thereby. That is to say, the conception of a divinity possessing these traits of character necessarily continues anthropomorphic; not only in the sense that the emotions ascribed are like those of human beings, but also in the sense that they form parts of a consciousness which, like the human consciousness, is formed of successive states. And such a conception of the divine consciousness is irreconcilable both with the unchangeableness otherwise alleged and with the omniscience otherwise alleged. For a consciousness constituted of ideas and feelings caused by objects and occurrences can not be simultaneously occupied with all objects and all occurrences throughout the universe. To believe in a divine consciousness, men must refrain from thinking what is meant by consciousness—must stop short with verbal propositions; and propositions which they are debarred from rendering into thoughts will more and more fail to satisfy them. Of course, like difficulties present themselves when the will of God is spoken of. So long as we refrain from giving a definite meaning to the word will, we may say that it is possessed by the Cause of All Things, as readily as we may say that love of approbation is possessed by a circle; but, when from the words we pass to the thoughts they stand for, we find that we can no more unite in consciousness the terms of the one proposition than we can those of the other. Whoever conceives any other will than his own must do so in terms of his own will, which is the sole will directly known to him—all other wills being only inferred. But will, as each is conscious of it, presupposes a motive—a prompting desire of some kind: absolute indifference excludes the conception of will. Moreover, will, as implying a prompting desire, connotes some end contemplated as one to be achieved, and ceases with the achievement of it: some other will, referring to some other end, taking its place. That is to say, will, like emotion, necessarily supposes a series of states of consciousness. The conception of a divine will, derived from that of the human will, involves, like it, localization in space and time: the willing of each end, excluding from consciousness for an interval the willing of other ends, and therefore being inconsistent with that omnipresent activity which simultaneously works out an infinity of ends. It is the same with the ascription of intelligence. Not to dwell on the seriality and limitation implied as before, we may note that intelligence, as alone conceivable by us, presupposes existences independent of it and objective to it. It is carried on in terms of changes primarily wrought by alien activities—the impressions generated by things beyond consciousness, and the ideas derived from such impressions. To speak of an intelligence which exists in the absence of all such alien activities is to use a meaningless word. If, to the corollary that the First Cause, considered as intelligent, must be continually affected by independent objective activities, it is replied that these have become such by act of creation, and were previously included in the First Cause, then the reply is that in such case the First Cause could, before this creation, have had nothing to generate in it such changes as those constituting what we call intelligence, and must therefore have been unintelligent at the time when intelligence was most called for. Hence it is clear that the intelligence ascribed answers in no respect to that which we know by the name. It is intelligence out of which all the characters constituting it have vanished.

These and other difficulties, some of which are often discussed but never disposed of, must force men hereafter to drop the higher anthropomorphic characters given to the First Cause, as they have long since dropped the lower. The conception which has been enlarging from the beginning must go on enlarging, until, by disappearance of its limits, it becomes a consciousness which transcends the forms of distinct thought, though it forever remains a consciousness.

"But how can such a final consciousness of the Unknowable, thus tacitly alleged to be true, be reached by successive modifications of a conception which was utterly untrue? The ghost-theory of the savage is baseless. The material double of a dead man in which he believes never had any existence. And if by gradual dematerialization of this double was produced the conception of the supernatural agent in general—if the conception of a deity, formed by the dropping of some human attributes and transfiguration of others, resulted from continuance of this process—is not the developed and purified conception reached by pushing the process to its limit a fiction also? Surely, if the primitive belief was absolutely false, all derived beliefs must be absolutely false."

This objection looks fatal; and it would be fatal were its premise valid. Unexpected as it will be to most readers, the answer here to be made is that at the outset a germ of truth was contained in the primitive conception—the truth, namely, that the power which manifests itself in consciousness is but a differently-conditioned form of the power which manifests itself beyond consciousness.

Every voluntary act yields to the primitive man proof of a source of energy within him. Not that he thinks about his internal experiences; but in these experiences this notion lies latent. When producing motion in his limbs, and through them motion in other things, he is aware of the accompanying feeling of effort. And this sense of effort which is the antecedent of changes directly produced by him becomes the conceived antecedent of changes not produced by him—furnishes him with a term of thought by which to represent the genesis of these objective changes. At first this idea of muscular force as anteceding unusual events around him carries with it the whole assemblage of associated ideas. He thinks of the implied effort as an effort exercised by a being wholly like himself. In course of time these doubles of the dead, supposed to be workers of all but the most familiar changes, are modified in conception. Besides becoming less

grossly material, some of them are developed into larger personalities presiding over classes of phenomena which, being comparatively regular in their order, foster the idea of beings who, while far more powerful than men, are less variable in their modes of action. So that the idea of force as exercised by such beings comes to be less associated with the idea of a human ghost. Further advances, by which minor supernatural agents become merged in one general agent, and by which the personality of this general agent is rendered vague while becoming widely extended, tend still further to dissociate the notion of objective force from the force known as such in consciousness; and the dissociation reaches its extreme in the thoughts of the man of science, who interprets in term of force not only the visible changes of sensible bodies, but all physical changes whatever, even up to the undulations of the ethereal medium. Nevertheless, this force (be it force under that statical form by which matter resists, or under that dynamical form distinguished as energy) is to the last thought of in terms of that internal energy which he is conscious of as muscular effort. He is compelled to symbolize objective force in terms of subjective force, from lack of any other symbol.

See now the implications. That internal energy which in the experiences of the primitive man was always the immediate antecedent of changes wrought by him—that energy which, when interpreting external changes, he thought of along with those attributes of a human personality connected with it in himself—is the same energy which, freed from anthropomorphic accompaniments, is now figured as the cause of all external phenomena. The last stage reached is recognition of the truth that force as it exists beyond consciousness cannot be like what we know as force within consciousness; and that yet, as either is capable of generating the other, they must be different modes of the same. Consequently, the final outcome of that speculation commenced by the primitive man is, that the Power manifested throughout the universe distinguished as material is the same Power which in ourselves wells up under the form of consciousness.

It is untrue, then, that the foregoing argument proposes to evolve a true belief from a belief which was wholly false. Contrariwise, the ultimate form of the religious consciousness is the final development of a consciousness which at the outset contained a germ of truth obscured by multitudinous errors.

Those who think that science is dissipating religious beliefs and sentiments seem unaware that whatever of mystery is taken from the old interpretation is added to the new. Or, rather, we may say that transference from the one to the other is accompanied by increase; since, for an explanation which has a seeming feasibility, it substitutes an explanation which, carrying us back only a certain distance, there leaves us in presence of the avowedly inexplicable.

Under one of its aspects scientific progress is a gradual transfiguration of Nature. Where ordinary perception saw perfect simplicity it reveals great complexity; where there seemed absolute inertness it discloses intense activity: and in what appears mere vacancy it finds a marvellous play of forces. Each generation of physicists discovers, in so-called "brute matter," powers which, but a few years before, the most instructed physicists would have thought incredible; as instance the ability of a mere iron plate to take up the complicated aërial vibrations produced by articulate speech, which, all translated into multitudinous and varied electric pulses, are retranslated a thousand miles off by another iron plate and again heard as articulate speech. When the explorer of Nature sees that, quiescent as they appear, surrounding solid bodies are thus sensitive to forces which are infinitesimal in their amounts—when the spectroscope proves to him that molecules on the earth pulsate in harmony with molecules in the stars—when there is forced on him the inference that every point in space thrills with an infinity of vibrations passing through it in all directions—the conception to which he tends is much less that of a universe of dead matter than that of a universe everywhere alive; alive, if not in the restricted sense, still in a general sense.

This transfiguration, which the inquiries of physicists continually increase, is aided by that other transfiguration resulting from metaphysical inquiries. Subjective analysis compels us to admit that our scientific interpretations of the phenomena which objects present are expressed in terms of our own variously-combined sensations and ideas—are expressed, that is, in elements belonging to consciousness, which are but symbols of the something beyond consciousness. Though analysis afterward reinstates our primitive beliefs, to the extent of showing that behind every group of phenomenal manifestations there is always a *nexus*, which is the reality that remains fixed amid appearances which are variable, yet we are shown that this *nexus* of reality is forever inaccessible to consciousness. And when once more, we remember that the activities constituting consciousness, being rigorously bounded, cannot bring in among themselves the activities beyond the bounds, which therefore seem unconscious, though production of either by the other seems to imply that they are of the same essential nature, this necessity we are under to think of the external energy in terms of the internal energy gives rather a spiritualistic than a materialistic aspect to the universe; further thought, however, obliging us to recognize the truth that a conception given in phenomenal manifestations of this ultimate energy can in no wise show us what it is.

While the beliefs to which analytic science thus leads are such as do not destroy the object-matter of religion, but simply transfigure it, science under its concrete forms enlarges the sphere for religious sentiment. From the very beginning the progress of knowledge has been accompanied by an increasing capacity

for wonder. Among savages, the lowest are the least surprised when shown remarkable products of civilized art, astonishing the traveller by their indifference. And so little of the marvellous do they perceive in the grandest phenomena of Nature that any inquiries concerning them they regard as childish trifling. This contrast in mental attitude between the lowest human beings and the higher human beings around us is paralleled by the contrasts among the grades of these higher human beings themselves. It is not the rustic, nor the artisan, nor the trader, who sees something more than a mere matter of course in the hatching of a chick; but it is the biologist, who, pushing to the uttermost his analysis of vital phenomena, reaches his greatest perplexity when a speck of protoplasm under the microscope shows him life in its simplest form, and makes him feel that however he formulates its processes the actual play of forces remains unimaginable. Neither in the ordinary tourist nor in the deer-stalker climbing the mountains above him does a Highland glen rouse ideas beyond those of sport or of the picturesque; but it may, and often does, in the geologist. He, observing that the glacier-rounded rock he sits on has lost by weathering but half an inch of its surface since a time far more remote than the beginnings of human civilization, and then trying to conceive the slow denudation which has cut out the whole valley, has thoughts of time and of power to which they are strangers—thoughts which, already utterly inadequate to their objects, he feels to be still more futile on noting the contorted beds of gneiss around, which tell him of a time, immeasurably more remote, when far beneath the earth's surface they were in a half-melted state, and again tell him of a time, immensely exceeding this in remoteness, when their components were sand and mud on the shores of an ancient sea. Nor is it in the primitive peoples who supposed that the heavens rested on the mountain-tops, any more than in the modern inheritors of their cosmogony who repeat that "the heavens declare the glory of God," that we find the largest conceptions of the universe or the greatest amount of wonder excited by contemplation of it. Rather, it is in the astronomer, who sees in the sun a mass so vast that even into one of his spots our earth might be plunged without touching its edges; and who by every finer telescope is shown an increased multitude of such suns, many of them far larger.

Hereafter as heretofore, higher faculty and deeper insight will raise rather than lower this sentiment. At present the most powerful and most instructed intellect has neither the knowledge nor the capacity required for symbolizing in thought the totality of things. Occupied with one or other division of Nature, the man of science usually does not know enough of the other divisions even to rudely conceive the extent and complexity of their phenomena; and, supposing him to have adequate knowledge of each, yet he is unable to think of them as a whole. Wider and more complex intellect may hereafter help him to form a vague consciousness of them in their totality. We may say that just as an undeveloped musical faculty, able only to appreciate a simple melody, cannot grasp the variously-entangled passages and harmonies of a symphony, which in the minds of composer and conductor are unified into involved musical effects awakening far greater feeling than is possible to the musically uncultured, so, by future more evolved intelligences, the course of things now apprehensible only in parts may be apprehensible all together, with an accompanying feeling as much beyond that of the present cultured man as his feeling is beyond that of the savage.

And this feeling is not likely to be decreased but increased by that analysis of knowledge which, while forcing him to agnosticism, yet continually prompts him to imagine some solution of the Great Enigma which he knows cannot be solved. Especially must this be so when he remembers that the very notions, beginning and end, cause and purpose, are relative notions belonging to human thought, which are probably inapplicable to the ultimate reality transcending human thought, and when, though suspecting that explanation is a word without meaning when applied to this ultimate reality, he yet feels compelled to think there must be an explanation.

But, amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty, that he is ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed.—HERBERT SPENCER, in *The Popular Science Monthly.*

A PILGRIMAGE TO STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

IT was not without a certain sense of shame that I stood in the dreary Paddington Station and watched my misanthropic porter sticking a label for Stratford-upon-Avon on my portmanteau. How many shrines had I visited, how many pilgrimages made, before this pilgrimage to this shrine! I had stood upon the barren hillock on the Attic plain where the thick-haunting nightingales of Sophocles had once sung to one another among the olive groves of Colonos. I had watched the evening sunlight dyeing with rosy red the sheer amphitheatre of rock which circles the still tarn of Vaucluse, in whose blue darkness Petrarch must so often have deemed that the eyes and hair of Laura were mirrored. I had lingered by the simple stone, in the shadow of the pyramid of Caius Sestius, which covers the "heart of hearts" of Shelley, and walked thence the little way to the grave of Adonais. I had looked upon that river in Asia Minor beside which Homer is said to have wandered, by whose side Homer is said to sleep. I had sighed for Dante by the empty honors of his Florentine sepulchre, had bowed no less reverently than Boccaccio before the tomb of Virgil at Parthenope, had trod almost in awe the streets of Weimar, the "dear little Saxon city where the great Goethe and the good Schiller

lived and lie buried." From the desolation of Tophet I had looked upon the walls of the Holy City, for whose sake the poets of Israel plucked at their iron harp-strings. Poets' graves and poets' cities I had visited in many parts of the earth, had paid homage to mighty memories; yet here I was now, for the first time, setting out for the birthplace, the shelter, and the grave of a poet, not merely the greatest that England, the proud mother of poets, has borne, but the greatest poet the world has ever seen, and in all probability ever will see. I was drifting for the first time to perhaps the most interesting town, so far as association with a great name can make a town interesting, beneath the canopy of heaven, always excepting that one town which stands among the haunted hollows of the Syrian hills. And so I repeat I felt heartily ashamed of myself for allowing the last to be first and the first to be last in this manner, and I climbed into my catafalcic railway carriage and sank upon its chocolate-colored seats with a sense of profound penitence and remorse, and full of a vague fear that now, even now, something might happen to stop or stay this visit of the eleventh hour.

Nothing, however, did happen. I accomplished without mistake all the many changes that the traveller must endure who strikes from Paddington for Stratford-upon-Avon. I did not get left behind at Didcot, or get into a wrong train at Hatton, and find myself when too late on the way to Birmingham or among the potteries of Worcester. Out of the starlit darkness—I had left London at half-past two in the afternoon, and it was now eight—the train ran into a shadowy little station of flickering lights, and a hoarse voice sent a thrill of emotion through me as it shouted out "Stratford-upon-Avon." I had actually arrived. A few moments more and I was lumbering along the Stratford streets in a solemn old omnibus, the property of the Shakespeare Hotel, to whose hospitality I was about to entrust myself. And hospitably was I treated in that most genial of hostelries. Fond memory will cherish kindly thoughts of its old-fashioned stairways and pleasant rooms, called every one of them after some play of the poet whose name has named the inn—for I will not hail it by the modern term "hotel." My bedroom was the "Romeo and Juliet," my sitting-room the "Hamlet" room. Think of it, ye students of Shakespeare, to sit before a blazing fire and eat a hungry traveller's dinner in a chamber consecrated to the memory of the melancholy prince, and then to go up stairs to sleep in a room where the only dreams should be of narrow Verona streets and the brawling factions of rival houses, and that immortal pair of star-crossed lovers, and the black silence of Capel's monument.

The morning came, such a morning as I would have chosen for myself had I been as much master of the elements as sea-tossed Ulysses was once for a season. Friends, of course, had told me before I went, and have told me since I came back, that the only time in which to see Stratford fitly is in the early spring, when bursting bud and burgeoning blossom lend to the soft Warwickshire meadows and peaceful hedgeways and high roads a seeming as if the youth of the world had come back again. But, somehow, such a day would not have looked to me so perfect as the day which destiny gave me. A soft filmy mist lay like a delicate veil over the sky, subduing all the surface of the heavens to a gentle silver gray, and lending a slumberous charm to the quiet streets and old-fashioned houses as of some city seen in a dream. Is not this Sleepy Hollow rather than Stratford-upon-Avon? I asked myself as I stood in the High Street. If the very houses did not seem asleep, as their Westminster fellows did to Wordsworth, they certainly looked very drowsy, with the pleasant drowsiness of old people nodding softly before the welcome autumn fire. The very people who passed by, the citizens at their shop-doors, the laborers with their ladders, the women, the children, even the dogs, seemed to recognize the soporific influence of the atmosphere and to succumb to it with placid resignation. They seemed to glide by through the soft vaporous air like the inhabitants of some such enchanted town as that in which the Beauty of the fairy tale and all her companions slept their enduring sleep, only here it seemed as if the enchantment had not been turned on fully, or had, for some mysterious cause or other, not taken its complete effect, and only left its victims to live and move in an eternal condition of semi-somnolence. Surely those fields outside the town can grow nothing but poppies; surely, too, the lotus is to be found among the reaches of the Avon, named of old time Lethe. But I that was not Stratford born, I that was a stranger to its fields and stream of sleep, I might struggle successfully against the numbing spell.

One of the chief charms of Stratford is that it is not, in the ordinary sense of the word, a show place. The guide, that ghoul-like creation of modern civilization and modern travel, the dark Efreet who plagues the wanderer abroad, has, happily, no existence here in Shakespeare's town. The visitor may go as he pleases where he pleases; no one will trouble him with importunate offers to show this or to lead to that. Left thus delightfully to himself the visitor is sure to do as I did, inquire the way to the house where Shakespeare was born, and make for it at once. It is only a few minutes' walk—every place in Stratford is only a few minutes' walk from every other place—in a street winding away from the High Street. The house is recognized the moment it comes in sight. Every one has seen pictures of the building, but recollections of these pictures would be of little assistance were assistance needed in prompting the memory now, for all of them, all at least that I had seen, were executed in days when Shakespeare's birthplace wore a very different appearance. The prints I was familiar with depicted a somewhat tumble-down, weather-worn edifice, one of a row of like tumble-down, weather-worn edifices, with the highway running up to its very walls, and having two boards thrust out from the front to meet at an angle and inform those going by in either direction that beneath that mod-

est roof Shakespeare saw the light. The place has changed greatly since those days. The old houses that had been its neighbors and companions for generations, that had shouldered up against it and leaned on it through ever so many successions of the seasons, have all been bought, pulled down, and their fragments carted away. The risk of their fellowship was too great; a spark from the pipe of some honest cobbler, a match still smouldering as it dropped from the hands of the grocer's girl, and Shakespeare's birthplace might have been dispersed to the four winds as so much smoke and the ashes of so much charred wood and blackened masonry. So grocer's shop and cobbler's booth have vanished, and in their place a neat garden surrounds the house and a trim railing wards it off from the encroachment of the sidewalk. The house thus isolated from danger has been in some measure "done up," spruced into wearing a certain whimsical air of juvenility at pains which might, perhaps, have been spared. The pair of projecting boards with their legend have disappeared, and the only visible assurance to the beholder that he is really standing before the place he has come to seek is a small placard at the side of the door, which informs the world that the ringing of a bell will summon a custodian who will show strangers the house for sixpence a head, with an extra sixpence for the curious who wish to see the museum. With a feeling something like awe I reach out my hand to the iron bell-pull and almost tremble as I hear the hoarse jangling I have made echoing its way within the haunted walls. There is a pause which seems unaccountably long, and leaves me time to reflect drearily that perhaps the house will not be open on this particular day of days because it is the Mayor's birthday, or because it is shut on account of reparations, or any other of the hundred-and-one reasons which have thwarted the sightseer in his labors at home and abroad. However, footsteps approach, the sacred door swings back, and a neat demure old lady appears and invites me to enter. With beating heart I obey and cross the threshold; the door closes behind me; I am there at last. I remember how, on my first day in Athens, the companion who led me up the Acropolis turned to me as we touched the steps of the Parthenon and said, "Put off your shoes, for the ground you tread is holy." The words came into my mind again and the wish to obey them, but I did not act upon the wish. It would have too much surprised the neat, demure old lady, who was very volubly telling her well-worn tale of the house and its fortunes. She told it pleasantly and with evidently a sincere interest in and enthusiasm for her subject, but she must pardon me if I confess that I did not pay her much heed. Here, in this low room with its wooden beams that time has tempered almost to the hardness of porphyry, the child of the wool-stapler, whose name makes England the rival of Greece and Rome, was born. Let the irreverent laugh as they will, there is a sanctity about associations, a holiness or a wonder about the places where great men have lived, or fair women loved, plotted, and deceived, which is strong enough to defy the degradation of a thousand tourists and the exorcisms of a wilderness of guides.

In another room, in the room set apart as the museum I think, there is a parchment that was sent from Germany in honor of some Shakespeare celebration or other. In one corner there is drawing of Shakespeare's House, in the other that in which Goethe was born—the stately house with the prophetic emblem of the lyre over the door in Frankfort-on-the-Main. I was there once, years earlier, and the day of my visit chanced to be the birthday of the great German poet. The house was bright with nosegays of flowers sent reverently by the people of the town in honor of the festival of their famous citizen. I wonder whether on April 23, the date which tradition, unsupported by any record, places as the date of Shakespeare's birth, the people of Stratford send posies to the house and lay offerings of country flowers upon its threshold.

It is not my purpose to write a description of Shakespeare's house or of the treasures of its museum, all the many precious things that Shakespeare's self might have used or touched or seen. But the museum has one great want; it lacks a copy of the famous First Folio; other editions, rare and valuable, it has and is proud of, but not this, the rarest. There are not very many copies of it in existence. Will the fortunate owner of one of these part with his priceless possession for the sake of completing the Stratford collection? It would probably be at least as safe there as elsewhere, and certainly more appropriate. The fear of conflagration which led to the annihilation of the neighboring dwellings forbids any fire to be made or light to be lit within the walls. The house is warmed by hot-water pipes, the water for which receives its temperature outside the building. No one lives in it. The custodian dwells in a little cottage at the other side of the neat garden.

The next thing to be seen is New Place, or rather what remains of it from the imbecile vindictiveness of that last-century clergyman who has succeeded in lending to his own base name a sort of infamous immortality. The antique fool who burnt the Ephesian temple did so in a wild determination to conquer his own nothing and ensure himself remembrance. But the savaged-tempered blockhead who disgraced the cloth of the Church of England by razing the abode of Shakespeare and felling the mulberry tree which the poet's hand had planted, was animated by nothing higher than a mean desire to be freed from the importunities of the curious. Only in the fierce amplitude of Oriental objurgation should that wretch's epitaph be written. There is a tradition current in Stratford that after he had accomplished his unholy work he had to fly from the town by night in order to escape from the just anger of his outraged fellow-townspeople. Who may not be pardoned for regretting that the pitiful rogue

did so escape; that stout Stratford cudgels clutched in angry Stratford fingers had no chance of making acquaintance with his knave's carcase; that he was not rolled in the Stratford mud and soused in the Stratford horse-pond? And if indeed the anger of his chastizers had sent him to dangle from some convenient tree, the forlorn hope of God's battle would have had no loss in him. A volume with a likeness of his hangdog face is shown in the little collection of curiosities in the house that adjoins New Place, and invites the curses of visitors from the farthest ends of the earth.

New Place is now a graceful garden, in which, here and there, some traces of the foundations and the like of the house where Shakespeare rested from his labors are carefully preserved. Behind this garden is a goodly sketch of grassy lawn surrounded by a path bordered by many trees. There is a mulbery tree in the middle which local enthusiasm, ever busy in the creation of myths, already begins to suggest rather than to assert was planted by Shakespeare's hand. At the end of the garden is an effigy of Shakespeare which at one time adorned London with its presence. It is as sadly in want of repair as some of those statues of the Roman gods which Tertullian described so scornfully, and its dingy decayed condition is in curious contrast with the precise trimness of the little park, for it almost deserves the name, in which it stands. However, the custodian of the gardens, an old woman again, more gossipy and less demure than her ally of the birthplace, cheers us with the assurance that the desolate-looking statue is to be repaired; the order has, it seems, been actually given to the local stone-mason, who has however been too busy —how can any human being be too busy in Stratford?—to fulfil the job as yet. I walk round the garden where Shakespeare, it is said, often played at bowls; I survey in the near distance that not too lovely building the Stratford Theatre, and feel no desire for closer acquaintance this time. As I return to the site of New Place the good dame who guides me insists on my eating unripe mulberries from a tree grown from a slip of the famous original. I sacrifice myself, consume them with assumed pleasure, and turn my steps in the direction of the church. Past the grammar-school site where the boy Shakespeare learnt those letters which he was afterwards to put together to such magic purpose, along a winding road, across a green churchyard and through a much-restored church, I stand at last by the grave. It is not always easy to feel the right emotions at the right time; nor is the individual who pumps them up to order, as it were, always the most agreeable of travelling companions. I remember the first time I stood, one glorious moonlight night, among the majestic pillars of Olympian Jove at Athens, that any inclination on my part to say the right sort of thing was chilled out of me by the cold inquiry of a chance companion, "Do you enthuse much?—I don't myself." I hope I may not be thought to be "enthusing," or merely saying the right sort of thing, if I admit that I did feel a sense of awe as I stood by the slab with its pathetic imprecation, and looked up at the simple and somewhat grotesque effigy of the poet:—

> Blessed be the man that spares these stones,
> And cursed be he who moves my bones.

He must be bold indeed who in the face of that prayer and that imprecation would dare to wrench away the stone from that grave in order to note the length of Shakespeare's head, or lured by hope of learning something strange about the authorship of the plays. Did not Delia Bacon, who first bewildered the world with her theory that Lord Bacon wrote what Shakespeare fathered—did not she dream of prying into the secrets which she believed that the tomb with the terror of its graven curse concealed? Was she not found one night, poor fanciful woman, by the village sexton, cowering with dim lantern beside the stone, as if preparing with feeble feminine fingers to attempt its sanctity? These things we think of as we pass out again into the free air; inside the church no thought of the Baconian theory disturbs simple reverence for the grave of the loftiest poet. I am no furious opponent of the Baconian theory. I admit that there is much to be said for it; that it is not merely the ridiculous dream of the crackbrained; that the evidence in its favor is ingenious and surprising. But I would much, very much rather it were not true, here above all, while breathing the soft Stratford air and walking along the winding road which leads now, as it led of old, across the fields and meadows to the cottage of Ann Hathaway. Time, whose hand has not dealt untenderly with Stratford, has here fallen with its softest touches. The sky still canopies the wide green stretches, the pleasant hedges, and the rural path that were familar to the boy Shakespeare hastening to his lover. Nothing here can have altered much, for fields and meadows are practically changeless save for the gentle changes of the seasons. On reaching the village indeed we step forward a little into modern life, only to step back again into the past as we pause before Ann Hathaway's cottage and enter its rustic door.

Here another old woman awaits us. They are delightful old bodies, these venerable Stratford women, with their pride in the place and its traditions, and him whom they speak of with a curious air of personal affection and almost of acquaintance as "the poet." The goody of that Hathaway cottage claims kinship with the family of Shakespeare's wife. She displays with pride old oaken bedsteads that antiquaries would be rejoiced to buy, and bed-linen worked and adorned with exceeding care by the fingers of a generation that still found time to make common things beautiful. Such bed-linen was the pride of its possessors, carefully kept for marriage nights and for solemnly laying out the dead. There is a curious charm about the dainty worked material that has veiled so many simple loves and shrouded so many simple sorrows, and still endures; strong of texture, finely worked, scarcely less white than when

the last stitches were given to it long ago. Of course we sit on the settle by the chimney corner where William wooed Ann; of course we write our names in the book which the old woman produces—there are books always in all these places—and in which she points with pride to faded signatures of famous men, dead most of them; Dickens, Longfellow, and many another. Most of the names written in these books are American. From every State, from every town, come pilgrims from across the Atlantic, eager to stand upon the hallowed Stratford earth, which seems more sacred to them than to the countrymen of Shakespeare.

There is little more to see in Stratford. Charlcote, the home of the Lucys, lies yonder a few miles off, but inexorable necessity will not permit a visit there this time. May the time of my next visit come soon and last longer is my fervent hope, as I leave behind me the sweetest and the most sacred of English towns. I have been in many famous places, and have wandered to many distant shrines, but never to any spot which I have left with so warm a sense of reverence and affection as the quiet little Warwickshire town which contains the place of birth, the place of death, and the place of sleep of Shakespeare.—JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY, in *Belgravia.*

THALBERG.

SIGISMOND THALBERG, one of the most successful *virtuosi* of this century, was born at Geneva—according to his biographer, Mendel, on May 5, according to Fétis on January 7, according to a brother of his now established at Vienna, who gave me the authentic date, on February 7, 1812. Being the son of Prince Dietrichstein, who had many wives without ever being married, Thalberg had several brothers of different family names. The one just mentioned is Mr. Leitzinger, three months older than Thalberg—a fact which speaks for itself. Another half-brother of his is Baron Denner. Thalberg's mother was the Baroness Wetzlar, a highly-educated lady, full of talent, and who took the greatest care of Thalberg's early education. In Geneva he remained in the Pension Siciliewski under the guidance of a governess, Madame Denver, and under the superintendence of his mother. This Madame Denver, and Mr. Müller—a Frenchman, although his name be German—took Thalberg to Vienna to his father's palace. He was then just ten years old.

He arrived at Vienna as Vienna was sixty years ago—very different from what it is now. Vienna then, with a view to successfully defending the town against an eventual siege, was surrounded by a bastion (Bastey), very high walls, and a deep entrenchment (Stadtgraben) to be filled with water at the mere approach of would-be storming beleaguers. Within this limited circle lay what is now called the inner city: a crowd of narrow streets and but a few squares. The whole Ring, the pride of to-day's city, with its rows of palaces, gardens and broad streets, built upon the very place where the bastion and the surrounding entrenchment once lay, did not at that time exist. Prince Dietrichstein's palace, above mentioned, stood, however, outside the town, or what was then considered the town, outside the inner walls.

The Prince was so fond of his boy that he gave up an Ambassadorial appointment to devote all his time to "Sigi's" (this was his pet name) education. Thalberg early showed a great aptitude for music and for languages, and was destined by his father to become a diplomatist, and with a view to this, had the best masters to teach him. If a friendly—perhaps too friendly—source is to be credited, he made rapid progress, especially in Greek and geography, which no doubt explains the curious collection of maps with which Thalberg adorned his room at Naples. His first success dates back so far as 1826, when he was fourteen years old, and played at an evening party at Prince Clemens Metternich's the then master of the diplomatic world. He it was who once replied to a lady, a great patroness of music, who asked him whether it really was true that he was not fond of music, "Oh, Madame je ne la crains pas!"

Some one present at an evening party at the same Prince Metternich's house on the Ballplatz, told me that there the same thing happened fifty yeas ago which took place at Leeds last month. Gas adapted to illuminating private houses had just been invented, and the Prince gave the first great evening party with a profusion of that brilliant light. As the clock struck midnight a lady in ecstasy remarked: "I hope no evil spirit (kein böser Geist) will spoil our pleasure: it *is* so pretty!" when suddenly, as if the invocation had called forth some ill-behaved witch, the whole suite of apartments became pitch dark; and nobody having dreamt of such a possibility, no wax candles were anywhere to be found, and not only was the ball suddenly brought to an end, but it is easy to imagine the confusion and complications consequent upon the sudden darkness. So at Leeds in October, during the festival, the hall, lighted up with electricity, suddenly became gray from the blue-white it had just been, but the honorary secretary not waiting for the gray in its turn to become black, rushed out and got the gas turned on, which fortunately had not been abolished. It is remarkable that since that time there has never been an evening party given at the Palais Metternich without half the illumination resting upon the possibility of wax candles, which shows once more that there is nothing new even under the electric sun.

Various are the stories about Thalberg's piano teachers; but it is certain that he was taught by Mittag, and that the great organist and harmonist, Sechter, the first German who simplified and most clearly demonstrated the principles of harmony, taught him counterpoint. Fétis, whose information is especially doubtful with regard to German composers, gives many details of Thalberg which he did not sufficiently verify. Czerny never taught

Thalberg, though he gave five or six lessons to Franz Liszt. In Vienna are a number of professors who pretend to have instructed both Liszt and Thalberg. But just as a poor man, who leaves his village friendless and uncared for, the moment he succeeds in making a great fortune in a big city, suddenly finds himself surrounded by a number of cousins and nephews whose existence is news to him, so masters spring up like the armed men from the dragon's teeth, when an artist becomes a celebrity. The first occasion on which Thalberg became known was in 1833, at a *soirée* at Count Apponyi's, then Austrian Ambassador at Paris. Thalberg was then twenty-one years old, of an extremely agreeable, aristocratic appearance, refined manners, and very witty; only a trifle too much given to making puns, an amusement rather easy in French, and which foreigners are too easily induced to indulge in. One day I passed with him through Regent Circus, when he saw at Peter Robinson's a piece of yellow silk (*foulard*). He asked me: "Shall I get you a dress-coat made of this? Ah," he added, "I have it: I'll give you an umbrella; that is the most appropriate thing to offer *en cadeau*." "How so?" I asked. "Why, of course," he replied, "the most appropriate, *en cas d'eau!*" Kind-hearted, and uncommonly careful not to say an incautious word against anybody or ever to hurt any man's feelings, he became at once the ladies' pet—and what that means in Paris those who know French society will not undervalue.

He was an innovator on the piano, though not of the first rank; he invented forms, notably effects. He had wonderfully formed fingers, the tips of which were real little cushions. This formation and very persevering study enabled Thalberg to produce such wonderful *legatos*, that Liszt said of him, "Thalberg est le seul artiste, qui joue du violon sur le clavier." When he played for the first time in public, in Vienna, in 1829, his touch and his expression at once conquered the audience, but even then principally the ladies. In Paris his winning manners and his scientific mode of education, which with a very adroit modesty he knew how to show though seeming to conceal it, contributed as much as his talent to render him the talk of the day. It must not however be surmised that his execution, althought it could not stand the test of comparison with that of the Attila of the piano, Liszt, nor the dreamy, attractive poetry of Chopin, was by any means ordinary. It is not true that, as another great *calembouriste* pretended, Thalberg "playingly" attained his high position (*en jouant*). He was so fond of music that he overcame Prince Dietrichstein's preconceived idea of a diplomatic career, only by dint of earnest study and determination. He often left his bed at three o'clock in the morning to practise on his piano and those who heard him privately and knew him intimately, were much more able to appreciate the extraordinary difficulties he was able to overcome, than those who only heard him play his compositions in public. It was one of the reproaches which classical, but tedious players heaped upon him, that "he did not play the great masters, but that he only shone in public with his own compositions." Yet when he played Beethoven it did not "amuse" the audiences of that day, and he lived before all for his success, for his one personality. Among all great piano-players, it should be said of him what Catalani said of Sontag: "His *genre* was nor great, but he was great in his *genre*." He was amiable, both as a man and as a performer. His position, highly recommended as he was, and supported in society by Prince Dietrichstein, who endowed him with £20,000 and launched him with his powerful connections, was of course an exceptional one. It was one of the curious anomalies so often observably in life, that although he so earnestly preached against the mania of the century of sacrificing everything to effect, the gist of *his* art, the aim and purpose of all his musical studies, was nothing but to produce effect. That he was, musically speaking, of a most sympathetic, attractive, even irresistible organization, it would be difficult to deny; but it is, above all, skill and education, which his piano compositions show, which, although influenced by Liszt's brilliancy and Chopin's florid style, are nevertheless more valuable than his orchestral and operatic compositions, which totally failed. He was a celebrated man for many reasons, one of which only was his executive talent, and for the successful endeavor to sing on the piano. It is a well-known fact that Madame Malibran, after hearing him play one evening, sang in a manner which astonished even her most ardent admirers. She made no secret of the reason of this extraordinary effort, which was caused by the excitement which the brilliancy and elegance of Thalberg's performance had engendered in her.

As a composer of operas, two events in his life are notorious, and both very unfortunate. His opera "Christina" was a dead failure. "Florinda," which was performed under Balfe's directions in London in 1851, with Cruvelli Sims Reeves, and Lablache, was, as an eye witness states, found by the best critics of the times unpleasing, difficult to sing, uninteresting. Even the song, the only hint of the evening, and which was so well sung by Sims Reeves that it created a genuine success, was, to say the least, not a pretty one. Certainly whatever society could do to help was done. The Queen and Prince Albert headed a most brilliant assembly, and everything was prepared to make the work acceptable, but the thin stuff of the score could not be sustained. Besides, that which ruined Flotow's "Undine," happened here also. The curtain went down before the close, and after nearly everybody had left their seats, up went the curtain again, and Simes Reeves was discovered rescuing from the flames Madame Cruvelli. The story was badly told, the music was thin and incredibly devoid of interesting ideas, and so the fate of the opera was sealed. It was asserted, by Thalberg's friends, that to Madame Cruvelli the absence of success was largely due. Not being pleased with her *rôle*, it is said, she deliberately sacrificed it,

and at one moment even hummed instead of singing her air; so that a person sitting in the front row of the stalls, behind Balfe, heard Balfe call out to Cruvelli, "Sing properly, for if you do not respect yourself, you ought at least to respect the audience, among whom there is Her Majesty the Queen."

What Madame Cruvelli was capable of doing when her blood was up, an event very likely to occur with that capricious, spoiled child of the Paris world, she has several times most effectually shown. On the night of the first performance of "l'Etoile du Nord" at the Opéra Comique, Madame Cruvelli had a quarrel with a journalist (Fiorentino by name). She entered her box, which was exactly opposite the Emperor Napoleon III.'s state box, in an ill-humor. Not having the slightest regard to the common courtesy due not only to the Emperor, but to the ladies in his box, as much as to say: "I do not care for the whole audience;" and when an *aide-de-camp* of the Emperor came to her and told her that she prevented the Emperor from admiring her tasteful toilette, which was certainly a very courteous way of drawing her attention to her bad manners, she saucily remarked: "Dites à l'Empereur de ne pas regarder; cela n'en vaut pas la peine." Had a singer sent such a reply to the Emperor Nicholas she would have had to quit the capital next morning; but the Emperor laughed at her "advice," and what makes the affair still prettier, is, when, a very short time after, he met her at a great musical *soirée*, and she was in a more amiable mood, he ask her: "Dites-moi donc, Madame Cruvelli, quelle mouche vous a piquée le soir de la première de l'Etoile du Nord?" "Au pied?" she replied. "Your Majesty does not know all the annoyances and vexations of an artist's life; and it would be difficult for me to say how sorry I was not to be able to restrain my suffering better." Saying these words she looked, like the great actress she was, so concerned and downcast at the Emperor that he said to her: "Mais vous avez une si jolie main, et vous ne portez jamais de bague! Essayez donc si celle-ci va vous porter bonheur." Saying which he took from his finger a magnificent diamond ring, and placed it himself on her hand. That was her punishment!

I will, however, defend her from another charge which has been brought against her. One evening when the "Huguenots" was announced at the Grand Opéra, then situated in the Rue Lepelletier, Cruvelli bolted, and the audience, after having waited until 8.30 (the opera was announced to begin at 7.15) had to take their money back. An old Minister, then of great influence, had surreptitiously invaded her dressing-room and she had after a vigorous struggle ejected him with such violence, that, afraid of the consequences, five minutes after, she fled to Venice, from whence she had to be brought back by a special messenger, armed with a letter of the Emperor, who assured her of his continued favor, and with a letter of the Minister in question, who pledged his word that not only should she not pay the penalty usually attached to such cases of indiscretion, but that she had nothing whatever to fear in the capital. So she was always victorious in the end, whether she was right or wrong.

But if Thalberg was not successful on the stage, it is but fair to say that his compositions for the piano not only conbined novel effects, both in form and arrangement, but real invention. He had the talent, through adroit use of the pedal and new combinations, to make you believe that you heard two performers at the same time.

A catalogue of his piano compositions comprises sixty-five numbers, many of which earned glory and money for their author, and stamped him as a specialist for his instrument, the combined effects of which nobody had ever better understood. In order to explain the sensation which Thalberg produced with these works, it would perhaps be best to listen to one of the most competent judges and critics: Robert Schumann, who, himself a pianist of no mean order and a composer of great merit, was the very best authority to whom we could look for an able and just opinion. Schumann moreover was one of the composers for whom Thalberg had conceived a perfect enthusiasm, although their natures both as musicians and men so widely differed. Thalberg was the most amiable *causeur*, Schumann was as silent as Field Marshal Count Moltke, of whom the Emperor of Germany said last year: "My Moltke is silent in seven languages (schweigt in sieben Sprachen)." Thalberg was the man of society, of luxury, the man for the ladies; Schumann was a man of the simplest tastes, who never felt lonely except "in society." It is undeniable that until 1830 the performers of Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel and Moscheles, etc., submitted their talents to the interpretation of the composer, whereas afterwards arose that most unjustifiable habit of sacrificing the composer to the *virtuoso*. A French critic said of Thalberg, that he had estranged the piano from its natural use, and made of it something outside real music ("en dehors de la musique"). It is difficult to see what the use of a musical instrument can be turned to if not to music, except that Thalberg may be said to use the composition too much as a means of showing off his *bravura*. But this is done every day, and although not less reprehensible on that account, it cannot be said to be a proceeding "outside real music."

As I have before mentioned, Prince Dietrichstein had settled a capital of £20,000 on Thalberg, who married, at Paris, not, as Fétis states, in 1845, but in 1843, Madame Boucher, the daughter of the famous Lablache, and the widow of a painter of merit who had been decorated with the Legion of Honor by the French Government for his picture "La Mort du Maréchal Marceau." Thalberg travelled through Belgium, Holland, England, and Russia in 1839, and Spain, 1845, and he went to Brazil, 1855, North America, 1856, and finally settled at Posilippo (Naples) in 1858. He appeared again in public in 1862, and in London in 1863 in the concerts arranged for him by his brother-in-law, Frederick Lablache, after

which he lived in Naples as an "Oeconom" and winegrower.

The writer of these lines saw him in his house in that wonderfully picturesque position overlooking the Bay of Naples, opposite San Agata, and when taken by Thalberg all over the property, he could nowhere discover a trace of a piano. He had become famous through his music, he now wanted to make money, and money only, with his vines. His daughter (not by his legitimate wife, but by an Italian singer, Madame d'Angri) resembles him much. She destroyed what seemed a promising career as a *prima donna* by singing too early and straining her voice in parts too high for her *tessitura*, both common faults with present singers, who are always too anxious to reap before they have sown and before they have properly prepared, trained, and developed their voices by careful study, because they fancy that shouting high notes to elicit injudicious applause will make them celebrated singers. They utterly forget that the great models of Italian singers whom we have admired in this century owed their great glory and fortunes to a conscientious persevering preparation, and to the sacrifice of every enjoyment which interfered with the earnest fulfilment of their artistic duties.

Schumann, in an access of ill-humor ("böser Laune"), says that Thalberg keeps him in a certain tension of expectancy, not on account of the platitudes which are sure to come, but on account of the profound manner of their preparation, which warns you always of the moment they are on the point of bursting upon you. He says: "Thalberg deceives you by brilliant hand and finger work in order to pass off his weak thoughts, and it is an interesting question to see how long the world will be pleased to put up with such mechanical music." It was Thalberg's Concerto which so irritated Schumann, who was afraid that in Paris, where celebrities are always spoilt, he might not sufficiently take heed of what more serious composers had there achieved, and that he would be led away by the pardonable weakness of preferring "the charming mortality of a flattered *virtuoso's* life to the questionable after-glory of a real composer's work." Whilst Madame Schumann was playing one of Thalberg's waltzes, Schumann laid a few roses on the desk, which accidentally slipped down on the keyboard. By a sudden jump of the left hand in the bass Madame Schumann wounded her little finger with one of the thorns. To her anxiously inquiring lord she replied that nothing much was the matter, only a very slight accident, and that, like the waltzes themselves, there was no great suffering, only a few drops caused by rose-thorns.

Although those waltes of Thalberg are not what you would call Viennese waltzes, yet they show that absolutely Viennese element, quite monopolized in that city, that hidden spring which lifts the left hand irresistibly to lift the dancer's foot. The Vienese, and the Viennese only, know how to dance, how to play, and how to write waltzes. No one equals Strauss's orchestra in that respect, and with no orchestra but a Viennese one could he perform it. The waltz is their idol, and it has been reproachfully stated by serious observers that the mass of them—of ccurse there is no question about the *élite*, who are as studious, as serious, as laborious as the *élite* of the nation anywhere else—but the mass of them live for eating and dancing only. When the battle of Sadowa was lost, which at once threw Austria out of Germany, and brought it to the very feet of Prussia, upon which Austria used to look down rather haughtily, the sad news reached Vienna early in the morning; and the despair of the people, who were quite heartbroken, was absolutely universal. That lasted until three in the afternoon, when the terrible probability of Strauss's ball being countermanded diverted the attention of the politically stricken people, who began to think which would be the more awful calamity: the battle or the suspension of the ball. The afternoon passed in dreadful suspense, but the ball bills remained uncovered with the dreaded postponement. Then philosophy came to the aid of the young ladies, and from them spread to the young men. Would Austria regain German influence by their not dancing? Would Sadowa not be a sad and accomplished fact whether they cried at home or not? Was it not best to bear up courageously and to gain strength by exercise? Thus good counsel prevailed, and the day that had dawned with consternation and despair heard the famous 3-4 in the evening, and the tears dried on those pretty young cheeks glowing with excitement over the "Blue Danube." Hurrah for joy and youth! Take life easily! it lasts not one minute longer for all your sulking; say, like Maffio Orsini:

Scherzo e bevo,
Derido gl' insani,
Che si dan
Del futuro pensier.

("I laugh and drink, and mock at people insane enough to care for what the future may bring.") So much for dancing. As for eating, I have the authority of an *aide-de-camp* of the Emperor Francis, who reigned over Austria during the Napoleonic wars, who is stated to have stood by the oven one day, there being no open fires at that time in Austria, when Count E., covered with mud, burst into the Burg (the Imperial Palace) and demanded an immediate audience of the Emperor. Brought into the presence of his Majesty, the following colloquy ensued:

"Well, what is the matter?"

"Your Majesty, I come from the battle-field, and I am grieved to say with terrible news."

"What has happened?"

"A battle has been fought, and——"

"Well?"

"And we are routed; the battle is lost."

"Lost? Quite lost?"

"Yes, your Majesty, quite lost."

"Nothing to be done! Nothing?"

"Your Majesty, I am deeply sorry to say, nothing."

"What, absolutely nothing? Let us then to dinner!"

Thalberg's first Caprice (E minor) contains a

well-developed principal thought, and forms a piece sure to win loud approbation. It is not always a proof of the excellence of a composition that it produces a great effect under the hand of the composer. All that that proves, is the skill of the performer, and Schumann expresses the wish that Thalberg might furnish for the appreciation of the critic a piece thoroughly and equally well-written —not a piece here and there well-written and abounding in weak parts every now and then, and seemingly written by a man who had only done this work because he had no other occupation. It is impossible here not to recall to mind the words with which the Frankfort Baron Rothschild introduced Thalberg, to a rich banker of his acquaintance: "This is Mr. Thalberg, the great pianist, but, thanks to the Lord, he does not want it (hat's Gott sei Dank, nicht nöthig)." Schumann's wrath somehow relents when speaking of Thalberg's Variations on two Russian *motivos*—"Krasni sarafan" (red petticoat), which is not, as Schumann presumes, the "touching prayer of a child for a garment," as the very first words show: "A red petticoat *gave* me my mother," and the second theme being "Boje Tsarja chranjee" (God save the Czar). Schumann thought the introduction, through which, every now and then, "the child's song appears like an angel's head, fanciful and effective. Equally tender and flexible are the variations, very musician-like, well-flowing and altogether well rounded off. The *finale*, so short that the audience is sure to listen whether or no there is nothing more to follow before they should explode in spontaneous applause, is graceful, brilliant, noble indeed." These expressions seem certainly enthusiastic enough, and scarcely bear out the severity of his judgment when discoursing on the general qualities of the composer of the *concerto*.

As to Thalberg's Fantasias on *motivos* of the "Huguenots," and on Rossini's "Mosè in Egitto," the friends of Erard the French piano-maker fancied that Thalberg, who treated the "Huguenots" Fantasia in the way he had marked out for himself, had written the brilliant octave repetition variation only for the purpose of showing off the *double échappement* of Erard. This is not likely. Thalberg was not so self-sacrificing. He had one thing in view, and that only, to find new forms, new effects, new surprises for the public. Schumann says that in this *fantasia* Thalberg reminds him of Goethe's saying: "Happy are those who by their birth are lifted beyond the lower stratum of humanity, who need not pass through those conditions in which many a good man anxiously passes all his life. Look at Thalberg! how entirely is he master of his language and his thoughts! What a man of the world! How easily does he entwine and undo the meshes! To him is known the smallest pulsation of the public, and he calculates his effects, now exciting, now calming, his audience; and thus nothing remains but boldly to confirm the enthusiasm excited by this *fantasia* in Paris."

Thalberg had the great art of composing works much more difficult in appearance than in reality. Just as Rossini knew so well how to write for the voice, so Thalberg knew how to write for the finger, I might say, for giving a voice to the finger. His studies, incomparably easier than those of Moscheles and Chopin, sound as brilliantly as if they required the most persevering study to overcome their difficulties. That makes them grateful to play and pleasing to the ear. It has been said of the "Etudes" that they are graceful work for ladies, "for the tepid temperature of the drawing-room," not for the healthy atmosphere outside the house, and that vigorous men will not long stop with them. Yet those who will take the trouble to master them entirely, will find that they have acquired some useful knowledge thereby. Chopin's studies are more poetical, Cramer's are more matter of fact, Moscheles' are more difficult to conquer. Thalberg wrote especially Thalberg. His studies and his *art da chant* are only specimens of what *he* could do best. It is in one or another form his full, light, energetic and singing touch. His studies are the extract of his successes, of his glory, and of his very industrious hard work.

For be it well known, he worked at this perpetually. Thalberg was essentially the pianist of the French, who in art, politics, and life, know only one desire, "*Autre chose!*" It has often been said, and I think quite rightly, too, that what makes the French revolt against the *status quo* is not that they are dissatisfied with it, but that they want "something else" whatever they may have. Thalberg then was continually devising some surprising new effect, and thereby he was forced to find at every moment "*autre chose.*" It would not be courteous to the French ladies to say that that is just what suits their fickle nature, and that they too are in perpetual search of the "something else;" but Schumann who knew human nature well, says, that to criticize Thalberg would be to risk the revolt against you of all French, German and foreign women. A contemptuous smile of the great French critics is all you would have for your pains. "Why, does he not deserve all the crowns and wreaths he was adorned with? Whoever wishes to progress and create new things must before all know all that is going on around him; Strauss as well as Beethoven, because Strauss is in his way the highest expression of his time. Thalberg sheds the lustre of his performance on whatever he may play, Beethoven or Dussek, Chopin or Hummel. He has melody in the way of the Italians, from eight bars to eight bars. He knows wonderfully how to dress his melodies, and there might perhaps be much to be said about the difference between a real composition and a conglomeration of that new fashioned style; but there again the army of young ladies advance, and therefore nothing remains to be said but, 'He is a god,' when seated before the piano."

"The only way," says Schumann, "to get at the real value of a composition, is, to undress it, and when the jewelry, the brilliant, blinding embellishments are gone, then see what remains, what nature has done for it."

In the same way spoke Rossini, when he once overheard a remark to the effect that Verdi's operas were always in brilliant costume or sounding armor, but that his (Rossini's) works were like an attractive young woman, quite simply dressed but handsome by nature. "And, better still," said Rossini, "if you could even do without the simple dress, and admire the forms when perfect without artificial help!"

Thalberg, like Beriot, once took a grand *motif* of Beethoven and distorted it into "effective variations." This enraged Schumann, as it would every true musician. But then, Thalberg had a certain mission of elegance and effect to pour a rain of rosebuds and rose-diamonds into the eager listener's ear. Enchant him for the moment and demand no more. His Viennese nature showed brilliantly in his waltzes, which were more really, more thoroughly, more undeniably waltz motives than Chopin's Mazurkas and Liszt's Hungarian Csardas, because Liszt and Chopin became thoroughly French in Paris, whilst Thalberg remained an Austrian, and to the Austrians belongs, as I said before, the exclusive talent of composing, dancing, and playing waltzes.

It is interesting to learn the opinion of Mendelssohn and Rubinstein, two great authorities in piano and in composition, on the relative merits of Liszt and Thalberg. Mendelssohn in his letters speaks of the "heathen scandal (Heidenscandal)," in the good and the bad sense of the word, created by Liszt at Leipsic. He declares Thalberg's calm ways and self-control much more worthy of the real *virtuoso*. Now compare with this Liszt's opinion of himself. Liszt has been heard to say, after Thalberg's immensely successful concerts given after his return from Paris to Vienna, that "he hoped to play as Thalberg did, when ever he (Listz) should be partly paralyzed and limited to the use of one hand." Undoubtedly Liszt's execution was more brilliant, and particularly more crushing. The strings flew, the hammers broke; and thus Chopin once said to him: "I should prefer not playing in public: it unnerves me. You, if you cannot charm the audience, can at least astonish and crush them." Mendelssohn goes on to say in his comparison of the two men, that Liszt's compositions are *beneath* his performance, since before all "he lacks ideas of his own," all his writing aiming only at showing off his skill, whereas Thalberg's "Donna del Lago," for instance, is a work of the most brilliant effect, of an astonishing gradual increase of difficulties and ornamentation, and of refined taste in every bar! "His paw (Faust) is as remarkable as the light deftness of his fingers." Yet Liszt's immense execution (Technik) is undeniable. Now set against this what Rubinstein said, when he was asked why in a programme of his recital he had put Thalberg's "Don Juan" Fantasia immediately after *fantasia* on *motivos* of the same opera: "Pour bien faire ressortir la différence entre cet épicier et le Dieu de la musique." It is unnecessary to point out that with Rubinstein the *Dieu de la musique* was Liszt, and Thalberg the *épicier!* Never perhaps have the merits of any two pianists given rise to more violent and sometimes to more amusing discussion.

At Vienna on one occasion two gentlemen had rather warm arguments as to who was the greater pianist of the two, when one of the two combatants admitted that he had *never heard either of them!* Tableau! So Mendelssohn, in speaking of the critics who compare those pianists, says: "They talk like two men who are both wrong and whom you die to interrupt at every sentence." In appearence Thalberg, a perfect aristocrat, never moved a muscle beyond his arms to the elbow. His body remained in one position, and whatever difficulties he had to render he was, or at any rate he appeared, unmoved, calm, master of the keyboard, and what is more difficult, of himself. Liszt, with his long hair flying about at every *arpeggio* or scale, not to mention his restlessness when playing rapid octaves, studied his public nevertheless. He kept the audience well under his eye, he was not above playing certain little comedies, and he was happy to afford opportunities for scenes to be played by the audience; for instance, ladies threw themselves upon a glove of his, expressly forgotten on the piano, and tore it to shreds, which they divided among themselves as relics.

That may appear very foolish on the part of these ladies, as bad in fact on their part as on his. But they considered everything that he had touched, the moment they could lay their hands on it, their property, and—honesty among thieves—they fairly divided the spoil among themselves. Stealing, the Greeks said, is no crime, and cannot be punished, but on condition that you be clever enough not to allow yourself to be caught. Those who were caught were hanged, that was the law, not for stealing, but for not knowing how to save themselves. Enlightened philosophers like Prudhon even went so far as to say that possession is theft. His famous work, "La Propriété c'est le Vol," is well known. But I have known a greater philosopher than that. He was a Jew, and a tailor in a Russian provincial town. I wanted a waistcoat for a ball. I was then very young, and thought a vast deal of a white silk waistcoat with silver buttons. So I went to him and communicated my wishes. But Moses sadly shook his head, and said he had no such material by him, when suddenly I espied a small piece of white silk with gold, evidently a piece of some old material for covering furniture. Instantly I resolved that this should cover my impatient heart, and I asked him would it be sufficient for a waistcoat, and what would it cost? I waited his decision with more anxiety than the verdict of a jury. Slowly came his words: "I think I might possibly do it. The price would be twenty silver roubles." "What," I exclaimed indignantly, "twenty roubles for this piece of silk? I bet my head, you thief, that you have stolen it—this is no stuff for waistcoats." Barely had I said the word, than I feared I had libelled him. But no such

petty thought crossed the head of Moses; and the son of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob rose to the occasion as follows: "Stolen, you say? Of course I have stolen it; but not for you—for me." What could I say? Opinions as to *meum* and *tuum* will differ so long as the globe turns in the spheres. Liszt too had no petty scruples, he rather encouraged such theft.

It was ground for a sensational paragraph. Thalberg thoroughly disdained such a petty course. Liszt heaped, as Mendelssohn and Schumann said, difficulty upon difficulty so as to furnish himself with the pretext of vanquishing them with his astounding mechanism. Excepting his smaller works, the arrangements of Schubert's songs, Rossini's *soirées musicales*, etc., or the little "Lucia" Fantasia, which so pleased Mendelssohn with its *arpeggios* and shakes for the left hand, there are very few that *le commun des martyrs* of the pianist-world could even attempt to play. In his "Puritani" Fantasia and others, there are sometimes shakes for the last two fingers, extending over several printed pages, while the other fingers have totally different occupations, which he himself played divinely, his shake with the little finger being most stupendous—but who else could do it? His *concertos*, unpleasing and unmusical, requiring a strength and execution very rarely to be met with, are not grateful, while Thalberg's compositions are so to a high degree.

But if Thalberg was a thorough Viennese with his waltzes and his gay humor, he was a thorough artist all the same. Some of Liszt's *fantasias*, except the brilliant passages which dazzle the ear, even as tinsel dazzles the eye, are so wanting in real body, that they remind you of a certain sparkling claret, with a fine ruby color but no warmth and no real stuff in it, or of that dinner that the miserly widow of a rich Autrian banker offered to a celebrated journalist, where there was so little offered him to eat that he actually was hungry at the end of the meal. So when the lady of the house most courteously said to him, "I have been very happy to see you here, my dear sir; when will you do me the honor to dine with me again?" "Now at once," he said, to her amazement. Just so do these *fantasias* leave you with an empty, unsatisfied appetite.

In Thalberg's works, first of all, you find the fundamental basis of all music: singing. Where there is not one of those graceful little *andanti cantabili* which he ordinarily puts in the beginning of his pieces, one finger is sure to sing a *motif* which the others in varied modes accompany. Whether the figure be that of chromatic scales, as in the *Andante*, or the *motif* surrounded with *arpeggios*, like "Mosè," or interwoven in scales like the *menuet* of "Don Giovanni," or changing hands as in the "Airs Russes," or specially brilliantly arranged for the left hand to play the *motif*, with accompanying cords written on a second line, while the right hand plays a brilliant variation noted on a third line—as in his Fantasia on "God save the Queen"—you always hear the two hands doing the work of three, sometimes you imagine that of four hands.

In Thalberg's Andante in D flat, he moreover imitated most elegantly and successfully the *fioriture* which Chopin loved so to adorn his plaintive melodies with.

Photography not having at that time taken the place in the artistic world it now occupies, the likenesses of artists depended on the skill of an engraver, like the wonderful portrait of Jenny Lind, engraved forty years ago at Vienna. That was the grand time for the lithographers. Kaiser and the famous Kriehuber made the most successful portraits both of Thalberg and Liszt, especially of the latter, who courted advertisement of every kind, as much as Thalberg treated it as beneath his dignity. Kriehuber made a charming group of Liszt, with Czerny, Ernst and others (including himself), and exhibited it at one of Liszt's night concerts (given between midnight and two A.M.). He there, too, portrayed Liszt in all kinds of costumes, even in his travelling coat, with a fur cap over his ears. He made a splendid portrait, too, of Thalberg, though this portrait has had very little publicity. Thalberg never encouraged hero-worship, on which Liszt fed so gluttonously. Thalberg was every inch a gentleman; Liszt, although the greatest pianist this century has known, undoubtedly a genius of interpretation, had nevertheless an undeniable admixture of charlatanism, and he played an uninterrupted comedy before the public, continually calculating his effects. Thalberg controlled and dominated that fire which seemed to consume Liszt.—*Temple Bar.*

PUBLIC HEALTH.*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, more than a hundred years ago, expressed a fact of the highest moment, in one of his pithy aphorisms, "*Public Health is Public Wealth.*"

Disraeli, the late premier of Great Britain, never said a truer or a wiser thing than this: "*The health of the people is the first duty of the statesman.*"

The importance of the subject transcends every other material interest of the State, because it embraces every other. Political economy calculates the money value of a human life and by this scale we are able to compute the loss inflicted upon society by untimely death, but the far larger aggregate of loss entailed by sickness must be added to the account if we are to obtain an adequate measure of the real value of public health. Statistics seem to show that for every death in a community there are twenty-five cases of sickness, and, further, that each case of sickness stands for the loss of twenty-five days of labor. The loss of time arising from sickness in Massachusetts in 1870, not including ailments of less than a week's duration or cases of chronic impairment of power, was calculated to reach a total of 24,553 2-3 years.

* From an Address before the Ohio State Medical Society.

A modern community, a great city, for example, is a wonderfully complex and sensitive organization. Vital in every point, there are a thousand ways in which it can be assailed and injured. Let pestilence strike a city and who can number the avenues through which financial loss will be encountered?

In the winter of 1871-2 small-pox became an epidemic in Philadelphia and 25,000 cases were registered there. An approximate estimate was made of the losses sustained by the city from this loathsome visitation. The estimate included the losses of railways, arising from the diminution of travel, the losses of hotels from the same cause, the losses of merchants, wholesale and retail, from suspended demand, the losses of manufacturers, artisans and laborers. To these were added the cash values of the lives that were forfeited, the value of the labor that was lost and the outlays incurred in taking care of the sick. The estimate seems a fair one, but the aggregate is $24,000,000.00.

It has also been noticed in all ages that pestilence depresses the moral as well as the physical tone of the communities that it assails, that it impresses on such communities marks of moral deterioration hard to efface, but this sort of impoverishment is less tangible if not less real than the material losses to which I have referred, and I will content myself with merely naming it here.

From every point of view it is seen that the health of the people is the strength of the State. The accumulation of wealth is conditioned by it, the resources of the State for offence and defence depend on it. In a word, the power of the State in the present and its promise for the future, are gauged by the vigor of the individuals that compose it. All additions to the public health are contributions of power and all abatements from it are so much withdrawn from the efficiency of the body politic.

The interest of the State in the health of its citizens is certainly large enough and obvious enough, but granted this interest, what are the relations which the state sustains to this wide-reaching subject? What has it to do with the health or disease of the people that compose it? Is not the maintenance of health an individual interest and an individual duty? Health is forfeited by the wanton indulgence of appetites, by reckless exposure, by excessive labor. For all cases of this sort, the State may suffer loss, but, with them, it has no direct concern. But there is a large class of diseases to which we are exposed, of a very different character. The plagues and pestilences that travel round the world, the fevers that smite whole communities, the scourges that leave Rachels weeping in every home for the children that are not, all these transcend to a geater or less degree the bounds of individual action and responsibility.

The generations before us have ascribed all such visitation to a mysterious Providence. They have interpreted them as the frown of God upon an offending land or age, and they have sought to stay them by prayer and penance, by sacrifices and fasting. But little by little it has come to be seen that these dreadful scourges are after all not miraculous in origin. All their phenomena, though sometimes hard to trace, fall within the category of cause and effect. We can follow them back to man's transgression of physical law, and not to Divine decree—to sins of ignorance or omission, it may be, and chargeable to communities rather than to individuals, but the evils are still physical rather than spiritual in their source.

What are the dangers against which the *State*, the collective body of the people, in contradistinction to the individuals that compose it, what are the dangers to the public health against which the *State* is called upon to protect itself?

We shall see them best in some concrete case.

The chief dangers are connected with and arise from the aggregation of men in cities and towns. Cain, the first murderer, is credited with building the first city.

Consider, for a moment, the changes that are wrought in the conditions that effect human health in the building and prolonged occupation of a town. Take, if you please, a well selected and naturally healthful location. All city sites are not of this character. Many of them are located with sole reference to commercial advantage, as New Orleans, just lifted above the sea by Mississippi mud, or Chicago, stretching over the barren sands that bound the lake, and obliged to count every fraction of an inch of elevation. In such cases, every problem is complicated, but we will consider here the best location that can be found for such a use. What is better than one of the rolling and diversified drift deposits of Central Ohio, for example, made up of beds of sand and gravel and clay, variously intermingled? Its surface is covered with trees or grass and its atmosphere is modified as to heat and moisture by the powerful agencies of vegetable growth. It has its natural drainage channels by which all surplus water is more or less promptly removed. Its uppermost beds, for 10 or 15 feet, are at least moderately porous, serving as an effective filter for the water that descends to the impervious bed below. When the level of this lower bed is reached in the sides of the ravines that intersect the plain, springs of clear and pure water break out, to satisfy the thirst of man and beast, or when wells are sunk through these porous beds, a supply of the same character is reached.

In short, the various conditions of soil, atmosphere, drainage and water supply may be in all respects favorable to human health while the tract lies in a state of nature or under the farmer's tillage.

But by some law of natural selection it is taken for the site of a town or city. How abrupt and all pervading the change that follows!

The surface is stripped of its forests and sod, and the ameliorating agencies of vegetable growth are lost to it. The natural drainage channels are abandoned because of their interference with the regularity of streets and

boundaries. Outlying tracts are cut off from their natural waterways and require to be filled, to be brought to grade. What need is there of describing the average city *fill*? The scrapings and sweepings of the streets, ashes saturated with the products of household waste, the garbage from back alleys, the offal of stable yards, whatever has volume, whatever will occupy space, no matter from what source, is counted available in making the foundations upon which shall stand the buildings in which men are to live and work.

Into the porous beds that constitute the surface and through which the water of the wells and springs upon which the population depends is filtered, shallow and uncemented privy pits are dug. A pit is soon filled and over its festering pollution, a slight cover of earth is thrown, while another is dug in the fresh ground adjacent. Kitchen drains pour their daily burdens also into the soil. As years go by, these varied receptacles of impurity constitute a considerable part of the unoccupied ground, but still the water descends through it to feed the wells and spring.

If the town prospers, every foot of the central area is brought into demand. New streets are cut through the courts and yards of earlier occupation and this thoroughly polluted soil, like the made grounds at which we have already glanced, is occupied for building-sites. . . .

A building gets a part of its air from the ground on which it stands. In winter especially, when doors and windows are kept closed, a powerful draught upon this ground air is established by chimneys and flues. The draught is honored, and up through uncemeted cellar-floors and sidewise through uncemented cellar-walls, the pestilential current pours, bringing with it the conditions and the germs of various diseases.

The town that we have thus far followed has been left entirely to individual action, so far as the health of its people is concerned. Every man has done what seemed right in his own eyes, and this is the result:—a deeply polluted soil, an unclean and pestilential surface, an endangered water-supply. With these conditions, sickness is as sure to assail the town and lay its heavy tax upon it, as night follows day. When the germs of typhoid or diphtheria or cholera or yellow fever reach it, these scourges spread with explosive violence.

But the endangering of the health of a community is the arrest of its prosperity, and relief is forthwith sought from present and prospective evils. To what source shall the people look for relief? There is but one source adequate to the emergency. The *power of the State* must be invoked,—that is the collective action of the people through their properly constituted authorities.

The reeking soil cannot be purified, it is true, but all further pollution of it can be prevented. A system must be established for the safe removal of excretion and waste. In like manner, a safe and adequate water-supply must be introduced. The wells that reach the endangered sheet beneath the town must be closed. The pestilence-breeding surface must be cleansed. The vile sinks of impurity within the ground must be disinfected. But for all this line of work, the authority of the State, the authority and the penalty of law, are demanded, and law only will suffice. In the 17th century, when the pestilence was drawing nigh a great city, a day of fasting and prayer was appointed. Clouds of incense rose from all the altars and holy water was sprinkled on the waiting multitudes. Priest and prelate, clothed in sackcloth and scattering ashes on their heads, would lead vast throngs of weeping suppliants around the city walls praying the Lord to spare his heritage. But the Lord did not hear. The pestilence advanced apace and smote the people and smote again, till it was weary. An answer to these prayers would have demanded a miracle—a miracle wrought in the interest of indolence and ignorance and filth. *Individual action* was all that was demanded in the 17th century, so far as public health was concerned.

In the 19th century when a city fears an invasion of pestilence, it invests in chloride of lime and carbolic acid, instead of frankincense. Instead of sprinkling the unclean bodies of the people with holy water, it provides free baths for them, and it flushes its sewers. It, too, has its processions through the streets, but sanitary inspectors, clothed with the authority of the law are at their head, and laborers, paid from the public purse, and furnished with hoes and shovels and garbage carts, fill up the ranks. They gather up and remove the dust and ashes which priest and prelate scattered, and when they have made their circuit, the city is able to draw a line and to say—even to the pestilence that has hitherto walked in darkness, most inscrutable as it has always seemed, of all the agents of destruction, "*thus far shalt thou come and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.*" In the 19th century, the *State* has begun to care for the health of its people.

The relation that the State bears to the public health is here coming into view. Of the three great factors of human health, viz., pure air, pure water and nutritious food, the first two can be guarded and maintained only by the general and organized action of the community, that is by the power of the State, wherever, at least, men are gathered into cities or towns.

The assertion of its right to these functions on the part of the State often has a history like that which I have roughly sketched, but there never was a time when it did not possess this right. It is included, in fact, in the primal law of self-preservation. If it now has the power to rescue its half ruined soil from further and fatal pollution and to save the endangered fountains and streams on which it depends from being turned into specific poisons, why then it had the power in the beginning to protect the virgin soil from all base uses, and to keep its health-giving springs as clear and sweet as when they first came into its possession. What wisdom and economy there would have been in establishing and

maintaining such action from the beginning of its course!

Let it not be thought that this claim on the part of society is a modern invention. It is as old as civilization. The laws of Moses are full of hygienic requirements. When Plato, the founder of Political Science, sketched more than 2000 years ago, the ideal state, he have a great place in it to State medicine. Hippocrates, his friend and counsellor, himself the State physician of Athens, gives this wise advice to a young disciple, touching the field which he should select for his future practice:

"When you have selected the city that is to be your residence," he writes, "consider well its situation, how it lies to the winds and to the rising of the sun, consider also the waters which the inhabitants use, whether marshy and soft, or hard and running from rocky situations. Also the ground, whether naked and deficient in water, or wooded and well watered, also the mode in which the inhabitants live, whether they are fond of eating and drinking to excess, or are fond of exercise and labor. From these things you must proceed *to investigate everything else.* For if you know all these things well, you cannot miss knowing either the diseases peculiar to the place or the particular nature of common diseases, and you will thus be able to foretell what epidemic will attack the city, either in summer or winter."

Twenty centuries have passed since Hippocrates wrote these words, but the young physician of our own time might ponder them with profit, for in them is plainly contained, the great law of public hygiene,—that the diseases of a community are invariably connected with the conditions in which it lives. Ancient Rome was also wise in its day and *for* its day, in regard to sanitary law. A part of the drainage and waste of the present city is flowing through the *cloaca maxima*, the great sewer that was built by King Tarquin, 500 years before Christ. The house of a well-to-do Roman in the best days of the imperial city was provided with sanitary appliances in the matter of drainage and ventilation, that show that he was living up to his best light.

To obtain a pure and abundant supply of water, the city counted no outlay too great. The stupendous aqueducts constructed for this purpose were among the wonders of ancient engineering. No city of modern times has ever approached imperial Rome in the number and equipment of its public baths.

In the later periods of the empire the care of the State for the health of the people was shown in the appointment of a certain number of physicians for every city, according to its population, who constituted in reality a board of health.

The Dark Ages that followed the downfall of the Roman Empire were darker in nothing than in their utter ignorance and neglect of the most obvious principles and laws that apply to the preservation of the public health.

For many centuries the cities of Europe reeked in incredible corruption. Plague and pestilence swept through them periodically, like fire through forest-leaves. Sometimes the cry would be raised in a city that the Jews had poisoned the wells, and a fresh occasion would be found for an assault upon the Jewish quarter. The wells *were* poisoned, it is true, but Gentile and Jew had alike been concerned in the work. They were poisoned by the products of human waste that found their way to them through the filth-laden soil.

It is only within the last century that Europe has begun to free itself from monkish superstition and medieval ignorance in regard to the visitations of disease and to learn the great lesson that "the curse, causeless, does not come."

It is only within the last century that the unfailing connection between tainted air and polluted water on the one side, and widespread sickness or the devouring pestilence on the other, has come to be clearly recognized and, to some extent, to be acted upon.

It is only within the last *quarter* of a century that a *science* of public health has been created. More has been done within this period to organize and systematize the various facts that bear on the health of communities, more practical work has been done to prevent and crush out disease, than in all the previous centuries of Christendom.

Science has now reached such a point of development that she begins to answer our questions in regard to the causes of disease. With the balance, and with the spectroscope, and with the microscope's all-seeing eye at her command, and above all with the method of investigation that she has developed, she is giving us solid and substantial knowledge of many subjects in this field. One after another, we are tracking to their lairs, the great destroyers of men. We have already learned the history of some of them and against these, we are more or less thoroughly armed. We are on the "spoor," at last, of the most ruthless and treacherous of all, consumption.

Grander discoveries in this field, manifestly await us in the near future, but enough has already been done to change the character of much of our knowledge from empirical to rational—and to this complexion all will come at last.

It is to England that we must look for the most sagacious prevision, for the largest knowledge, and for the most resolute and successful enforcement of the laws of public health. For a thousand years her population has been wasted by every pestilence that has swept over western Europe—but "the epidemic of cholera in 1832, in its practical teachings and ultimate results, proved the starting point of a great advance in hygienic reform. Its distinct and novel selections of certain peculiar localities as the best prepared and fittest for its ravages, its uniformly greater prevalence among the poor, the degraded and the filthy than among those classes where the comforts and the decencies of life were found, its very general avoidance of the latter until it had acquired an accumulated virulence and power by its malignant growth among the former, all united in demonstrating to the government the vital necessity of an immedi-

ate and thorough investigation into the causes and possible means of prevention of a pestilence so fatal to national prosperity and life. The right measures were promptly taken. Government commissioners were appointed, thorough investigations were made and the results, carefully and accurately tabulated, were given to the public. The very able and comprehensive report published in 1842 on the sanitary condition of the laboring population of Great Britain is universally acknowledged to be the true starting point of modern sanitary legislation."

The Public Health act of 1875, "condensing and amending the previous acts relating to the public health," is unquestionably the most complete hygienic legislation yet enacted in the world. Where shall we look for any more important act of legislation on any subject whatever, in ancient or modern times?

And what results has England to show for her sanitary legislation and reform? Even here, let it be remembered, only a beginning has been made, but the answer is most assuring and satisfactory. Sentiment and guesswork do not enter into it, but it is the clear and uncolored deduction from the best kept statistics of our day.

In the older cities, the sickness and death-rates have been reduced one-third. In the newer districts of the cities, that is in those districts that are reasonably free from the accumulated pollutions of the past, the death-rates are reduced to less than one-half of the previous rates, or to 10 in 1000, and sickness has been reduced in like proportion. In well regulated institutions for children, in prisons and other places under effective sanitary control, the death-rates for the younger classes have been reduced to 3 in 1000, or less by two-thirds than the rates in the general population, and perfect immunity is secured against all ordinary epidemics of typhus, diphtheria, dysentery and the like.

Consider what these figures mean. The diminution of a death-rate by a third, a half, or by two-thirds, is as if every third year or every other year or every two years out of three, should be turned into a jubilee, exempt from disease and death.

The experience of England in hygienic reform, short though it be, is conclusive. The evils that man suffers most largely from are remediable evils. The diseases to which he succumbs or by which he is enfeebled or impoverished, are largely preventable diseases. Sagacious observers have long seen this, but the demonstration has been made for the first, in our own day.

Dr. Benjamin Rush, one of the great lights of American medicine, said three-fourths of a century ago: "The means of preventing pestilential fevers, is as much under the power of human reason and industry, as the means of preventing the evils of lightning or common fire. I am so satisfied of the truth of this opinion, that I look for the time when our courts of law shall punish cities and villages for permitting any of the sources of bilious and malignant fevers to exist within their jurisdiction."

If Dr. Rush could utter words like these seventy-five years ago, what would he say now in regard to the same line of subjects, under the far clearer light and the abundant demonstrations of our own time?

It is not going too far to assert that the State is responsible for the health of its people. It is chargeable with ignorance or negligence or with both, when it allows a death-rate of over fifteen in one thousand to prevail, or when typhoid or diphtheria are suffered to run rampant and waste its most precious life.

We have it largely in our power to defend ourselves from these scourges, and the ability creates an obligation than which none can be more weighty or imperious. We do not rest until our homes are measureably protected against fire and flood. Why suffer fevers to waste them and pestilence to sweep away their rising promise? In the light of modern knowledge, of experimental demonstration, it is an easier task to protect a city from widespread disease than from floods or flames.

Within the last few months, the Mississippi has overflowed its banks, and in so doing has inflicted great suffering and loss upon a large population. How to guard against the recurrence of such an overflow is a problem over which the hydraulic engineer stands silent and discomfited, even though he has the resources of a nation on which to draw.

Two years ago, this same valley was invaded, not now by floods from the north, but by a fierce fever, the fires of which were kindled in torrid swamps. The advancing pestilence found thriving commercial centres powerless to resist its ravages. In all of their hygienic conditions these cities of the great valley were as rude and vile as the cities of Europe in the Dark Ages, and the fever burned and destroyed within them as it did in the days of old. But the sanitary engineer is summoned to relieve them, and in a few months he has disinfected and drained Memphis so thoroughly that it can never again be so visited.

It is vastly easier, I repeat, for the sanitary engineer to exclude yellow fever or cholera from the great valley than for the hydraulic engineer to confine the Father of Waters within his proper metes and bounds.

But I turn briefly to inquire what the relations are which *our commonwealth* sustains to the health of its citizens. I answer:

1st. The right of the State to assume control over the several factors of the public health is everywhere conceded. No question is raised as to the full power of a community to guard its citizens in all necessary ways by sanitary legislation. It can shut out diseases by quarantine, or it can stamp them out by summary methods. It can bring in good water, and it can seal up dangerous wells. It can open sewers and can forbid the further pollution of its soil by making it the receptacle of excrementitious waste. All this and more is settled by common consent, and a great vantage ground is found in these facts. There are no stubborn, prescriptive rights that are able to block the way of sanitary

reform. The battles have been already fought and the ground is clear.

2d. A large amount of sanitary work is going forward on all sides. Our cities and villages are moving energetically in the interest of the public health. The most generous expenditures are ordered. Our people, as a rule, are not only willing, but are even anxious to make all needful outlays to secure good water, good drainage and good air. The rapid growth of interest and intelligence on all these subjects is most hopeful and encouraging.

3d. The result obtained in the way of sanitary protection are entirely disproportionate to the outlays made. Much of our work is crude, empirical, extravagant, inefficient. Some of it even aggravates the evils that it undertakes to cure. The whole system under which it is carried forward in many of our communities is radically wrong and calls loudly for immediate reform. *System*, I have said, but it is rather, *want of system*, from which we suffer.

You all know the methods under which the work is done. A city wakes suddenly to the fact that its conditions have become unhealthful. It may even be found that whoever sojourns in it, though but temporarily, whoever breathes its air, and drinks its water, does so at some risk of life and health.

Such a state of things lays the axe at the root of its business prosperity, which is the main ground of its existence, and immediate action must therefore be taken. The only agency with which it is provided, as a rule, for the undertaking of work of this character, is the City Council, the seat of municipal power, and the City Council is forthwith resolved into a board of Sanitary Engineers. When we consider the character and complexity of the problems to be attacked, and the magnitude of the interests involved, covering as they do the health and prosperity of the city for generations to come, how the wrong intake of water supply or the wrong outfall of sewage, for example, may determine whether thousands and tens of thousands of human beings shall live their alloted length of days or die miserably before their time, when we consider these things and the qualifications that an average City Council has for dealing with them, I think that as we glance at our new-made sanitary engineers, we may be pardoned for exclaiming, "God save the mark!"

Let alone the utter want of knowledge of these subjects, and the utter want of training in regard to such questions, by which many members of a council will ordinarily be characterized, let alone the danger that political and real estate interests will become improperly mixed with sanitary demands and sanitary work, the shortness of individual tenure of office is, in itself, a fatal disqualification for the control of interests like these. This fact alone forbids, or, at least, militates against the unity and persistency of plans which are altogether essential to success. It is to causes like these that the anomalies, the extravagance, the inefficiency of much of our work, done in the interest of the public health, are to be ascribed.

I have heard of a trunk sewer in a principal street in a great city that, like a gorged serpent, is larger in the middle than at either end. I have heard of long lines of underground work that have been left unused and that have been forgotten. I have known of many sewers, several times too large for any possible demand upon them, along whose rough and obstructed walls the small streams of sewage meander slowly, with ample time for destructive decomposition before they reach their outfall. I found two thriving towns of our commonwealth, in the year of our Lord, 1881, building sewers and connecting privy vaults with them before a water supply was secured or even definitely thought of.

> The umbrageous oak, with pomp outspread,
> Full oft when storms the welkin rend,
> Draws lightning down upon the head
> It promised to defend.

In a month like the last, with ten inches of rainfall, such a town will do very well with its new sewers, but what will happen when a midsummer drought is scorching the land? Such a sewer, built in the name of the public health, must prove many times more dangerous to it than the grossest forms of soil defilement which it seeks to replace.

I repeat, the manner in which we are doing much of our sanitary work is far below the best knowledge of our time and is a serious reproach upon our civilization. We are expending enough and more than enough to give us ample protection from the diseases which threaten us, but our ill-devised plans, and our worse constructed work, leave us still, to a large degree, within their power.

With a few suggestions as to the direction in which to look for relief, I will close my address.

1. All local sanitary work should be placed in the hands of, or at least under the control of, Municipal Boards of Health, which should be measurably permanent bodies, and which should be entrusted with large powers. Their plans in regard to work to be undertaken should be deliberately made, should cover the whole field, prospectively at least, and should be submitted to the most competent criticism before final adoption. These plans must involve an accurate knowledge of the topography and geology of the district to be dealt with, as these two lines of facts determine to a large degree the problems of drainage and water supply. In other words, these plans would require a *sanitary survey by men trained for such work.* There is not a city in the State that would not even at this late day, after all the great outlays it has made in matters pertaining to the public health, be abundantly repaid by such a survey. It would reveal mistakes in the past involving the useless, or worse than useless, expenditure of large amounts of money, but it would forewarn and forearm against similar mistakes in the future, and under the system that we are pursuing, they are always imminent.

Plans formed in such a way, even if not the wisest possible, could not be essentially ineffi-

cient, or vicious. They would have the great merit of unity, consistency and true economy.

The functions of these local boards should certainly include the instruction and education of the people in hygienic matters. There never was so teachable a people as our own. The respect for science is wide-spread among them and our public education has made a large body in every community sufficiently acquainted with the elements of science to receive with profit its practical applications in matters of life and health. Tracts treating of these subjects, issued by such boards, would be eagerly read and discussed, and would certainly prove very influential in correcting evils and advancing reforms.

2. In the next place, the relations of our commonwealth to the health of its citizens demands for its proper expression the *establishment of a State Board of Health.*

No matter how wisely the municipal boards are organized or how efficient their work, there is a large and vitally important field which they can never cover. To gather up the results of the various local boards, to collate and compare them and thus to make them profitable for example or for warning, is obviously a very important part of the work of public hygiene, but the board of no city or town would feel called upon to undertake it. It must be done by a central State organization, or left undone altogether. So also the *general legislation relating to the exclusion of epidemic diseases*, whether of man or of the domestic animals, must fall to a State Board. Such a body would be the only one capable of dealing properly with the important subject of the *pollution of rivers.* No city thinks of those that live below it. So its own sewage is discharged at a safe remove from the source of its water-supply, its demands upon the river are met. Practically, the doctrine is "the devil take the lowermost." Coleridge's lines apply to our conditions.

> The river Rhine, as is well known,
> Washes the city of Cologne—
> But, O ye Gods, and powers divine,
> What then shall wash the river Rhine?

So far as is now apparent, the State of Ohio, through most of its area at least, must depend for the future, as it does in the present, upon its rivers and lakes, for its water supply. Its geological structure and composition seem to forbid the existence of any large stock of potable and well protected water beneath the surface. It has no formation like the English chalk, which can serve as a reservoir of thoroughly filtered and purified water, upon which it may draw for ages, and therefore the necessity for guarding its lakes and rivers becomes a question of the gravest importance, and a State Board of Health, or its equivalent, is the only organization fitted to deal with it.

I may remark in passing that we are not shut up to the absolute necessity of turning our rivers into sewers. There are other possible means of disposing of household and manufacturing waste. The problems connected with this whole subject are fraught with national interest and importance, for the poisoning of our rivers is the impoverishment and final exhaustion of our soil.

The last duty which I would refer to a State Board of Health is second to none that has been named in real value. Such a board must inaugurate and maintain a *thorough system of sanitary statistics.*

Accurate statistics are altogether essential to a *science* of public health. It is upon the wise use of such figures that the most valuable conclusions of sanitary science have been established.

Of three items, at least, in the history of every individual, the State should make record —birth, marriage and death. It is surprising to find how much such facts can be made to tell. The death-rate of a community, in particular, indicates with unerring accuracy its sanitary condition. The distribution of this death-rate among the various forms of disease points out with like certainty some of the special dangers that assail the community. Is it consumption that is wasting it? Look out for a high level of ground water. Is it diarrhœal disease? "There is then a practical certainty that the population is either breathing or drinking a large amount of putrefying animal matter."

By the death-rate, all sanitary reforms must be tested. They will stand the test. Lower the ground water; replace sewage-soaked wells with an arterial supply from pure sources; let sewers relieve the overburdened ground of the products of waste; empty and disinfect the reeking vaults; cleanse the garbage-strewn alleys, and the death-rate will respond as promptly as the mercury in the barometer tube to the changing weight of the atmosphere.

I regret that our own commonwealth has not yet realized its need of the counsel and service of a State Board of Health. I find it hard to account for the failure. Our legislators are not devoid of sensibility and thoughtful care for the creation. They have enacted a hawk law in the interests of young chickens, and turkeys, and sparrows. This is well, but would it not have been an equally worthy object to protect the nurslings of our homes from the destruction that wastes them at noonday? They are of more value than many sparrows.

The Legislature has established a dog tax. The farmer may now sleep in peace, forgetful of his flocks that are wandering on the hills. If the dogs attack and destroy them in the darkness of the night, the State will make good their loss to him. But pestilence, too, walks abroad in the darkness, and "there is no home, how well soe'er defended, but has one vacant chair." Is not a man better than a sheep?

The law extends its care even to our rivers, that is, to protect the fishes in them against drag-nets. If it had gone a step further and had protected the fishes from extermination through the sewage defilement which our cities pour into the rivers, it would have in so doing protected *us* as well from the drag-net of typhoid and malaria.

Perhaps when the birds of the air, the beasts of the field and the fishes of the sea are all

duly protected, our legislators will turn their thought to the protection of human life and health.

Far down the future, I see a fair city rise. Its streets are not of gold, but they are free from all defilement. Its foundations are not of precious stones, but they are laid in well cemented masonry. It has no walls, great and high, but nothing that hurts or destroys is suffered to enter it. A river flows through it, but its waters are clear as crystal.

It is not the city of God; it is on *this* side of Jordan. It is the city of human possibilities, the city which men shall build at length, under the illumination of science and the inspiration of Christian love.—EDWARD ORTON, LL.D.

THE GARDEN SNAIL.

AMONG the whole roll-call of British animals there is probably none so universally and unjustly slighted as the common large brown garden snail. Every possible or conceivable insult and injury is heaped upon that unhappy mollusc's unoffending head. He is accused of eating all the young vegetables, from spring to autumn; he is held responsible for half the horticultural damages and shortcomings really due to caterpillars, slugs, grubs, or wireworms; he is boiled alive in his shell, and then presented as an acceptable dainty to the attention of domestic ducks and poultry; at the very best, he is carefully removed from the too tempting purlieus of the cabbages or cauliflowers, and thrown with studied if not impartial humanity over the wall into the neighbor's lettuce bed. Indeed, the great brown banded snail is the very *caput lupinum* of the entire British molluscan fraternity. The pretty belted pink and yellow snails of the fields and hedgerows are redeemed from general obloquy by their really graceful and beautiful coloring; the big edible snail of Southern Europe, found in a few warm sheltered nooks of England and Wales, may console himself for his culinary troubles with the thought that he derives a poetic interest from the legend of his introduction to our shores by the Roman legionaries; but the poor defenceless common garden snail is as ugly and unattractive to the æsthetic vision as he is unwelcome and distressful to the strictly utilitarian bucolic mind. And yet there are curious points enough about the life-history even of this despised and objurgated slimy creature to endow him with a wonderful amount of interest for the more sympathetic and kindly eye of the wandering evolutionary naturalist. Let us look briefly at the short and simple annals of the poor snail from his babyhood upward, and try for a moment to judge his life and times with a more lenient critical gaze than that of his all too numerous and often prejudiced human enemies.

The brown garden snail first emerges to the light of day from the thin shell of a small dusky egg, buried sedulously in the ground of the garden by his unknown but affectionate mother. When first born, he is covered with a very slight and filmy spiral shell, shaped after the same pattern as that of his maturer years, but far more delicate and pretty in color and texture. This shell, which is common to almost all the molluscan tribes, is in fact the hardened outer coat of the mantle or body, and each layer of it actually begins by being a sort of membranous skin outside the mantle, afterwards hardened by the deposition of carbonate of lime from the snail's veins, and then thrown off to join the previous layers already solidified into a firm buckler. It is absurd, therefore, to talk of the snail's making his own shell, or to describe it as his house; like the poet, *nascitur, non fit:* it really grows just as our own skin grows, and the animal only lives in it in the same sense that a lobster or a crab lives in his own armor-plated outer covering. The origin of all shells, indeed, molluscan or otherwise, is easy enough to understand. They have been developed to meet "a felt want." The molluscs are a group of animals with exceedingly soft and tender bodies, and they are therefore peculiarly exposed to hungry attacks from external enemies. Accordingly, those ancestral molluscs which showed any tendency to produce hard outer layers of skin upon their bodies would be less likely to get eaten up than those that possessed very soft and delicate outer integuments. Thus, generation after generation, the skins of many molluscs grew harder and harder by constant natural selection of the toughest, till at last they assumed the familiar form of what we now call distinctively shells. The young garden snail almost recapitulates in its own person these progressive ancestral stages, for it is hatched from the egg with a very filmy spire indeed upon its coiled-up back, of little use to it except as a protection to its vital organs against accidental injury while it crawls along the ground: but as it grows, fresh layers of hardened skin are constantly being added to this primitive film, until it finally becomes hard enough to resist the crushing beaks of many aggressive and snail-devouring birds.

The thickness of shells, indeed, differs very much according to the sort of dangers to which the particular animal is habitually exposed. In the sea, where many fish exist with powerful jaws capable of crushing and crunching very thick and hard shells, only the very thickest and hardest of all can hope to escape in certain exposed situations, and so we get such solid strong coverings as those of the oyster, the whelk, and the periwinkle. In tropical waters, even stronger shells like those of the cowries are needed to withstand the violent attacks of the strong-jawed fish which live among the coral reefs and lagoons; and some molluscs under these circumstances have acquired a still further protection in the shape of prickly spines. But in fresh water, the fish are far less powerful in their bite, and so most fresh-water snails (at least in Europe) have comparatively thin shells: this is particularly the case with those kinds which inhabit ponds and stagnant waters, where the enemies are few and unimportant. On land, the great foes of the snail tribe are the birds,

and a very moderate shell is sufficient protection against these horny-billed and small-mouthed aggressors. The small snails that lurk under stones and among grass (we have some thirty or forty distinct species even in England which adopt these tactics) have usually thin and delicate shells; the big garden snail, living a much more open life, and exposed to constant danger from thrushes and blackbirds, has acquired a considerably harder and more protective covering. Slugs are merely snails which have taken to lurking during the daytime in extremely remote and inaccessible recesses, under piles of stones, in cellars, or among the dead leaves of hedgerows; and thus they have almost ceased to feel the want of a protecting shell. Still, even in the slugs and their allies, we can trace a gradual disappearance of the shell in proportion as habits of concealment render its existence less and less important to the preservation of the animal. For example, in the pretty little English glass-snails, which lurk a great deal in the daytime under stones or in the earth, the shell is very thin, the whorls are wide open, and the body is too big to be completely withdrawn within the protection of its mouth. In various other intermediate kinds, the shell grows smaller and smaller, and the body bigger and bigger in proportion, till at last we reach that rare English animal, the testacella, in which the shell is reduced to a sort of flattened shield, covering only the heart and other most important vital organs. Our common brown slugs have no visible and external shell at all; but if you cut open the top of the body, you will find embedded in it a still flatter and smaller shield, answering exactly to the tiny external shell of testacella, only covered all round by the overlapping soft mantle. Finally, the great fat black slugs which one sees so constantly crawling over paths and meadows in the evening, have either no relic of a shell at all, or else recall its existence in their remote ancestors only by a few scattered calcareous lumps, irregularly dispersed through the flesh of the mantle. To the very end, however, the embryo slug still possesses a shell like his cousins the snails; it is only as he grows older that he loses this ancestral trait either by wrapping his mantle round the unnecessary organ, or by absorbing it altogether.

Our young garden snail is hatched out of his egg by the first warm rays of spring, and emerges at once to feed upon the fresh lush foliage of the sprouting plants. He grows rapidly for the first two months, while the showers last; but as soon as the dry weather sets in (a very problematical date in England) he comes to a standstill for awhile, and rests upon his oars again till autumn. By the beginning of winter, he has reached half his full growth; and then he hibernates (about which, as the melodramas say, more anon) till next spring. In his second year he reaches full maturity, when he finally puts a mouth to his shell—that is to say, instead of leaving the edge thin and papery, he finishes it off with a hardened and thickened outer rim, which serves as the mark of the adult condition. In his earlier stages, he had shown his immature state at once by the thinness of his outer edge, which was then readily broken off by slight injury. If so broken, he did not "mend it again," as most people assert, any more than we ourselves mend our skins or muscles after a bruise; but a new layer of shell grew in its place from the secretions of the mantle, as unconsciously to the snail himself as the growth of skin proceeds to the human being.

The snail who has thus arrived at the adult condition must have done so, of course, by eating food; and the way he performs this necessary operation is really very curious and remarkable. Everybody who has seen a cabbage leaf off which a snail has been making his simple and inexpensive breakfast must have noticed that its edges are quite cleanly and neatly cut, as if by a knife or pair of scissors. That suggests to one at once the idea that the snail must be possessed of a sharp and effective cutting instrument. And so indeed he is, for he has a keen, horny upper jaw, which closes upon a very remarkable saw-like organ below, commonly called the tongue or dental ribbon. This tongue is a long, muscular, and cartilaginous strip, like a piece of narrow tape, armed all over with an immense number of little teeth or curved hooks, for tearing and masticating the food. It is coiled up inside the mouth, and only a small portion of it is brought into use at any given time; as fast as the hooks on one part are worn out, another part is unrolled from behind and made to take its place in front for purposes of feeding. The little teeth, of which there are several thousands—the great slug, for example, has 160 rows, with 180 teeth in each row—are formed entirely of silica or flint, and cannot be dissolved, even in acid. They are colored like amber under the microscope, and form most beautiful glossy translucent objects when properly prepared and mounted on a slide. This lingual ribbon acts in practical use exactly like a very hard and sharp file; it is with this rasping instrument that the limpet slowly bores its way into the solid limestone or granite rock, and that the whelk eats a hole through the nacreous material of the hardest periwinkle's or oyster's shell. The back of the tongue has its edges rolled together into a tube, and is the growing part of the organ, where the new teeth are from time to time developed: and as fast as the front rows get blunted or broken by use, the tube opens gradually forward, and brings the fresh sharp teeth from behind into play to replace them. The shape and arrangement of the lingual hooks is very characteristic of the different groups of snails; one generic form prevails amongst the members of the genus helix; another among the pupas, a third in the clausilias, and a fourth in the true slugs. Doubtless each variation in this respect has been definitely developed with reference to the peculiar food and habits of the different genera.

In a native state, snails generally live about two years, though they often go on living for much longer periods. Every autumn, as the cold weather comes on, they grow torpid, and

retire to a hole in the ground or in the rocks, where they hibernate just like bears or dormice. In the hibernating condition they sleep very profoundly, only breathing to a very slight extent, while the action of the heart is all but entirely suspended. The common brown garden snail closes the mouth of his shell during the winter sleep with a sort of lid or film called an epiphragm, composed of hardened slime. This epiphragm both keeps out intrusive insects, and protects the snail from cold and from the access of too much fresh air. At the same time, in order to allow the slow respiration to go on, the animal leaves a small hole somewhere in the film, which acts as a ventilator to the inner chamber. The big edible snail goes a step further, for he strengthens his gummy film with a thin deposit of lime; and in the spring he sheds the lid, which has gained for him his scientific name of *Helix pomatia*. Snails will sleep away whole years together without dying when in their torpid condition. I have myself seen a case in which two garden snails remained alive, fastened by their own mucus to a wall, with no food or drink, for thirty-two months at a stretch; and an instance has been recorded where a desert snail from Egypt passed four years under similar circumstances, gummed to a card in the British Museum.

Even during their most wakeful periods snails breathe in a very slow and leisurely fashion. If you watch a garden snail for a few minutes, as he walks deliberately along the top of a brick wall, you will see him every now and then lazily open and shut a sort of hole or gap on his right side, which gives him a queer yawning appearance. This hole is really the mouth of his lung or pulmonary chamber—about as simple a form of breathing apparatus as any to be found in the whole circuit of the animal kingdom. It consists merely of a sac or hollow in his body, with a mouth that can be irregularly opened and closed at pleasure, but without any mechanism for respiration, that is to say, for inhaling fresh air and expelling the superfluous carbonic acid. The veins are merely disposed around the walls of the pulmonary chamber, and whenever the animal opens the little gaping mouth a fresh stock of the pure outer atmosphere is taken in, exactly in the same way as when we air a room by opening a window. The snail then keeps this air enclosed in his simple lung till his blood has absorbed all the available oxygen, and replaced it by carbonic acid, after which he once more opens the mouth, and allows the air a second time to renew itself by mere atmospheric diffusion. The effect is just the same as if we ourselves were merely to open our mouths every three minutes or so, and let the air get in of itself, without breathing in any way. Of course, such a rudimentary type of respiration is only possible in a very inactive and sluggish animal. Active creatures require much more oxygen to keep the internal fires burning brightly, and the engine working up to full vital speed.

Garden snails crawl by means of successive expansions and contractions in the broad muscular under-surface of the body, technically described as the foot. If one watches a snail climbing up a pane of glass, it will be seen that the contractions follow one another like waves, with very great rapidity, though they produce in the end such a singularly inadequate result. Yet some slugs, such as testacella, can move quite rapidly along the burrows of earth-worms, which they pursue and devour much as the ferret does with rabbits, only in a still more deadly and bloodthirsty fashion.

As the snail walks, he keeps pushing out in front of him four curious retractile feelers or tentacles, commonly called his horns. Two of these horns are long, and two short, the longer pair being the upper ones. Both can be withdrawn by being turned inside out, like the finger of a glove that is pulled off backward. At the end of the long pair of tentacles are two small black spots, the eyes, which are very rudimentary in the garden snail, and apparently only possess the power of distinguishing light from darkness, without any distinct vision for shapes or colors. This is a very interesting fact from the evolutionary point of view, as the highest marine shell-fish belonging to this same group, such as the strombs or wing-whelks, have in the same position well-developed eyes, as perfect as those of many fishes, with a full complement of retina, crystalline lens, aqueous humor, and vitreous humor, exactly as in the human eye. The regular gradation and similarity of position shows that these marine carnivorous snails have developed a true and highly evolved organ of sight out of the tiny black pigment specks of the common creeping univalves, and the process is no doubt largely connected with their extremely active habits, and their singular power of jumping through the water by successive bounds or leaps. It has long been noticed that the eye is always most highly developed in the most locomotive animals, and almost or completely wanting in the most sedentary. The converse side of this principle is well exemplified in the oyster, the young fry of which, during their early locomotive stage, have a pair of distinct black eyes to guide them in choosing their future home; but as soon as they settle down for life on some ledge or bank in complete laziness, the eyes die away, and the animal passes the rest of its existence in complete and contented blindness.

The eye-stalks and eyes of snails possess the faculty of reproduction after accidental injury so common amongst the lower animals. If the tentacles are cut off with a pair of scissors, they will grow again in about a fortnight. This habit of reproduction seems to depend, as Mr. Herbert Spencer has pointed out, on the same principle as that which governs growth and development. The entire animal shape is the one which satisfies the natural polarities of the units which compose it; like a broken crystal, the animal tends to restore its own original and normal form by the inherent physical attributes of the parts which go to make it up.

As the snail walks about, he keeps pushing forward and withdrawing his horns, in pro-

portion as he finds his way clear before him or otherwise. The manner in which he does so shows at once that he depends almost as much on touch as on sight to guide his slow and tentative movements. He can, however, hear a little, for he has a sort of rude ear, with a tiny calcareous pebble or otolithe suspended in it, near the base of the tentacles. He can smell, too, and there is no doubt that by smell mainly he is attracted towards the particular food-stuffs that please his vegetarian palate. Slugs are certainly drawn by high scents, and particularly by the odor of mushrooms and other fungi, for which they display a decided weakness. As a whole the senses of the snail are not well-developed, and his brain is in a comparatively rudimentary condition. It is a significant fact that it lies in a sort of ring surrounding his throat—feeding is the most intellectual operation with which he is acquainted. Still, the intelligence and affection of snails is rather higher than many people would be inclined to imagine. Mr. Lonsdale has recorded one case where a Roman snail imprisoned in a garden found a means of escape for himself, and afterwards returned to point it out to his mate, who was similarly confined.

All snails are hermaphrodite, that is to say, each individual is at once male and female, but they pair together like ordinary sexual animals. Their courtship is long and affectionate, being accompanied by many grotesque endearments; and they seem not incapable of strong attachment for one another. Some snails have also a reputation for being pugnacious, though their battles, owing to the slowness of the attack, are not of a thrilling interest to the unsympathetic lookers-on. The eggs are separate in the land-snails, and covered by a distinct shell; though in the freshwater kinds they are soft and transparent, and glued together in those glutinous masses which we commonly describe as spawn. One tropical Brazilian snail lays an egg as big as a pigeon's, covered externally with a hard calcareous shell.

The great needs in the life of the garden snail are two only—plenty of fresh vegetables, and a soil containing a sufficiency of lime. In the matter of food snails are particularly fond of the pea tribe in almost all its forms, and also of the cabbages. Nevertheless, there is one member of the last-named family which they studiously avoid—white mustard; and wherever that crop is known not a snail is to be found in the neighborhood. This is an interesting case of that interaction between plants and animals which we so often observe in the workings of nature. Clearly white-mustard is a cabbage-wort which, being specially exposed to the ravages of snails, has found means to defend itself against them by the secretion of some juice or flavoring matter which they do not like. Apparently this flavoring matter is just that very pungent principle in the mustard plant which gives it its sole value in human eyes; for I find that a very small quantity of ground mustard laid upon the earth several inches in front of a snail suffices to make it withdraw its horns in evident discomfort, and retreat into its shell for protection against the disagreeable odor or smarting sense of touch. It often happens thus that the very tactics adopted by a plant under its native circumstances to repel one animal have made it all the more attractive under different conditions to some other kind. As to the lime, the snail of course needs that material for the secretion of his shell and the covering of his eggs. Now, lime is a mineral largely dispersed through the tissues of plants which suck it up from the ground through their roots; and it is from the plants off which he feeds that the snail naturally obtains this needful material for building up his solid outer skeleton. But in some districts lime is entirely wanting in the soil—as, for example, on certain volcanic or serpentine regions—and there snails are seldom or never found, their place being taken either by slugs or by local caterpillars. On the other hand, where chalk forms the subjacent stratum, snails are very abundant, and their shells are composed almost entirely of lime alone, which gives them a very white and brittle look. In England, the pastures on the chalk downs are covered with immense numbers of two small banded snails—one a helix and the other a bulimus—which in most places abound so thickly that one might pick up a basketful without moving from a single spot. The sheep eat them with the grass by thousands, and they are said to be very fattening; indeed, some observers will have it that Southdown mutton owes to these innumerable little molluscs its well-known superiority in size and flavor.

The garden snail, in his younger days, is mostly devoured by thrushes and blackbirds. He has comparatively few other enemies, except toads, who eat him freely, and hedgehogs, who are not averse to him while his shell is still soft and easily crushed by the small teeth of his nocturnal aggressor. The smaller kinds of snails are less protected, and are much more largely eaten both by birds and by the lesser quadrupeds. Even the glow-worm is a great snail-eater, living as a rule off this kind of food alone. The big Roman snail, on the other hand, has too stout a shell in his adult state for almost any British bird or mammal to masticate readily. Still, even he falls a victim, in Southern Europe at least, to the culinary tastes of man himself: for the *escargot* is a favorite dish with French *chefs*, and in the market-place at Toulouse large basketfuls are exposed for sale every day. They are dressed with melted butter in the Paris restaurants, and should be tasted by every amateur of novelties in cookery. The Roman snail has even, in Southern Europe, a medicinal value: French doctors prescribe *sirop d'escargots* largely for pulmonary complaints, and the mucus is supposed to be an excellent substitute for cod-liver oil, which is, after all, really quite as nasty as any snail-juice. This edible snail is found in some parts of England—notably Gloucestershire and Surrey—but is usually supposed not to be indigenous. The story goes that it was introduced as an Italian delicacy by the Roman soldiers,

and that it is never found except in the neighborhood of Roman villas and Roman stations. As a matter of fact, it really lives, I believe, wherever the climate and vegetation suit it best, irrespective of any historical or antiquarian predilections. The edible snail is the largest British species being nearly half as big again as the brown garden snail; but it is a mere pigmy compared with some of the gigantic land-shells of the tropics. The Brazilian bulimus, eaten as a delicacy at Rio, is six inches long, and a huge African achatina is as big as this page, and lays an egg like a good-sized bantam's.

As regards their origin, there can be very little or no doubt that our land-snails are originally descended from fresh water creatures like the pond snails, and still more remotely from marine molluscs. There are some links in the progress still left to us of considerable evolutionary interest. For example, there are certain river snails which also inhabit the sea or brackish water; and it is easy enough to understand how marine animals like the periwinkles might readily spread up the mouths of broad tidal rivers, such as the Thames or Severn, until they gradually acclimatized themselves to ever fresher and fresher water. This sort of acclimatization has evidently taken place independently several times over in the molluscan history, for members of many distinct marine-groups and families of molluscs are found in the shape of estuarine, fluviatile, and lacustrine snails. From air-breathing water-snails to true land-snails, again, the step is a very slight one; and here we have still preserved for us an immense number of intermediate types, such as the common but very beautiful English amber snails, which inhabit marshy places, though they seldom or never actually live in the water itself. From these half-terrestrial forms we advance slowly through the so-called glass-snails and cellar-snails, which love damp and dark places, till we come to the true land-snails, many of which can endure an amount of dryness and aridity that are quite surprising. Even in the African deserts a few specially adapted snails manage to sustain life during the hot dry season by retiring into the recesses of their shells, and closing up the mouth with a lid of mucus. Indeed, there is no part of the animal kingdom where the evolutionary line remains more unbroken for us throughout to the present day than in this large and widely varied group of terrestrial molluscs. From the marine whelks and cones up to the naked and shell-less terrestrial slugs, there is hardly a single link wanting in the continuous developmental history of the ubiquitous molluscan race. If one were to arrange all the remarkable existing intermediate forms in a single row, one after another, they would almost recapitulate in their own series, without a single break, the original evolution of the air-breathing slugs and snails from a remote marine and water-breathing ancestor.—GRANT ALLEN, in *The Gentleman's Magazine.*

PUIU.

MANY persons may have read quite recently in the papers how those reporters who travelled with the new Orient express train from Paris to Constantinople arrived at Bucharest just at the moment when the King and Queen of Roumania were inaugurating their newly-erected summer palace in the Carpathians. Castell Pelesch is the name of this building, whose architecture is a fantastic medley of the Roumanian and mediæval German styles. It owes this name to a chattering mountain stream that foams and tumbles beneath its walls. On its banks the queen of this land has sat many hours, listening to the fantastic Roumanian folk-tales babbled by the loquacious brook; and the results she has collected into a volume, under the title, "Tales of the Pelesch." They are, with one exception, the folk-legends of her kingdom, admirably told. The queen is a gifted poet and story-teller, and under her *nom de plume* of Carmen Sylva has acquired fame in Germany, for she is a German princess, and German is the tongue in which she writes. But she loves her new Fatherland fondly, and is ever anxious to raise it in the opinion of Europe. The last tale in the Pelesch volume is her own invention; she calls it "Puiu." It is the Roumanian for my soul, my darling, the name those proud Latins of the East give to their cherished country; and under this name she has written a graceful fairy-tale, with the idea of showing the struggles and difficulties undergone by this newly-created kingdom before it could take its place among its jealous elder brethren.*

PUIU.

EARTH was a glorious woman who had many mighty sons and daughters. She was ever thinking how she could render her children happy, and gave to each a garden of his own and a language apart from the rest. The eldest received the warmest, most luxuriant gardens, shaded by palm-trees, into which the sun ever shone. But as they continued to increase, their domains were pushed further away towards the west and north, where the sun did not shine down so warmly, and which, therefore, had to be cultivated with more industry.

Some received gardens in the mountains, others amid the everlasting snows, others on islands in the sea. But there were some of them quite content with their share; and since their strange mother had given to each a special speech, the brothers and sisters did not understand each other well. For this cause, strife and battle often arose among them, and the blood of her own children ran into the maternal lap.

After awhile the Earth brought forth a lovely little daughter, with large dark eyes shaded by black lashes and arched over by black eyebrows, with a waving forest of dark

* Those interested in stories by the Queen of Roumania are referred to a charming volume of tales from her pen, published this Christmas by Fisher Unwin under the title of "Pilgrim Sorrow," and also translated by Miss Helen Zimmern.—ED. *London Society.*

hair, a row of pearls behind her ruddy lips, a body so slim that it could have been drawn through a ring; and little feet on which she danced along, as though she never touched the ground.

For this, her youngest born, the Earth desired to prepare a fair portion. Between the farstretching gardens of her powerful brothers, and protected by them, she received a beautiful little domain, bordered by the mountains, a river, and the sea, flooded by the sun, fertilized by the rain, refreshed by the snow; filled with rushing streams, green fields, and smiling vineyards. To this the mother added a soft speech, melodious like music.

Now when charming Puiu danced along singing, a wreath of red flowers pressed on her curly hair, earth and sky, sun and field rejoiced, and all grew and blossomed towards the laughing queen who had no need to move her hand.

But the elder children looked with envy on the fair Puiu, for whom Mother Earth had such a preference that she was wont to serve her best. She forgot that her children ever lived at strife with one another, and therefore would not be good guardians to the tender girl. They were wild and vehement, and whenever the little sister planted her garden, the strong brothers came and robbed her of her fruit and flowers; or they were at strife with one another, and because Puiu's garden lay in their midst they often chose it for their fighting-ground, when it was trodden down sadly and made desert.

Puiu did try to resist her brothers, but in wrestling she was always overcome. Then others came unasked to her aid, who only prolonged the combat and wrenched many a piece of garden from their sister, "since she was, after all, too weak to plant so much," they pleaded in their excuse.

At last one brother overcame her wholly, put her in chains, and commanded that she should give into his hands the best things of her garden.

So fair Puiu walked in chains, and her songs sounded so sad that they cut Mother Earth to the heart. She planted her garden indolently and carelessly, for which the brother who had made her his slave scolded and beat her. She looked on indifferently when the other brothers fought in it. No one thought of her. Sometimes they promised to free her, but they always left her in chains as before.

One day she was lying asleep among the flowers. She had laid her arm under her head, so that it rested on her chains. Her long lashes were heavy with tears, and from out her lips ever and anon there stole a sigh, which fled, together with the odor of the flowers, into the dim distance.

Then there sounded from out the deep the voice of the mother, now soft like to a gentle breeze, then ever louder like to rolling thunder. The ground trembled; the sleeper awoke.

"Puiu!" sounded the mother's voice, "why despair thus? Listen to me and learn. In the silent night file your chains slowly, gently, so that no one perceives it, until I give you a signal to let them drop off."

Many a long night did Puiu file, and in doing so she grew strong and agile, for the chains were well forged and had to be strongly filed, and yet gently and skilfully that none might perceive it; for once the brother had noticed the filing, and had made the chains stronger than before.

At last the work was done, and Puiu stood upon a mountain-top, awaiting her mother's voice which as yet did not sound, so that she stamped her little feet with impatience, and bit her gleaming plaits of hair with her pearly white teeth.

She still had a memory left of what liberty was like, and she trembled with longing after it.

Then a new strife arose, and one brother stormed through her garden to overwhelm another. But he who had enslaved Puiu stood firm of foot, so that there arose a terrible wrestling between him and the intruder, who was like to be overthrown. Puiu stood by looking on and raised her arms so that her chains clinked. Then a voice thundered from the depths,

"It is now time!"

With a cry of joy the maid shook free her lovely arms, the chains fell to the ground, and, with a strength she never thought to wield, she tore up a rock, and hurled it into space, striking the brother who had caused her so much woe, and breaking his limbs.

Then she stood up in the sunshine in her full beauty, looked down on the chains at her feet, looked across at her punished oppressor and down into her garden, which for the first time had become her free possession. She smiled, while the bosom of the earth trembled for joy at sight of her lovely child. And from the sea there came a gentle wind that played with her locks and sang a song of triumph through her rustling woods.

But her brothers were overcome with surprise, and dumbfounded, and would not believe that little despised Puiu had really flung that rock. Most of them were discontent thereat, and began to scold and threaten anew.

"You destroyed my favorite brother."

"You have spoiled all our pleasure in the great strife."

"What had you to meddle for? Could you not look on as before?"

Puiu was silent, but touched her arms that so long had borne the heavy chains.

The brothers could not grow accustomed to her awakening, and the victorious one took away a piece of her garden, saying,

"You did not cultivate it."

The vanquished gave her a piece, saying,

"I could do nothing with it, do you try."

And all the others began to meddle with her garden, to blame this and that, and demanded of her that she should make it different.

Puiu answered defiantly,

"What does my garden concern you?"

But the brothers seized her two arms, and led her from bed to bed, from path to path, and forced her to plant it thus and not otherwise.

She frowned, and tears of anger welled up into her eyes, but it availed her nothing; the stronger brothers were resolved to break her pride, and held her in their painful iron grip, shaking their weapons, and threatening her with fetters.

At last the weary work was done, and Puiu shook herself free, ran into the mountains, where none would see her, and threw herself weeping on to the ground.

"O mother, mother," she cried, "how ill do you act by me! You have given me a hot heart, soaring thoughts, and a lovely garden, but added unto them weak limbs. Shame and abasement are my lot. If you desired that I should die, why did you create me?"

There sounded an answer from the deeps, solemn and stern—

"Have I not protected you hitherto? It was not for naught that I made you so rich, gave you such beauty, such sweet speech, and soaring thoughts. You are to live and prosper in power and dignity, and you will rejoice the world with the fulness of your fruits."

Then Puiu raised herself from the ground and gazed far out into the distance, and in her dreamy eyes a great future was reflected. —THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA, translated by HELEN ZIMMERN, in *London Society*.

SIR WILLIAM SIEMENS.

THE work of Sir William Siemens deserves notice, not only because of the interest which attaches to great achievements, but also because his career bears witness at every step, to the practical value of scientific generalizations. Whereas Englishmen are peculiarly apt to disdain general truths and to doubt their applicability. Sir W. Siemens has given it as his deliberate conviction that, "The further we advance, the more thoroughly we approach the indications of pure science in our pratical results." Here lies the secret of his success; and his inventions are really important, inasmuch as they attest the value of this rule. As for the events of his early life, it suffices to say that he was born at Lenthe, in Hanover, in 1823; that he was educated at the Polytechnic School at Madgeburg, and at the University of Göttingen; that he came to England in 1843, for the purpose of introducing a method of silvering by galvanic deposit, that this invention was so well paid for that he compared himself to Crœsus, and resolved to make England his home. From that time on until the moment of his death, on the 19th of last month, the history of his life is the record of a series of great inventions. And as he himself attributed these inventions to his endeavor "to realize in practice the indications of pure science," it becomes necessary to speak of the results arrived at in some branches of science about the year 1840. It will be remembered that Davy was the first to demonstrate the immateriality of heat, by melting two pieces of ice in an atmosphere below freezing-point by rubbing them together. Guided by this and similar experiments, a German physician named Mayer arrived at the conception of the interaction of forces; indeed, if we may believe Professor Tyndall, "Mayer had in 1842 actually calculated the mechanical equivalent of heat." This honor, however, Mayer must be content to share with Joule, who came, at nearly the same time, to the same result. In 1849, Joule published the formula which has since been universally accepted; he established, namely, that 772 foot-pounds of work—that is, 772 times the amount of force required to raise a weight of one pound one foot from the ground—is required to generate as much heat as will raise the temperature of a pound of water by one degree. Now, Siemens had studied the writings of Mayer and Joule, and while still in his teens he adopted the new theory. Forthwith, he set himself to compare this theoretic power of heat with the mechanical power of heat developed in the steam-engines of the day. He found thirteen-fourteenths of the total heat in the boiler was lost, the remaining one fourteenth part alone being all the heat really converted into mechanical effect. Here was a large margin for improvement, and he at once determined to try to save some of this wasted heat—that is, he set to work to construct a regenerator or accumulator which would utilize a great part of it, and so approach in practical results more nearly to the theory as above formulated by Joule. For many years his labors were only partially successful, and on these we need not dwell. At last, more than ten years after his first attempts, he tried the plan of volatizing the solid fuel, and by first converting the coal into gas, and then using the gas in regenerators, he obtained pratical results of the utmost value. In his regenerative gas furnace, he utilized almost double as much heat as the steam-engine can utilize. The last lecture ever delivered by Michael Faraday was delivered in 1862 before the Royal Institution, and had for its subject this invention of Siemens. The great discoverer lauded the good qualities of the furnace, its economy, its facility of management. It has since come into very general use. It has been recently stated in a most interesting book, "The Creators of the Age of Steel," which will be published this week by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, that the inventor received a million dollars, or two hundred thousand pounds, in royalties for this patent in the United States alone—no mean proof, one would say, of its usefuless; yet Sir William Siemens prophesied for it a still more extended sphere. In 1882 he expressed his belief that it must yet be introduced into all factories and on shipboard, nay, that "the time is not far distant when both rich and poor will largely resort to gas as the most convenient, the cleanest, and the cheapest of heating agents, and when raw coal will be seen only at the colliery or the gas-works." If this hope be realized, and the probability is that it will be, the regenerative gas furnace will have revolutionized industry

as completely as did the steam-engine. Let us consider one result of this invention. When Mr. Siemens took out the patent for his furnace, in 1861, he stated that it was specially applicable to the melting of steel on the open hearth. That is, he thought that by means of this furnace "steel could be made directly from the raw ores, without the intermediate use of huge blast-furnaces and laborious refining processes." With this object in view, he erected experimental steel works at Birmingham in 1865, and two years later he succeeded completely in converting old iron rails directly into steel. Almost immediately his method was adopted at Crewe, by the London and North-Western Railway Company; a little later, by Krupp, at Essen. Since that time it has made its way. In 1873, only 77,500 tons of open-hearth steel were made in Great Britain, as against 436,000 tons in 1882. One effect of this cheaper process of producing steel deserves mention; it has revolutionized shipbuilding. Not only are steel vessels safer, because stronger, than those built of iron—they are also lighter. Their carrying-power accordingly is so much greater, that they are said to earn twenty-five per cent. more than iron ships. Now, "in 1879, only about 20,000 tons of steel vessels were built, whereas in 1883 over 260,000 tons were built, being one fourth of the total tonnage of new ship-building for that year." These are achievements which would in themselves entitle William Siemens to the gratitude of mankind, yet in another field he has made for himself a still greater name; and his method remained the same; he ever sought to realize in practice theoretic truths.

It was in 1808 that Davy produced an electric light, although at an excessive cost. The thing lacking was a strong and continuous current at a cheap rate. In 1831, Faraday showed that electric currents might be produced by permanent magnetism. These currents, however, were very weak. This defect Siemens set himself to remedy; in 1856, he produced what has since been known as the Siemens armature, by which the strength of the electric current could be increased almost indefinitely; and this discovery led, some ten years later, to the discovery of the dynamo-machine.

In February, 1867, Mr. William Siemens sent to the Royal Society a paper, "On the Conversion of Dynamic into Electrical Force, without the Use of Permanent Magnetism." Ten days later, Sir Charles Wheatstone announced—also in a paper to the Royal Society—the same discovery, arrived at quite independently. Both papers were read upon the same night, February 14th. "It would be difficult," says Professor Tyndall, "to find in the whole field of science a more beautiful example of the interaction of natural forces than that set forth in these two papers." A suggestion contained in Sir C. Wheatstone's paper led Sir W. Siemens, in 1880, to a further improvement of the discovery. Without going into details, it will suffice to say that the invention of the dynamo-machine made electricity available for industrial purposes. It has already been proved capable of transforming into electrical work 90 per cent. of the mechanical energy employed as motive-power. It is daily giving fresh evidence of its utility; and, although but just introduced, some of its effects belong, indeed, "to the fairy-tales of science." First among these must be named the electric light. The leading part played by Sir W. Siemens in the improvement of this light is so well known as to render comment superfluous. But his opinion of the light itself may here be reproduced. In 1882 he said, "Electricity must win the day, *as the light of luxury*." We have already noticed his belief that gas will come to be used for all heating purposes. Sir William Siemens, too, employed the electric light in horticulture with good results; the fruit and grain, we are told, which were subjected to the electric light at night, grew with extraordinary rapidity, and were superior in size and quality to the fruit and grain produced under ordinary conditions. The electric railway of our day is the work of his brother, Dr. Werner Siemens, who, as early as 1847, distinguished himself by insulating telegraph wires by means of gutta-percha, and so making submarine telegraphy practicable. In passing, we may say, that the electric telegraph, as it is to-day, owes almost as much to the improvements of the brothers Siemens as to Sir Charles Wheatstone or to Mr. Morse, the American, both of whom claim the honor of having invented it. But whatever may be the value of electricity in horticulture, or as a light generally, no one can doubt that as a dynamical force it is destined to revolutionize industry. In 1877, Sir William Siemens calculated that "all the coal raised throughout the world would barely suffice to produce the amount of power that runs to waste at Niagara alone," and he added that it would not be difficult to realize a large proportion of this wasted power by turbines, etc., and to use it at great distances by means of dynamo-electrical machines. Some five years later, a similar power was in England transmitted to a distance by means of electricity, and used for pumping water, etc. When this fact is considered, we seem led to the portal of a new world, stranger and more fascinating than any pictured by the imagination. To turn, however, from the possibilities of the future to reality, we cannot avoid mentioning one fact which seems to throw some light upon the personality of Sir W. Siemens. In 1879 he constructed a house-grate that brought the power of economizing fuel within the means of the ordinary householder, but "*in order that it might be used without restraint and at the least expense, he did not make it the subject of a patent.*" Whether the worth of this grate be much or little, the kindliness of the action enhances our admiration for the genius of Sir William Siemens by a touch of purely human sympathy. With this incident we might well conclude our sketch of the man and his work, but we cannot help remarking that his successes come to commend a reform he was never weary of advocating, viz., that the

State should establish free technical schools and science-laboratories in every part of the country.—*Spectator.*

GEOLOGY AND THE DELUGE.

THE SUBSTANCE OF A LECTURE DELIVERED IN GLASGOW.

THE question I propose to answer is this—Is there any scientific evidence that such an event as a Deluge occurred? By that term Deluge I mean that there has been over some considerable area of the globe, although not over the whole of it, a great submergence of the land under the sea. That is the first condition which geology requires. The second is that this submergence has been essentially of a temporary character. The third is that there is evidence that it has been accompanied with the destruction of animal life. The fourth that this event has happened since the birth, or as some would rather call it, the development of Man upon the globe. It is not necessary to discuss here what may have been the causes of this Deluge. At the best, such a discussion must be purely theoretical. I only ask have we, as a matter of fact, evidence that there ever was a Deluge?

Now there is one question which I think of immense importance—namely, what does Man himself say, as a race, upon the subject? I do not refer merely to the account given in the Mosaic writings by the great prophet and lawgiver of the Jews, on whose narrative we generally found our conception of the Deluge. I am speaking of Man as a race. Does the race say anything upon this subject? It is a wonderful thing how absolute is the silence of our race on their own early history. Putting aside, of course, the Scripture narrative, which is of much later date, no whisper comes to us out of the depths of time from Man himself to tell us of his own origin, or of his own early history. Some people say this is natural enough, because Man was at first a savage. But I must frankly confess that I do not believe that theory. There is another way of accounting for it—on the supposition that Man in the childhood of the race was as we were in our individual childhood, and was possessed of that blessed unconsciousness of self which is the charm of all childhood. It does not occur to a child to write a diary of his own existence. But let no one tell me that Man was a savage when I know that the inventions of early Man were infinitely more important than those of later days, of which we are so proud. The man who drew the first spark of fire was a far greater inventor than the man who struck the first spark of electricity. Look, again, at the invention, which must have been the result of many processes, by which certain natural grasses were gradually made to produce those crops upon which we all depend—those cereals which are the staple of human consumption all over the globe. We must get some other explanation of the silence of Man than that he was a savage. It must, however, be acknowledged that he has been silent concerning his own origin so far as books and writings are concerned. But it is not true that Man has been silent upon this question of a Deluge. Deeply rooted in the memories of mankind, and transmitted no doubt by early tradition from generation to generation, there is hardly a single race of a civilized character on the globe which has not some tradition respecting a Deluge. M. Lenormant, whose name is familiar in literary circles in France as that of a man of great scholarship, and of very considerable authority on the early history of nations, and who, I apprehend, like most Frenchmen of the present day, has approached the subject not with any view of supporting the biblical narrative, but entirely in the direction of what is called free thought, thus expressed himself at the conclusion of an article which he contributed to the *Contemporary Review* in November, 1879:—

> The result, then, of this long review authorizes us to affirm the story of the Deluge to be a universal tradition among all branches of the human race, with the one exception, however, of the black. Now, a recollection thus precise and concordant cannot be a myth voluntarily invented. No religious or cosmogonic myth presents this character of universality. It must arise from the reminiscence of a real and terrible event, so powerfully impressing the imagination of the first ancestors of our race, as never to have been forgotten by their descendants. This cataclysm must have occurred near the first cradle of mankind, and before the dispersion of the families from which the principal races were to spring; for it would be at once improbable and uncritical to admit that at as many different points of the globe as we should have to assume in order to explain the wide spread of these traditions, local phenomena so exactly alike should have occurred, their memory having assumed an identical form, and presenting circumstances that need not necessarily have occurred to the mind in such cases.

He concludes with these words:—

> But as the case now stands, we do not hesitate to declare that, far from being a myth, the Biblical Deluge is a real and historical fact, having, to say the least, left its impress on the ancestors of three races, Aryan or Indo-European, Semitic or Syro-Arabian, Chamitic or Kushite—that is to say, on the three great civilized races of the ancient world, those which constitute the higher humanity—before the ancestors of those races had as yet separated, and in the part of Asia they together inhabited."

It is quite possible that some persons may say, say, "Oh, but universal tradition is no proof of an historical event!" I do not say it is proof, but it is a strong indication when it is so universal as this. And, I think, this may be said with regard to this particular tradition, that it is one very unlikely to have arisen from the imagination of mankind, because there is nothing that impresses itself so strongly upon our human experience as the stability of the land and the solidity of the ground on which we stand. I do not think it at all likely that the early races would have invented a tradition of the ocean suddenly coming up over the mountains of the globe, and so covering it, to the destruction of all life. I think the argument a very strong one, that that there must have been an actual event on which such tradition rested, when we have a tradition so universal as M. Lenormant has proved it to be. That is the first fact which I bring before you. It is not a physical fact, but it is a mental fact in the history and in the memory of the human race, whatever value you may attach to it. It is a fact of which you are bound to take note.

I will come now to physical facts, and I will begin by a little bit of reasoning. If the Deluge has taken place it must have been the latest event in the physical history of our globe. That is clear. Now, it follows as a consequence from this, that we are not to ascribe to the Deluge anything very old or very permanent in the structure of the globe, or in the formations which we see around us. We are to look for the facts of the Deluge in superficial facts—essentially superficial and transitory. And it is from an error in regard to this that I think scientific men have approached this subject hitherto with great prejudice. When geology first began to be studied—about a hundred years ago—and when it was first noticed that shells were to be found in solid rocks, men said that they could not believe them to be real shells, and for some time a theory prevailed that they were "sports of nature"—that they were jokes of the Creator for the purpose of deceiving Man, or for exercising his ingenuity—at all events, that they did not really represent things which had been shells, but that they were the appearances of shells, and nothing more. I am not sure that that theory lasted very long, because it was so manifestly absurd. Then the theory came that these shells were due to the Deluge. That was quite as absurd a theory as the other, as we see when we recollect what these shells were. In many cases they were shells which formed part of the solid stone, and were very often found on the tops of the highest mountains. We have not in our country many examples of that, because most of our mountains are made up of what are called the primitive rocks, in which there are no fossils, or a very few fossils, and these of a kind very difficult to decipher. But in many parts of Europe the mountains from the top to the bottom—higher mountains than we have here—are one successive series of strata of limestone more or less full of fossils. I remember paying a visit some twenty years ago to the Bavarian Tyrol. Lord Lorne and another of my sons ascended one of the highest mountains, and on their return they gave me a piece of rock broken off with a hammer, in which there was set a most beautiful and delicate shell converted into limestone, and which they had found on the summit of the Alp. It was one of the oldest shells in the world in pattern and shape; and it is a very remarkable thing that some of these shells should be alive at the present day—not the same in species but the same in generic form. It is quite possible that the early geologists would have said that that shell had been left by the Deluge, but when people came to look into this theory they found it untenable. Those shells were not superficial, and were not left as any Deluge would have left them. They were mineralized—imbedded into the stone in which they existed. Obviously that was the result of a very long process, and could have nothing whatever to do with what was called a Deluge. The result of such reasonings was that scientific men got a prejudice against the very word Deluge; they thought it ridiculous, and in scientific, as in other matters, the old theory holds true—"Give a dog a bad name and hang it." The consequence was that no scientific man for a long time would even listen to any evidence in favor of a Deluge. Comparatively a short time ago—some twenty years ago—my own state of mind was one of entire suspense in regard to the Deluge, except as some local phenomenon which had affected the cradle of mankind, but not as an event which had ever affected any considerable area of the globe. Only within the last few years has it seemed to me that facts had been accumulating which proved there had been a great submergence of the land over a large portion of the globe, and one which really corresponded with the human traditions of the Deluge.

I must warn you against another mistake. You must not attribute to the Deluge the old sea lines which can be seen near Glasgow and in many other places. When you go down the Clyde you cannot help observing that there is an old line of cliffs on each side—sometimes rather low, and sometimes conspicuous. They are very conspicuous round the Cloch Lighthouse, and they are very conspicuous near my own residence at Rosneath. It is quite obvious that the sea had for a long time been, all round the coast of Scotland, at a level 30 feet or 40 feet higher than it is now. But that had nothing to do with the Deluge. It is a good many years now since an old friend of mine—Mr. Smith of Jordanhill—discovered that the sea which washed that old sea-cliff had existed under very cold conditions, and that it had left no end of shells. On the west side of the Island of Jura, again, there are a series of old sea-beaches which, from the fact of their being made of a very hard rock upon which vegetation has great difficulty in establishing itself, are as naked and as bare at this moment as if the sea left them only yesterday. I believe some of these old sea-beaches are no less than 160 feet above the level of the present sea, and it is therefore perfectly clear that the ocean at that time was 160 feet higher than it is now, or, I should rather say, that the land was 160 feet lower. You must not confound any of these phenomena with the question of the Deluge, because, as I have said before, what we mean by a Deluge is not a permanent occupation by the sea making sea-beaches of that kind and rolling stones till they become perfectly round or perfectly oval. What is meant by a Deluge is so sudden a submergence that the sea would not have time to leave those marks, and would pass off again in a comparatively short period.

I come now to another fact of importance, which is immediately connected with the Deluge, and that is the submergence of the land during what is called the Glacial Epoch. I think I could take any one, however unaccustomed he might be to geological observation or to geological reasoning, to a place within a few miles of Inverary and point out a number of facts which would convince him that the whole of our mountains, the whole of Scotland, had been lying deeper in the sea than

it does now to a depth of at least 2000 feet. The proofs are innumerable; but the most prominent proof is this, that there are constantly found on the tops of knolls and hills, and generally on the tops of mountains, numbers of immense boulders which are what is called "perched." These are generally placed on the very edge of precipices or knolls, and do not belong to the rocks on which they sit. These stones were carried, as they are being carried at present in Smith's Sound in the Arctic regions, upon icebergs or ice-floes. As the ice melted the stones were left on the knolls, and there they are to this day. One might stand on the top of these rocks and knolls and look down upon the scattered boulders, just as one might look upon a rock in the sea on which some great ship had been wrecked and her cargo scattered on its surface. In the case of a ship we should probably have the timbers to testify to the catastrophe; but the timbers which carried those old rocks were not timbers of wood, but timbers of ice. They melted long ago, and all the evidence we have now is the cargo which they carried. The question immediately arises—"was this great submergence of the land to the depth of at least 2000 feet coincident with the traditional Deluge?" I can not answer that question categorically. I should be a great impostor if I attempted to do so; but my own opinion is that it was more or less coincident with the catastrophe which men remembered as the Deluge. I believe that the submergence of the land towards the close of what is called the Glacial Period was to a considerable extent a sudden submergence, probably more sudden to the south of this country than it was here, and that the Deluge was closely connected with that submergence.

I come now to a fact upon which I place immense reliance. But, first of all, I wish to ask what you think would be the effect of a Deluge. Supposing the ocean in the course of the next year were to rise 1300, 1500, or 2000 feet, what would you expect to find? The first effect of water overflowing the land is the distribution of gravels. It washes away the finer earth and leaves all the stone and loose materials, and these lie scattered over the land. I saw such an effect on a very considerable scale not many years ago when a dam connected with the Crinan Canal broke. The powerful effect of that very small piece of water was really incredible. Large boulder stones were rolled down the torrent, immense quantities of earth were carried away, and sheets of gravel were spread over the whole lower ground to which the water had any access. It is well known that the effect of an inundation is to leave in one place gravel, and in another mud deposits. Well, if there has been a Deluge we ought to have proof of it in a similar distribution of gravels and mud or clay. I sometimes have been wicked enough to think that there are important texts in the Bible that ministers never preach upon, because they do not quite fit into any theological system. So in like manner in science, I think there are now and then a few facts which scientific men always give the go-by to. They mention them because in conscience they cannot help it; but they no not dwell upon them, and they do not follow them out to their conclusions. Now there is one such fact which I would ask you to follow with me to its consequences. There is a mountain in North Wales called Moel Tryfan, which is part of the Snowdon range, and upon which there is a very vauable slate quarry at a height of 1390 feet above the present level of the sea. In opening that quarry an immense bed of gravel was found upon the top. Perhaps I may be asked whether it is marine gravel; but I ask in return what other agent but the sea could have brought gravel there? This gravel could not have been formed by mere disintegration of the soil, because it is full of sea-shells as perfect as they can be found on the shore; dead shells, that is, not shells which apparently ever lived there, but shells both of the shore and the deep sea, which had been drifted there in there in the middle of the gravel. These shells are heaped pell-mell on the gravel on the top of this mountain, and I believe that every geologist admits that this is marine gravel. I take it that it is quite a sound conclusion that the sea had been up to the top of that mountain in very recent times, or that the mountain had been down to the level of the sea. This is not theory; it is a fact, and human reason itself would be confounded if we could not draw our conclusions from such facts as these. I draw a second conclusion from this fact. That sea was not a permanent sea. It was not the case that the mountain formed the bottom of the ocean for many years, because we should then have had deposits with shells, living and dying, as in the case of the sea terraces described by Mr. Smith of Jordanhill. The sea had been essentially transitory in its operation. The second of the conditions of the Deluge is in this way fulfilled. Thirdly, it was tumultuous. It has no marks of quiet bedding. When the tea is tranquil it carries down sediment from the rivers and lays it in regular beds, as is to be seen in all sedimentary rocks. When it is tumultuous, and the action is violent and sudden, it has not time to form regularly, and the gravel is thrown down in thick heaps. These being the facts, what are the conclusions that follow? Is it probable that the mountains of Wales alone were 1400 feet lower than they are now? There might be very local, very partial submergence of volcanic mountains under the sea. But what I have described happened not in a volcanic district, and Moel Tryfan is not a volcanic mountain. It is a mountain of solid rock, one of the old primitive Cambrian rocks, and it is in the highest degree improbable that when Moel Tryfan was 1400 feet below what it is now, the rest of the country in these British Islands was as high as it is now. It is at least probable, if not almost certain, that the submergence which reached in North Wales to 1400 feet extended over the whole of the British Islands. But we are not left altogether to presumptive evidence upon this subject. We have similar gravels all over the counties of Lancashire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, and

Worcestershire. In Cheshire they are found near the town of Macclesfield at 1200 above the level of the sea, and very much under the same conditions. That is near the watershed of England, where the water when it came to that height would pour over to the eastern coast. We know futher, from evidence of similar gravel in other places, that there was submergence all over England. With regard to Scotland, I understand there is a particular valley near Killiecrankie, which you will find mentioned in Lyell, where stratified gravels are found at a height of 1500 feet, or about 100 feet higher than the Welsh mountain; and I could not help noticing while coming from Inverary, in passing Tyndrum, that there is manifest evidence of stratified gravels underneath the loose rubbish which has come down from the steep mountains above. I think, therefore, that there is fair evidence that the submergence of the land, which in North Wales amounted to about 1400 feet, extended over the whole of the British Islands. There is another very important lesson to be learned from these beds of gravel. Running water holds a good deal of carbonic acid, and the consequence is that when shells are embedded for a long period in loose gravel through which the water passes they are rapidly dissolved and disappear. We may, therefore, safely conclude that where dead shells are found in loose gravel they have not been there an incalculable time. Geologically speaking they are of yesterday. We are, therefore, brought face to face with the conclusion that in our own human period—because these shells now existing are not shells of old pattern—that in our own day, as regards fauna, the whole of the British Islands has been at least 1400 or 1500 feet under the sea, and that these shells have been carried simultaneously along with gravels, and congregated on high mountains all over the three kingdoms.

That is a very important fact; but if it is a fact you may ask, why do we not find these shells more frequently? Well, if there has been submergence of the land to the depth of 1500 feet in such recent times, there has also been re-emergence of the land since that time, and I ask you to observe what would be the effect of that. In the process of rising out of the sea again a great part of the gravels would unquestionably be washed away into a new form. You must remember also another thing, that however recent the Deluge may have been in geological time, it occurred a very long time ago—it may have been 50,000 or 20,000 years ago, and we have had all the rains and snows and floods, and perhaps glaciers, working on the mountains since that time. We cannot, therefore, expect to find the gravels exactly where they were left by the Deluge. Many of them would undoubtedly be washed away by the heavy rains during the long centuries that have elapsed. I believe those on Moel Tryfan have been preserved for us by the mere accident that they were covered by the remains of glacier ice, which protected them from the weather; and from what we find in that particular place we may be certain regarding what occurred in other places. Look for a moment at what the effect of a submergence of 1300 or 1400 feet would be on the existing map of Europe. It would be a complete Deluge; it would submerge every capital in Europe—except Munich and Madrid—hundreds of fathoms deep; and reduce the present map to an archipelago of small islands. Fifteen hundred feet, which I believe is the minimum limit to that submergence, is higher than any inhabited village in Great Britain, except one in Cumberland or Westmoreland. All the most fertile parts of Europe—everywhere where there is any great accumulation of mankind and of animals—would be submerged; and that submergence completely answers all that we have been taught to believe as to the character of the Deluge. With regard to Munich, which is 1500 feet above the sea level, I may say that when passing through it about three years ago, and going to see the famous colossal statue of Bavaria, I was amazed to see the enormous gravel-pits that are collected around the city. I do not know how many feet deep of solid compacted gravel, that had evidently been swept down from the ranges of the Alps. Therefore, although Munich would be above the 1,400 feet line, yet the whole plain of Munich must certainly have been under the sea which carried that gravel from the Alps. Practically, therefore, the whole of Europe was submerged by the submergence of which we have certain proof on Moel Tryfan.

Let us now look at the distribution of mud, or what we call in this country brick earth,—remembering that it is the mud of the ocean, or the mud of rivers when left dry and hardened, that becomes what we call clay or brick earth. The valley of the Clyde is very rich in brick earth. Have we, then, any evidence with regard to mud of that kind which would indicate a great submergence of the land? That is the question to which I must now refer. There is all over the centre of Europe a prodigious formation which has been a great puzzle to geologists. You will find an elaborate account of it in Sir Charles Lyell's work. It is called in German the Loess. It occupies the whole valley of the Rhine from Basle down to Belgium, while in height it reaches 1600 feet, answering closely to the measurement of Moel Tryfan, the difference of a hundred or two hundred feet being nothing in such a question. If you have proof that the submergence of the land has been 1400 feet to 1500 feet in Scotland and Wales, it is quite natural that you should find it extending to 1,600 feet in the centre of Europe. The hills of the Rhine valley are sometimes entirely covered with that mud. Geologists have been immensely puzzled with that mud. They do not know what to make of it. There have been fifty different theories about it. Sir Charles Lyell called it, and that was very remarkable, the "*inundation mud.*" He had no doubt whatever that it was the result of water. The only question was—what kind of water? Was it the river Rhine, which ran at a higher level and immensely more powerful than it is now, or

was it some great lake, or was it the sea? Here again scientific men with persistent obstinacy refused to recognize the sea. They said it was the Rhine or some great lake. But there is an indication as to the character of the water which geologists admit. There are shells in the mud, as in all great deposits of water. And what are the shells found in this mud? They are not lacustrine shells; they are not shells that lived in lakes or in rivers; they are simply shells which lived in forests that grew on the surface of the earth. Even in this country there are a great number of land shells in our grasses, in our heaths, and in our mosses, though not in such abundance as abroad. I do not need to tell you that if the sea went over the land very far from its original shore it might not bring sea shells with it. Wales is close to the sea, and there an inundation of the sea would certainly carry shells with it; but if the ocean spread over a great part of central Europe the water might have left all the shells behind it before it reached that distance. That is at least negative proof. But my belief is that the centre of Europe was then occupied by the sea, which submerged the whole area, and that in the deeper part of that sea mud was accumulated which had been washed away from the other parts of the Continent. At all events that is a theory quite as consistent as any other.

I come now to the most interesting part of the question, viz., that connected with the destruction of animal life. I do not know whether it is familiar to all of you that at a very recent period in the history of the globe this country and all Europe was inhabited by a fauna of large animals, of which there are now no examples. There were the Mammoth, the Woolly Rhinoceros, which is only now seen represented in the Zoological Gardens; there were the Horse, the Bison, the Urus, which is preserved alive still as the wild Ox in the Cadzow Forest; the Boar, the Wolf, the Hyena, and the Irish Elk—a prodigious animal, which was taller than the Horse, and which had antlers spreading out eleven or twelve feet; and then there was also the Beaver. Now the bodies of these animals are found in thousands in the gravels of England and in the brick earth. Sometimes the whole body of a Rhinoceros is found, or the whole skeleton of a Mammoth. Not infrequently the whole skeleton of one or two of these animals, which would not naturally have consorted, are found together—the skeleton of a Mammoth or a Rhinoceros along with the skeleton of an Elk—showing very plainly that the animals must have been drowned, and that they had been deposited at the same time as the brick earth in which they are found. One of the most remarkable cases of an immense assemblage of these beasts being destroyed and overwhelmed is seen at what is called the Dogger Bank—which affords one of the best supplies of cod-fish for the London market, and is midway between the coasts of England and Holland—at a depth of about eight fathoms. The trawlers, when trawling for cod or other fish, have been for many years perpetually bringing up the bones of these wild animals. They are counted by thousands—the teeth of the Mammoth, the horns of the Elk, and the bones of the Rhinoceros—and it is admitted by geologists that the Dogger Bank was a shoal on which enormous numbers of these animals were collected together. Their flesh decayed, and the bones now remained mixed up with the sand and silt. Now, it is universally admitted that no agency but water could bring all these beasts together into one place. What was this water? Geologists say it was a great river which occupied the whole channel between England and Germany—some prolongation of the Rhine in ancient times—and that these animals were drowned in great quantities in the eddies of the river and packed up together in the sand and silt. But I pass on to a most extraordinary fact with regard to these great animals, and it is this, that in Siberia they are preserved sometimes, not in their bones, but in their flesh. The enormous stretch of country which lies between Russia and Behring's Straits is very little known, and almost uninhabited. It is frozen to within a very few feet of the surface all the year round. In that frozen mud the Mammoth has been preserved untouched. There have been numerous carcases found with the flesh, the skin, the hair, and the eyes complete. For two or three thousand miles along the coast of that frozen sea it is not too much to say that there are places of large extent where the soil is composed of the remains of those beasts. A great deal of the ivory of commerce is derived from the teeth of the fossil Mammoth. It has been a rich trade to the inhabitants of Russia for many years. Concessions have been given by the Emperor to particular persons to dig for fossil ivory in that part of the world, and it has been a rich mine of wealth to the inhabitants. There are some islands called New Siberia opposite that coast, and they are literally composed of large Mammoths and animals such as I have described, together with the torn trunks and stems of trees, all heaped together in a mass of confusion—mixed and preserved by frozen earth. It has puzzled the geologists for years to know how these enormous numbers of animals got there. This subject has been admirably dealt with within the last few years by a Manchester geologist of the name of Howorth. I have long had my attention drawn to the subject, and I am convinced that no theory of the geologist has hitherto accounted for the fact I have alluded to, and it was therefore with great delight that I saw the evidence on the subject marshalled and arranged by Mr. Howorth, a lawyer, who is accustomed to collect and to marshal facts together so as to convince the human intellect. This writer has brought together all the facts for the last 120 years with respect to the destruction of these animals, and his conclusion is that the destruction of them in those vast numbers, and the preservation of them, has been due to some great diluvial castrophe. That is his conclusion, and it is a conclusion which is

now challenging the attention of the scientific world.

There remains the last part of my subject, which, I need not say, is the most important of all. Has this great catastrophe of the submergence of the land to the depth of at least two or three thousand feet taken place since the birth of Man? In answer to this question I must refer to the fact now clearly ascertained, that man co-existed with the Mammoth, and that stone implements are found in numbers in the very gravels and brick earths which contain the bones of those great mammalia. When this was first discovered both the scientific men and the religious world were up in arms. "Oh," they said, "this carries Man back to an enormously remote period. This is against the account of Moses." That was what the religious world said; and the scientific world was sceptical on other grounds, and said it carried Man too far back into the abyss of time. They forgot, however, that there were two conclusions possible. It might be that it carried Man very much further back, or it might be that it carried this cataclysm much further forward. The one concluison is as satisfactory as regards the facts as the other. The deaths of these great beasts may have been comparatively in recent times, but certainly it has been since the birth of Man. The implements made by Man, rude stone implements, are being found now in thousands throughout the gravels, and very often in the same brick earths as those in which these fossilized creatures are found. Some people have doubted whether these implements were human. They might as well doubt that the watch was human. Man had undoubtedly existed with the Mammoth, and Man had undoubtedly seen the catastrophe, whatever it was, which destroyed the Mammoth in these latitudes. In a cave in the south of France in the district of Perigord, there has been found a piece of ivory from the tusk of a Mammoth on which the living form of that wonderful beast is beautifully drawn and depicted by ancient Man. A more spirited drawing could not be seen. I do not say it is equal to a Landseer, but it is a very spirited drawing. With regard to the condition of Man in these early times, I wish to guard against a conclusion which is very much pressed upon us by scientific men, I think without sufficient reason. It is quite true that the implements which are found in the old gravels are generally extremely rude. But the implements that are found in the caves are very often not at all rude: they are of most beautiful manufacture. They are made of flint or obsidian, and in the north of Europe they are so beautifully polished that there is no artisan in this country who can approach their perfection. Scientific men, especially those who advocate what I call the savage theory of the origin of Man, are always telling us that the men who used rude implements must have been savages. There never was a greater mistake. This is my opinion, and I will give some evidence in support of it. I recently received from Lord Lorne a box of specimens of stone weapons which had been used by the ancient Indian inhabitants of America in the extraction of copper from those mines at Lake Superior, Lake Huron, and Lake Michigan, which had been known on the American continent for unknown ages of time. These stone implements had been sent to Lord Lorne by the manager of a mine in the Michigan country. There were hundreds of them of all sizes in the mine, and ruder weapons could not be conceived. The question arose, Who were the makers of these? The manager of the mine stated in a letter that the tradition of the country, which he believed to be true, was that these mines were worked by the ancient Mexicans no later than the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards. Now it is known that the Mexican Empire, when it was overwhelmed by Cortes and his companions, was an empire of a very high civilization, and yet these were the rude implements which they used in the extraction of the copper. I ask you, therefore, not to be deceived when scientific men tell you that the men who used such rude implements were savages. We can draw no conclusion regarding the primeval condition of Man from the rudeness of the hachets which are found associated with these extinct animals.

In conclusion I would like to say a word or two as to the causes of the Deluge. And first, I wish to point out that we are apt to exaggerate the difficulty of the Deluge. We are such pigmy creatures that we imagine only a prodigious catastrophe could have sunk the earth 1500 or 2000 feet under the sea. Was it so, indeed! Only think of the size of the globe and of the height of the mountains compared with its circumference. Were a line drawn, to the scale of one-tenth of an inch to the mile, representing a very small section of the earth's circumference, and were we to mark in the same proportion the height of Mont Blanc, the spot so marked would be so minute as to be invisible to all except those in close proximity to the drawing, and yet that spot would represent a mountain more than 15,000 feet high. And would it be such a great and wonderful catastrophe were the surface of the globe to be so altered now that the level of the ocean should be brought up so as to cover that little spot? The difficulty in conceiving the possibility of a Deluge to a far greater height than 1500, 2000 or even 3000 feet lies entirely in our forgetfulness of our own pigmy size. If the crust of this globe was a crust which was moving from internal forces—if, as we know, the crust of the earth has been upheaved and depressed, again and again throughout millions of ages while the earth was being prepared for the abode of Man—is it not conceivable, is it even difficult to understand that one of the last and latest of these movements has taken place since Man was born?

And now, I would express the hope that I have at least been able to show you some of the conditions of this great problem, and to lead you to look at it as one of immense interest and importance. It is a wonderful imple-

ment that we have in the human mind, When your facts are well gathered, when you apply the powers of your reason to these facts, there is no knowing the conclusions regarding physical truth to which you may be led. I do not know that we shall ever come to learn through science some of the questions which it most interests us to know. I doubt —to say the truth I disbelieve—that we shall ever come to know by science anything more than we now know as to the origin of Man. I believe we shall always have substantially to rest in that magnificent and sublime account which has been given us by the great prophet and law-giver of the Jews. But this you may learn from what has been gone over, that there is not one of you who may not add an important argument for or against the most interesting conclusions by careful observation and faithfully recording even the most insignificant facts in nature, and by the cautious application of your reason to these facts. And if with regard to many questions which we desire most of all to solve we feel the incapacity of our own reason, and the limit of our own intelligence, after all we are but driven to this, that the great hope of all science and the great hope of all religion is that time and that place when "we shall know even as we are known."—DUKE OF ARGYLE, in *Good Words*.

THE SIRENS IN ANCIENT LITERATURE AND ART.

IT is common to the infancy of art in every nation to represent the unseen powers of the supernatural world by symbols and attributes. A tendency to allegorical representation was particularly strong among the nations of the Eastern world, as might be expected from the marked prominence of the imaginative faculty in Oriental nations. The monstrous forms in which Assyrian and Egyptian art delighted owe their origin to this tendency, and the artist saw no better way of representing a being possessed of the highest qualities of a different and even inconsistent nature than that of combining into one grotesque and monstrous form those portions of different animals in which peculiar excellence was supposed to reside. The Egyptians were especially skilful in conceiving these new and composite shapes, embodying the varied faculties of the animals which they held sacred. Of these the best known is the Sphinx, which the most sober and practical denizen of the North can hardly approach, even in this realistic age, without a mysterious feeling of admiration and awe. Parallels to the Sphinx are found in the human-headed lions and bulls, the eagle-headed gods of Assyria, he genii of Persia, and the "four living creatures" of Ezekiel in Holy Writ. These last afford an excellent example of the symbolical character of mixed forms. They had "the face of a man, and the face of a lion, and the face of an ox, and the face of an eagle," representing respectively the reasoning intellect, the noble courage, the unwearied industry, and the strong upward flight of the animals of which they were composed. By such a combination of the different phases of the supremest created excellence the inspired writer sought to shadow forth the ineffable glory of the Godhead.*

Nor was symbolism of the same kind unknown to the Greeks, although it never entered largely, and only for a short period, into their artistic conceptions. The sense of truth and beauty, which is the guiding principle of Greek art, was antagonistic to those hybrid forms in which the laws of nature and of beauty are violated. In the infancy of their powers, as we see, the Greeks, too, followed the East in the bewildering mazes of symbolism and allegory; but they soon shook themselves free from all such trammels and leading strings, and sought to express their sense of the divine perfections in the idealized human form, rather than by an unnatural conglomeration of different parts of the lower animals. No doubt they derived their first ideas of art, through the Phœnicians, from the older civilizations of the Oriental world. The seed came from the East, but when planted in the soil of Hellas it soon produced a fruit which the parent tree would hardly recognize for its own offspring:

> Exit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos
> Miraturque novas frondes et *non sua poma*.

We may say in fact that among the nations of the East, plastic art never attained the dignity of a *fine* art. Beginning, especially in Egypt, with the coarsest realism, it never became ideal or creative. Controlled and cramped at an early period of its existence by hieratic influences, its representations were seldom beautiful, but for the most part grotesque and terrible, and sometimes ugly and revolting. Among the Greeks, on the other hand, the first of the nations of the old world which attained liberty, and with it the free and natural development of mind, the infancy of art was very brief, and quickly followed by promising youth and a glorious manhood. In them a naturally vivid and glowing imagination was brought under the beneficent control of reason and *σωφροσύνη*, and its manifestations in literature and art restrained by the love of truth and the sense of fitness within the lines of harmony and beauty.

Yet the number of mixed forms which we find in Greek literature and art, partly derived from Oriental sources, and partly the offspring of Greek fancy, is by no means inconsiderable. The principal of these are the Chimæra, the Centaur, the Sphinx, the Harpy, the Siren, the various species of the Faun and Satyr, the marine monsters—the Tritons, Hippocamps,

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* To compare small things with great, we may point to the portrait of the trusty servant on the wall near the kitchen of Winchester College, which shows that the tendency to symbolism is not confined to one age or nation. The inscription is well known:—

> A trusty servant's portrait would you see,
> This emblematic figure well survey.
> The porker's snout—not nice in diet shows;
> The padlock shut—no secrets he'll disclose;
> Patient the ass his master's wrath will bear;
> Swiftness in errand the stag's feet declare;
> Loaded his left hand apt to labor saith;
> The vest his neatness; open hand his faith;
> Girt with his sword, his shield upon his arm,
> Himself and master he'll protect from harm.

Sea Bulls, Sea Dragons, Sea Centaurs, etc.; the numerous winged animals, such as the winged Sow of Clazomenæ, the winged and horned Panthers, winged Horses (Pegasus), etc.

We have said that the peculiar genius of the Greek, with its close adherence to nature and truth, was naturally antagonistic to the mixed forms in which the Eastern mind delighted, and this is true. We observe, however, that when once such composite conceptions had been accepted by the Greek mind, they were seldom discarded altogether, but gradually and skilfully transformed by the grace-giving power of the Greek Muse in such a manner as to satisfy our sense of fitness and beauty, and to entitle them to a place in the fairy region of poetry and art. There is a difference, rather to be felt than expressed, between the monsters of Eastern and of Grecian myths. There is no doubt something mysterious and awe-inspiring in the Sphinx of Egypt, and in the winged and man-headed Bull of Nineveh; and, strange and grotesque as they are, they do not excite our ridicule. But our imagination finds it difficult to assimilate them, or to find a place for them in the ideal world in which so much of our lives is passed. They are not to us living sentient beings, they do not engage our affections, nor can we think of them as playing a part in the bygone history of the world. But we have no difficulty in imagining that the Centaurs still range over the hills of Thessaly, or in peopling the woods of Arcadia with Fauns and Satyrs; and, as we sail through the isles of Greece, we are disappointed at not hearing the strains of Sirens from "flowery mead" and jagged rock, or seeing the forms of Tritons and Hippocamps, and "all the train of Phorkos" gambolling with the Nereids in the summer sea.

Of the hybrid forms above mentioned, many of which play a considerable part in Greek art, not the least interesting, and at the same time the most enigmatical, are the Sirens, whom we propose to make the special theme of the present article.

Before entering into an inquiry as to the origin of these mysterious creations, and the successive changes which they underwent in the hands of mythographers and artists, we should endeavor to get a clear idea of their fundamental nature and their peculiar functions, as they presented themselves to the Greek mind in the earliest ages.

We owe our first acquaintance with the Sirens to the "Odyssey" of Homer, in which what we may call their true nature and character are most clearly indicated. It is desirable to keep his account of them clearly before our minds, because I shall endeavor to show that it contains the germs at least of almost all the very different and apparently contradictory shapes which the Siren myth assumed in poetry and art at a later period.

Among the first and most terrible of the dangers which awaited the faithful husband of Penelope in his passage from the arms of the "fair-haired" Circe to those of the "sweet-voiced" Calypso, was the enchanting song of the Sirens:—

> The Lady Circe spake unto me (Odysseus) saying . . . To the Sirens first shalt thou come, who bewitch all men, whosoever shall come to them. Whoso draws nigh to them unwittingly, and hears the sound of the Sirens' voice, never doth he see wife or babes stand by him on his return, nor have they joy at his coming; but the Sirens enchant him with their clear singing, where they sit in the mead, and all about is a great heap of bones of men, corrupt in death, and round the bones the skin is wasting. But do thou drive thy ship past, and knead honey-sweet wax, and anoint therewith the ears of thy company, lest any of them all hear the song; but if thou thyself art minded to hear, let them bind thee in the swift ship hand and foot, upright in the mast-stead, and from the mast let rope-ends be tied, that thou mayest have pleasure in the Sirens' voice. And, if thou shalt beseech thy company and bid them loose thee, then let them bind thee with yet more bonds.*

Further on we read:

> Meanwhile our good ship came to the island *of the Sirens twain*, for a gentle breeze sped her on her way. Then straightway the wind ceased, and lo! there was *a windless calm*. . . But I with my sharp sword cleft in pieces a great circle of wax, and with my strong hands kneaded it. And soon the wax grew warm, for that my great might and *the beam of the lord Helios*, son of Hyperion, constrained it. . . . And when the ship was within the sound of a man's shout from the land, we fleeing swiftly on our way, the Sirens espied the swift ship speeding towards them, and they raised their clear-toned song:
>
> 'Hither come, renowned Odysseus, great glory of the Achæans, and stay thy bark, that thou mayest listen to the voice of us twain. For none hath ever driven by this way in his black ship till he hath heard from our lips the voice sweet as the honeycomb, and hath had joy thereof, and gone on his way the wiser. For lo! *we know all things*, all the travail that the Argives and Trojans bare by the gods' designs, and *we know all that shall hereafter be* upon the fruitful earth.'

The principal points to be noticed in the foregoing narrative are. first, the number of the Sirens—"listen to the voice of us *twain;*" secondly, the place in which they were sitting —*a flowery mead* (ἠμεναι ἐν λειμῶνι); and, thirdly, that *they only sing*, without the accompaniment of any instrument. In all these points they differ from the Sirens of later mythology and art, in which they are generally, not always, three in number, dwelling in rocks, and playing on stringed and other instruments. It will be observed, moreover, that no reference is made to their bird-like form. But it would, I think, be wrong to conclude from Homer's silence on this point, as some have done, that the Sirens of the "Odyssey" were entirely human, as we see them on the Etruscan sarcophagus at Florence, the basaltic relief at Lansdowne House, etc. The Sirens were no new creation of the poet's fancy; he is evidently speaking of beings familiar to his hearers. Circe does not describe them as some strange, unheard-of monsters, but simply says, "To the Sirens first shalt thou come," and the name may have suggested the very form which we see on the earliest vases, *i.e.*, that of a bird with the head of a virgin.

Concerning the etymology of the name Σειρῆνες we have nothing very satisfactory to offer; attempts have been made, without much success, to derive it from an Aryan root, but with these we shall not trouble the reader. Within the limits of the Greek language the more common opinion connects it with the word σειρά, a rope—a type of that which draws, whether materially or by speech or song. Others refer it to the root of the verb σειρίαω

* Hom. "Od.," xii. 36-54. I have used the faithful and beautiful translation of Messrs. Butcher and Lang.

to be hot, and of Σείριος, the dog-star,* the bringer of heat. This latter derivation, though, of course, extremely uncertain, is very consonant with the nature ascribed to them in the "Odyssey," and with the locality to which they are especially assigned, viz., the south-west coast of Italy. In the first instance they probably represented the alluring but wasting and putrefying summer heat. They were the demons of sloth and corruption, the objects of fear and deprecatory worship to those who saw or felt the seductive but baleful influence of a benumbing languor, like that which is caused by the scirocco. The whole narrative breathes a sultry, sickly heat, such as many of us may have felt in the Bay of Naples, the home of the Sirens. They sat "singing in a mead, and about them was a great heap of bones of men corrupt in death"—

πολὺς δ' ἀμφ' ὀστεόφιν θὶς
Ἀνδρῶν πυθομένων.†

No sooner does the ship of Odysseus near the island than "straightway the wind ceased, and lo! there was a windless calm;" and hence it is that Hesiod, in a fragment preserved by Eustathius,‡ ascribes to the Sirens the power of laying the winds themselves to sleep.§ The wax quickly melts in the hands of Odysseus, "for the beam of the lord Helios constrained it." The same idea is expressed by Pausanias, who says, that men "rotted away" under the influence of the Sirens' song, and by Apollonius Rhodius, who forcibly expresses it by the words τηκεδόνι φθινύθουσι, "they waste away with melting."

Very nearly related to this view of their origin is another, still more popular, which regards the Sirens as typifying the glassy surface of a motionless summer sea, which hides the jagged rock and the engulfing quicksand. It is in this light that the poets love to view them. Thus Ovid calls them "monsters of the sea," and Claudian "sweet monsters," "charming perils," and "pleasing terrors"—

Musica saxa fretis habitabant dulcia monstra,
Blanda pericla maris, terror quoque gratus in undis,

For these creations of the popular imagination, to which a distinctive character and a local habitation had been given in the Homeric poems, it was necessary to find a parentage and a history. Euripides calls them daughters of the earth (παρθένοι χθονός), evidently regarding them in their chthonic character, of which we shall speak hereafter. Sophocles, in a fragment of his lost tragedy, "The Phæacians," in which, probably, Odysseus is relating his adventures, makes them the daughters of Phorkos—

Σειρῆνας εἰσαφικόμην
Φόρκου κόρας θροοῦντε τοὺς Ἀΐδου νόμους.

(I came to the Sirens, the daughters of Phorkos.) As Phorkos, like Poseidon himself, was probably a sea god of Phœnician origin, this passage confirms the opinion that the Siren myth was also derived from the East.

In Alexandrian times the prevailing theory connected the Sirens with the river god Achelous, whose lofty position in the watery realm reflects high honor on his reputed daughters. Achelous, eldest of the three thousand sons of Okeanos and Tethys, held the very highest rank among the river gods, as is testified by Homer, who, when speaking of the irresistible power of Zeus, says that "even the lordly Achelous is no match for him." This mightiest of rivers came into conflict with Herakles for the possession of the beautiful Deianeira, and, with the usual power of transformation possessed by water deities, assumed the form of a bull. In the heat of the struggle Herakles tore off one of the horns of Achelous, and the Sirens sprang from the blood which flowed from the wound.* This is the oldest form of the Achelous myth; but the most common and the most pleasing form is that which makes the Sirens the daughters of the river god by no less a mother than Sterope, the Pleiad, daughter of Atlas, or by one of the Muses—Melpomene, Calliope, or Terpsichore. Hence the Sirens are commonly called "Acheloides" by the poets and others, as in the "Argonautica," Ovid, Pausanias, etc.

With regard to their abode, the various accounts agree in placing them in the south-west of Italy. According to Homer ("Od." xii. 159), they dwelt in "a flowery mead" between Ææa, the isle of Circe, "the dancing-ground of the early dawn," and the rocks of Scylla. The "flowery mead" (λειμῶν' ἀνθεμόεντα) of the "Odyssey" becomes in Hesiod† "the beautiful island, Anthemoessa, which the son of Kronos gave them." In later writers they appear on Cape Pelorum, the north-east point of Sicily; in the Sirenusian Isles (*hod.* "li Galli") off Pæstum; in the island of Leukosia,‡ called after one of their number; and, above all, in Naples (Parthenope), "where the sepulchre of the Siren Parthenope was shown, and where gymnastic contests were held in her honor, according to the direction of the oracle.§ In another passage Strabo says: "We firmly believe that the abode of the Sirens was in the bay called by Eratosthenes 'Cumæan,' which the isles of Sirenusæ form, and on the shores of which Naples (*i.e.*, Parthenope) was founded. Other writers carry them to Ætolia,‖ and Pliny ¶ even to India, as the classic land of the marvellous.

Homer, as we have seen, speaks of the Sirens in the dual number, and gives them

* In this connection we remember the line in the *Posthomerica* of Quintus Smyrnæus, viii. 31:

Σείριος ὅστε βροτοῖσι φέρει πολυκηδέα νοῖσον.

† In Virgil ("Æn." v. 864) the mead has become rocks:

Jamque adeo scopulos Sirenum advecta subibat
Difficiles quondam, multorumque ossibus albos.

‡ cxxxviii. 164.

§ Conf. Shakespeare, "Midsummer Night's Dream," act ii. sc. 1:—

Oberon. My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That *the rude sea grew civil at her song,*
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.

* Lucian, "De Saltatione," cap. 50.
† Schol. in Apollon. iv. 892.
‡ Strabo, 252 c.
§ Ibid., 246 c.
‖ Seneca, "Herc. Œt." 190.
¶ "N. H." x. 135.

no names, an omission which the scholiast thinks it necessary to supply, and calls them Aglaopheme and Thelxiepeia. Hedylos, in an epigram,* Ausonius ("Idyll." xi. 20), and others speak of them as three, and generally with the names Parthenope, Leucasia, and Ligeia; but they are also called Peisinoe, Aglaope, and Thelxiepeia; Aglaopheme, Aglaonoe, and Thelxiepeia; and Thelxiope, Molpe, Aglaophonos. On a vase in the British Museum, of which we shall speak presently, we find a Siren with the inscription, Ἱμερόπα.

The history of the Sirens begins, as we have said, with the "Odyssey," in which all their leading characteristics are brought out with singular force and clearness. The seductive charm of their song is irresistible, and it is death to listen. They first allure, then ruthlessly destroy their victims, who are deprived not only of the power, but even of the wish, to escape; the deadly stroke was as pleasing as it was fatal.

> Figebat vox una ratem, nec tendere certum
> Delectabat iter reditus, odiumque juvabat,
> Nec dolor ullus erat, mortem dabat ipsa voluptas.

Odysseus was the first of mortal men to pass them unscathed.

> Sirenas *hilarem* navigantium *pœnam*,
> *Blandasque mortes*, *gaudiumque crudele*,
> Quas nemo quondam deserebat auditas,
> Fallax Ulysses dicitur reliquisse.†

And what a tribute to their power does the manner of even his escape afford! When Circe warns him of the perils which await him from the poisoned honey of their song, she does not seek to nerve him against temptation; she does not bid him oppose the strong will of a wise, prudent, and heroic soul to the allurements by which weaker natures are betrayed: to listen is to be lost. The ears of his companions must be closed; and though it is due to the character of the godlike hero that he should hear them, it must be put out of his own power to rush like a lunatic on self-destruction. He is bound to the mast of his own vessel by the hands of his own servants, and no sooner does he hear the enchanting strain than he struggles to be free.

We have here an early testimony to that peculiar susceptibility of the Greeks to the influence of music, to which we find such frequent allusions in their poetry and their history, and even in their legislation. But it should be observed that the Sirens do not rely solely on the magic influence of their voices. They were wise as well as charming. They do not win his attention, as that of the vulgar herd, by a lay of love and passion. They flatter his pride by addressing him as "the renowned Odysseus, great glory of the Achæans;" and they appeal to the love of knowledge characteristic of the favorite of Pallas. "Hither come," they said, "and stay thy bark, that thou mayest listen to the voice of us twain. For lo! *we know all things*, all the travail that the Argives and the Trojans bare by the gods' designs; yea, and we know all things that shall hereafter be upon the fruitful earth." "Vidit Homerus," says Cicero,* "probari fabulam non posse si cantiunculis tantus vir irretitus teneretur: *scientiam pollicentur*."

The Sirens also play a prominent part in the myth of the Argonauts, but the story is evidently borrowed from the "Odyssey," and only slightly modified. Unfortunately for them, the good ship Argo bore a still more skilful musician than themselves—Orpheus, the pupil of Apollo and the Muses. Instead of subjecting himself to bonds and stopping the ears of his crew, he meets them on their own ground, and comes off victorious:

> Παρθενίην δ' ἐνοπὴν ἐβιήσατο φόρμιγξ.†

No sooner does the sound of that heavenly lyre, the gift of Apollo, reach their astounded ears, than they cast away "the flute of lotus wood and the tortoise lyre;" the soft entrancing music of their song gives place to a despairing death-wail, and, unable to survive defeat, they hurl their "proud and stately forms" from the lofty rocks into the sea.

> Δὴ τότε φορμίζοντος ἀπὸ σκοπέλου νιφόεντος
> Σειρῆνες θάμβησαν, ἐὴν δ' ἀμπαυσαν ἀοιδὴν
> Καί ῥ' ἡ μὲν λωτοὺς, ἡδ' αὐ χέλυν ἐκβαλε χειρῶν
> Δεινὰ δ' ἀνεστονάχησαν ἐπεὶ πότμος ἦιε λυγρὸς
> . . . . .
> Πέτραις δ' ἡλλάξαντο δέμας μόρφην θ' ὑπέροπλον.‡

Yet even on this occasion the wondrous power of their magic strains was vindicated, for we read that the heart of one of the Argonauts (Butes) was so melted by the clear, sweet song that he threw himself into the waves, and was only saved by the intervention of Aphrodite.

Another striking and very popular incident in the history of the Sirens, the invention of which is probably not older than the time of Pausanias, was their famous contest with the Muses. The similarity of their powers brought them into close comparison, while the difference in their aims and functions inspired them with mutual enmity, and led to an internecine conflict. The Muses were frequently compared with birds, although they did not assume their shape, and the Sirens could boast of their descent from a heavenly Muse. The Muses knew all things (ἴστε τε πάντα),§ and the Sirens professed at least to be equally wise and prophetic (ἴδμεν δ' ὅσσα γένηται ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ). And, above all, like the Muses, they possessed the faculty of all-subduing, all-entrancing music. But the points in which they differed were still more numerous and more vitally important. The Muses were immortal; the short and destructive career of the Sirens ended in defeat and death. The Muses were connected with the fresh springs and perennial fountains which give life and strength; the Sirens with the salt and barren sea which lures to destruction on its hidden rocks. As the daughters of Zeus and the chosen companions

* "Anthol. Pal." v. 161. † Martial, iii. 64.

* "De Finibus," v. 18, 49. † "Argonaut." v. 909.
‡ "Orph. Arg." v. 1284.
§ Hom. "Il." ii. 484; Hesiod, "Theog." 36.

of Apollo, the Muses formed the Olympian choir at the banquets of the blessed gods;* their song was elevating and ennobling, and filled the soul with hope and joy, and strength to perform the deeds by which mortal men "attain the fiery citadels." The Sirens, on the other hand, might be called the Muses of the lower world—"they proclaimed the laws of Hades." Their song, though irresistibly sweet, was no less sad than sweet, and lapped both body and soul in a fatal lethargy, the forerunner of death and corruption.

The story of their contest with the Muses has its parallel in that between Apollo and the wretched Marsyas, and in that of the audacious Thamyris, who challenged both the Muses and the Sirens. In an evil hour the Sirens too, listening to the suggestions of Hera,† contended, in her presence, at Aptera in Crete, with the heavenly Muses. Nor did the latter disdain their rivalry:

> Turpe quidem contendere erat, sed cedere visum Turpius.

The issue of the contest was never doubtful. The Sirens were defeated, and, in spite of the pleading of Hera, they were cruelly punished for their presumption. The Muses signalized their victory by plucking off the feathers of the hapless Sirens, of which they formed a crown for their own heads,‡ as we see in several works of ancient art.

We have referred above to the enigmatical character of the Sirens, and the great difficulty of reconciling the different aspects in which they are represented to us in ancient literature and art. At one time we see them alluring the hapless mariner to destruction, as in the paintings on Greek and Etruscan vases; at another, soothing the sorrows of the bereaved mourner, as in the reliefs of so many sepulchral stelæ. Plato assigns them a place in the circles of the universe, where they join with the Fates in producing the harmony of the spheres. To Plutarch the younger they seem nothing better than seductive and rapacious courtesans, who plunder the passing mariner. The sculptor Pythodorus placed them in the hand of Hera, probably to denote the bridal charms of the consort of Zeus; a Siren playing the double flute forms the ornament of Athene's shield on an extant Panathenaic vase; while other painters represent them as taking part in the wildest revelry of the train of Dionysos. In short, the most versatile actor never appeared in so many and such widely different parts as the Sirens are made to play in Greek and Roman literature.

Yet we think that the germs of all these Protean variations of form are to be found in the narrative of the "Odyssey," and that it was by dwelling almost exclusively on one or other of the faculties which make up the Sirens of Homer, that later writers, who drew their inspiration from him, have caused the myth to assume such various and even contradictory phases as we have glanced at above.

In the first place they possessed in the highest possible degree *the faculty of sweet persuasive song;* and we should observe that this, their leading characteristic, is the only constant factor in every variety of the Sirens. We see that those who regarded and valued them chiefly for their wondrous power over the hearts of men, lost sight of the other qualities, to which Homer gives almost equal prominence, viz., their treachery and cruelty.

Suidas defines the Sirens as "the enharmonic and musical powers of the soul."* Plato + in his vision of the universe assigns to them a prominent place in the heavenly choir.

> The spindle [viz., that on which all the circles, into which the universe is divided, revolve] turns on the knees of Necessity, and on the upper surface of each circle is *a Siren* who goes round with them, hymning a single sound and note. The *eight* Sirens together form one harmony; and round about at equal intervals is another band, three in number, each sitting on a throne. These are the Fates, daughters of Necessity, who are clothed in white raiment, and have crowns of wool on their heads, Lachesis, Clotho, and Atropos, who accompany the harmony of the Sirens with their voices. Lachesis singing of the past, Clotho of the present, and Atropos of the future.

We see that, for the moment at least, even Plato confounds the Sirens with the Muses. Nor did this want of discrimination escape the notice of the ancients; for Plutarch rebukes him, saying that "in the eternal and divine circuits Plato has absurdly introduced, in the place of the Muses, the Sirens, who were by no means humane or benignant beings."‡ Similar proofs of the forgetfulness of the base attributes, for which in earlier times they were chiefly known, abound in Greek and Roman literature. Thus Homer himself is called an "ambrosial Siren,"§ and Pausanias relates that when Sophocles—the purest and noblest of writers—died, the god Dionysos ordered the Athenians to worship him "as a new Siren;" and that, in a dream about Sophocles, a Siren was seen with the poet's compositions in her hand. If we are right in regarding the so-called Κηληδόνες (charmers) as Sirens, they were thought worthy of a place in the roof of the temple of Apollo at Delphi, from which, according to Pindar, "the golden charmers sang."‖ The poet Alcman, too, evidently regards Muse and Siren as equivalent terms:

> ἀ Μῶσα κέκλαγ', ἀ λίγεια Σειρήν.¶

So Cassandra is said to "have sighed forth the last melody of a Siren;" and Erinna, the poetess, is called a Siren; and in an extant epitaph a woman (Petronia) is called "Musa et Siren;"** without the slightest intention of casting a slur upon their fame. The story of their ancient enmity must have been utterly forgotten when Columella†† invoked the Sirens as "companions of the Muses"—

> Nunc vos Pegasidum comites Acheloides—

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* Μουσάων θ', αἱ ἀειδον ἀμειβόμεναι ὑπὶ καλῇ.—"Il." i. 604.
† Pausan. ix. 34, 2.
‡ Conf. Julian Imp. "Ep." 41: Τί γὰρ δεῖ τὰς Σειρῆνας λέγειν, ὧν ἔτι τὸ πτερὸν ἐπὶ τοῦ μετώπου φέρουσιν αἱ νικήσασαι.

* Σειρῆνες, αἱ τῆς ψυχῆς ἐναρμόνιοι καὶ μουσικαὶ δυνάμεις.
† "Rep." x. (Jowett's translation).
‡ "Quæst. Conviv." ix. 14, 5.
§ "Certam. Hom. et Hesiod." pp. 314–19, ed. Göttl.
‖ Χρύσειαι ἐξ ὑπερώου ἀείδον Κηληδόνες.—"Fragm." 30, ed. Bergk.
¶ "Fragm." 7, Bergk, p. 631.
** Stephani "Tit. Græc." P. iii. p. 3. †† "De re rust." x. 263.

and when, as in a scarabæus at St. Petersburg, we find a Siren, instead of a Muse,* weeping at the death of Achilles.

Pausanias tells us that in his time "it was usual to compare poems and discourses replete with an alluring power to the song of a Siren," and we find many instances of this practice. Plutarch, speaking of Marius, says, "So great was the grace and Siren of his words" (ἡ τῶν λόγων σειρὴν καὶ χάρις.)† When describing Aspasia, Ælian says that "she had a voice so sweet and gentle that you would think you heard a Siren speaking."‡ It is entirely in a good sense that Menander, in an inscription on a mutilated Herma (found near the Porta Trigemina at Rome, and now at Turin), is called Σειρῆνα θεάτρων. In fact, the word Σειρῆνες was often used to mean "*enchanting speech*" without any evil import.§ In all these cases the Sirens are regarded solely as the sweet persuasive singers; all their other qualities are forgotten.

At other times their musical power is, indeed, acknowledged, but what is chiefly dwelt on is the treacherous use they make of it. Even Plato, who exalted them to the heavenly spheres, sometimes regards them in this unfavorable light. Alcibiades, in the Convivium,‖ after calling Socrates "a Marsyas" on account of his entrancing eloquence, says: "By violence, therefore, restraining my ears, I depart from him, flying as it were from the Sirens, lest I should sit with him till I become old." So Euripides represents Hermione lamenting that she had ever listened to the clever mischievous Sirens, who "by their varied chatter had inflated her mind with foolishness."¶ In the same sense misleading and destructive doctrines are attributed to the inspiration of the Sirens, as, for example, when the tenets of Epicurus are called δόγματα Σειρήνεια. Æschines is furious with Demosthenes for comparing him to the Sirens. "For he (Demosthenes) says that those who hear me are not soothed, but destroyed."** So Epictetus speaks of those who forget the great object of all eloquence (viz., truth) in the charms and the tricks of oratory, "just as a man might forget home and its duties in a pleasant hotel," adding that such persons, idling away their time in sophistries, "putrefy as among the Sirens."†† It is unnecessary to multiply examples of this kind, for the idea of treachery is the prevailing one in the Siren myth, and is well and fully expressed in the words of Suidas: "Their song has in it the highest degree of pleasure, but brings no advantage, but only death."

The combination of seductive allurement with treacherous cruelty in the character of the Sirens, as it is described in the "Odyssey," naturally associates them with ideas of illicit love and meretricious falsehood and cruelty. The description of the "strange woman" in the Proverbs might be used of Homer's Siren. "Her lips drop as a honeycomb, and her mouth is smoother than oil, but her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword. With her much fair speech she caused him to yield, with the flattery of her lips she forced him. He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter. Many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." This view of their functions, which is rather indicated than expressed in the "Odyssey," became the prevailing one at a later period. Pythagoras, at the end of the sixth century B.C., comes nearer to it when he compares base desires with "the murderous songs of the Sirens."* The rationalizing mythographers regard them in the same light as the younger Plutarch, quoted above. Fulgentius,† speaking of the adventures of Odysseus, says: "And lastly he heard and saw the Sirens, *i.e.*, the allurements of love." So Heraclitus‡ says plainly that they were "fair Hetairai," and Servius,§ "that they were supposed to be partly birds and partly virgins," but "were really harlots, who reduced the passing navigators to poverty," which was figuratively called shipwreck. The poet Patricius represents the Siren in the train of Venus, leading Voluptas by the hand.

Blanda manu implexam tenet hanc ducitque canendo
Ætherias Siren iterabile carmen ad auras.¦

In this light they are represented in many works of art with hair elaborately dressed, wearing bracelets and pearl necklaces, and holding a lute or a mirror in their hands—in short, provided with all the weapons of Love's warfare.

That they were closely connected in the minds of the ancients with the allurements, the disappointments, and the perils of illicit love, there can be no doubt. But modern inquirers seem to me to carry this point too far when they assume that "the Siren is only a form of Aphrodite, who presides over graves and cemeteries, like the Aphrodite Epitymbia."¶ The dove from Kameiros, with what is supposed to be the head of Aphrodite, is cited as a proof of this identity; but with all their similarity there is a difference between Aphrodite as the representative of sexual love, and the Siren, the embodied power of music, employed in bathing the soul in a sweet but enervating lethargy, destructive alike of thought and action.

As we have already seen the Siren in the train of Aphrodite, we are not surprised to find that she became also a follower of Dionysos. Her Dionysiac character is her last and worst development, and is a natural offshoot of her Aphrodisiac qualities. It is not only that we frequently see her depicted in works of art in Bacchanalian surroundings, but she is often invested, like a regular Bacchante,

* Hom. "Il." xxiv. 60; Pind. "Isthm." viii. 57.
† Plut. "Marius," 44.
‡ "Var. Hist." xii. 1.
§ Dionys. Hal.
‖ Plato, "Conv." p. 216.
¶ "Androm." 986:

Κἀγὼ κλύουσα τοῖσδε Σειρήνων λόγοις,
Σοφῶν, πανούργων, ποικίλων λαλημάτων.

** Æsch. in "Ctesiphon." 229. †† Epict. "Diss." ii. 23, 41.

* Porph. "Vit. Pythag." 39.
† "Myth." ii. 11.
‡ "De Incred." 14.
§ "Ad Virgil. Æn." v. 864.
‖ "Epithal." Amp. et Aell.
¶ Curtius, "Arch. Zeit. N. F." iii. p. 10, and Gerhard, "Gr. Myth." p. 558.

with all the attributes of the wine-god—the cantharus, the πρόχους (ewer), the bunch of grapes, the garlands, branches, and flowers, the thyrsus, the flaming torch, and the thymaterion (censer); and she sometimes wears the *calathus* on her head. In the Dionysiac character she is represented on an Apulian lekythos, and an Apulian phiale in the British Museum. In the latter vase she wears the σφενδόνη (the headband) and an ivy-wreath, and plays the double flute as an actor in the Bacchic theatre. On the other side of the same vase Sirens are again represented watching, with apparent satisfaction, the violent wooing of a nymph by a satyr. We see them here in the lowest state of degradation to which poets and artists have reduced them.

But the myth of the Sirens experienced another, a nobler and more deeply interesting development, especially in Athens, which may also be traced back to the description of them in the "Odyssey." Like so much of the best music of all countries and all ages, the song of the Sirens was not only sweet, but pathetic, and even sad. No lively music would make a man forget country, and home, and wife, and babes; and the flowery mead on which they stood was strewn with the bones of men "corrupt in death." What then could be more natural than to connect them with the funeral, the sepulchre, and the dusky realms of Hades and the gods who rule therein? And accordingly we find them at an early period regarded as chthonic beings, and invested with the πόλος, or modius, the symbol of the chthonic deities. They were the demons of decay and death, the Muses of the lower world. Euripides * refers to them as residing in Hades, when he makes Helen thus invoke them:—"Ye Sirens, winged maidens, virgin daughters of the Earth, would that ye could come to my griefs, bringing with you the Libyan flute, and the pan-pipes, which might convey to Proserpine songs of woe, tears suited to my misfortunes . . . in order that she (Proserpine) may receive as a favor from me, with my tears, pæans to the departed dead in her gloomy palace below!" We have already quoted a passage from a lost play of Sophocles, where they are called "daughters of Phorkos (himself a chthonic deity), who proclaim the laws of Hades." Plato, too, speaks of them as denizens of the lower world when he is enlarging on the power of Pluto's eloquence:—"And is not this the reason why no one who has been to him (Pluto) is willing to come back to us? Even the Sirens, like the rest of the world, have been laid under his spells. Such a charm, I imagine, is the god able to infuse into his words." Their connection with Demeter and Persephone is frequently dwelt on by Alexandrian and Roman writers. Apollonius Rhodius † calls them "nurses of Persephone," and Ovid ‡ says that they were among her companions when she gathered the vernal flowers before her abduction. They assisted the bereaved Demeter in her search for her lost child with such zeal that when they had sought her in vain over the whole earth they wished for wings that they might traverse the surface of the sea—a wish which the gods immediately realized:—

> facilesque Deos habuistis, et artus
> Vidistis vestros subitis flavescere pennis.

A different turn is given to this part of their history in the fables of Hyginus,* in which the Siren myth appears in its most complete and rounded form:—

> They were (he says) the daughters of the River Achelous and the Muse Melpomene. In their wanderings after the rape of Proserpine they came to the land of Apollo, and there, by the desire of Ceres, *because they had not afforded assistance to Proserpine*, they became winged creatures. An answer was given them by the oracle that they should live as long as no one should pass by them while they sang. Ulysses proved fatal to them. For when he, by his cunning, had sailed past the rocks on which they lived, they threw themselves into the sea, and the place, which is between Sicily and Italy, is called Sirenides after them.

In their chthonic character they are naturally brought into connection with funeral rites and the sepulchres of the dead. One of their principal functions was that of *wailers*, and they were regarded as symbols of the funeral dirge. In this capacity, and as appropriate mourners for those who possessed like themselves the faculty of song and eloquence, they were placed on the tombs of poets and orators—on that of Isocrates,† and probably on that of Sophocles, as the common reading χελιδόνα (a swallow), is probably incorrect, and should be changed to Κηληδόνα.‡ There is a well-known epigram of Mnasalcas which adorned the tomb of the lovely Kleo, in which "the very tearful forms of the marble Sirens" are referred to as the natural ornaments of the tomb:—

> Κὰδ δὲ σ' ἀμυξήμεναι περιδάκρυες αἴδ' ἐπὶ τύμβᾳ
> Λᾶες Σειρήνων ἑσταμες εἰδάλιμοι.§

Colossal figures of mourning Sirens played a conspicuous part in the gorgeous obsequies of Hephæstion, the favorite of Alexander the Great. "On the top of the magnificent pyre," which the latter erected at Babylon, "stood hollow Sirens, large enough to conceal men in them, who sang the funeral dirge for the dead." ‖

In the character of wailers the operation of the Sirens is conceived as altogether kindly and consoling. As denizens of Hades, they approached the newly arrived shades of the departed, proclaimed to them the laws of the dusky realm, and by their soothing songs they steeped the soul in a sweet oblivion of past cares and sorrows, and filled it with the knowledge and the love of the divine and the immortal. In this lofty capacity they wear the modius of the chthonic deities, and sometimes even the diadem, as ruling powers; and they bear in their hands, as musical attributes, the double flute, the lyre, and the τρίγωνον. The full recognition by the ancients

* "Helen." 167, ed Paley. † iv. 896. ‡ "Met." v. 554.

* Hygini "Fab." cxli.
† δηλοῦντες, τὴν εὐμουσίαν τοῦ ἀνδρός. — "Vit. Isocr." pp. 250–66, ed. West.
‡ Huschius, "Anal. Vit. Soph." pp. 8 and 12.
§ "Anthol. Pal." vii. 491.
‖ Diod. Sic. xvii. 115.

of their beneficent regard for the bereaved is testified by their attitude and bearing in many extant works of art. On a vase in Berlin (No. 26) there is a Siren on the tomb of Baukis, the disciple of Sappho and friend of Erinna, bitterly weeping for her loss. Sometimes they are represented as beating their breasts and tearing their hair in the very extremity of passionate grief, as in the lovely terra-cotta figure in the British Museum. Sometimes a pair of Sirens are represented on the akroterion of a sepulchral stele, with the flute and the lyre, looking down, as it were, on the departed with sympathy and love, and affording a pleasing image of consolation to the bereaved. It is not without considerable plausibility that the so-called "Harpies" on the famous Lycian tomb in the British Museum have been supposed to be modifications of the chthonic Sirens. Like these they have the wings, tails, and legs of a bird, they wear a kind of diadem, they are evidently benevolent, and they seem to be consoling the souls which they are bearing away to their eternal rest in Hades.

We have still to speak of the various forms under which the Sirens were portrayed at different periods of the history of art. Homer is silent on this point; but, as we have already said, his silence is not sufficient proof that he thought of them as purely human in their form. He may very well have adopted the common tradition that they were *birds with the heads of virgins*. The bird-woman is as old as the Egyptian catacombs, and was in all probability introduced into Greece by the Phœnicians. The Greek poets and mythographers, of course, endeavored to incorporate the Sirens into their own mythology, and to find a reason for a form for which their descent from the noblest of rivers and a Muse would not account. The theory of Eustathius,* which suits ill with the popular view of their erotic character, obtained little currency. "They were hated," he says, "by Aphrodite because they chose to remain virgins," and were changed by the angry goddess into birds. Ovid, as we saw, relates that they received wings that they might search the surface of the sea for Kora; "but that the exquisite melody of their voices, so well adapted to charm the ear, etc., might not be lost, the virgin's face and the human voice were left to them."

> Ne tamen ill canor mulcendas natus ad aures
> Tantaque dos oris linguæ deperderet usum,
> Virginei vultus, et vox humana remansit.

We have no evidence that statues of Sirens were executed by any of the ancient Greek sculptors whose names have been handed down to us, unless we except Pythodorus, who is said to have placed Sirens in the hand of his statue of Hera at Coronea.† They are rarely mentioned by the most ancient writers. We read indeed of "a silver Siren" in the treasury of the Byzantians at Olympia,‡ but no description of its form is given. Yet we find them represented on Greek vases and in terra-cotta statuettes of an early period, and in later times on marble statues, reliefs, and wall-paintings, and on gems, coins, lamps, female ornaments, etc. The oldest form is that of the bird with the face of the virgin; but with the usual tendency of Greek art, the human element continually increased until at last the Sirens appear, as on a well-known sarcophagus at Florence, as stately women, completely dressed, and wearing a diadem and a veil.

The Sirens are depicted, of course, in every possible combination of bird and woman, but the representations of them have been conveniently classed under four heads:—

1. The most ancient, probably the Oriental form, that of a bird with the head and, rarely, with the arms of a virgin.* Sirens of this class are found in terra-cotta and in vase paintings, of the oldest period, both with black figures on a red ground and red on a black ground.

2. Sirens in which the two elements are combined in about equal proportions, having the head, arms, and breast of a virgin, the thighs also human, but covered with feathers, and the wings, tail, and feet of a bird.† This form is followed in most of the statues of Sirens, in a few vases with black figures, but much more commonly in those with red or polychrome figures, of the "perfect" period and of the period of decadence respectively.

3. Sirens in which the human form decidedly predominates. In these we often find nothing of the bird but the feet, or at most the tail and legs, which are not, however allowed to interfere greatly with the fair lines of the female form.

4. Sirens represented as beautiful women, completely clothed, examples of which are rare, but may be seen on the sarcophagus‡ at Florence, in the reliefs of an Etruscan vase from Volterra,§ in a basaltic relief in Lansdowne House,‖ and in other works.

Of the vast number of works of art of every kind in which Sirens are represented we can only notice a few, in illustration of the different types classified above and of the various incidents of the Siren myths.

Sirens of the first class, being without human hands, are naturally represented as singing only, in accordance with the Homeric description. These appear rather often as the ornaments of the most ancient Greek vases, in company with other forms both natural and monstrous. On a vase ¶ found near Corinth, and probably dating from Ol. 50 (B.C.

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* "Schol. ad Hom. Od." xii. 39. † Pausan. ix. 34, 2.
‡ *Ναὸς Βυζαντίων, ἐν ᾧ Τρίτων κυπαρίσσινος, ἔχων κρατάνιον ἀργυροῦν καὶ Σειρῆν ἀργυρᾶ.*—Athen. xi. 480 A.

* Ovid. "Met." v. 552:—

Vobis, Acheloides, unde
Pluma pedesque avium cum virginis ora geratis?

† Suidas, s. v.: *εἶχον δὲ ἀπὸ μὲν τοῦ θώρακος καὶ ἄνω εἶδος γυναικῶν, τὰ δὲ κάτω στρουθῶν.* Conf. Eurip. "Fragm." No. 903, ed. Nanck:

χρύσεαι δή μοι πτέρυγες περὶ νώτῳ
Καὶ τὰ Σειρήνων πτερόεντα πέδιλ' ἁρμόζεται.

‡ Müller-Wieseler, "Denkm." part i. No. 16.
§ Ibid. part ii. No. 757. ‖ "Mon. d. I." iv. 29.
¶ Müller, "Denkm." i. No. 16; conf. Dodwell, "Class. Tour," p. ii. 197.

580), a Siren is represented sitting between two panthers, but in no pictorial connection with them. On the neck of the famous Burgon vase—probably the oldest extant Panathenaic prize amphora—in the British Museum, we see a Siren of the same class. Archaic *statues* of this class are extremely rare. But there is one in the Museum in the island of Mykonos, and another in Delos.

On another well-known amphora of the highest period of art in the British Museum, with red figures on a black ground, the adventure of Odysseus with the Sirens is admirably depicted. His ship is just passing through a narrow strait between two rocks, on each of which stands a Siren of the oldest type, but with long locks of hair and wearing a stephane, while a third is falling headlong into the water. Above one of those on the rocks the name of Himeropa ("lovely-voiced") is inscribed. In the ship are a steersman, four rowers, and Odysseus himself, bound to the mast, and distinguished from his followers by his heroic nudity. The presence of the third Siren, and her action, show that the artist is following some later myth than that of the "Odyssey." Even one of the most essential features of Homer's account, viz., the binding of Odysseus to the mast, is omitted in some representations, as, for example, in the painting on a phiale by the vase painter Nikosthenes, in the "Salle de Nikosthenes" of the Louvre.

Of the second type—half bird and half woman—we have an example in a statue of Pentelican marble found (1863) in the Hagia Trias at Athens, and now in the National Museum of that city. This figure, which probably stood on a sepulchral monument, bears a tortoise-shell lyre under the left arm, and the plektron in the right hand. Similar statues may be seen both in Athens and in the Louvre, and the latter contains several terra-cotta statuettes and reliefs of Sirens of the second class. This is also the *prevailing* form on the akroteria of Attic sepulchral stelæ, on which the Siren appears, now playing a funeral dirge on the lyre, now beating her breast and tearing her hair in an agony of grief, as on the stele of Kallias in the National Museum at Athens, and now tearing her hair with both hands, as in a stele in Lord Yarborough's Museum at Brocklesby Park. Sirens of this kind are also found on a few vases with black figures on a red ground, but much more frequently on those with red and polychrome figures. Some of these, both in sculpture and painting, are remarkable for the skill with which the fusion of the two natures is effected, and for the pleasing *ensemble* resulting from the graceful union of the bird and woman.

In Sirens of the third class decided preponderance is given to the human element, and nothing is left of the bird but the legs, or at most the tail and wings. They are, as far as I know, only found on one vase, an amphora in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, but they *prevail* on sepulchral monuments even of the third century. We possess, however, one very remarkable example of this class from the highest period of art, viz., the exquisite terra-cotta statuette in the British Museum. In this lovely work we see the Siren in her character as wailer, with her head pathetically inclined, and her long hair flowing down her back, beating her breasts and tearing her hair, with an expression of the deepest sorrow in her face. Sirens of this class may also be seen, in relief, on terra-cotta slabs of a much later period in the Salle de Terres Cuites in the Louvre, and on a gem in Berlin,* in which three Sirens are represented standing on an island, with spurs on their legs like those of a cock, one playing the lyre, another the double flute, and the third singing from notes in her hand. It will be remembered that Euripides† mentions the Libyan flute and the syrinx, or pan-pipes, as their appropriate instruments.

To the fourth class belong those representations in which the Sirens appear as beautiful women, partially or completely robed. They appear in this guise in the reliefs of the well-known sarcophagus in the Uffizi at Florence, in which their famous contest with the Muses is portrayed.‡ This trial of skill, in which three Sirens—one playing the flute, another the lyre, and the third singing—contend with three Muses, is carried on in the presence of the Capitoline deities, Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva. Two of the Muses engaged are Euterpe and Terpsichore (or Erato?). Juno, as patroness of the Sirens, appears to turn in supplication to Jupiter, but of course in vain. All the Muses are present. Urania with her globe, and Melpomene with her mask, stand listening in the background. Three more, of whom Thalia, with the pedum, appears to be one, are inflicting chastisement on their defeated rivals. The last to the right, with the palm branch—perhaps the mother of the Sirens—seems to be interceding for a Siren who is clasping her knees. It is singular that the Muses already wear the crowns made, as was supposed, of the Sirens' feathers. The artist may, of course, have added this ornament in anticipation of the well-known result; but it is more probable that in the first instance the feather crowns had a different meaning; for the Moiræ too are represented on a sarcophagus in the Louvre with the same decoration.§ Examples of the purely human Siren may be also seen in the basaltic reliefs in Lansdowne House, and in those of an Etruscan sarcophagus from Volterra, which represent the adventures of Odysseus. In this work the three Sirens, long-robed graceful women, are sitting, not in a flowery mead, but on rocks in the sea, and playing the double flute, the lyre, and the syrinx (pan-pipes) respectively; Odysseus, who is bound to the mast, is struggling to free himself.‖

The form of the Siren in one or other of the modifications above described is found not only in statues, reliefs, and vase paintings, but on coins,¶ gems, lamps,** frescoes, bronzes, cistas, mirrors, and female orna-

* Müller, "Denkm. d. a. K." No. 756. † "Hel." v. 171.
‡ Müller, "Denkm." No. 750. § Clarac, 216, 768.
‖ Müller, "Denkm." No. 757. For other examples conf. Millin Gall. "Myth." 19, 63; Winckelmann, "Mon. ined." 46.
¶ A Siren (Parthenope?) on coin of Naples. Garrucci, "Bull. Arch. Nap." A. i. t. iv. n. 1-3; Mionnet, "Descr." iii. p. 648, No. 527, and i. p. 221, No. 192; conf. Gold coins of Asia Min., Millingen, "Syll. of Anc. Coins," pl. iii. 39.
** A lamp of Cortona, "Mon. d. Inst." iii. tav. 42.

ments, of which last the beautiful earring from the Crimea, in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, is a notable specimen.

Like many other creations of heathen mythology, the Siren occurs in the symbolical and figurative language of Christian writers, and is employed in the decoration of Christian monuments. On a fragment of a sarcophagus in the Lateran Museum at Rome, which was found in the catacombs of Calixtus, we see a representation of the adventures of Odysseus. The hero himself, in chiton and pileus, is bound to the mast of his ship: on his right is a rower, and on his left another companion, with whom he appears to be talking. To the right of the vessel are two Sirens with wings and birds' legs, one of whom, clothed in a chlamys, holds a kind of mandoline in the left hand and a plectron in the right; the second is gathering up her wide robe with one hand, and holds a roll of paper in the other. To the left of the ship is a third nude Siren, holding a flute in each hand. De Rossi illustrates the meaning of such a *motif* on the tomb of a Christian by a passage from a homily of St. Maximus, *De Cruce Domini:*—

Ex quo enim Christus Dominus religatus in cruce est, ex eo nos mundi illecebrosa discrimina, velut clausa aure, transimus; nec pernicioso sæculi detinemur auditu, nec cursum melioris vitæ deflectimus in scopulos voluptatis.

This sarcophagus is supposed to bear the name of Tyranius, and Brunn suggests that the Sirens are intended *accennare la dolce suada dell' uomo posto dall' altra parte.**

In this and other cases the Sirens retain their classical form. But there was a later development of the myth, in which the combination is no longer one of virgin and bird, but of virgin and *fish*, and it is in this form, altogether unknown to classical antiquity, that they generally appear in the literature and art of the Middle Ages. They are accurately described by Haupt:†

Sirenæ sunt marinæ puellæ, quæ navigantes pulcherrima forma et cantus decipiunt dulcetudine, et a capite usque ad umbilicum sunt corpore virginali et humano generi similimæ; squamosas tamen piscium caudas habent, quibus in gurgite semper latent.‡

The only work on which the Siren is represented with the tail of a fish, which makes any claim to antiquity, is the Roman lamp at Canterbury, bearing the stamp *C. Jun. Bit.*; but this, in all probability, is not older than the sixth century of our era, and is entirely isolated.

At a later date Sirens are frequently found as ornaments of capitals in Christian architecture, and always with the tails of fish. On the columns of the minster at Zürich lions and Sirens are represented devouring the bodies of men, symbolizing respectively force and seduction. On one of the four groups of pillars in the choir of the minster at Basle (12th cent.), a Siren, intended to represent Eve, is suckling a child. Sometimes the Siren holds a fish, the symbol of the Saviour, as in the church of St. Germain-des-Prés (12th cent.) in Paris, and on chairs in the cathedral at Rouen. Poets and divines, too, of the Middle Ages generally describe them as having the tails of fish. Conrad of Würzburg (1280) sings of them in his invocation to the Virgin Mary:*

Swaz diu Syrêne trügesam
Versenken wil der schiffe
Mit suezer doene griffe
Diu leitest, vrowe, dû ze stade
Diu helfe ûz tiefer sorgenbade
Vil mangen hât erlediget.

So our own Gower (A.D. 1320–1402) in the "Confessio Amantis:"—

Sirenes of a wonder kind
Ben monstres as the bokes tellen,
And in the great sea they dwellen:
Of body both and of visage
Like unto women of younge age
Up fro' the navel on high they be,
And down benethe, as men may see,
They bene of fishes the figure.

Spenser† also thinks of them as half fish, and as deriving their transformation from their contest with the Muses:

They were faire ladies till they fondly strived
With the Heliconian maids for maystery
Of whom they overcomen were deprived
Of their proud beautie, and th'one moyity
Transformed to fish for their bold surquedry.

Dante forms an exception in adhering to the classical form. The World comes to him in a dream in the shape of a Siren, "distorted above the feet" and with "dissevered hands:"

Mi venne in sogno una femmina balba
Negli occhi guercia e *sopra i piè distorta*,
Con *le man monche*, e di colore scialba.
* * * * * * *
Cominciava a cantar, sì che con pena
Da lei avrei mio intento rivolto.
'Io son,' cantava, '*io son dolce Serena*,
Che i marinari in mezzo 'l mar dismago;
Tanto son di piacere a sentir piena.'‡

It is in this latest form—

ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne—

that the Siren myth has come down to modern times. The Mermaid has hardly yet been banished by the cold harsh sentence of Science from the popular creed. The Nixe has, indeed, been driven by the steamboat from her whirlpools in the Rhine. The Lorelei disdains "to comb her golden hair" upon a rock through which a tunnel passes, and her sweet entrancing song is replaced by the startling scream of the railway engine. But they live, and will live, in poetry; and the same alluring sweetness, the same irresistible seductive charm which thrilled through the frame of the wise hero of the "Odyssey," still breathes in the song of Goethe's "feuchtes Weib" which lured the poor fisher-boy to his watery doom.

Das Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll,
Netzt' ihm den nackten Fuss;
Das Herz wuchs ihm so sehnsuchtsvoll,
Wie bei der Liebsten Gruss.
Sie sprach zu ihm, sie sang zu ihm,
Da war's um ihn geschehn;
Halb zog sie ihn, halb sank er hin,
Und ward nicht mehr gesehn.

—WALTER COPLAND PERRY, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

* Vide "Die antiken Bildwerke des lateran. Museums" von Benndorf und Schöne.
† "Ind. lect. per sem. æstiv.," 1863, p. 7.
‡ Apud Piper, "Mythol. u. Symbol. der christl. Kunst," Th. i. 380–98, and Th. ii. 553.

* "Die goldene Schmiede," ed. Grimm.
† "Fairy Queen," ii. canto xii. 30. ‡ "Purgatorio," xix. 7.

EXPLORATIONS IN GREENLAND.

It will be within the recollection of most persons that Baron Nordenskiold made a voyage to Greenland last year, having published just before his departure a programme or prospectus setting forth his aims; and that he put out in it, as a novelty, the idea that the interior of Greenland might be free from snow and ice. Said he—

"The interior of Greenland is even less known than the east coast; and here we encounter a purely scientific problem, whose great importance is apparent from the circumstance that the unestablished theory—that the interior of the island is one continuous mass of ice—forms one of the corner stones in glacial science. . . . The following reflections seem to demonstrate that it is a *physical impossibility* that the whole of the interior of this extensive continent can be covered with ice, under the climatic conditions which exist on the globe south of the 80th degree of latitude." And after various other remarks he continued, "In consequence of this circumstance, the snow-falls in the interior of Greenland cannot be sufficient for maintaining a 'perpetual' inland ice." The programme concluded by saying that the ship would make for the west coast of Greenland, to the Auleitsivik Fiord (near Egedesminde), whence the journey into the interior would be commenced.

The appearance of these statements caused me both surprise and concern. They caused surprise because they now brought out as a novelty an idea that I entertained more than twenty years ago, and which coming to the knowledge of Sir Roderick Murchison, had been mentioned somewhat prominently by him in his address to the Royal Geographical Society in 1866. The publication of this address,* which was widely circulated and is accessible to all, renders it unnecessary for me to assert any claim to originality. But I should explain here that my views as presented by Sir Roderick Murchison were rather too highly colored; that the well-grassed valleys and recesses to which he adverted were not to have been verdant and luxurious oases "richly covered with forests," and that my expectations, in the event of discovering that the interior of Greenland was not a continuous mass, would have been limited to finding such sparse vegetation as is commonly seen near the sea in Arctic lands, which affords sufficient, though scanty, sustenance to the wild reindeer.

It seemed not impossible that the interior of Greenland (which at that time was almost entirely unknown) might be found to be broken up into detached masses or archipelagoes, such as are found throughout the Arctic circle; the distance from the east to the west coast of the continent was sufficiently considerable to admit of the existence of large unknown flords and arms of the sea; while the appearance and disappearance from time to time of great herds of reindeer on the west coast (who went no one could tell where) seemed to favor the conjecture that the interior was not entirely covered with snow and ice. These were some of the considerations which I offered to Sir Roderick Murchison, and at the present time, though the area to be investigated has been lessened, there still remain large tracts both in the north and in the south of the interior of the continent where it is possible, though it becomes increasingly improbable, that grassy recesses may be found, or that flords may penetrate far inland, breaking up the general mass.

It follows, therefore, that I see no reason to differ from any one who may state that there yet remains much to be done in exploring the interior of Greenland, or who may affirm that it is still uncertain whether the whole of the interior is or is not enveloped by glacier. My surprise arose from Baron Nordenskiold connecting such statements with the part of the country in which he announced it was his intention to travel; for I knew, from a journey which I made in 1867, and had often stated publicly, that the whole of the interior at that part was absolutely covered by glacier. In a paper communicated to the *Alpine Journal* in 1870, I wrote in relation to this part of Greenland and the country to its north and south:—

> The great ice-covered interior plateau of Greenland can be seen a long way off if the weather is clear. Its summit is almost a dead level from north to south. But when one comes nearer to the coast it is concealed by the hills which are on its outskirts. The whole of the (outer) land on the (West) Greenland coast is mountainous, and although the hills scarcely ever, if ever, exceed a height of 8000 or 9000 feet, they effectually conceal the inner, or glacier-covered land. This latter is at a distance from the coast varying from ten to sixty or more miles, and, when it is reached, there is an end to land—all is ice, as far as the eye can see. Great as the mass of ice is which still envelopes Greenland, there were times when the land was even more completely covered up by it; indeed, there is good reason to suppose that there was a time when every atom of the country was covered, and that life was hardly possible for man. . . . . With the exception of places where the rocks are easy of disintegration, and the traces of glacier action have been to a great extent destroyed, the whole country bears the marks of the grinding and polishing of ice; and judging by the flatness of the curves of the *roches moutonnées*, and by the perfection of the polish which still remains upon the rocks, after they have sustained many centuries of extreme variations of temperature, the glacial period during which such effects were produced must have vastly exceeded in duration, or severity, the "glacial period" of Europe; and the existing great interior ice-plateau of Greenland, enormous as it is, must be considered as but the remnant of a mass which was incalculably greater, and to which there is no parallel at the present time, excepting within the Antarctic circle.

And later on, in my book, "Scrambles amongst the Alps," 1871, pp. 246-7:—

> The interior of Greenland appears to be absolutely covered by glacier between 68° 30'—70° N. lat. . . . . On two occasions, in 1867, I saw, at a glance, at least 6000 square miles of it, from the summits of small mountains on its outskirts. Not a single peak or ridge was to be seen rising above, nor a single rock reposing upon the ice. The country was *completely* covered up by glacier; all was ice, as far as the eye could see. . . . This vast ice-plateau, although smaller than it was in former times, is still so extensive that the whole of the glaciers of the Alps might be merged into it without its bulk being perceptibly increased.

In 1872 I again travelled in north-west Greenland, and, by ascending various lofty moun-

* Mr. Whymper has conceived the bold project of penetrating along the surface of some of its glaciers into the interior of this snow-clad continent, being convinced, from the number of deer which sometimes find their way to the coast, that there are, here and there, well-grassed valleys and recesses. . . . I am happy to say that our traveller is determined to make a preliminary trip to Greenland next spring, and afterwards to endeavor to accomplish what no one before has ever thought of.—*Anniversary Address to the Royal Geographical Society, delivered May 28, 1866.*

tains, saw more of the "inland ice;"* and in the *Alpine Journal* for 1873, p. 220, I wrote:—

From all the principal summits you perceive the vast glacier-clad interior of the country, stretching from north to south in an unbroken line, with a crest as straight as a sea-horizon. There are no marks upon it which enable one to calculate the altitude to which it rises, or the distance to which it extends. But having now seen it from several elevated and widely separated positions, as I find that its summit line always appears lofty, even from the highest mountains which I have ascended, my impression is that its height is generally not less than 8000 feet, and in some places perhaps surpasses 10,000 feet.

It was certain, therefore, when Baron Nordenskiold started that he would be doomed to disappointment if he should take the direction indicated in his programme.† On his return it was found that his experiences were the very opposite of his anticipations—that there was no country "richly covered with forests," but that all was cased in ice. His report, so far as it has been made known, entirely confirms my observations in 1867 and 1872;‡ and, although the time has not yet arrived for presenting a full account of my travels in Greenland, the occasion seems favorable for the appearance of some details relating to them.

I speedily found, in 1866, that the only possible way of getting to the part of Greenland which I wanted to visit would be by means of the ships of the Royal Greenland Trade, sailing from Copenhagen; and I went in the winter to that city to perfect my preparations. I wished to land in Disco Bay, and, by the advice of Mr. Olrik, the Director of the Trade, I determined to proceed to Jakobshavn (which is in about the centre of the bay), as there were several fiords in its neighborhood which approached the "inland ice" very closely. Mr. Olrik granted passages to and fro for a nominal consideration, and we sailed for Greenland on April 27, 1867.

It was the 30th of May before we sighted the coast, which appeared at first as a long low line of sparkling points. Masses of heavy clouds concealed the summits, but, as we approached, the great panorama was gradually unfolded; the clouds lifted, revealing an endless array of peaks, counterparts in form of many of the most famous mountains in the Alps, loaded with snow, and glaciers. At this time we were a little south of Holsteinberg, in latitude 66°, and next morning, when some thirty miles farther north, the character of the coast changed, the mountains dwindled down to low hills, and they retained that character for about seventy miles, exhibiting the unmistakable characteristics of ice-eroded surfaces. Rounded bosses were seen everywhere; the tops of the hills were clean gone; and convex curves took the place of the craggy forms which were seen to the south.

Six weeks elapsed since leaving Copenhagen before we arrived at Egedesminde, a settlement on the south of Disco Bay, into which we were obliged to put until Jakobshavn harbor should be clear of ice—a dismal place at that time for every soul, Greenlanders, Danes, and all, had a cough. Though it was now getting well into June, almost the whole island on which the settlement was placed was covered with snow, and a belt of sea-fretted ice was fixed all along the shore just above high-water mark. Here I became familiarized with Greenland currency, and learned the values of the coins in circulation, which were mostly skillings and half-skillings, equal respectively to about English farthings and half-farthings. Silver was rarely seen, and gold never, the higher values being represented by bank notes of various amounts, which were often in an indescribable state of grease and dilapidation. On the next page is a fac-simile of one of the value of six skillings, or three half-pence.

News came on the evening of the eighth day we stopped at Egedesminde that we could get into Jakobshavn harbor, and a twenty-hours' run took us off it; but we found that a large number of bergs had come out of the ice-fiord* just to the south of the settlement, and had again blocked the entrance; so we stood on and off for a whole day and finally ran in between two bergs, which we scraped as we passed, and got at last to our port on the evening of June 15. Settlements in Greenland are all after one pattern. There are three or perhaps four wooden houses huddled together, rarely of more than one story, in appearance like the sheds erected to lodge railway navvies; there is a tall flag-staff, with three small and very rusty guns; below a wooden jetty, a blubber-boat, and a pile of casks; with a score or two of mongrel dogs and equally mongrel children wandering about. It takes some time to discover where the natives live, but by and by it is discovered that that which at a distance looks like a heap of dirt is a house, built out of clods of turf, intermixed with rounded stones, and a number of such dwellings will ultimately be found spread over half a square mile or so, for the natives seldom put their houses close together. The wooden houses belong to the Danes. The head-man of the place, whose proper title translated is "Colony-director," lives in the largest, and the others are occupied by his "assistant" and a cooper. There are seldom more than three or four Danes at any one settlement, and Jakobshavn was exceptional in having a priest and a doctor.

Jakobshavn was especially exceptional, too, in possessing a church and a hospital—the latter being an *annexe* of the former, and though intended for the service of the natives had never been used by them. By order of Mr. Olrik, we were permitted to occupy the hospital, and speedily took possession, stowing away our goods in the church-loft, which formed an excellent store-room. The next thing was the purchase of a boat, and the Colony-director sold me the only one which

* This term is employed by the Danes in Greenland to designate the glacier-covered interior.

† But there was no means of communicating with him, as owing to his programme being issued only just prior to his departure, it came into my hands after he had sailed.

‡ Nordenskiold admits that no ice-free land exists in the interior, at least between 68° and 69° N. lat., and explains its absence as due to the orographical features of the country, somewhat different from what he had been led to expect. Instead of the interior being protected by lofty coast ranges, the whole country rises symmetrically and gradually to a rounded table-land from the sea.—*The Times*, Nov. 1, 1883.

* The term "ice-fiord" will be explained later.

could be spared—and old and very rotten whale-boat, a relic from some wrecked whaler. In this I started, three days after our arrival, with half-a-dozen natives and an interpreter, to proceed along the coast to the north in search of a place where the inland ice approached the sea, for nothing could be seen of it from the settlement (although it was not far distant to the east), as the neighboring hills, though scarcely more than 1500 feet high, were sufficiently lofty to shut out all view of the interior.

At this time, in consequence of the prevalence of south-westerly winds, all the coast to the north of Jakobshavn was encumbered with ice, the *débris* of bergs which had drifted out of the ice-fiord, and we had to push our way through it, bit by bit, often scarcely seeing the sea at all. It was more formidable in appearence than in reality; and the natives forced aside the ever thawing and revolving masses, laughing, joking, and singing as if they were upon a mere frolic. About twenty miles to the north of the settlement we came to a fiord running towards the east, which branched out in several directions, and we took the most southern arm, entering it through a narrow passage where the glaciers in olden times had made a stand, and created a moraine, which had been subsequently cut through and now exists as an island, with a rampart on either side. The stream ran through these passages with great velocity, boiling and tumbling around submerged boulders in a manner very suggestive of shipwreck; but a kayaker who accompanied us went ahead and selected a channel, and we shot through after him on a current running about eight miles an hour.

The glacier-covered interior now appeared directly in front, distant ten or eleven miles, at the end of a broad and beautiful sheet of land-locked sea, studded with islets, and bounded by cliffs, alive with gulls, ducks, and terns, cawing, screaming, and fluttering around their rocky breeding-places. The water rapidly shallowed some miles before the end of the fiord, and turbidity was substituted for the exquisitely clear green of the deeper portions; for in this fiord, as well as in all others subsequently visited, the mud-laden streams pouring from under the inland ice are silting up the arms of the sea with a sticky and most tenacious slime which is not easy to escape from when once a boat is well aground upon it. Our friend in the canoe again acted as pilot, sounding and indicating a sinuous channel, and after some hours of tiresome work we at length got to land and camped comfortably on a sand-bank, not far from the margin of the inland ice.

At the back of our camp, a hill about 500 feet high gave a good view of the nearest branch of the ice, which streamed down to the head of the main valley in two arms, and these alone, although insignificant as compared with the general mass, would have ranked as a first-class glaciers in the Alps—the larger of the two resembling the Brenva glacier on Mount Blanc, rising in two steps, broken up into a maze of *séracs*, to the great reservoir behind. Though impracticable in front, it appeared that the upper surface might be reached by taking it in flank on either bank, and the left bank, or southern side, being the more accessible, I gave that the preference, and started for it at midnight (broad daylight in this latitude in the middle of June) with three natives and the interpreter, leaving the others in charge of the boats. After an hour's walking over turfy and rather boggy ground, we arrived at a place where the glacier could be easily scaled, at a height of 550 feet above the sea.

Thus far we had not had any prospect over the inland ice, such glimpses as had been obtained having been in vistas closing the ends of valleys, or through occasional openings between a couple of peaks; and to gain a better general idea of its nature, before proceeding, I ascended an isolated hill on the western margin, which commanded a very extensive view. The morning was still, and the sky cloudless, and as I gradually rose above the level of the inland ice I saw that there were the usual banks of old snow from last winter extending all round the margin where it abutted upon the exterior land; and then came rounded, dome-like slopes of hard ice, such as are common at the termination of most glaciers, containing numerous crevasses. This hard ice extended only for a few hundred yards eastward, and then became snow-covered. Beyond, there was scarcely a sign of a crevasse, and a mantle of pure unsullied snow stretched east, north, and south, far as the eye could see, covering everything completely. How far our sight extended none could say, for no one, however experienced with snow and ice, can judge distance with accuracy on a snow-field which has no marks upon it. To the north and south the mountains around the margin of the inland ice showed that the prospect was immense, but they gave no clue as to the distance seen to the east.

The nature of this view was a most agreeable surprise, for I had never conjectured that the conditions would be so easy, or that it would be possible to meet with such an absolutely complete effacement (so to speak) of all the land-features of a continent, unlike anything known elsewhere. There were undulations, but no declivities, and there were slopes, but not a single peak, nor, excepting at the very margin (where there were small boulders from the contiguous rocks) was there even a stray rock upon the surface. The ice-sheet rose steadily towards the east, at a very slight angle, and obviously rose to a great height above our station. The summit or horizon-line in the far east ran north and south without a break, and without the slightest depression at any part. It appeared to be dead level over an immense distance.

We now hastened to make an excursion on the ice, and walked on to it across the old snow-beds, without cutting a single step! The natives—who had constantly predicted that something dreadful would occur, and had ceaselessly talked of imaginary wild beasts which they suppose inhabit the interior—followed with alacrity, though they ex-

hibited signs of alarm when we came to the end of the uncovered part of the ice, and I proceeded to tie them up in line, mountaineer fashion, some twenty feet apart. The post of honor fell, of course, to myself, and I led the party, sounding for crevasses in the usual manner: and it soon became apparent that there were plenty concealed, although so few were open. We had scarcely gone a mile before I went suddenly through the snow-crust, and found my legs kicking about in a crevasse full of water; and a little further on we discovered that there were many pools of water lying on the ice underneath the snow. Nevertheless we made good progress, and within a couple of hours had risen nearly 1400 feet above the sea.

Long before this occurred, on looking back, we began to perceive in the west the mountains of Disco Island rising above the hill we had ascended on the outskirts. They were at a known distance of sixty to seventy miles, as the crow flies, and the peaks we could see to the north and south were at least as far away. Hence we began to have some notion of the distance we could see to the east.

The farther we went the better we found the snow; and this was natural, for the higher the colder, and the harder the crust. At the end of a couple of hours there seemed no advantage in proceeding, and I halted to take the opinion of the natives whether it would become better or worse. "It is all alike," every one said; "we could drive sledges thirty-five to forty miles a day over it." So we turned back and raced down, getting to our camp about 5 A.M., and, after a long sleep, took to the boats and returned to Jakobshavn in high spirits. With perpetual day, a cloudless sky, perfect calm, a temperature of 36° Fahr., and snow so firm that one could move over it almost as readily as upon a high road, great success seemed within our grasp, for there appeared to be nothing to prevent a walk right across Greenland!—EDWARD WHYMPER, in *Good Words*.

WELBECK WONDERS AND WOODLANDS.

THERE is, I take it, no county in England which contains so many stately homes in so confined a compass as does Nottingham. Take up a map of that fair shire, and notice the number of ancestral houses grouped amid wooded undulations and spaces of park. There are the "Dukeries" amid the sylvan seclusion of Sherwood's ancient forest, right in the heart of Robin Hood's country, and embracing the estates of the Duke of Newcastle at Clumber, the Duke of Portland at Welbeck, and that of Earl Manvers at Thoresby, the extinct dukedom of Kingston; while adjoining are broad acres of swelling hill, devious valley, and belted woodland, belonging to the Dukes of Norfolk, Rutland, and St. Albans. But the "Dukeries" only head the list of these hereditary houses. Near by is Newstead Abbey, where Lord Byron lived, and Annesley Hall, where he loved and lost Mary Chaworth; while, taking Nottinghamshire houses in alphabetical order, I run from memory quite rapidly off the reel such retreats as Babworth, Bestwood, Bramcote, Bunny, Chilwell, Clifton (do you remember Kirke White's *Clifton Grove*?), Colston Bassett, Flintham, Grove, Kelham, Kingston, Kirklington, Norwood, Nuttall Temple, Osberton, Oxton, Papplewick, Rampton, Rufford, Serlby, Sherwood Lodge, Stapleford, Stoke, Stuffynwood, Thumpton, Thurgarton, Watnall, Wollaton, Worksop Manor, and others.

Engaging as the majority of these places are, not only by reason of architecture and associations, but by virtue of their scenic surroundings amid old oak forests in which Saxon hid and Norman hunted, none of them are so interesting, so attractive, so astonishing, so eccentric as Welbeck. By its vast size and its startling surprises it is calculated very considerably to enlarge what phrenologists call "the bump of wonder," to the imminent danger of upsetting the balance of the cerebral symmetry. You approach Welbeck, let us assume, from Worksop. The sun lies warm and bright on the grassy meads and wooded uplands of the Sherwood country. Suddenly, and without seeming warning, your horse leaves the glad light. You plunge into a resounding dim vault. You might have been precipitated into the Catacombs. You might have been thrown into the cave of Trophonius. Instead of the summer scent, there is the smell of the tomb. Instead of the pleasant silence of a country lane, there is the confusion of clamorous echoes: something like that you hear when an express train is bursting through a tunnel. Ever and anon a reminiscence of gas or a circle of light, apparently struggling through a bulls-eye lantern from the rumbling roof, makes weird Rembrandt-like shadows. If your horse is spirited, and not accustomed to the strange plunge the coachman has taken, driving him is a nervous sensation, and he will probably emerge in the sunshine at the new riding-school at Welbeck trembling with the excitement of fear, and with foam flecking his bit. This subterranean carriage-way is but one of the many interminable tunnels with which the late Duke of Portland perforated Welbeck and its approaches. He is reported to have spent between two and three millions sterling in making this vast congeries of underground walks and drives and halls. There is a labyrinth of private tunnels through which three people can walk abreast. They are comfortably warmed, and lighted artificially by gas, and naturally by circles of plate-glass from the grassy avenues of the park above. Altogether there are some miles of these underground promenades. The kitchens, too, are subterranean, and the dishes are conveyed to the guests in the abbey above by a miniature railway and a hydraulic lift. The library, a magnificent building, as well as the noble picture-gallery, crowded with works of art, together with reading-rooms, are also under the earth. The picture-gallery I have denomi-

nated noble, and noble it is, being two hundred and thirty-six feet long, and illuminated by eleven hundred burners. This gives access to a further subterranean hall of splendid proportions and delightful appointments. It is meant for a ballroom. Like all the other chambers, it is excavated out of the solid clay at a fabulous expense of time and capital, the one of years, the other of thousands of pounds. Internally, these cavernous buildings are perfectly cheerful and most lavishly decorated. The guide-book epithet "palatial" conveys but a remote impression of their grandeur. Externally, all you see is a lawn diversified with shrubs, broken here and there by a disk of glass, sending natural light below, and small iron structures that are the ventilators for the gas. The lodges in the park are treated also to the late Duke's mole-like mania, most of the kitchens and other offices being underground, at the side of the lodge, lighted by bulls-eyes.

The decease of the eccentric author of these extravagances cut short further designs suggestive of the ancient cave period. At the date of his death (December, 1879) the beautiful pleasaunce around Welbeck Abbey was in the possession of an army of artificers and navvies carrying out the capricious nobleman's designs. Shedding and workshops, forge fires and machinery in motion, had converted a fairy scene into a huge contractor's yard. By the Duke's death one or two thousand men, who had worked here for years, were thrown out of employment. It was not likely that the young duke, if he would preserve his reputation for sanity, would prolong the puerile *penchant* of his predecessor.

Who, you ask, could be this Magnificent Mole, this Mighty Maker of a Regal Rabbit Warren? His Grace William John Cavendish Scott-Bentinck, fifth Duke of Portland, was certainly no ordinary nobleman. History might be searched in vain for another such patrician. He stands alone in the solitude of his own odd isolated originality. His character was a study. Why did he build underground? It was not for want of space above. The Bentincks own 153,163 English acres, besides London estates. He built magnificent stables and superb riding-schools, but he never strode a horse. He built a ballroom which is almost without a rival, but he never danced. He erected skating-rinks, but he never skated. He found employment for vast numbers, yet he could not have been respected, for the workmen felt that their labor was being thrown away. He was called the "Invisible Prince" because of the air of mystery with which he clothed himself. A member of the four leading London clubs, he never entered their portals. His shooting and hunting parties were unsurpassed, but he never saw his invited guests. He cultivated flowers and fruit, whose fragrance and flavor never ministered to his enjoyment. He bred trout by the forty thousand a year, yet he was not an angler. A great farmer, agriculture attracted him not. "Can't you let it alone?" was Lord Palmerston's advice to a perfervid politician. "Can't you leave *me* alone?" was the lifelong aspiration of the Hermit of Welbeck the Wonderful. He lived to his eightieth year. There is an expressive marble bust of him in the underground picture-gallery. It is a kindly, shrewd, noble, and intelligent face. In the head a Lavater would see "constructiveness" writ large. The recluse loved to be hidden from the sight of men: he is now out of human gaze forever. Inquisitive sightseers may regard with wondering eyes the monuments of his unaccountable taste; but the builder himself they never beheld. It was his delight to be underground: he is now beneath the mould forever. "Eccentricity" was the good-natured description assigned to the strange anfractuosities of the departed Duke's nature. He wanted to escape from the eye of the world, and by his efforts to elude notice he was always being brought into prominence. If he had been great in statesmanship, like the illustrious founders of his house, he would probably have attracted less attention than he did by his studied retirement. What is really great is less sought after than what is merely curious. It has been pointed out that a trivial paradox, an unsettled point, however trumpery—the sex of the Chevalier d'Eon or the authorship of the Letters of Junius—often engage men more than an important but unperplexing truth. A youthful kinsman has inherited the immense wealth and great influence of the late dukedom. The Bentincks of the past bequeathed grand traditions to their heirs. One Bentinck was so notable a figure in our national life that he is one of Macaulay's most lauded heroes. Another Bentinck is the subject of that charming piece of biographical work, the "Life of Lord George Bentinck," by Benjamin, Earl of Beaconsfield. It was in Welbeck Park that Lord George died so suddenly in 1848. He was walking from Welbeck to visit Earl Manvers at Thoresby. Two men saw him leaning against a gate. They thought he was reading, "as he held his head down." They went their way. Some hours afterwards he was found, says Lord Beaconsfield, "lying on his face; his arms were under his body, and in one hand he grasped his walking-stick. His hat was a yard or two before him, having evidently been thrown off in falling. The body was cold and stiff." Medical opinion ascribed the mysterious death to "a spasm of the heart." The people of Mansfield believe to this day that Lord George Bentinck was one of the victims of Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner, with whom he had had betting transactions, in which Palmer had lost heavily. It is even said that the two men were seen together on the day before the sudden death in Welbeck Park. Palmer's career was not exposed until long after Lord George's death, so that no suspicion was attached to that notorious criminal at the time. It is well known that the late Duke of Portland never waged a five-pound note; and a local legend has it that after his brother met his strange death he found among his papers a promissory note for 30,000*l.* This he restored to the debtor, after extorting from him a promise that he would have no more turf transactions.

The Bentinck family has always been a lover of horses, and the late Duke, though not a sportsman, kept up the equine repute of his house. The old riding-school of the Duke of Newcastle's time he converted into a museum and picture-gallery. The floor, of polished oak, reflects every angle of light; the roof is made to represent an Italian sky; walls and doors are of looking-glass. Four cut-glass chandeliers, each weighing a ton, are suspended from the roof; sixty-four side-brackets of glass, in addition, make a total of two thousand lights. The room is a temple of crystal. A tunnel a mile or more in length, full of strange perspectives, takes us to the new riding-school —another of Welbeck's wonders. It is an astonishing building, 380 feet long, 112 feet broad, and 50 feet high. It is lit by eight thousand gas-jets. The richly ornamented roof is of glass and iron. The tiles are of copper, the walls solid masonry. Fifty columns support the roof. There is a cornice in solid stone, which cost five guineas a yard to carve. A notable frieze of metal-work represents foliage, fruit, flowers, birds, and beasts of the forest, colored and carved in a most artistic manner. The floor is covered with soft tan. Besides this new riding-school is the "Gallop." All under glass, and laid with tan, it is more than a thousand feet long. It takes the eye some time to properly appreciate the full proportions of this costly hippodrome. Radiating from here are the stables, outbuildings, coach-houses, cow-houses, kennels, conservatories, hot-houses, shrubberies, gardens, peach-walls, fruit avenues, servants' houses. All these, being a mile or more from the Abbey, make this portion of the estate look like a small town.

Welbeck Abbey—that is, the old historic house—although a vast pile, white and castellated, and pierced with innumerable windows, is not an edifice of remarkable beauty. The ancient Abbey, after an existence of four hundred years, was demolished at the time "bluff Harry turn'd the cowls adrift;" and so few of its original features are left that the fabric has become like Sir John Cutler's silk stockings, which had been darned so often that none of the first material was retained. The Cavendishes converted it into almost its present shape. King James visited Sir William Cavendish here in 1619. In 1663 Charles I. was entertained here by the Earl of Newcastle, from whom the Abbey subsequently passed to the Bentincks, the founder of whom, plain Hans Bentinck, came over with William Prince of Orange, and rendered the Dutchman yeoman service. The principal apartment at the old Abbey is the Gothic hall, a gem of architecture. The ceiling is a revelation in its pendant fantracery. There are some good paintings in the drawing and dining-rooms, mostly by Rembrandt, Snyders, Vandyck, and Sir Joshua; but the finest pictures, to my thinking, are the landscapes that the many casements of the old house frame—"bits" of Sherwood Forest, "studies" of immemorial oaks that threw their leaf-shadows on the bracken in the dim centuries before the monks illuminated their missals at the Abbey; "compositions" with a winding lake in the foreground, and fir and pine in the background stretching to the sky-line.

Let us leave Welbeck and its buildings, and wander at will about its green glades. Tennyson's "Talking Oak" is a modern shoot compared with some of the historic trees of the "Dukeries." The age of the "Greendale Oak" at Welbeck—the Methuselah of his race —has been estimated at fifteen hundred years. It is still alive, standing knee-deep in fern, comfortably supported, as the patriarch should be, with crutches under his arms. A hundred and fifty years have passed since a critical surgical operation was practised on him by a former owner, who made an aperture through the trunk. Through this opening a Duke of Portland drove a carriage and six horses, and it is said that three horsemen could have ridden abreast through the arch. A cabinet, made from the wood taken from the heart of the still living tree for the Countess of Oxford, is one of the sights of the Abbey. "Robin Hood's Larder" is another of the veterans who has lost his heart, but in the veins of whose great, sinewy, gnarled limbs the life-sap still flows freely. This tree, sometimes called "The Shambles Oak," and sometimes "Butchers' Shambles," had its inside burnt wantonly out by a party of Sheffielders picnicing in these secluded glades in the summer of 1878. The idyllic scenery could not have had much influence over such savage minds. The venerable tree is now held together by chains, a charred remnant of its former glory. A thousand years ago it flourished in leafy loveliness, only to suffer the outrages of modern barbarism. This oak the Druids may have worshipped. It may have been conscious of Alfred's institutions. Mab and her elves had danced beneath its boughs, under the fixed stars, to the music of the wind. Robin Hood, with Little John, Much, the miller's son, Tuck, the merry friar, and Maid Marian had sported upon its sward in the forest freedom. The rival Roses warred here. Gay Cavalier and surly Puritan had passed under it. Winter winds had been kind to its topmost branches, as summer sun had made its leaves lambent with living light. It was left to the Vandals of the Victorian era to show their "warm" regard for such ancient majesty in a "consuming" affection of fire. After this we need not go out of our way to sneer at Rufus B. Crooks and Colonel S. P. B. Scott fastening their tourist names in brass plates on the gigantic girths of the giant trees of the Yosemite Valley.

Close by there be other patriarchal oaks bearing specific names. After passing the "Central Oak" comes the "Major Oak," in whose hollow trunk a dozen people may dine, and round whose knotted trunk twenty people may join hands. Though the inside of the tree has gone, its branches retain their pristine freshness. The "Parliament Oak" is another veteran of Sherwood Forest, so called because Edward I. held a Parliament under the amplitude of its shadow six hundred years ago. The whole of this country of the "Dukeries" is picturesque. A paradise for painters,

it is little known. The Sherwood Forest which erst stretched unbroken for many miles, and as late as last century spread without a clearing from Mansfield to Nottingham, is no longer a continuous forest. The woods lie in great dark shadowy patches amid pleasant meads and cultivated uplands. But much of the real forest remains; and the lover of the best sylvan scenery in these isles cannot do better than make his way to Mansfield, twelve miles from Nottingham, and thence to Edwinstowe, and strike across to the Birklands and Bilhagh. There are woodland wanderings in these old-world glades of ancient oaks and silvery birches that will make him wish he were an Orlando to linger in such an Arden, even if he did not find his Rosalind. Here and there, where there is a private carriage-road, it is of green, and the trees seem by mutual consent just to have stood back a little to allow the wheels to pass. But there are sinuous bridle-paths and footways that give new surprises in scenery. Both the Birklands and Bilhagh are veritable relics of ancient Sherwood. The space between the gnarled old oaks has been filled up with delicate birch-trees. The contrast between the "lady of the woods" and the scathed, gray, sturdy, tottering old oaks is poetically suggestive. It is the contrast between the bent, tottering, seamed, and furrowed old man, and the winsome maiden, soft and tender, smiling with fairness and beauty. It is the contrast between May and December, Age and Youth, Life and Death, Hope and Despair.—EDWARD BRADBURY, in *London Society*.

MANZONI, POET AND PATRIOT.

THE Italians have lately erected on the Piazza di San Fedele at Milan a statue in honor of Allesandro Manzoni. The memorial is dated May 22d, 1883, his death having taken place on the same day ten years before, at the age of eighty-eight. When he passed away at this good old age, the country which he had lived to see "one, undivided, and free," mourned him with a truly national grief, and his remains, after lying in state for some days, were followed to the cemetery of Milan by a vast concourse, including the royal princes and all the great officers of State. It may be mentioned, as an indication of the national feeling, that Verdi wrote his well-known Requiem to honor his memory.

In his own land Manzoni's fame is universal, but among us other names have in recent times occupied a larger place in Italian history, and it may be well to recall the leading facts and incidents of his life.

Allesandro Manzoni was born at Milan, March 7th, 1785. His father was representative of an old family settled near Lecco. His maternal grandfather, Cesare Beccaria, was a well-known author on jurisprudence. His mother was a woman also of some literary ability, and, what is better, a woman of good sense, and of much graciousness of mind and of presence. The custom of sending young children to the mountains with their nurses to become strong and healthy, a custom general in Italy to the present time, was followed by the parents of the young Allesandro, who placed him with a favorite domestic who lived in a pretty cottage among the hills of Galbiale. Amid wild and beautiful scenes he passed the early years of his childhood. The hills and meadows and vineyards, where he wandered under the blue Italian sky, filled the mind of the boy with a certain quiet pleasure which gave to him a thoughtful look far above his years. At the age of fifteen he had already written poetry which gave promise of excellence. The recollection of these scenes probably found voice in his "Farewell to the Mountains."

But this time of quiet early thought came to an end when he joined the college of the Frati Somaschi, there to begin his studies. "Never can I forget," wrote Madame Manzoni to a friend, "the day I took my little Sandrino—(his pet name)—from his nurse to place him in the college of the Somaschi. Young as he was, he turned such a mournful look at that which had been his home as the carriage hurried into the road which hid it from his sight! But when I left him behind those gates his passionate grief was sad to see, and, as I afterward heard, the want of genial, loving treatment seems to have crushed all the childlike gayety from his heart, and made the good Frate of the college vote him their worst scholar."

Last in his class, never up in his lessons, the most terrible epithets were showered on him. "Breccone!" "Duroteste!" "Asino!" and others were in every-day use, not perhaps without some reason, for it appears that for a time at least his soul was wandering among the green mountain slopes and vineyards of his country home, while his body was shut within the cold gray walls of his college.

There is little doubt that these Frate knew not how to treat a child's natural grief at leaving his home, for when, with his little face pressed close to the tall iron gates to catch a last look at his mother's retreating figure, he could not be comforted, one of them thrust the red cross he wore into the boy's face, telling him to look on that and cease weeping.

This sort of cold treatment seems to have rendered the little student stolidly indifferent to all the correction he received; he was nervous, irritable, and almost always badly prepared with his lessons. The castigation in consequence inflicted on so young a child seemed to deaden his spirit, and he got little benefit from his first school.

A better prospect opened when he entered the Collegio dei Nobili, where he made the acquaintance of Vincenzo Monti, the poet, who was then visiting the institute. In the company of Monti he felt, boy as he was, how much his mind required enlarging by reading. The thirst for knowledge was upon the student, and from that time he progressed rapidly in his education, and his teachers began to see that there was something in Manzoni after all.

On the death of his father, in 1805, he passed two years with his widowed mother,

who devoted herself to the training of her son. By her judicious selection of his books she fostered his best tastes, and also strove to strengthen his intellectual powers, a care which his dreamy and sensitive nature required.

Manzoni looked back on these earlier years with tenderness. His subsequent studies at the University of Pavia were interrupted by the removal of his mother to France, to recruit her health by change of air and scene at Auteuil, at that time the resort of the *beau monde* of French literature and art. Here Manzoni met poets, philosophers, and other *savans*. Among them were Condorcet, Cabanis, and other disciples and admirers of Voltaire, by whom the young Italian was for a time led into skeptical views. From this eclipse he soon emerged, and his mother's influence had deepened, when he happily married Harriette Blondel, the daughter of a banker of Geneva. With her he lived for some years in happy retirement in Lombardy, and at this time he wrote devotional poems, "Inni Sacri," a series of lyrics remarkable for beauty of expression and reverential feeling.

One of the friends of Manzoni at Auteuil, Fauriel the *savant*, exerted a permanent influence of a better sort than most of that circle. Between the scholar and the student a great sympathy arose, and the more matured genius of the elder man became of great use to the younger. Manzoni was shy of showing his productions to any one; but Fauriel, biding his time, in his own quiet way taught Manzoni, without seeming to do so, much which gave tone to the then crude ideas of his imagination.

At this time Madame Manzoni lost her valued friend, Carlo Imbonati, and her son, in sympathy for her sorrow, composed a most touching lament on his death, but it was not till some time after that this poem saw the light. Perhaps he was afraid of his friend's criticism, which yet must be admitted to have been useful on the whole. At an age when young men are apt to take advice in any shape from their elders as a sort of slur on their knowledge of things in general, Manzoni found in Fauriel a mentor who never offended his *amour propre*, and yet one who lost no opportunity of inculcating all those principles of truth and honor upon which real character is founded.

We have dwelt rather long upon the early influences by which Manzoni's genius was called forth and his powers trained. Above them all in importance was the influence of his mother, who latterly was of the Reformed faith, and thus was accustomed to regard sacred things with enlightened as well as reverential spirit. By whom the brief sketch of his life is written in the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" we know not, but the writer truly states the feeling of Manzoni's compatriots in saying, "No man ever attained to greater honor from his contemporaries, or sought it less, and few have joined such rare intellectual gifts to so much gracious humility of mind and manners. His warmth of affection, tenderness of sympathy, and universal benevolence endeared him to his friends and fellow-citizens, while by his countrymen at large he was revered as the sage and patriarch of Italian letters. Of exalted private character, Manzoni furnishes an almost solitary instance of a poet whose life contains no note of discord with the loftiest standard presented by his works. The highest genius, disciplined by a still higher moral self-control, produced in him the rare spectacle of a perfect equilibrium of forces in a powerful mind."

This is high praise, but the veneration in which his name is held by his countrymen seems to justify the tone of admiring eulogy. It remains to give brief account of the works upon which his literary renown mainly exists. In 1819 his first tragedy appeared, "Il Conte di Carmagnola." This drama was so complete a departure from the conventional and classical forms to which all Italian poetry had heretofore adhered, that its author has been called "the founder of the romantic school of Italian literature." It attracted notice outside his own country. An article in the *Quarterly Review* severely criticized it, but Goethe wrote in its defence with strong sympathy. In 1822 a second tragedy, "Adelchi," founded upon the overthrow of the Lombard rule in Italy by Charlemagne, contained many veiled allusions to the Austrian domination, and showed how strong the patriotic spirit of Manzoni penetrated his literary studies.

His stanzas on the death of Napoleon, written the year before, "Il Cinque Maggio," were regarded by many as the most popular lyric in the Italian language. No fulsome praise is lavished on the dead hero, but a just appreciation of the powerful mind which conceived, and of the indomitable will which carried into effect his wonderful exploits, is shown in every line. The dignity and extreme grandeur of description on the one hand, and the exquisite touches of sentiment on the other, have made this ode the chosen one by the greatest masters of declamation in Italy as a study for their more advanced pupils. Those who have heard it recited by Madame Ristori will not easily forget the impression produced.

But the most popular of all his works is his story of old mediæval times, "I Promessi Sposi." Sir Walter Scott pronounced this to be in his estimate the finest novel ever written. It is in the literature of Italy more than "Don Quixote" is in that of Spain, which is saying a great deal. It stands alone, unapproached in interest by any contemporary or subsequent fiction, and worthy of being ranked with the great classics of his country.

During that never-to-be-forgotten time when the usurpers of Italian soil had almost succeeded in quenching the love of the Fine Arts in his country, Manzoni's care was to keep alive the hope that better days were in store for Italy. None mourned more truly than he the falling away of that love of poetry and song once the pride of Italy. Friends there were who advised him to leave Italy until quieter times, because in the noise and tumult of revolution and the overthrow of dynasties, that repose of mind needed by the man of let-

ters was impossible, but he would not listen to their proposal. He could not leave his beloved countrymen while their "woe" of revolution was upon them.

Writing to Massimo D'Azeglio at that time, Manzoni says: "Alas! my friend, I fear me for my suffering brothers, lest in this battle of hopes and fears, this war of human passions, the first principles of true liberty be lost sight of. Then these thoughts, so sad, so trying, give place to the feeling which I believe to be the right one—I *trust* in my beloved countrymen, believing they will fight only for the right. Come to me, my friend, and help to charm away by your presence these sometimes despairing thoughts, which seem to hide the sunlight from my heart. No one will be more welcome to thy friend Manzoni."

Manzoni dreaded lest the long continued oppression of his countrymen might lead them to despondency, and thereby induce the degeneracy which is too apt to come upon a nation enslaved. He sought himself and urged others to keep alive those feelings of truth and right by which alone good men and women are bound together, because when these are lost sight of little hope remains of a nobler future.

How well he loved Italy all through life many of his best and earliest productions show, and in his finest tragic poems—particularly in "Il Conte di Carmagnola"—it is evident that his power has its inspiration in his deep sympathy for his own country. Unlike the Greek choruses—which are mere interludes—those in this tragedy and in "Adelchi" are intrinsic parts of the story, serving as links to the most striking parts that follow. Witness the chorus at the end of the second act of the "Carmagnola," the whole fearful scene of the battle of Maclodio being described with stirring details which give clear scope for the opening of the third act.

It was not from the number of poems Manzoni wrote that he gained his popularity, though it would take some time to count them, but from the purity of conception and language, and the high tone of moral and patriotic feeling in one and all of his compositions.

Poor Manzoni! in the latter part of his life, when the larger part of his country became free, he seemed to dream of an Italia of arts and sciences such as she once was—to imagine that no sooner was the wonderful fact of freedom established than men would spring up as painters, sculptors, poets, and that the glory of her greatness would again make her the world's mistress—the home of the beautiful arts. It was indeed the dream of a poet, but he lived to realize with sorrow how much remained to be done. Nor did he look enough to the one great influence which alone can regenerate and restore a people. Civil liberty has little true stability without religious freedom. When Italy has had time to throw off the fetters of superstition and ignorance, as well as those of foreign oppression, it will enter on a grander march of progress than ever Manzoni dreamed of. During the last ten years these higher influences have had larger scope, and in universal toleration and an open Bible, as well as a free press and wider education, Christian effort is busy in spreading that Divine truth which makes the spirit free, and that righteousness which alone exalteth a nation. Illustrious in history and in art, may Italy yet be distinguished as a truly reformed and Christian land!

When Rome became the capital of United Italy, the poet's great age was a bar to his full enjoyment of the fact.

"It is all very pleasant, these rejoicings," remarked he to a brother poet, Giusti, when the whole population appeared like children let loose from school after punishment, as they greeted Vittorio Emanuele. "He's a king, every inch of him! it makes me happy to look at him!" said Manzoni. His respect and devotion to the late king was very great; his faithful adherence to his word, his noble stand against those who would have made him break that word, filled the sensitive mind of the poet with enthusiastic regard. His majesty fully reciprocated the feeling, and showed it by making Manzoni a senator of the kingdom, an honor he gratefully accepted.

In his later years Manzoni lived in his past. To sit in his garden under the vines, or the large mulberry tree on his lawn at his villa, and think about Italy, in the company of some friends who had travelled down the hill of life almost as far as he, was his greatest pleasure. With them he would converse about those who, in those far-off troublous times, had gone to their rest, but of the present he rarely spoke. The poet's great age made his tenure of life from day to day uncertain; yet when the end drew near none was so calm as he. In a weak but reverent voice he commended himself to the loving memory of his weeping family and friends, begging that the same practice of praying to God—not omitting prayer for the king every morning—might be adhered to when he was no longer with them. Manzoni died on the 9th of May, 1873, just as he had completed his eighty-ninth year.

Never were the funeral obsequies of a poet so honored. When the death of the illustrious octogenarian became known, from every part of Italy telegraphic messages of condolence to his family, and sympathy with the municipality of Milan, were hourly received—indeed, they form a small book. Crowds promenaded the Piazza Belgiogoso and the adjacent Corso during the three days of the lying in state, and so universal was the affection shown for the loss of the great poet that men were not ashamed of the tears they could not repress when speaking of him whose name must henceforward be to them only a memory.

The new process of petrifaction to preserve the remains instead of embalmment was resorted to, by which the body became as marble.

On the day of the funeral a stranger visiting Milan would have thought some royal and well-beloved prince had passed away, for, according to the beautiful Italian fashion, every balcony was draped in black and white, relieved by a profusion of charming flowers, also white. The municipality of Milan, with

those of other cities, fell in as the principal mourners came from the house escorting the bier, the pall-bearers being all men of distinction. These again were followed by a notable number of high officials—consuls, secretaries, generals with their respective staff officers, all of whom paid willing respect to the great man who had passed away. As the procession formed and the bells began to toll, every head was uncovered, and almost every woman knelt; the silence otherwise was profound. Prince Amadeo, Duc D'Aosta, walked near the open bier, by the side of the American consul-general, followed by several distinguished foreigners who had for years been the friends of the poet. The scenes at the grave were truly touching, testifying to the depth of feeling his loss had caused. At the royal palace, the houses of the nobles, and the clubs, nothing was spoken of but the death of Manzoni.—*Leisure Hour.*

MIGRATIONS ON FOOT.

In our studies of winter and summer sleep, we have seen how God feeds those creatures who are intended to live for several years, from whom food is withdrawn by climate, and who are yet unable to travel in search of nourishment.

Now, we have to consider those creatures who are deprived of food by the same influence, but who are able to pass to other places where food still exists. Travel for this purpose is called migration, and it may be accomplished in two ways, namely, upon the earth by means of feet, or over it by means of wings. We will first take migration on foot.

Again, I put aside man, because his migrations (and we English are the most migratory race on the earth) are the result of reason and not of instinct. Man migrates for a definite purpose. He knows beforehand the object of his travel, and if he should prefer staying in one country he can do so. But these papers do not deal with human reason, but with animal instinct, which is in fact Divine wisdom brought into visible action without the exercise of free will on the part of the agent.

In many cases migration has a strong influence on man. To uncivilized man it is mostly an unmixed benefit, as he lives upon the migrators. But, to civilized man, it is almost invariably an unmixed evil, as the migrators destroy the crops which he is cultivating, in order to supply food for the coming year. We shall see examples of both these influences.

As might naturally be expected, food is more apt to fail towards the poles than in the temperate zones, and so we find many examples of migration in Northern Europe. One of them has the curious result that it involves the migration of man. I allude to the annual migration of the vast herds of reindeer possessed by the Lapps. Forced by instinct, the reindeer are obliged to migrate in search of food, and unless their owners wish to lose all their property, they must needs accompany the deer.

Now, to the Lapp, the reindeer is what cows are to the Kaffir, or land and funded property to us. A Lapp of moderate wealth must possess at least a thousand reindeer. Half that number are required to make a man recognized as one of the well-to-do middle class, while those who only have forty or fifty are nothing but servants, who are forced to mingle their deer with those of their masters.

From these details the reader can form some idea of the vast herds of tame reindeer possessed by the Lapps alone. The annual incursion of these herds into more civilized countries can at the best be considered only a nuisance, and as the herds increase in numbers year by year their migration becomes an intolerable pest.

For example, the *Globe* newspaper lately made the following remarks:—

"Every year, Tromsoe is the meeting-point of upwards of a hundred thousand reindeer, the property of the nomads, who follow them from Sweden. The herd is rather 'nice' in the selection of pasturage, and the absence of everything save a mere superficial control gives it the most complete freedom of choice.

"Wandering about at their own sweet will, the reindeer do damage indiscriminately in meadow, ploughed land, and forest. The farmer may protest, but he is powerless to prevent the destruction of his young wood or the trampling down of his crops.

"If he appeals to the authorities he is baffled by the practical impossibility of fixing responsibility for damage upon the right owner. Only the Lapps know the offender, and a verdict with damages often enough serves no other purpose than that of bringing Scandinavian justice into ridicule, for, before it can be carried into effect, the defendant has gone on another of his annual migrations."

This pest has at last reached such dimensions that special laws were made about a year ago to meet it. Norway and Sweden have therefore been divided into districts, and if damage be done, and the owners of the offending animals not be given up, the entire district has to make good the damage, each family having to pay in proportion to the number of reindeer which they own.

Now we will take another example of migration from the same country.

As we have seen, the migration of the reindeer occurs at regular intervals, and can be provided against, especially as it is possible to make the owners of the migrators responsible for the damage which they do. But there is one animal of Northern Europe which has no special time for migration, against whose approach it is impossible to provide, whom it is almost equally impossible to resist when it is on the march, and for whom no one can be responsible. It is therefore far more baneful to civilized man.

This is the lemming (*Myodes Lemmus*), a little, short-tailed, round-eared rodent, somewhat resembling our common water-rat in shape and size.

In its ordinary life it is nothing more than

a small, rather voracious, very prolific, and unintellectual rodent. It is too stupid to get out of the way of anything, and if met by a cart its only idea would be to bite the wheel. Mr. Metcalfe mentions that two or three lemmings might be indulging in their favorite habit of sitting on a stump. If a traveller accompanied by dogs passed by them, the dogs were sure to fly at the lemmings. Yet the stupid creatures would not think of escaping, though there might be plenty of time to do so, but would merely sit on the stumps and try to bite the dogs' noses. This remarkable stupidity will account for the way in which the migration invariably ends.

Owing to its fecundity, conjoined with its voracity, it sometimes fails to obtain food in its own district, and migrates southwards.

The strangest point about this migration is its exceeding uncertainty. Fortunately, there is seldom an interval of less than seven years between the migrations, and seventeen years have been known to pass before the coming of the lemming. Yet, whatever the interval may be, the whole of the lemmings of vast northern districts begin their march southwards through Norway and Sweden in search of food.

They are divided into two vast armies, which are kept apart by the Kiolens range; and it is very curious that they direct their course towards the south-west and south-east. Nothing seems to stop their progress. They only have one idea, namely, to press onwards. If a wall or a house be in their line of march they will try to climb it rather than go round it, and if they come upon a stack of corn they will eat it and then go forward.

Rivers, and even lakes, are swum by the lemmings, thousands of which are eaten by the fishes. They are admirable swimmers as long as the surface of the water is smooth, but the least ripple is too much for them, so that if the day be windy very few of those which enter the water are seen to leave it alive.

Their ranks are perpetually thinned by birds and beasts of prey which accompany their columns. These parasites are wolves, foxes, wildcats, stoats and other weasels, eagles, hawks, and owls. It is said that even the reindeer feed upon them. Man eats them, and so obtains some trifling compensation for the destruction of his crops. But, while its invasion lasts, the Lemming is nearly as destructive as the locust itself, not leaving even a blade of grass behind it. Despairing of checking this terrible foe by ordinary means, the people turned to religion, and had a special service of exorcism prepared against the lemmings.

The end of the migration is as unaccountable as its beginning. I have mentioned the instinct which forces the creature to proceed onwards on the line which it has taken. Now, Norway and Sweden form a peninsula, towards the apex of which the course of the lemmings is directed. It follows that sooner or later the animals must arrive at the coast. And, having reached the shore, they still must needs go into the sea, where the waves almost immediately drown them.

Now we will turn from cold to heat, and imagine ourselves in South Africa. From the migrants of that country we will take the springbok as our example.

Many travellers in that country have mentioned the "trek-bokken" as the Boers call these pilgrimages, but none have painted them more vividly than the late Captain Gordon Cumming, whose description I have had the pleasure of hearing as well as seeing.

One morning, as he had been lying awake in his wagon for some two hours before daybreak, he had heard the continual grunting of male springboks, but took no particular notice of the sound.

"On my rising, when it was clear, and looking about me, I beheld the ground to the northward of my camp actually covered with a dense living mass of springboks, marching steadily and slowly along, extending from an opening in a long range of hills on the west, through which they continued pouring like the flood of some great river, to a ridge about half a mile to the east, over which they disappeared. The breadth of the ground which they covered might have been somewhere about half a mile.

"I stood upon the fore-chest of my wagon for nearly two hours, lost in wonder at the novel and beautiful scene which was passing before me; and had some difficulty in convincing myself that it was a reality which I beheld, and not the wild and exaggerated picture of a hunter's dream. During this time, their vast legions continued streaming through the neck in the hills, in one unbroken, compact phalanx."

It has sometimes happened that a flock of sheep has strayed into the line of march. In such cases the flock has been overlapped, enveloped in the springbok army, and forced to join in the march. A most astonishing example of the united power of the springbok was witnessed by a well-known hunter.

Just as the lemming hosts are attended by the birds and beasts of prey of their own country, so it is with the springbok. These parasites do not attack the main body, but watch for the stragglers and pounce upon them. During the passage of one of these springbok armies a lion was seen in the midst of the antelopes, forced to take unwilling part in the march.

He had evidently miscalculated his leap and sprung too far, alighting upon the main body. Those upon whom he alighted must have recoiled sufficiently to allow him to reach the ground, and then the pressure from both flanks and the rear prevented him from escaping from his strange captivity.

As only the front ranks of these armies can put their heads to the ground, we very naturally wonder how those in the middle and rear can feed. The mode which is adopted is equally simple and efficacious.

When the herd arrives at pasturage, those animals which occupy the front feed greedily until they can eat no more. Then, being ruminants, they need rest in order to enable them to chew the cud. So they fall out of the ranks and quietly chew the cud until the

column has almost passed them, when they fall in at the rear and gradually work their way to the front again.

As to water, they do not require it, many of these South African antelopes possessing the singular property of being able to exist for months together without drinking. Dr. Livingstone has offered a very remarkable theory on this subject, but our limited space will not permit me to cite it.

Let us again visit in imagination a different part of the world, and suppose ourselves to be on the prairies of North America. There we find another ruminant, the bison, wrongly called the buffalo.

This creature migrates with tolerable regularity, and not many years ago, when the red men possessed the vast expanses of North America, the native tribes were dependent upon the bison for their very existence. The bison was to the Red Indian what the seal tribe is to the Esquimaux.

From the skins were made their tents or "wigwams," their warm clothing for winter, and their shields; while the bones afforded rude tools, and handles for weapons, the sinews gave strength and toughness to their wonderful little bows, while there was scarcely a portion of the animal that was not put to some useful purpose.

The annual migrations brought the creatures within the reach of the various tribes, who, being in a state of perpetual warfare, did not dare venture out of their own district in search of the bison.

So utterly dependent, indeed, were they upon the migrations of the bison, that if the coming of the animals was delayed a few weeks beyond the usual period, death from hunger would be an almost certain result. The reader may perhaps remember that several tribes of Esquimaux were lately exterminated by a similar failure, the walrus having deserted its usual haunts, and gone off to some land whither they could not follow it.

In some respects, the bison resembles the lemming, being equally stupid and equally determined to press forward. Nothing will stop the bison-herd when it is "on the run." The animals do not march slowly, like the springbok, but dash forward at full speed, their heads down, their long hair hanging over their eyes, and each only intent on following those which are in front of it.

The hunters, whether native or European, take advantage of this peculiarity. The country in which these creatures live is intersected here and there with ravines many hundreds of feet in depth, having nearly perpendicular sides. At a distance of a hundred yards these ravines are as invisible as the trenches of a modern fortress.

The hunters, however, know every inch of the country, and when they learn that a bison-herd is on the run they contrive to frighten the leaders, who compose the front rank, until they are taking a direct course for a ravine.

Then, nothing is needed but to let the bisons alone. When they come within forty yards or so of the ravine, the leaders see their danger, and try to stop; but the pressure from behind is so irresistible that they are forced onward, and pushed over the edge of the precipice. The rest of the herd follow them, scarcely any of them even seeing the ravine until they are falling into it.

In this reckless way thousands of bisons are destroyed in less than an hour. Not one hundredth part of them can be used by the hunters, the remainder being left to feed the vultures, coyotes, and other scavengers. It is no wonder that the animal becomes gradually scarce and that the hunters are obliged year by year to go farther afield in search of it.—Rev. J. G. Wood, in *Sunday Magazine*.

SCIENCE NOTES.

ORIGIN OF NITROGEN COMPOUNDS.

Although all plants are bathed in an atmosphere of which four-fifths are nitrogen, and the plants require nitrogen as a necessary part of their food, they assimilate none of it. They can only obtain it from the soil, and before they can do this the nitrogen must have previously combined with something else, such as oxygen or hydrogen.

But the mere contact of nitrogen with oxygen or hydrogen effects no combination, nitrogen being the most inert of all the elements—the lazy element. In order to effect its combination it requires electrical stimulation, or the application of other indirect incentives.

In spite of this there is in all soils more or less of combined nitrogen, nitrous acid, or nitrates, or ammonia compounds. How do they get there, seeing that the disintegration of the rocks which formed the soil will not explain their presence? The soil must have somehow obtained them from the air.

This has long been a scientific conundrum that has provoked many guesses. The most probable solution is that which was offered long ago by Schönbein, after being curiously overlooked, and has been lately revived by Warington, viz., that the mere evaporation of water in the air is accompanied by the formation of a small quantity of nitrous acid.

Schönbein's experiment was very simple and striking. He took a piece of white blotting-paper, cut it into two parts, moistened one with water free from nitrous acid, allowed this water to evaporate, then tested both pieces of paper for nitrous acid, and found it in the paper that had been moistened, but not in the other piece.

Considering the very ready solubility of all nitrates and nitrites, they must be largely washed out of the soil into the sea whenever rain-water drains away, and therefore must be continually renewed somehow.

As plants derive their nitrogen compounds from the soil, and animals theirs from plants, and all our artificial compounds, such as "villanous saltpetre," etc., are derived from the soil—there must be some great natural laboratory process at work to keep up the supply. This evaporation of water from the surface of the soil is so universal and ever-working an

agent, that it appears to supply the best answer to this great chemical riddle.

BISULPHIDE OF CARBON AND INSANITY.

THE newspapers state, on the authority of Californian physicians, that the vapor of the bisulphide of carbon used in Los Angelos county to prevent the spread of phylloxera has, when inhaled, a serious effect on the human brain ; that several strong and healthy men that have been exposed to its fumes have become insane.

I suspect that there must be some mistake here. If the vapor of this very volatile liquid could do such mischief to men using it chiefly in the open air, its effects on those who breathe it daily in confined workshops would be dreadful.

That it is thus breathed the following will show. When lecturing on heat to a class of artisans in the Birmingham and Midland Institute I showed the experiment of freezing water by the evaporation of a volatile liquid, and those bisulphide of carbon for the purpose. One of my pupils, employed at Elkington's, told me that in one of the shops where they were using this compound (as a solvent if I remember rightly) its evaporation made the hands of the men and the air of the shop so cold that the workmen were in the habit of holding their hands out of the window to warm them.

As it is so largely used in dissolving india-rubber, etc., in factories where men are daily exposed to its confined vapor, a legion of maniacs would have been let loose upon us ere this if the Californian physicians have rightly defined the cause of the insanity prevailing around them.

What do these strong Californians drink when the phylloxera deprives them of the wine to which they have been accustomed? Do they find a substitute in potato spirit, a villanous mixture of alcohol and fusel oil, commonly sold as brandy? If so, no vapor of bisulphide of carbon is needed to explain their insanity.

THE HEATING OF SOILS BY RAIN.

EVERYBODY knows that a soil which is continually moist is what is called a "cold soil," but the reason of this is very little understood. When our skin is wetted we feel cold because the water evaporates at the expense of our animal heat, but this is not the case with the soil below the surface.

When rain falls upon dry soil and moistens it to some depth, this moistening actually warms both the soil and the water.

Pouillet proved long ago that the act of moistening any dry substance was attended with a disengagement of heat. He found that powdered minerals when moistened with water rose from half a degree to two degrees Fahrenheit, while in the case of some vegetable and animal substances, such as cotton, thread, hair, wool, ivory, and well dried paper, the rise of temperature varied from two to ten or eleven degrees.

A. Stellwaag has recently made similar experiments on various kinds of soils, and finds that a humous chalky soil was raised as much as 8·33 degrees, ferric hydroxide 6·60 degrees, and clay 5·57 degrees by first drying and finely pulverizing them and moistening with water. These are Centigrade degrees, which, reduced to those of Fahrenheit, become fifteen, twelve, and nine and a half degrees respectively.

A rise of fifteen degrees is no small amount. The experimenter found that complete drying and pulverization increased the rise. Allowing for the complete drying and careful pulverization in his laboratory experiment, we are justified in assuming that the light humous chalky soil which covers the chalk downs of England is, after dry weather, raised about ten degrees by a smart shower.

This rise of temperature is due to the adhesion of the water to the surface of the solid. Such adhesion effects a certain degree of condensation, and condensation in this, as in other cases, is attended with evolution of heat. The greater the surface exposed the greater the effect, and the pulverization of course increases such surface.

The organic substances above named are more or less cellular, and thus are doubly moistened inside and outside of each cell as the absorption becomes complete.

Dry ammoniacal gas, when absorbed by humus, caused a rise of 28·3 degrees, equal to 55 degrees Fahrenheit. In this case there is a marvellous amount of condensation. A cubic inch of charcoal will absorb and condense within its pores ninety cubic inches or ammoniacal gas. If a quart or other measure were made with thick sides of charcoal, the filling it with ammonia would demand an effort comparable to that of The Dun Cow of Warwick when she was maddened by trying to fill a sieve with milk.

CHEMICAL BLOTTING-PAPER.

OXALIC acid dissolves certain solid salts and oxides of iron, producing a clear, colorless solution, and under its old name of "salts of sorrel" (it is the acid which gives the sour taste to sorrel), it is well known as a solvent for the gallo-tannate of iron, which is the coloring matter of common ink. This is prettily illustrated by adding a solution of oxalic acid to a diluted solution of such ink.

An ingenious application of this has been made by saturating blotting-paper with oxalic acid: anybody may do this by simply moistening an ordinary piece of common blotting-paper with a solution of the acid, and then drying it. This will not only absorb the excess of ink from a blot, but remove the blot altogether, provided always the ink be of the old-fashioned kind, unmixed with indigo or aniline color.

But such blotting-paper may deal with signatures as with blots; and this is one reason for using the inks that are not entirely dependent upon the iron salt.

It is not, however, very dangerous as a means of fraud, seeing that a trace of the writing, or the blot, remains, and this may be brought out into full legibility again by adding ferrocyanide of potassium or gallic acid.

A PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS.*

THE subject on which, two years ago, I addressed you from this chair, was, you may remember, the relation in which art stands to morality and to religion. I shall ask you this evening to consider with me a subject, not, I think, less interesting—namely, the relation of artistic production to the conditions of time and place under which it is evolved and to the characteristics of the races to which it is due. Do not be unduly alarmed at such a prospect; in the very vastness of the subject is your greatest safety; for it is needless to say that the limits of our time, were there no other hindrance, will not suffer me to deal with more than a fragment of so wide a topic, or to present to you that fragment in other than baldest outline. It will be enough if, by putting before you a few suggestive facts, I am able to quicken your interest in and to lead you to explore for yourselves a very fascinating and far-reaching field of thought. This is my sole and sufficient aim to-night.

If, in your study of the works of painting or of sculpture to which you have had access, either in permanent galleries or in temporary exhibitions, or of the numberless architectural works at home and abroad which photography brings within the reach of those to whom it is not given to travel, you have passed from the examination of individual examples to a more comprehensive consideration of the broad groups into which they fall, according to the countries which have produced them and to the period of their production, you cannot fail to have noticed the definite and distinctive physiognomy—the family air, as it has been well called, which marks these several groups; and if, pursuing further this train of thought, you have endeavored to penetrate the nature of this distinctive physiognomy, you have perhaps been led to note the harmony, which, in each case, exists between it and the atmosphere, mental and moral, within which it took shape. This will have become equally clear to you whether you have compared, one with the other, the art of different countries or the art of different epochs. So, for instance, in passing from a work by Rubens to one by Velasquez, the opulent splendor of the one and the concentrated gravity of the other will have, may be, brought before you more vividly than could many words the deeply contrasted characteristics of national temper by which Nature had divided two peoples long united in unnatural bonds of political union—Spain and Flanders. Or, again, if, in the comparison of the ogival architecture of England with that of France or of Germany, you have discovered in each school the expression of distinct national characteristics, you will have felt not less clearly, in the contrast between the solemn and mystic gloom of a Northern cathedral and the radiant serenity of a perfect Grecian temple, the antithesis which exists between the Mediæval and the Hellenic world. And no doubt the sense will have grown upon you that this harmony between the work and its surroundings is not fortuitous, but rather that art is an organism fed and formed by the same forces which shape the current of the general spiritual life of which it is, indeed, but one among many forms of expression. You may have observed, in the next place, how vitally one of the arts especially, architecture, is affected by the physical conditions of the country in which it is practised; and, lastly, in following the stream of art to its remoter sources, you have, perhaps, been struck with its continuity and with the part played in its evolution by inheritance or by example. From land to land, from age to age, you may have traced through their various vicissitudes certain recurring ideas and forms; nay, if you have descended from the higher regions of art to the humbler sphere of design which is called industrial, you will have found in more than one commonplace of contemporary decoration devices conceived dim ages ago in the land of the Pharaohs or on the plains of Shinar. So, for one instance only, the not too formidable animal whose toothless and trunkless head seems to "roar ye an' 'twere any nightingale" from the back of your armchair or on the handle of your teapot, and whose feet so fitly end the legs of your sofa or of your sideboard, has its prototype in carvings inspired on the quick in far Assyrian days, and is the last transmitted counterfeit of lions that once writhed on the spears or yawned round the golden throne of a Sargon or a Sennacherib. Well, it is on these formative influences or surroundings in time and place, and of inheritance or example, that I wish to say a few words to you to-night—mere suggestions, I repeat, of an outline which you may, if you so care, fill in at your leisure for yourselves. But here a word of caution is necessary: the further you penetrate into this subject the more, I make no doubt, will you feel its fascination; but with this fascination will come also the risk of overrating or misinterpreting the bearing of each new fact that seems to throw light upon your investigations—the danger will arise of unconsciously fitting fact into theory, instead of testing theory by fact, and of forgetting, in the neatness of a chain of reasoning wrought from materials too partially selected, the darkness which shrouds, for all our seeking, the inmost springs of the æsthetic life in nations and in men.

We must content ourselves, as we watch that life in its intermittent flow, with noting the affluents which feed it, the banks which mould its current, and the elements which tinge its waters, confessing that the initial forces which determine the hour and the place of its birth and the times of its fulness and of its failing, remain indeed a mystery of which the key is still withheld from us. The main influences which determine the bent and growth of art are these:—First and primarily, the temper and genius of a race; then the social and intellectual state of a community or nation at a given moment; thirdly, ex-

* Delivered at Burlington House, December 10, 1883, to the students of the Royal Academy, by Sir Frederick Leighton, the President.

ample, whether by unbroken transmission of inheritance, by the resuscitation of a tradition, or through a stimulating contact with other nations; and, lastly, the influence, partly moral and partly material, of surrounding physical conditions. These several agencies overlap, no doubt, as well as co-operate; it is, however, if not strictly philosophical, convenient for our purpose to speak of them as separate. Let us now endeavor to see them at work.

It is evident that of these various influences the third—namely, example by contact or inheritance, will be less and less perceptible as we ascend the stream of time. As we leave ever further behind us the complex life of modern nations, with their unceasing interaction one on the other, and that burden of intellectual inheritance which is not always an unmixed blessing to their art, we see the problem of growth becoming more simple, till we reach, at last, a period in which external impulses are all but inappreciable, and in which art, shaping itself closely on the wants and the conditions of the land and the people from which it springs, is the faithful and unalloyed expression of the genius of that people and the resources of that land. Such a land we find on the banks of the Nile, and such a period in the unrecorded dawn of Egyptian civilization. Here, at least, the problem of evolution is reduced to the simplest form known to us west of the cradle of our race, though not to the simplest form conceivable; for although one branch of Egyptian art, sculpture, had reached a very high—perhaps, its highest—level between 3000 and 4000, or, according to Mariette and Maspero, between 4000 and 5000 years before the Christian era, the Egyptians were not, it is believed, indigenous on the Nile. For our present purposes, however, they may be considered practically a primitive race.

What manner of people were they? They were a people endowed with brilliant gifts, and of whom a prominent characteristic was their piety. "The Egyptians are religious," says Herodotus, "far beyond any other race of men." Piety was printed on all their works. They believed in an after-life, and on that after-life their thoughts were chiefly bent. They traced to the heavens the origin of their royal throne, and believed that in a far, unchronicled past the gods themselves had ruled within their land; the right hand of the immortals was extended over them in protection; their pontiff kings visibly represented the godhead upon earth, and at their death were in their turn taken up into the heavenly ranks. They are a race which during long centuries—those early centuries in which its arts took shape and ripened—grew up in unchallenged peace to strength and conscious greatness, knowing as yet no rivals, drinking in daily the deepening sense of a security unassailable and immemorial. Visibly favored in a climate beyond example steadfast and serene, and in a soil lavish of every gift, they were, above all, made confident in the sight, generation after generation, of the ever-renewed blessing of the great stream in whose waters that soil was each autumn born anew; and so to the sense of abidingness would add itself that of unexhausted wealth and plenty.

I said that they were pre-eminently pious—dwelling constantly in thought on the life of which the gate is death. We need not enter here into their complex creed concerning the soul and the intelligence, the body and its double; it is enough for us to note that in their belief a material form was needed after death as a home and resting-place, until the day of doom, for that surviving "double"—that eidolon—which was an incorporeal counterpart of the body. To furnish this tenement for the double was a sacred duty, and it was accordingly provided in two ways; first by embalmment of the corpse itself, and, further, for the event of injury to the mummy, by the manufacture of stone or wooden counterfeits made in its exact image, and for greater safety these were frequently very numerous. Such, then, being the mental attitude and such the custom of a race with strong plastic and building instincts, what sort of art should we look for in it? Should we not look for an art in which the temples of the gods and the abodes of the dead were the most salient feature? And should we not further expect of such people, that whatever connected itself with the glorification of those gods, or with the exaltation of earthly rulers scarcely less divine, or with the service of the departed, would be the inspiring motive of their graphic and plastic art, as well as of their architectural production? And this art being an entirely spontaneous and sincere expression of the national temper, should it not convey to us a sense of strength, of dignity, of stability, and of repose? And would not the consciousness of unlimited resources find expression in a tendency to the excessive in size? Well, these are precisely the characteristics which we never fail to find in the monuments of Egypt, and in so much of her plastic art as is not purely domestic in character and descriptive of private life.

Those whose fortune it has been to stand by the base of the Great Pyramid of Khoofoo, and look up at its far summit flaming in the violet sky, or to gaze on the wreck of that solemn watcher of the rising sun, the giant Sphinx of Gizeh, erect still, after sixty centuries, in the desert's slowly rising tide; or who have rested in the shade of the huge shafts which tell of the pomp and splendor of hundred-gated Thebes, must, I think, have received impressions of majesty and of enduring strength which will not fade within their memory. But if the general character of these monuments bears the impress of the moral temper of the Egyptian people, we shall find a special requirement of their faith exercising a direct and vital effect on the development of their sculpture and of their painting; in the case of the former, first for good and afterwards, indirectly, for mischief. I mean the duty which, as I have told you, they held sacred, of supplementing the embalmed corpses in the tombs with images of the deceased in stone or wood. Out of this duty arose necessarily a vast activity in the field of sculpture; but the object of the artist

was to produce, I said, in these images an exact counterfeit of the outward form and features of the departed in order that the second life—the life in the shadow of the tomb—might mimic as faithfully as possible the old life in the light of day; and the result was, as might be expected, a remarkable development of individualization in treatment of form and figure—in fact, a vigorous and uncompromising school of portraiture. This view of the causes which influenced Egyptian sculpture in its origin is very lucidly set forth in the admirable work of Messrs. Perrot and Chipiez, which I commend to your study, and in which you will find it supported by a series of most excellent illustrations.

While, however, so large a demand for works of sculpture had a very stimulating, and, at first, a very wholesome effect on plastic art, the very extent of that demand became eventually a source of harm, and we may safely attribute to it some not small share of the stagnation and eventual decline of this branch of art on the banks of the Nile. For in exact proportion to the necessity for rapid and almost unlimited production would the obstacles to thoughtful treatment and a close study of Nature increase; the sculptor would fatally tend to become a mere manufacturer and purveyor, and in the speed to which he was compelled life and character would more and more surely disappear from his work. Be this as it may, we see in Egypt this strange thing—that the earliest efforts of sculpture which have come down to us are in general the best. Certain wooden panels, for instance, carved in low relief, which are preserved at Boulaq, and which display a delicacy of workmanship and a spontaneity of treatment seldom equalled in Egyptian art, are believed by M. Maspero, under whose guidance I had the good fortune to see them, to date back to the Third Dynasty—that is to say, to over forty centuries before the Christian era. And the qualities which distinguish the most perfect phase of this art are precisely a subtler perception of individuality and a more unreserved obedience to Nature than we see at any subsequent period. Our acquaintance with this epoch of Egyptian art is of very recent date, and it had been till quite lately much the custom to take an exaggerated view of the stagnancy of Egyptian sculpture to which I just now alluded; a truer appreciation both of the achievements of that art, and of the phases through which it passed, is now beginning to prevail. Meanwhile we must, I think, be on our guard lest we now fall into an opposite error, ignoring unduly the limitations from which the sculpture of Egypt never freed itself, and forgetting that, if in fifty times a hundred years it underwent marked and considerable modifications, those changes did not bring improvement with them after a certain early period.

Of this arrested growth the causes must in great part remain obscure. The explanation which I have suggested, and of which I would not overrate the bearing, applies only to funereal art, and though no doubt the whole current of plastic production would be affected by the vicissitudes of its main affluent, we must look for other causes to account for the strange and pulseless monotony which we see in the treatment of the statues of the gods. One of these M. Perrot is inclined to seek in the necessity imposed on the artist of representing those gods as a monstrous compound of man and beast—a necessity which shut him out from any inspiring ideal. Much, again, of the absence of action in Egyptian statues, and of the empty smoothness which so often characterizes their modelling, he attributes to the extreme hardness of the material in which they are habitually wrought, and which, while lending itself to a high polish, was extremely difficult to carve. To these causes we may add the absence of any fecundating contact with other races. But behind and beyond them all we must recognize as the primary agent a certain peculiarity and inertness of the race, a narrow but tenacious spirit of which, whatever may be its sources, we find the perfect counterpart only in the great Turanian Empire of the East—the not less ancient land of China.

I could have wished to say, also, in this place a word on the harmony which exists between Egyptian building and the scenery in which it is set, but for this time leaves me no leisure. I have yet, before passing to other lands, to glance briefly at Egyptian painting. Of this our knowledge is drawn wholly from the tombs. Like sculpture, it owed its chief impulse to the views of the Egyptians in regard to a suspended life within the grave; for not only were meat and drink laid for their sustenance before the dead, but, just as to the mummy were added supplementary semblances of the body, so also was the painted semblance of food placed about it in its long abode—nay, more, as the ghostly inmate could no longer wander forth into the world, the world was piously brought in effigy to him in the tomb, and on the walls around him he saw unfolded each scene of daily and domestic life, in the sight of which he might once more seem to himself to sow and to reap, to count his hoarded gain, to carouse, and to rehearse in all things his vanished earthly days. Here, more than elsewhere, we find the Egyptian artist untrammelled by material, and we are accordingly struck with an increased vivacity of dramatic treatment, and the greater freedom with which he handles the human form; here, too, we note a certain cheerful *bonhomie* which was a characteristic of the race. I have spoken of these designs as paintings, but they would be more accurately described as outlines filled in with color; for throughout Egyptian art color appears solely as a flat tint. It is a prevalent opinion that the Egyptians were colorists, skilful harmonizers, that is, of subtle tints. In this opinion, though not unmindful of the harmonious effect of some of their enamels in which the original tints are still preserved, I find some difficulty in concurring; faded and bleached by the sun, the colored hieroglyphs which still enliven some of their buildings are no doubt very delightful in their play of tones, and to many paintings on papyri or on mummy-cases decay or golden

resins have given the delicacy of fresco or a glow as of mosaics; but the sight of well-preserved paintings of comparatively recent discovery has left grave doubts in my mind in regard to the coloristic aptitudes of the people which produced them. This, however, is worthy of notice—that we see in Egyptian painting the first use of that combination of green and blue which was to be the dominant note of so much that is most beautiful in Eastern colored decoration.

Next to Egyptian art in order of antiquity, and closely connected with it, is that of the two great Semitic empires which had their seat by the waters of the Tigris and the Euphrates. To these I now turn. And here a perplexity awaits us. We have learnt to think of the Semitic race as marked out scarcely more by its monotheism than by its lack of gift for the plastic arts. Void of artistic impulse, the Jews, we know, saw in the Second Commandment not only a warning against idolatrous worship, but a distinct decree of the Almighty against the production of graven images even for purposes of teaching or of delight. Renan, in his "History of the Semitic Languages," says on this subject much that is suggestive and interesting. "The desert," he writes, "is monotheistic; sublime in its immense uniformity, it revealed to man the idea of the Infinite, but not the sense of an incessant creative activity which more fertile regions breathed into other races." "Nature," he adds elsewhere of the Jew, "had little place in his thoughts;" and further on, "Music, the subjective art *par excellence*, is the only one he knew." It is to a brooding and introspective habit of mind that he attributes the absence in this race of any craving for plastic expression, which is, we know, in its essence a desire to recall sensations aroused by outward objects. Here, then, is our perplexity; for if, turning from the Jews, we look to their kindred Semites in their own ancestral Chaldea, we see them under skies as broad and in more unbroken plains, amid pursuits, too, originally similar, moulded to a temper wholly different; to them the wilderness was not monotheistic, to them the sky's unclouded span brought no lesson of one Lord, supreme and solitary; it led them rather to the complex science of the stars, and to that belief in their influence over the destinies of men which has played so great a part in the annals of mankind; and, finally, we see them evolving in due course an art full of power and of objective vitality, an art of which the fruitful seeds were to fall one day on the lap of Greece herself. These, I say, are perplexing facts, and show with what caution we must, even at this early stage of the world's history, handle the ethnological test. Their partial explanation we must, no doubt, seek in the fact that the Jews were of far more unmixed Semitic blood than were the Chaldeans and Assyrians, who are when first we meet them already blended with an Accadian—that is to say, a Turanian stock. Meanwhile, we shall not find on closer inspection that the landmarks of races have been as wholly removed as might at first sight seem; and the foremost sign of this is the complete absence among this Semitic folk, in Assyria at least, of the monumental tomb—the outward mark of the absorbing prominence of the subject of death in the Turanian mind; and we shall further find that, striking as are the achievements of the sculptors of Nineveh, those artists did not practically get beyond the carving of flat surfaces, and that nothing in the shape of an Assyrian or Chaldean statue has come down to us for which any serious merit can be claimed. The more than summary sketchiness which is imposed upon me forbids my dealing separately with Chaldean and Assyrian art; it will suffice to say that if the fortune of war gave alternate supremacy to Babylon and to Nineveh the art of the two nations was practically one growth; we may note, too, that as power gravitated from the gentler Chaldean to his ruder brother in the north, the religious spirit of the former yielded to the warlike genius of the latter; and while what remains to us of the first Chaldean empire is of a religious character, the architecture of Assyria is mainly palatial and expressive of the power of a ruthless race of kings; for Assyria in the days of its greatness was as a vast camp spread about the throne of a fighting monarch, and the Assyrians a breed of warriors fierce and without fear, casting down their enemies, in the words of Isaiah, "as a tempest of hail and a destroying storm." And the pride of splendor, too, was strong within them.

Would you see an Assyrian king in all his love of luxury and in his lust of blood? Then look where Assur-banhatal sits with his queen, carved on an alabaster slab now in the British Museum. Among the palm-trees of the royal gardens, his weapons laid aside, but at hand, he reclines on a sumptuous couch, curiously wrought, and spread with stuffs from the famous looms of Babylon; opposite to him, on a throne, sits the queen; each of them has taken from a dainty table which divides them a cup of wine, and is about to drink; the feast is spread in the checkered shadow of a vine, for the sun is fierce overhead, and attendants placed at each end of the couch strive with long fans to simulate a breeze; the birds seek refuge in the branches; minstrels are not wanting, and the sound of harps thrills through the summer stillness; over all a drowsy peace. And now look closer; on what is the great king gazing across the bubbles of his wine? Not at the golden date palms not at the purple grapes, not at the simmering plain, not at the sky's blue tent, not even, I fear, on the face of the queen. His eye rests, in placid contemplation, upon an object hung full in view on a bough before him, the sweetest sight of all—a ghastly fruit plucked newly from its trunk; his enemy's hated head, dangling, dishonored, upside down! With such a people, and with such a line of kings, what artistic expression shall we look to find? We shall look for an art masculine and somewhat truculent, in which the prowess of the sovereign in war and in the chase—for were not the sons of Nimrod great huntsmen before the Lord?—

shall be the leading theme—official annals, so to speak, of high royal deeds; we shall expect no domestic subjects, none of the quaint idylls of homely life which the Egyptians loved even after they, too, had begun to blazon butchery on their walls; few scenes prompted by piety. And such is, in fact, the art we find; and the execution of it is strikingly expressive of its spirit, for the hand of the artist found in the yielding alabaster in which he mainly worked a fitting substance wherein to plough and hack the thews and sinews which he loved to mark with such uncompromising vigor. And here, in comparing the grim accentuation of these Assyrian sculptures with the vacant polish of so many images of Egyptian workmanship in which the limbs remain engaged within the granite block, you will do well again to note the bearing of material on the development of art in early days. I alluded just now to the royal hunting-pieces in the Assyrian sculptures; that these should be good was natural in a people passionately fond of sport, but it is not easy to account for the immeasurably greater dramatic insight here displayed in the representation of wild beasts than in the rendering of the human form; in all essentials I know nothing quite equal to the portrayal by Assyrian artists of lions maddened or struck down in the chase. Their lesser skill in the treatment of human beings has, indeed, been attributed to the fact that they never saw their subjects except closely draped from head to foot; but this explanation, though ingenious, seems to me wholly inadequate, and we must in this case, as in so many others, be content to wonder in doubt and ignorance.

One word on Assyrian architecture, in so far as it touches our subject of to-night. Stone, if not in great quantities, was accessible to the builders of Nineveh; nevertheless, they built in brick, for their architecture, like all their art, had its origin in Chaldea—that is, in a country where there was no stone, but where, on the other hand, clay abounded for the making of bricks and tiles. But the broad and empty surfaces of their buildings, surfaces almost wholly unrelieved by mouldings—for this form of enrichment did not, with such a material, readily suggest itself in so early a stage of art—required profuse adornment to satisfy Assyrian love of splendor and to be worthy of Chaldean tradition; here stone found its opportunity, and soon colossal monsters, human-headed, but limbed like a bull and winged—types of strength and wisdom—took post at gateways and approaches, while long lines of sculptured frieze ran, level with the eye, along the interminable walls. To this enrichment of the ground line of their palaces the use of stone by the Assyrians was limited; above this line another mode of adornment was chiefly used, namely, a casing of glazed and colored tiles, wherein you see the origin of that marvellous decoration which to this day in the same regions throws its enchantment over fields of wall-space hardly less flat and free from moulded features. For internal embellishment and for detached structural supports, Assyria had wood and metal, a combination, indeed, which lies at the origin of all decorated columnar forms; of such piers or columns material evidence no longer exists except it be in charred fragments, but other reasons beside structural requirements would suffice to convince us that they had existed. In the first place, as is acutely argued by Mr. Fergusson in his most suggestive and valuable work on architecture, it is no doubt of these supports that we see the reproduction in stone in the wholly borrowed art of Persia; secondly, their use in tents and ædicules, and as a decorative feature in windows, practically involves their application to a more important function; and lastly, the deep influence on Ionic art of this among many Assyrian forms, implies in itself its large and general use; and thus this architectural feature, which attains its highest beauty of abstract form in the porch of the Erechtheum, has for its first rude ancestor a cedar pole and a curl or two of copper. Two or three more points may be noted here in passing: the first is that astronomy determined the shape and color of one type of Assyrian temples—temples which were also observatories. Their stories were seven in number, the sacred seven; and each story bore the color proper to one of the heavenly spheres. Another is, that in Assyria we for the first time see the arch used as an important decorative and decorated feature. Another, that we first discover in an Assyrian bas-relief an instance of a new constructive feature—the gabled roof.

In Egypt and in the Mesopotamian kingdoms we have seen two forms of art, akin in some respects, but nevertheless separate and individual, both bearing strongly the stamp of the race, the country, and the times which gave them to the world, both marked by a strange inertness and persistency. Let us now look, for a moment, and in conclusion, at an art in which whatever was best in them rose to a fuller and nobler life—an art which we can compare no longer to a broad and sluggish stream, but which is as the sudden upleaping of a living source, reflecting and scattering abroad the light of a new and a more joyous day; a spring at which men shall drink to the end of all days and not be sated; the art of Greece. Nothing that I am aware of in the history of the human intelligence is for a moment comparable to the dazzling swiftness of the ripening of Greek art in the fifth century before Christ; and we marvel at it the more from the contrast it presents to the secular torpors of the races from which it drew its alphabet. I fear, too, that when we have ascribed this lightning speed of growth to a peculiarly happy balance and interaction of various elements of race and to not less favoring circumstances of place and time, we shall not have gone far on the road to understanding it, and we shall perhaps here more vividly than ever feel our ignorance of the mysterious affinities—the occult chemistry of Nature, if I may so call it—through which certain racial ingredients produce in varying combinations results so

strangely different. Nevertheless, it will not be without interest to apply for a moment to this evolution the same methods of inquiry which have guided us hitherto. The earliest historic records of Greece are but recent as compared with those of Egypt or of Chaldea, and it is only in occasional glimpses that we discern the footprints of civilization in this chosen land during the obscure centuries which preceded the Dorian invasion, or, indeed, as far as art is concerned, the era of the Olympiads. Looking back to the age in which we first descry them, we find the land occupied by a race which we call Pelasgic, and which seems to have held not only all the lands washed by the Ægean from Lydia to Cape Tænaron, but to have pushed round the head of the Adriatic and spread itself out over Italy.

This race was, perhaps, the earliest wave poured by the Aryan tide from Asia into Europe; but it preceded the later immigrants into Greece by such an interval as to form a very distinct stock, and, whether or not by an assimilation with earlier occupants of the soil, they appear before us in the three lands with certain of the attributes of a Turanian people —that is to say, as mighty builders, and, notably, builders of tombs. They were followed on the scene by a purer Aryan race, which, descending from the Phrygian heights to settle first on the western skirts of Asia Minor, overflowed towards the fifteenth century in all directions, southward even to Egypt, but especially westward, by the islands, to Greece; there so blending with the Pelasgic stock that they soon learnt to boast themselves Autochthons. Lastly, another offshoot of the same family, after making its way across the Hellespont to settle in the Thessalian highlands, burst forth in the eleventh century and swept, conquering, over the land. These two races, akin in origin, and yet profoundly unlike, were known as the Ionian and Dorian peoples; and their rivalry is the history of Greece.

Of the earlier Pelasgic or Pelasgo-Ionic race few, but important, vestiges are preserved to us, the most remarkable being sepulchral monuments, such as the tombs, or so-called treasure-houses, of Orchomenos and Mycenæ; walls, also, and gateways, of massive style and masonry, reveal them to us as a great building people; and in all these remains we trace a distinct Assyrian influence, either due to the Ionians themselves or to Phœnician middlemen, or, perhaps, to both. With the rule of the Dorians a complete paralysis seems to have fallen on the artistic life of the country as far as architecture is concerned, and to have held it in abeyance for several centuries. Whether or not this lethargy is directly attributable to the genius of the dominant race—a race of soldiers and of lawgivers, and averse from art—it is difficult to say; this much, however, is beyond doubt—that, although the Dorians made their own and gave their name to a style of architecture without a rival for dignity of chastened form, in the region in which their race and spirit were more than elsewhere seen pure and paramount—the Spartan State—the arts, if we except martial music, had absolutely no existence; and it is, therefore, the more difficult to evade the conviction, combated though it has been by weighty opinion, that the Doric style was not of Doric origin, but was, indeed, in great measure borrowed, about the days of Psammetik or earlier, from prototypes still seen at Karnak and at Beni-Hassan. However this may be, when Greece emerges at last into historic light, we find her building art born, so to speak, anew; of the old Pelasgic form we see no trace, but in its place two stately styles—the one, indeed, Asiatic, and the other Egyptian in its inspiration, but both purified and made nobler in the alembic of the new Greek spirit. And here we may note, in passing, an interesting circumstance which had much bearing on the plastic art of Greece. In the slow welding process from which resulted that perfect poise of intellectual and bodily gifts which we associate with the Greek name, the elements of race seem to have distributed themselves differently in the spiritual and in the physical order; for while in the former the Aryan type was strongly modified, it prevailed wholly in the latter; in the art of the Periclean age, of which the high truthfulness was one of its noblest attributes, no vestige survives of the Pelasgic type, as we see it, for instance, in Etruscan art, or where its last trace lingers on the marbles of Ægina—a tradition, perhaps, even there, rather than a record; in its stead we find a new ideal of balanced form wholly Aryan, and of which the only parallel I know is sometimes found in the women of another Aryan race—your own.

But if the Greek spirit is, as I said, the outcome of a subtle balance and interaction of various elements of race, let us see how far art, which is, perhaps, its most characteristic outcome, was further favored by external circumstances. And, first, a word or two of the land. Let us look at the map. Here are no vast alluvial plains such as those along which, in the East, whole empires surged to and fro in the throng of battle; no mighty flood of rivers, no towering mountain-walls; instead, a tract of moderate size—a fretted promontory, thrust out into the sea—far out, and flinging across the blue a multitude of purple isles and islets towards the Ionian kindred shores. In scale nothing excessive; everywhere measure and moderation. And of this sobriety, which is equally removed from all extremes, this *μηδὲν ἄγαν*, which is the keynote of all things Greek, you find no completer type than in the famous little land where Athens rose and reigned. Spread out to the sun within a girdle of nobly simple heights, and sweeping gently to the sea to catch the western breeze, it was blessed in an atmosphere of which you must have felt the breath to understand its penetrating sweetness. Attica was not in those times parched and thirsty as we see it now; the dusty olive groves which to-day are white along the arid track where Kephissus should flow are not the "thousand fruited" bowers ringing with the nightingale of which Sophocles sang so

lovingly; nevertheless, as compared, for instance, with Southern Italy, Athens was not exceptionally favored in her soil. It was a soil liberal, but not lavish, demanding labor, but rewarding it—a fit surrounding for a joyous, wholesome active life.

Such was the Greek land. On this land we have a race built up, as we just now saw, whose religion was rooted partly in ancestor worship, but mainly in the worship of the personified forces and phenomena of Nature; distinctively, they were a race whose dominant thought was not death, but life, an intense life in whicht heir gods and goddesses shared, but with a higher and ampler vital energy; for these gods, whom they made in their own image, however Xenophanes might chide, walked freely among them, mixing in human affairs, met at every turn, each the ideal of a particular type. Behind these bright divinities, dimly seen, the Moriæ dimly loomed, asserting and embodying those instincts of order and inexorable law which found such noble utterance in the mouth of Æschylus. And this race, very limited in numbers, was further divided into yet smaller communities; when we think, for instance, of Athens, with which our chief concern is, the idea of multitude never presents itself to our mind—we think of a handful of free men; and, indeed, restriction of numbers was part of its own ideal of the perfect state. Now, a first result of these moderate numbers would be the increase in dignity and importance of the unit; and given, of course, the peculiar intellectual vivacity of the race, we should be prepared to see, for the first time in history, the spectacle of a free State, and of that only true conception of such a State which associates its collective greatness with the worth of the individual citizen. Out of this conception a race, enamored in a manner till then undreamt of with the pursuit of ideas for their own sake, would be led to form an ideal of a citizen who, while he should be merged in the State in which he is a living force, should render himself worthy to serve it by the fullest and most evenly balanced development of his being in all its varied capabilities; and this full and evenly balanced development we see in Athens. How Athenian education was based on this ideal you know; you know that a noble training of the body went hand in hand with the discipline of the mind; you know how high a place was assigned to athletic sports, and that an athlete three times crowned had claim to the public tribute of a statue. And you have learnt what was in the eyes of Greeks the dignity of that bodily frame, which they shared with the gods themselves—a body not, in their simple view of life, at war with the spirit, but working harmoniously with it towards one common central ideal of perfection.

Now, the bearing of these things upon our train of thought has not escaped you; you have felt, no doubt, that in a society so constituted and so composed, art, but more especially the sculptor's art, would find a favoring atmosphere such as had never before existed nor can ever exist again. You understand in it the abundance and high level of production, and do not wonder at the multitude of statues which thronged the Altis and the precincts of holy Delphi. And you feel perhaps with fresh force how faithfully in its nobility and its serenity, in its exquisite balance, in its searching after truth, and in its thirst for the ideal, Greek sculpture mirrored at its best the mind of Greece. That these attributes were not less conspicuous in Grecian painting we may confidently assume, however limited and indirect our knowledge of it is. It is, perhaps, in that painted earthenware which has been preserved to us in such profusion, chiefly in Etruscan tombs, that we waylay the Greek draughtsman in his most spontaneous mood. I need not remind you how inexpressible a charm his simplicity, his sincerity, and his unfailing dignity of vision have cast over these precious relics, which we have gathered at the hands and in the homes of the dead.

And here I must, for the present, leave the subject of which I have roughly sketched the outline of a fragment, to resume it, perhaps, at some future time. I have brought you to the culminating point of art in ancient days, the loftiest in many respects to which it has ever risen, and in following its course through various lands have endeavored to illustrate, as I had promised, its organic connection with the temper of the times and of the races which have produced it. In doing so I have sought only to interest you; I have aimed at no moral lesson. Nevertheless, it may be well, in taking leave of the art of Greece, to remember that if of the attributes which went to make it supreme some are indeed beyond the control of men, two, and not the least bright, are within the reach of all—simplicity, I mean, and truth.—*Merry England.*

THE FALLACY OF IRISH HISTORY.

"We are on the eve," says Sir Stafford Northcote, "of a struggle for the Union." Evidently you are, and the struggle concerns us in Canada and the United States as well as you, for if you let the enemies of Anglo-Saxon civilization get the better of you in the mother country, fresh force will be added to their attacks here. The masters of the caucus intend apparently to carry the elections by the help of the Irish vote, which is ranked as equal in importance with party discipline in pages which speak their mind; and the price which, as the bargain made by Dr. Pankhurst shows, they will have to pay to their ally in one form or another, is the dismemberment of the country, for an Irish legislature, as the blindest see, means speedy if not immediate separation. Everything has been done that could be done by Radical journals to foster what is called the Irish revolution, to enhance its prestige, to unbrace the sinew of national resistance, to prepare the public mind for a concession which the writers did not venture to name. Extreme Toryism also holds out its hand, for its factious purposes, to the leaders

of rebellion, as Sir Stafford Northcote knows. The gravest part of the situation to the anxious eye of an onlooker appears to be the feeble and wavering condition of public sentiment. England is moulting. Opinions on all subjects, political, social, and religious, are just now in a state of flux which makes it difficult to organize resistance to anything aggressive and armed with votes. Combined with this uncertainty is a levity which turns from serious questions, and pays more attention to the sports of beardless boyhood than to the perils of the nation. Among the artisans trade interests probably prevail over all others, and there is a socialistic sympathy with the agrarian aspect of the rebellion. The Government proposes, by its Irish Franchise Bill, to put political weapons into the hands of people who avow beforehand their intention of turning them against the State. The task set before the Liberal party was that of guiding England and helping to guide Europe in the final transition from the hereditary to the elective system, and putting elective government on such a footing that it might be a government of reason and justice, not of passion. But from this task the Liberals have turned to link themselves with socialism, agrarianism, the revolution in the relations between the sexes, and all the other social movements of change, though, when the floodgates are opened, if a cataclysm should ensue, as ensue it well may, they have no government or authority of any kind to meet it except organized faction, under the specious name of party, draped in the old robes of feudal monarchy—not even the safeguard, no trifling one, of a written constitution. There are independent Liberals not a few, it is to be hoped, like Mr. Leatham, who see that it is their duty to adjourn, if necessary, all questions between them and other loyal citizens till the Union is out of peril. But the force of the caucus is great, as we on this side of the water know too well, and the national cause is weighted with the unpopularity of absentee landlordism, and of an aristocratic reaction which the chief of the Conservative party labors to make as narrow and repulsive as he can, though he vainly tries, by economical demagogism, to mask the politics of caste. If a patriotic leader, independent of faction, untainted by class interest, and true to national unity, would appear, the people, bewildered as they are by the vacillations and the factious divisions of their rulers, would probably still follow him; but one might as well expect an angel to descend from heaven. The man may come, as there is plenty of force left in England; but he will come only after some sort of convulsion, called by necessity to the front to reconquer what will have been lost.

I am not going into the general question, nor am I going to encroach on the domain of statesmanship by propounding an Irish policy. My point is historical, and my aim is to help in removing from the national conscience, a fancied burden of historical guilt, which, if it be not removed, may sit heavy on the spirit of the nation in the day of battle. Englishmen generally are under the impression that they have done Ireland some extraordinary and unparalleled wrong, in expiation of which they are bound forever not only to relieve Irish distress, however caused, and receive curses as their reward, but to agree to every concession which Irish agitators demand, and to bear meekly every outrage which Irish agitators choose to inflict. Wrong was done in the dark past to the native race and to the popular religion of Ireland, though in its perpetration no living Englishman or living Englishman's father had any part; but even in the dark past it was not extraordinary or unparalleled wrong. The belief that it was is an illusion created in part by the fallacious habit of historians who treat British history as a subject by itself, unconnected with the history of Europe, and thus produce the impression that the misdeeds of bygone times were special manifestations of English character, when they ought in truth to be ascribed to the spirit of the age. Even Macaulay is an instance of this tendency. Great Britain and Ireland are islands, and their history is to a considerable extent insular, but they are not in an ocean by themselves.

So far as history is concerned, there are two main fountains of Irish calamity, the bitter waters of both of which have continued to flow even to the present day. One is the Norman Conquest, the other is the great European schism which gave birth to the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The Norman Conquest led to the formation of the Pale, to the long conflicts of races, and to the enmities which it bred. A Roman Catholic writer so respectable as Ozanam permits himself to speak of "the English archers who invaded and enslaved Ireland." He must have known well that the invaders were Normans, sailing under the banner of the Papacy; that the enterprise was part of the cycle of Norman conquest, itself a sequel of the great migration of the barbarians; that it was the supplement of the Norman invasion of England; and that it was in like manner promoted and sanctified by the centralizing policy of Rome. The English had no more to do with it than the conquered Mexicans had to do with the Spanish conquest of Peru. They had themselves resisted the Norman manfully, while the Irish doubly invited him; for while the Romanizing ecclesiastics called him in to protect their privileges and property against the aggressions of the chiefs, an Irish chief called him in as his ally and avenger in a clan feud. Irish feebleness and self-betrayal were not British crime. That the strong have always a right to subjugate the weak is a theory which would make the world a robber's den; yet there was an age of conquest preceding the settlement of Europe, as there was a stone age, and an age of glaciers, and we must accept its legacies as we accept the other legacies of the historical and geological past. That conquest would extend its march from England to Ireland was a moral certainty. Geography has manifestly and inextricably linked the destinies of the two islands, which, if they were torn asunder by disunion to-morrow, would be soon joined again by fresh con-

quest. Never had a people less ground for imputing anything to another people than the Irish have for charging the English people with the consequences of the Norman Conquest.

So with the other and more recent sources of Irish woe. The Catholic monarchies of Europe conspired with the Papacy to extirpate Protestantism and liberty with sword and fagot. The British islands were of course drawn into the struggle. The native Irish, following the religious bent of their race as well as the dictates of local antipathy, cast in their lot with the Catholic powers and seconded the Armada. As a weak and outlying portion of the confederacy, they suffered cruelly by the fortune of war, yet they endured nothing which they would not have inflicted, nor a tithe of what their confederates inflicted, in the way of persecution on the Protestants, wherever Catholicism had power. In 1641, inflamed at once by agrarian vengeance and religious hatred, they rose again and slaughtered every Protestant on whom they could lay hands, as (if the language of some of their orators and journalists is to be trusted) they would, as soon as they were free from the restraint of the Imperial Government, slaughter the objects of their hatred at the present hour. Rinuccini, the papal envoy in Ireland, triumphantly reports in his despatches that in battle no prisoners were taken by the Catholics, but every Protestant was cut down not only on the field but in the flight. Cromwell refused quarter to the garrisons of two towns taken by storm after summons to surrender, wherein he acted in strict accordance with the laws of war in that age; while not only in Ireland, but over Europe, quarter had been continually refused by the Catholic armies to the helpless inhabitants as well as to the garrisons of conquered towns. The latter part of the same century found the Irish again arrayed under what was no doubt their natural banner, as auxiliaries of the last Stuart king and his patron, the despot of France, in their deadly attack at once upon Protestantism and British liberty. The Celtic Catholic Parliament at Dublin doomed by act of attainder every Protestant proprietor, including the women and infants, to confiscation and death; and we may guess what the fate of the defenders of Londonderry would have been had they fallen into the hands of the besiegers. Having narrowly escaped with its life after a fearful struggle, Protestantism bound down its mortal enemy with a penal code, the memory of which, like that of all works of intolerance of which the period was full, is thrice hateful, but which was framed, as we are bound to recollect, by men who had read their own death-warrant in the Catholic act of attainder. Where Catholicism reigned the Inquisition was in full activity, and the autos da fé were going on. The revocation of the Edict and the dragonnades were present to every heart; England and Ireland were full of Protestant exiles. The memory of Tilly, and even of Alva, was as fresh as in our day is the memory of the wars of Napoleon. With fear, severity abated. After the vice-royalty of Chesterfield, though intolerance and exclusion continued, persecution was pretty well over, though the autos da fé were not. In the mean time the valor of the Irish brigades had been working the cruel will of the Catholic powers, while in our own day about the last stand against Italian independence was made by an Irish army in the service of the Pope.

In the sixteenth century another ruthless force, also European, was in action. This was the era of monarchical centralization. The Tudor monarchy, rising in its might out of the wreck of conquered feudalism, trod the same path as its compeers. Cruelly it enforced its authority in England, still more cruelly it pressed, through its lieutenants, the subjugation of Ireland, where the struggle presented the hideous aspect which is presented by every struggle between civilized or half-civilized men and savages; by the war of the American with the red Indian, and of the French with the Arab and the Annamite. If the hapless Celtic tribes of those days whose land was confiscated for what the Tudor Government styled treason in their chiefs could rise again, though they would rise in startling garb, they would be entitled to restoration as well as to pity; nor can it be doubted that the popular feeling about the land question has retained the traces of these iniquities; but it is as preposterous to identify the sitting tenant of the present day with the tribesman, or the sitting tenant's demands with the tribesman's wrongs, as it would be to identify Lord Spencer with a lieutenant of the Tudors. The representative of the tribesman is at least as likely to be found in the laborer, on whom the tenant-farmer too often tramples like the harshest of landlords, as in the tenant-farmer. It is equally preposterous to charge the English people specially with the unjust operation of feudal land laws which prevailed throughout Europe, and from which nobody has suffered more than themselves.

In 1782 Ireland extorted independence. And now Irish traducers of England take different lines. Some call the Parliament at Dublin English, and charge England with its conception and mismanagement. Others call it Irish, and charge England with being unjust to its oratorical glories. As it was the offspring of a revolt against England, her responsibility for its acts can hardly be unqualified. After a duration of seventeen years, Irish independence ended in a civil war of friends, amidst which the only powers of mercy were the English soldiers, Abercromby and Cornwallis. Government perished in the wreck of society, and nothing was left to avert an indefinite reign of sanguinary anarchy but the military force of England. Under similar circumstances Cromwell, like a strong man, had looked the situation in the face, and at once united Ireland to England. Pitt being not strong, but only stiff, bought a union from the profligate Irish aristocracy, and thus left a fatal stain on a measure which otherwise would have been entirely right and essential to the salvation of the weaker, though more numerous, race in Ireland.

The restrictions on Irish trade again, though utterly detestable, were dictated not by English malignity but by the commercial policy which then held all Europe in dark thraldom, and against which Adam Smith was preparing to write. Smith's first great practical disciple, Pitt, tried to remove them, and was opposed by the Irishman Burke, whose speech upholding the necessity of the connection and the supremacy of England must, by the way, be pleasant reading for disunionists. Perhaps the injury done by the restrictions at the time has been overstated. Adam Smith says that when the ports were opened but few cattle were imported, and that the common people in Ireland were said to have violently opposed exportation. At the Union the restrictions finally fell, and for the last eighty years —time enough, one would suppose, for commercial recovery—Great Britain has offered to Ireland the best market in the world. She has done more. In her great manufacturing cities, as well as in colonies founded by her, and which Irish enterprise never would have founded, she has given homes and bread to the overflowing millions of the Irish population. She has done this at a heavy cost to herself so far as her own cities are concerned. This is a principal source of the masses of misery and barbarism over which she is now wringing her hands. This it is more than anything else that forbids the British artisan to rise; one bitter reason Great Britain has for desiring, if it were possible, a total separation.

Misgovernment and corruption were the common lot of Europe in the last century, of England under her borough-mongering oligarchy as well as of other countries; and common to all Europe was the reaction produced by the excesses of the French Revolution. England obtained for herself representative government by the Reform Bill of 1832. She extended it in full measure to Ireland, and thereby gave conclusive proof of the absence of any intention to tyrannize over the sister island. Thenceforth the interests of Ireland were in the keeping of her hundred representatives in the House of Commons. What practical demand for reform did they ever press with anything like unanimity to which Parliament refused to give ear? No Parliament, whether at Westminster or Washington, moves without pressure or without urgent cause. An absolute Government may exercise forethought and plan a paternal policy, a Parliament cannot; and if the representatives of any interest are inactive, or act only for the purpose of annoyance or obstruction, the interest must suffer, as Scottish interests would if the Scottish members chose to behave like the Irish. Yet Parliament gave Ireland, long before it gave England, a national system of education, which, if the Union were repealed, the priesthood would overturn. It has given her religious equality, while England still has a State Church. It has given her a special and most drastic Land Act. It has also liberally relieved the distress caused from time to time by the growth of her population beyond the means of subsistence, while English distress has been left to shift for itself. The peace which is essential to the development of her resources, and therefore to her prosperity, it cannot give her so long as her people are under the influence of men whose trade is social war. The gift of representative government to people in the state of the Catholic Irish was perhaps premature; herein mischief may have been done, but it was not intentional wrong.

Is there any good reason for believing that, if Great Britain had been out of the question, Irish history would have taken a much better course? The early civilization of Ireland, though most interesting in its way, was merely ecclesiastical, and it was being trampled down by clan barbarism. Nothing like a national or settled government had been formed. That the native Irish would have given themselves free institutions the whole history of the race to which they belong, as well as every manifestation of their own political character, whether in Ireland or in America, forbids us to believe. They would have given themselves, or rather have allowed to be imposed upon them, political institutions in unison with their religion. That religion would itself have been what it is in Spain or Sicily, untempered by Parliamentary government and national education. In defending the Union, loyal citizens are struggling for Irish liberty, which, if the support of England and Scotland were withdrawn, would in all probability succumb, and be succeeded, not by the larger liberty of a republic, but by a tyranny of dynamiters. The most ardent friends of the present moment admit that the tendency of the Irishman is to something arbitrary, and complain that he is not allowed to gratify his taste. It may be doubted whether, without the Imperial connection, the native Irish would ever have held their land against the advance of the race which came in from the north, and which, however outnumbered, has always proved itself the stronger. It is probable that, like French nationality in Canada, the Celto-Catholic element in Ireland owes its distinctive existence to the sheltering connection with Great Britain.

We are told that the Irish, if they had been free from British influence, would never have endured the existence of an idle aristocracy in their country. Can anything be better attested than the existence in tribal Ireland of a singularly idle, tyrannical, and plundering aristocracy in the persons of the chiefs? Has not this submissiveness remained especially characteristic of the Irish peasantry? Prodigally hospitable, irregular, extravagant, uncertain, vivacious, the chase, the turf, and the bottle, divided a great portion of his intellects between them. Such is the portrait drawn by Sir Jonah Barrington of an Irish landlord to whom, according to the same authority, his tenants were devoted.

Absenteeism is a real grievance as well as a great peril, and so far as it arises from the connection of Irish with English estates, it is chargeable to the account of primogeniture and entail, which has been allowed, not from

malice, but from Conservatism, to remain the law of the three kingdoms, and are strangely left in existence alongside of agrarian legislation. Let all that justice dictates be said upon this point, and it may be said without assuming that, in an independent Ireland of Roman Catholic Celts, the progress of legislation respecting land would have miraculously anticipated the policy of modern times, and without admitting that a particle of ill-will towards Ireland has had a place in British councils or in any British breast. In truth absenteeism now prevails to a lamentable extent in the rural districts of England herself. But why have not the Irish members moved in Parliament, and sought at the hands of British Liberals the aid which would undoubtedly have been given? They have always appeared to cherish grievances rather than to be earnestly bent on removing them. Even in the case of the Protestant Establishment they appeared lukewarm, and during many years scarcely moved at all, while they showed something like hostility to the Land Act, though it had been framed on the report of an Irish Commission.

The worst of all absentees have been the wearers of the crown, who by frequent visits to Ireland (where, as often as they did go, they were enthusiastically received) might, as all who know the Irish well agree in saying, have won the hearts of the people, killed disunion, and prevented the demagogue from mounting, as he has mounted, the vacant throne. On this point, too, let the verdict of justice be frankly delivered. So far as the House of Brunswick is concerned, the loss of Ireland would be the punishment of a persistent neglect of duty. But this is not the fault of the British people; it is not a thing upon which freemen care much to dwell, and as the ground for breaking up a great polity it would be absurd.

The political case in favor of what is called the Irish Revolution has been formally presented in the shape of a list of grievances by a very able and a very sympathetic hand. It amounts simply to a deficiency of the popular element in local government. This deficiency exists in England also, and for both countries it was about to be supplied by a Local Government Bill when the attempt of the Irish to wreck the Legislature began. The political agitation has no deep root except in agrarian discontent; the Irish tenant wants to become owner of the land and pay no rent; for the refinements of political mechanism, central or local, he cares about as much as he does for the refinements of art or mathematics.

Another indictment is social. It is said that Irish genius has not been honored by England. When you cite a long list of Irishmen who have received the highest honors of the Church, the State, the army, and the literary world, the reply is that these men cannot have been genuine Irishmen since they did not hate England. The Indian service abounds with Irishmen, while Irish dynamiters are yelling for the overthrow of the Indian Empire. In every appanage of British greatness Irishmen as well as Scotchmen fully share. It is called a social crime in us to laugh at the comic Irishman, as though the chief portrayers of that popular character had not been Edgeworth, Moore, and Lever. In former days no doubt Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen cherished stupid antipathies against each other. But in the present day does an Irishman suffer any disparagement in British society on account of his blood? Neither at Eton nor at Oxford, both pretty good mirrors of any social prejudice that may exist, do I remember that there was the slightest feeling against the Irish. I should say they were rather favorites at both. When Irishmen butcher the husband before the face of the wife, beat out the brains of an innocent boy in his mother's arms, shoot women, cut off the udders of cows, blow up railway trains with dynamite, and openly applaud in public meetings the most barbarous and dastardly kinds of murder, remarks are made, and if remarks were not made their absence would be the most cutting of insults, since it would imply that such things, when done by Irishmen, were a matter of course. Who are they that brand the Irish race with infamy by proclaiming it to be a race of assassins? Who but the orators of Irish dynamite conventions?

It is pronounced offensive to call the native Irish Celts, though the most patriotic historians of France boast the Celtic origin of the French nation, and anthropometric science, with a severe air, comes forward to prove that all of us are Celts or none. Has anthropometric science discovered that Irish is not a Celtic language, and that there is no affinity between the native Irishman and the Breton? Has it found out that unchanged abode and continuity of institutions are no evidence of descent? Is it true that the leaders of the Irish race are not Celts? The Celt has always been apt to borrow leaders from other races. Both in Ireland and in the Scottish Highlands clans seem to have accepted Norman chiefs. Messrs. Parnell, Sexton, and Biggar are, as their names show, men of British race traducing their own blood. Of Normans there are probably few left anywhere: they have shared the general fate of dominant and non-industrial races. But I do not want to insist on the point of ethnology, much less to support the harsh theory, which I am as far as possible from holding, of indelible peculiarities of race. Race has played a part in history, and has largely drawn with it religion. But, if it is preferred, let us call Leinster, Munster, and Connaught Roman Catholic provinces, provided we may do so without being accused of insulting the Roman Catholic Church. Some term or phrase we must have to mark succinctly the contrast between the three provinces which are the scene of disaffection, and Ulster, which, to the chagrin of the disunionist party alike in Ireland and England, disunion has just invaded in vain. Some term or phrase we must have to enable us to expose the fallacy of calling the three provinces Ireland, and their disunionism the Irish cause. Ulster, Protestant as none can deny, and Teutonic so far as her

general character and her political affinities are concerned, stands in her prosperity and her attachment to the Union an insurmountable objection to the theory that British connection is the source of all the evil. The difference between the northern and the southern Irishman, and between the ways in which they respectively prosper, is not less striking in the New World than it is in the old. What is certain is that the southern Irishman has retained the political character of his tribal state, and has brought it with him unimpaired to the Western Hemisphere. The Englishman and the Scotchman are citizens. The Irish peasant is not a citizen; he is a clansman still. His objects are not political but tribal; they are the aggrandizement of his clan, the appropriation to it of a full share of the spoils, and the prosecution of the clan feud against England. His vote he uses as his ancestors used their skenes. His Church is the religious bond by which the members of his clan are held together. I speak of the class of Irishmen who fill the ranks of Fenianism. We have Irishmen in Canada and the United States of a different class, who are as worthy citizens as any in the world. But the Irishmen of that class following the lead of William Tweed and his fellows have loaded American cities with debt and filled American politics with influences for which Americans are not grateful They showed their social tendencies by trooping behind the slave-owners who gave the North up to them for pillage, and in America they have been the cruel enemies and oppressors of the negro, their treatment of whom I confess, when I first became acquainted with it on the spot, let in new light upon my mind. Their excitable temperament, and their liability to be hurried by it into crime, does not desert them in their new abode. In the Draft riots at New York a mob mainly composed of Irishmen not only committed widespread havoc, but murdered negroes, cruelly beat old negro men and women, set fire to a negro orphan asylum, tied a negro to a tree and roasted him alive. Yet the negroes were not landlords; they were an unoffending and helpless race. The English laborers under Joseph Arch carried through their agitation without committing a single crime. Let anthropometric science explain to us these facts.

How is it, then, that the Irish hate the English? Mainly because hatred of the English is assiduously instilled into them through the press and from the platform by agitators who subsist on the quarrel, whose hearts are steeped in venom, and who shrink from no sort of falsehood. Because by these men, who alone have the ear of the people, an utterly calumnious picture of the acts, character, and intentions of the British people is every day presented to the Irish mind. The Irish are told that the British Government "impales puling infants on its bayonets," "racks venerable priests," and "when sword and fire have failed, deliberately calls in famine to complete the work. These monstrous lies the people read and believe, while they read nothing on the other side. This, I say, is the chief source of Irish animosity against the English people of the present day. When the demagogue is not active the hatred abates. In Canada, where hitherto the agitator has not been so active, the Irish are not nearly so bitter as they are in the United States. The source of malignity is also in part the source of misery, for the people are taught to think that there is no fault in themselves, everything that is amiss being the work of the oppressor, and turned from self-help, which no demagogue ever preaches, to seek relief from their distress in the cultivation of a barren feud.

"The insensate and reckless multiplication of the human species" is the cause, as a Radical journal of eminence tells us, of the misery and barbarism in the east end of London, and the words are equally applicable to Ireland, where the Church thinks that she promotes morality in encouraging early and improvident marriages. If political change will feed and civilize Whitechapel it will feed and civilize Connaught. In deciding that economical remedies of some kind are required, Mr. Gladstone's Government assuredly judged right. Whether the specific remedies selected were the best will be seen in a few years. Will the alteration of tenures lead to an increase in production, which is, or ought to be, the main object of all legislation respecting land? Will fixity of tenure in that soil be anything but fixity of famine? Will the farmer work with a better will and raise larger crops now that his rent is reduced, or will he prefer to spend his energy in agitating for a further reduction? Is it possible effectually to fix rents for a long term of years? Will not the desperate competition for the land which is caused by the overgrowth of population, and by which the people have hitherto raised the rents upon themselves, reproduce itself in some other form, and make the price as high as ever? If the interests created by the Land Act are sold, as some expect, will not the old rent be virtually paid again in the form of price? Will not the money-lender, who never reduces interest, take the place, when a bad season comes, of the landlord who does reduce the rent? Will not absenteeism become more common than ever now that the landlord is a mere incumbrance? Will not the Church absorb a great part of that which the landlord is compelled to resign? Will any improvement have been made in the lot of the laborers, who need protection against the farmers as much as the farmer needs protection against the landlord? What will be the effect on the general industry and prosperity of the country of a vast disturbance of contracts, and of the general insecurity of property produced by agrarian agitation? These are questions which every one who holds the common notions of economy must be anxious to see answered by results. Peasant proprietorship is a taking idea, but in an age of scientific agriculture we might almost as well talk of returning to the spinning-wheel, which also had its charms, and the departure of which was bewailed by the poet. Systematic emigration, such as shall perma-

nently relieve districts which can bear no crops but wretchedness and disaffection, has been always deemed, by some good authorities at least, the only cure. To call it cruel seems absurd to those who live in a continent peopled with happy emigrants, though there must always be a pang in the process. But the priests oppose it for fear of losing their flocks, and the agitators oppose it for fear of losing discontent. Against such resistance it can hardly be carried into effect by a parliamentary government. Perhaps the problem awaits solution by a Government not parliamentary, which the crisis towards which events are tending may bring forth. If rebellion ever fairly shows its head, the economical measures which are essential to the relief of the country may some day be carried into effect as measures of war.

The Irish people are in the hands of men who are leading them mainly by the hope of plunder, and whose object is not the measure of increased local self-government which, if it is desired in Ireland, all Liberals are more than willing to give, nor any pledge of respect for a nationality like that of Scotland within the Union, but the dissolution of the Union and the foundation of a separate republic which from its birth would be hostile to Great Britain. These men know their own minds, and they are not to be turned aside from their purpose by soft words. When soft words are addressed to them their answer is a renewed outburst of venomous and calumnious hatred. Mr. Gladstone, after all his touching appeals, and in spite of all that he has done for Ireland, is still in their journals the "grand old rogue," "the grand old hypocrite," and his throat has to be guarded by policemen from their knives. Their enmity, and that of all over whom they have influence, must be recognized and dealt with as a fact. They can be conciliated only by a resolute resistance; and to make resistance resolute it is necessary that the friends of the Union and of British civilization should feel the moral ground firm beneath their feet. Nor is it needless to state the case of Great Britain fairly in the court of nations, especially before the Americans, whose opinion in this case is of great practical importance. The ravings of the Philadelphia Convention and the dynamite platform might be safely left to the unaided judgment of American morality and good sense, but we cannot so well afford to disregard the injurious things said of Great Britain by English Radicals, who want to place American opinion on the side of Irish revolution. In the *Princeton Review*, an English writer, whose respectable name will secure attention to what he says, tells the Americans as "an indisputable and undisputed fact," that "the government of Ireland, whether administered by Englishmen sitting in a so-called parliament at Dublin, or by an overwhelming and hostile majority of Englishmen and Scotchmen sitting in Westminster, *had been up to less than twenty years ago conducted not even in profession for the benefit of the Irish people*, but for that of the English having estates in Ireland, and the mass of the Irish Protestants and landowners." It seems to me that this is not true, and that it is dangerous to let it pass for truth.

Since writing this paper I have read Lord Lorne's paper, written apparently for people who had asked his opinion as to the expediency of applying the principles of Canadian self-government to the case of Ireland. It would be about as useful to discuss the expediency of connecting the Straits of Belleisle with the Irish Channel. The relations, geographical, historical, religious, and social, of the three Celtic and Catholic Provinces of Ireland to Great Britain and Ulster (for that is the true way of stating the case) have no parallel in politics, past or present. Neither in the relation of the Dominion to the Imperial Government, nor in that of the Provinces to the Dominion, is any help towards the solution of the Irish problem to be found. That problem British statesmen will have to solve by their own unassisted wisdom, patriotism, and courage, of which the last two will afford the best light to the first. One sentence in the paper of the ex-Governor-General is noteworthy. "The Irish in Canada," he says, "have many votes; and almost any proposition which they put before the Canadian Parliament as likely to benefit their brethren in the old country would find support, especially if the proposal were introduced before a general election." In plain words, Canadian politicians who spout enthusiastic loyalty to Great Britain, and go about bedizened with Imperial orders of knighthood, are ready, for the sake of capturing the Irish vote, to place the Canadian Parliament as an engine in the hands of those who are propagating disaffection in Ireland. The charge is true, and of its truth we have already had ignominious proof. The leader of one of the Canadian parties is at the present moment, for lack of a nobler policy, playing this very game, not without moral encouragement from the accomplices of disunion in England. Thus the political connection with Canada, the great pillar of the empire, is likely to be added to the forces which operate for the disintegration of the United Kingdom.

The only thing in Canada that can throw any light on the case of Ireland is the vast multiplication, noted by Lord Lorne, of the French Canadians, under the influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood, which in the Canadian France has added the share of power possessed in old France by the aristocracy to its own. This affords a real parallel to the multiplication of the Irish under the same influence in Ireland. When Great Britain is taxed with the misgovernment, let it be remembered that Ireland has been governed socially, economically, and intellectually by the Irish priesthood. The Imperial Government has been for the last half-century the sole power of enlightenment and progress.—GOLDWIN SMITH, in *The Fortnightly Review.*

ENGLAND THROUGH FRENCH GLASSES.

JOHN BULL is an important personage, whom one meets in every corner of the globe. He is chiefly remarkable for *rosbif*, cricket, the morning cold tub, the fifty-mile walk, and the hit from the shoulder which he alone knows how to give. John Bull's wife, when she is pretty, is an angel of beauty without her equal on earth; but when she is not pretty, she has dull eyes, prominent teeth, and no expression whatever. But in John Bull's daughters there is some consolation. The belle brunette of France walks out beside her escort and with downcast eyes; even in the country she picks her steps on high heels, crowned with a fifty-franc hat, and encumbered with a silk gown. See, on the other hand, the blonde English miss going out to play lawn-tennis, simply dressed, with her hair in a knot under a straw-hat that costs next to nothing, and on her feet thick-soled shoes. Coming home again, she will devour her dinner without shame. She prizes health above elegance. The prettiest girls will even eat cheese and bite raw celery. Those girls are high-spirited as well as free; daughters of comfortable homes will work, teach, paint on china, to earn money.

"Home! There is a word that is wanting to us in the French language!"

The home of John Bull is a paradise of comfort; he has always one room set apart as a sanctuary for himself. It is called "the growlery." As for the mistress of the house, her happiness is based upon carpets and tea. Christmas is the family feast, the only moment in the year when the English give themselves to gayety and put business aside. They excel in decorating their houses. The evergreens give the house a festal air, and are often most artistically placed. Then down the chimney comes some unseen mysterious visitor, to fill the children's stockings hung at the foot of the bed. Then is the postman the hero of the day, bringing love-letters, money-orders, Christmas-boxes. If he is run to death, he knows he can strike the iron while it is hot; next day he will come round, and everybody will give to him.

An! but the king of the banquet is the plum-pudding! The faces of the guests beam, the mouths of the children open. The majestic monarch comes smoking hot, stuck with holly. Do you want to know how to make *le plum-pudding*?—A pound and a half of raisins, stoned, and cut in two; half a pound of currants; a pound of chopped suet; a pound of candied orange and lemon peel; ten ounces of grated bread-crust; a pound of flour; a spoonful of powder to make it rise; ten ounces of sugar; half a pound of almonds; eight eggs beaten up; salt and spices; half a pint of pale ale, and a noggin of brandy—all mixed up well, and boiled for eight hours; "and it will be perfect." (So perfect, we may add, that it would risk a repetition of the famous scene, when at the ambassador's banquet at Constantinople, "The English ambassador's dish" was brought in between two servants—a thin mixture in a caldron of hot water, a plum-pudding that had never been clothed and in its right mind.)

When John Bull takes away his bride, the relatives and guests of the wedding breakfast pelt him in the face, in the neck, in the back, with handfuls of rice and all the old slippers in the house. Let him turn up his collar and run through the hail-shower to the carriage. Off for the honeymoon—well earned too! The old shoes signify on the part of the parents: "Ah! you wretch, you have carried off my daughter. There!—take that!" Perhaps the pelted pair take refuge on a tricycle and vanish. Double tricycles, called "sociables," are now the fashion for the honeymoon.

When John Bull goes to a concert, he listens with both his ears, and with his eyes shut; he has paid half a guinea for his seat. But when there is the same music in his drawing-room, everybody talks; and as soon as the pianist has finished, there is sudden silence, and then they say: "Thank you!" All the women play, and nearly all play badly. There is not even a tallow-chandler's shop that has not its piano. If families in London were to live as they do in Paris, having floors instead of whole houses, Bedlam, Colney Hatch, and all the other *mad*-houses, would be filled to overflowing—by the piano. In the poor quarters, the German bands and barrel-organs, the yellow Italian with earrings, and the English girl in Italian dress, play in the streets, making a harvest of "pennys," and "all the inhabitants" come out and dance.

John Bull's best shops have on the windows. *Ici on parle français*. Generally, the man that speaks French happens to be out. Fabulous sums are spent on advertising. The men who are hired to walk in line outside the edge of the pavement, carrying advertisement boards front and back, are called "sandwiches." "The saddest spectacle that has yet been given to the world by the degradation of man is a string of sandwiches!"

In the streets, there are not omnibus stations and tickets, as in Paris. Every one runs after the omnibus here; it is an example of the survival of the fittest. Once in, John Bull keeps silence, and so do his neighbors. To do him justice, "Beware of pickpockets, male and female," is a printed notice sufficient to freeze his gallantry. Whether travelling, or in the most fashionable shops, or in the clubs, or even in the Parliament House, he still keeps his hat on. John Bull only takes off his hat on great occasions; for instance, at the sound of *God save the Queen*, when he salutes England and Her Majesty. His hat is his flag. As for the army, he rains ovations and honors upon the redcoats, as a whole, but he will not admit the individual soldier in uniform to public places of amusement. You may admire the luxuriant hair massed on the head of a pretty girl; but a single hair in the soup is objectionable, even if it belong to the object of your homage. It is precisely the same with John Bull and the soldiers.

He is martial rather than military. Even the games in which his sons delight are contests that are very dangerous. Football is a furious game of savages. Do you want a de-

scription of it?—Certainly, we answer; we have a capital English description in "Tom Brown;" do let us look at it through French glasses. *Eh bien!*—"Figure to yourself fifteen fine strong young fellows on each side, with a large ball in the middle, which it is their object to kick between the two goals of the opposite camp. They push, they tumble each other, they roll in a heap at the risk of breaking ribs or jaws; they are breathless, their clothes in rags, their shoulders cut, their hair on end, their faces scratched, covered with sweat and blood and dust, their eyes blackened but bright with ardor, for all this is nothing compared to a defeat." All the youth of England, boys, students, officers, join in this ferocious game of savages. And they actually say: "Fine game, sir!"

Your mention of rags, Monsieur, reminds us of a glimpse of the poor of our streets, where your glasses do not play such tricks as they did with those fifteen fine young fellows covered with blood and dust. Let us turn your glasses upon the clothing of our workers and our poor; it is a better focus; the picture is clear, and sadly true. Here we see London, the vast city of cities, combining the extremes of misery and of luxury: poverty—cold, starving, and abject; and wealth, with an annual revenue that would be a colossal capital in France. Not only are they combined—they are mingled; everywhere, even in the best streets, the wretched are to be seen side by side with the rich, a perpetual reproach to the indifferent. The old clothes of the wealthy pass through innumerable hands down to the poor; they are worn till they fall to pieces of themselves. The wardrobe seller flourishes in every neighborhood where working-people live. "It is the spirit of independence and equality misunderstood which makes the poor dress like the rich. In the same way, it is a feeling of self-respect, a proper feeling as I judge it, which makes the working-classes of France prefer a garment which is cheap but new." The workmen do not wear the blouse; many of them copy the clothing of the leisured classes. It is only by the degree of dust and wear that you can judge of the class to which the man belongs. Again, amongst the women and poor girls, what flowers, what feathers, what lace! Even the poorest children are clad for Sunday with a tawdry old finery that mocks their simple childhood and their sad poverty. We have seen them, and not through French glasses either, and thought with longing of the comfort of children of the same class in France, with their cotton gowns, their sun-bonnets, and strong *sabots*.

To come back to the city of cities, the stranger is impressed by hearing that the Metropolitan Railway alone carries more than a hundred million of passengers in the year; and that every morning—taking only the report for the city proper—a million of letters are delivered in the city of London. Early every day the city is overflowed with the influx of men arriving by vehicle and train; business is done at steam speed. "You are requested not to speak except upon business," says the placard in the office. And at steam speed John Bull eats his lunch; where hundreds of merchants and clerks are busy with knife and fork, you could hear the buzz of a fly. At four the city begins to clear; at two o'clock on Saturday, it is deserted. All this impresses the stranger, perhaps as the secret of the way in which John Bull has become that "important personage to be found in every corner of the globe." He certainly has not a mind for those French songs sung by many another beside the famous little Dora Copperfield with the guitar—about the necessity of always dancing, tra-la-la.

If the stranger in the city looks up, he sees the electric wires spun overhead like the web of a gigantic spider. And if he be impressed with the London Docks, what would he think of the greater port at the broad Mersey mouth! "The docks with their forests of masts—there is a sight never to be forgotten." But the play of London is not as fine as its work. The civic rejoicings take the form of heavy dinners. The civic feast is a yearly procession which reminds one of the Carnival—troops, music, guilds with banners, circus-horses, sometimes camels and elephants, and, to close the march, the Lord Mayor in the place of the Shrove Tuesday fat bull.

It rains in London even in the houses; there are few that do not show traces of damp. Say to your landlord: "It rains in your house;" he will say: "Umbrellas are cheap." Say to the builder: "The dining-room wall is cracked." "Ah!" he will say, "somebody must have leant against that wall." So *Punch* reports—that amazing paper that achieves the feat unknown in cheap Paris prints of being funny and yet refined.

But who can speak of London without speaking of the fogs? They are of two kinds—the black fog and the peasoup fog. The peasoup fog is terrible. The gas is lighted in the streets, and even then you do not see. Traffic is stopped. For several hours it is a dead and buried city. The peasoup fog "seizes you by the throat and smothers you." Yet about these fogs there are mistaken notions in France; one *can* go out in the streets of London without having to hold a comrade by the coat-tails. Moreover, the terrible peasoup fog only seizes you by the throat and smothers you about fifteen times in the year. The other three hundred and fifty days have almost always the same mist. When the sun appears it is delicious; they photograph it, so as not to forget it. And even the peasoup fog is not incurable; the Lord Mayor and Corporation have taken it up, and there is hope.

In fine, John Bull has a tremendous empire, with India for its grandest jewel, and with a unique power of colonization; and all this he keeps together, not by bayonets but by moral force. He is more serious than his French neighbors; his judgment more calm, healthy, and solid; his patriotism of a better kind. The difference arises from climate, education, even from nourishment. A dinner of a pound of *rosbif*, a thick slice of plum-pudding, and a pot of beer, has a different mental effect from a dinner of a dozen of oysters, a wing of fowl, fruit, light pastry, and a bottle of pomard.

True my friend; but we thought the glasses were fixed straight and clear at last, and they have tilted off crookedly again and brought in that irrepressible *rosbif*. We despair. To look through French glasses as long as you have looked would hurt our eyes, as strangers' spectacles always do; but where their magnifying diverts us, we thank you; and where they see double, we return them to friendly hands. If Max O'Rell (*John Bull et son Ile*, par Max O'Rell; Paris, 1883) will look still better at the "Island of John Bull," he may yet find that other things beside London fogs are less black than they are painted.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE UPPER CURRENTS OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

ALL winds are caused directly by differences of atmospheric pressure, just in the same way that the flow of rivers is caused by differences of level; the motion of the air and that of the water being equally referable to gravitation. The wind blows from a region of higher towards a region of lower pressure, or from where there is a surplus to where there is a deficiency of air. Every isobaric map, showing the distribution of the mass of the atmosphere over any portion of the earth's surface, indicates a disturbance more or less considerable of atmospheric equilibrium, together with general movements of the atmosphere from regions of high pressure towards and in upon low-pressure areas. All observation shows further, that the prevailing winds of any region at any season are merely the expression of the atmospheric movements which result from the disturbance of the equilibrium of the atmosphere shown by the isobaric maps as prevailing at that season and over that region. All observation shows, in a manner equally clear and uniform, that the wind does not blow directly, from the region of high towards that of low pressure, but that, in the northern hemisphere, the region of lowest pressure is to the left hand of the direction towards which the wind blows, and in the southern hemisphere to the right of it. This direction of the wind in respect of the distribution of the pressure is known as Buys Ballot's law of the winds, according to which the angle formed by a line drawn to the centre of lowest pressure from the observer's position, and a line drawn in the direction of the wind is not a right angle, but an angle of from 60° to 80°. This law absolutely holds good for all heights up to the greatest height in the atmosphere at which there are a sufficient number of stations for drawing the isobarics for that height; and the proof from the whole field of observation is so uniform and complete that it cannot admit of any reasonable doubt that the same law holds good for all heights of the atmosphere.

In low latitudes, at great elevations, atmospheric pressure is greater than it is in higher latitudes at the same height, for the obvious reason that owing to the lower temperature of higher latitudes the air is more condensed in the lower strata, thus leaving a less pressure of air at great heights. It follows that the steepest barometric gradients for the upper currents of the atmosphere will be formed during the coldest months of the year. At Bogota, 8·727 feet in height, where the temperature is nearly uniform throughout the year, the mean pressure for January and July are 22·048 and 22·058 inches. On the other hand, at Mount Washington, 6285 feet high, where the January and July mean temperature are 6°·4 and 48°·2, the mean pressures for the same months are 23·392 and 23·875 inches. Similarly at Pike's Peak, 14,151 feet high, the mean temperatures are 3°·1, and 39°·7, and the mean pressures 17·493 and 18·069 inches; and since the sea-level pressures in the region of Pike's Peak are nearly 0·500 inch higher in January than in July, it follows that the lowering of the pressure on the top of Pike's Peak due to the lower temperature of January is upwards of 1·1000 inch. From the greatly steeper barometric gradients thus formed for upper currents during the cold months of the year from equatorial to polar regions, these currents attain their maximum strength in winter and converge upon those regions of the earth where the mean temperature is lowest.

As is now well known, atmospheric pressure in summer is lowest in the central regions of the continents of Asia, Africa, and America; and highest in the Atlantic between Africa and the United States, and in the Pacific between the United States and Japan, the absolutely lowest being in Asia, where temperature is relatively highest with respect to the regions immediately surrounding, and absolutely lowest in the Atlantic, which is most completely surrounded with highly heated continental lands. Again, in winter the lowest atmospheric pressures are found in the north of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, where temperature is relatively highest latitude for latitude; and the highest pressures towards the centres of the continents, some distance to southward of the regions where at this season abnormally low temperatures are lowest.

The causes which bring about an unequal distribution of the mass of the atmosphere are the temperature and the moisture considered with respect to the geographical distribution of land and water. Owing to the different relations of land and water to temperature the summer temperature of continents much exceeds that of the ocean in the same latitudes and hence results the abnormally high temperature of the interior of Asia, Africa, America, and Australia during their respective summers, in consequence of which the air becoming specifically lighter ascends in enormous columns thousands of miles in diameter. Winds from the ocean set in all round to take the place of the air thus removed, raising the rainfall to the annual maximum, and still further diminishing the atmospheric pressure. On the other hand, since in winter the temperature of the continents and their atmosphere falls abnormally low, the air becomes more condensed in the lower strata, and pressure is thereby diminished in the upper regions over the continents.

Upper currents set in all round upon the continents, and thus the sea-level pressures become still further increased. Hence the absolutely highest mean pressure occurring anywhere on the globe at any season, about 30·500 inches, occurs in Africa in the depth of winter.

Now observation conclusively proves that from the region of high pressure in the interior of Asia in winter, from the region of high pressure in the Atlantic in summer, and from all other regions of high pressure, the winds blow outwards in all directions; and that towards the region of low pressure in Asia in summer, towards the region of low pressure in the north of the Atlantic in winter, and towards all other regions of low pressure, whenever and wherever they occur, the winds blow in an in-moving spiral course.

Since enormous masses of air are in this way poured into the region where pressure is low without increasing that pressure, and enormous masses of air flow out of the region where pressure is high without diminishing that pressure, it is simply a necessary inference to conclude that the masses of air poured all round into the region of low normal pressure do not accumulate over that region, but must somehow escape away into other regions; and that the masses of air which flow outwards on all sides from the region of high normal pressure must have their places taken by fresh accessions of air poured in from above. Keeping in view the law of the barometric gradient as applicable to all heights of the atmosphere, it is evident that the ascending current, from a low-pressure area, the air composing which is relatively warm and moist, will continue its ascent till a height is reached at which the pressure of the air of the current equals or just falls short of the pressure over the surrounding regions at that high level. On reaching this height, the air, being no longer buoyed up by a greater specific levity than that of the surrounding air, ceases to ascend, and thereafter spreads itself horizontally as upper currents towards those regions which offer the least resistance to it. The overflow of the upper currents is thus in the direction of those regions where pressure at the time is least, and this again we have seen to be towards and over that region or those regions the air of which in the lower strata of the atmosphere is colder and dryer than that of surrounding regions.

The broad conclusion is this: the winds on the surface of the globe are indicated by the isobaric lines showing the distribution of the mass of the earth's atmosphere near the surface, the direction of the wind being from regions where pressure is high towards regions where pressure is low, in accordance with Buys Ballot's law. On the other hand, the low-pressure regions, such as the belt of calms in equatorial regions, the interior of Asia in summer, and the north of the Atlantic and pacific in winter, with their ascending currents, and relatively higher pressure at great heights as compared with surrounding regions, point out the sources or fountains whence the upper currents flow. From these sources the upper currents spread themselves and flow towards and over those parts of the earth where pressure is relatively low. These directions are, speaking generally, from equatorial to polar regions; but more particularly towards and over those more restricted regions where in the lower strata of the atmosphere the air is colder and dryer than in neighboring regions, such as the Atlantic between the United States and Africa in summer, and central Asia in winter.

This view of the general movements of the upper currents of the atmosphere is in accordance with the observations which have been made in different parts of the globe on the motions of the cirrus cloud, and with observations of the directions in which ashes from volcanoes have been carried by these upper currents. In further corroboration of the same views, reference may be made to the researches made in recent years, particularly by Prof. Hildebrandsson and Clement Ley, into the upper currents of the atmosphere, based on observations of the movements of the cirrus cloud in their relation to the cyclones and anticyclones of north-western Europe.

An important bearing of cyclonic and anticyclonic areas on the distribution of temperature may be here referred to. The temperature is abnormally raised on the east side of cyclonic areas and abnormally depressed on their west sides; but, on the other hand, temperature is abnormally raised on the west sides of anticyclonic areas, and depressed on their east sides—the directions being reversed in the southern hemisphere.* Since the temperature is lower in the rear than in the front of a cyclone, it follows that, relatively to the sea-level pressures, pressure will be lower in the upper regions in the rear of a cyclone than in front of it, a result which the Ben Nevis observations strongly confirm. Hence relatively warmer and moister upper currents will flow backward over the colder and dryer air immediately in the rear of the centres of cyclones; and upper currents also presenting contrasts of temperature and vapor will overlap the outskirts of anticyclones. These considerations suggest how very diverse interpretations of the movements of the cirrus cloud in their relation to cyclones and anticyclones have originated, and may also indicate lines of research into some of the more striking optical scenic displays of the atmosphere.—*Nature.*

DOCKS.

THERE are few people to whom a visit to the docks does not prove interesting, and most of our distinguished visitors are shown one or more of the numerous docks of the United Kingdom. A tour round the docks cannot fail to be full of instruction, every ship and package bearing witness to the magnitude of the interests of this country in every part of the world.

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* See "Reviews of Weather Maps of the United States," *Nature*, vols. xxi., xxii., and xxiii.

Docks are usually defined as artificial basins for the reception of ships. They are of two sorts—wet and dry. Wet docks are generally made with gates, to retain the water at high-tide level. Ships are let through these gates at high-water; and the gates being shut before the tide goes down, the ships are kept constantly afloat in a depth of water which, in the Thames, is often fifteen or twenty feet more than that outside. Dry docks are used for the building, examination, and repair of ships, which are floated in; and the water either flows out with the ebbing tide, or is pumped out after the gates or caisson are closed.

The question is often asked: What is the use of docks? The docks on the Thames were originally made for the purpose of stopping the robberies of produce whilst being conveyed in barges up and down the river, estimated to involve a loss to the revenue exceeding half a million pounds a year. But there are other uses in docks besides the security against pillage. A large vessel, particularly if loaded, could not lie on the ground without being injured even in calm weather; and in rough or stormy weather, her destruction would be inevitable. Even smaller vessels would suffer strain unless the ground was very soft. Attempts have been made to provide the required accommodation by means of piers fixed at such a distance into the sea that vessels would not touch the ground notwithstanding any variation in the tide; but such a plan can only be carried out at special places, and there is great inconvenience, owing to the constant shifting of the ship's position. In docks, the water is practically always of the same depth; a ship is perfectly sheltered in rough weather; and there is no risk of collision.

Wet docks are the places usually selected for discharing and loading ships. Sometimes this work is done by the servants of the Dock Companies, sometimes by the crew of the ship, sometimes by stevedores hired by the owner of the ship. In these times of expensively built steamers, when an hour idle is money actually lost, the operations of discharging and loading are carried on at a rate which would have taken away the breath of the last generation of dock employés. Thirty years ago, it was considered fair work to discharge a vessel of fifteen hundred tons in a fortnight; whilst loading, which is generally a slower operation, was completed within perhaps a month. Now, not a minute is lost after the arrival of a vessel before work on her commences with the greatest speed consistent with safety; and a steamer of fifteen hundred tons is often unloaded and off again full of another cargo equal in quantity within forty hours of her entry into the docks.

It is commonly supposed by strangers who visit the docks that the produce stored in the warehouses is the property of the Dock Companies; but this is not the case. The Dock Companies, with scarcely an exception, import nothing; they are, as a body, neither growers, producers, nor importers of produce—simply custodians. They discharge the vessels and house the produce, reporting upon its condition to the merchants interested, and furnishing, usually, samples of the goods. In most docks, the warehouses are placed near the edge of the quay to receive the goods landed from the ships; though, as a rule, the percentage of cargo left in dock warehouses, especially perishable articles which are sold before arrival, is not very high. But produce of value, such as tea, coffee, indigo, drugs, etc., have to be "worked" for sale purposes; and this term embraces the opening of the package, examination for sea-damage, sorting into qualities, and a host of other operations required by sellers and buyers. Some warehouses have eight or nine floors; but the top floor is preferred for "working," for the obvious reason that it is generally better lighted than the others. The stocks of produce in docks are enormous. In London, there are at the present time nearly half a million tons of goods in the warehouses attached to the docks; and as every package is subject to several varying manipulations, it will be seen that great powers of organization are required to manage a dock efficiently and cheaply.

A regular staff of laborers is usually employed at docks, and the nationality of this class is, as a rule, Irish, as the orders and responses given in the course of work unmistakably show. The nature of the work is dirty, rough, heavy, and dangerous; yet there is an unfailing supply of labor offered, and, as a rule, the men employed permanently are admirable specimens of national strength and vigor. About the last resource of men who have failed in other walks of life is to apply at the dock gates for work as extra laborers; and no more painful sight can be seen than the faces, marked by penury or dissipation, of men eagerly pressing forward as candidates for a remote chance of employment at the rate of fivepence an hour. Considering the amount of work got out of him, the dock laborer is perhaps worse paid than any other toiler, not even excepting the agricultural laborer, who enjoys advantages unattainable by his town representative. The homes of most of the men are of the most wretched description, owing to the impossibility of obtaining proper quarters in large towns at a rent within the reach of dock wages, and the worst consequences of such unhealthy conditions follow in the low moral tone of the dock laborer. At Barrow, the dock authorities have erected a handsome pile of buildings for the use of their men, the rent for five rooms varying from four shillings and sixpence to six shillings and sixpence a week. This is decidedly a step in the right direction, and should be followed at other and more important ports where the necessity for the accommodation is far more pressing.

Mud is one of the greatest enemies which beset docks and harbors, and the removal of mud is a very costly item in the expenses of a dock. At some ports, like Hull and Leith, the water holds an immense amount of soil, which begins to settle immediately the gates are shut, and if not speedily removed, becomes a hard mass. At Liverpool, sluices are arranged to keep the water in motion, in order to pre-

vent any deposit; but we have yet to learn that this scheme has successfully answered its purpose. As a rule, there is no difficulty in disposing of the mud raised by the dredgers, the practice being to tow the barges a mile or two away, and, by opening movable bottoms, to let the soil fall into the sea. But at London, where the sea is a hundred miles distant, this plan cannot be adopted, and the Conservators of the Thames naturally object to the further pollution of the river. The only course open, therefore, is to shoot the mud on lands below the level of the river, near the docks; but as these sites become filled up and raised, the difficulty of finding suitable mud-shoots becomes greater, whilst the increasing value of river frontages near London further augments the expense of the disposal of the mud.

As far back as 1592, Blackwall was noted for its great harbor of shipping, which harbor in all probability gave rise to the idea and subsequent formation of docks. The first wet dock in England, however, appears to have been the Howland great wet dock at Rotherhithe, on the south side of the Thames. This dock was built in 1660, and was used for the Greenland trade. The next dock was made at Liverpool, about fifty years afterwards. The time, however, when the greatest activity was shown in building docks was at the beginning of the present century, when works of engineering skill received a great impetus. In 1800 there was not a single dock in London beyond that at Rotherhithe. Ten years later, were in existence and in full working order, the West India Dock, the East India Dock, the London Dock, and a further extension of the docks at Rotherhithe, now known as the Surrey Commercial Docks; the total area of dock accommodation being in that period raised from about ten to two hundred acres.

The West India Dock, as its name indicates, was intended for the West India trade; and the merchants interested in that trade obtained the original capital of half a million sterling in two days; and a charter was granted by George III., providing that for twenty-one years after the opening of the dock, every vessel from the West Indies arriving in the Thames should be discharged in the West India Dock. This trade was relatively far more important at that time than it is now, as we depended almost entirely upon the West Indies for our sugar; and as the Dock Company were allowed to make very high charges—as much as six shillings and eightpence a ton being levied on ships entering the dock—dividends of ten per cent. per annum were paid and a large reserve fund accumulated, which was, however, subsequently absorbed by a reduction in the charges whilst payment of the same dividend was continued. But although the charges were so exorbitant, it was considered a great improvement to use the docks, in preference to allowing ships to lie out in the stream with the cargo at the mercy of the river-thieves. No sooner were the West India Docks established, than the East India Company promoted the East India Dock for the accommodation of their magnificent ships; and at the same time, the London Docks were built. The latter docks were intended for the reception of ships laden with tobacco, wine, and brandy, and in respect to such vessels, a charter similar in terms to that granted to the West India Dock was obtained. Later on, the St. Katharine Dock was constructed near the heart of London; and more recently, the Victoria, Millwall, and Royal Albert Docks. The total water-area of the docks of London is about four hundred and fifty acres; whilst the ground covered with sheds, buildings, and roads, must be three times that area. The length of the quays is about twenty-two miles. Some idea of the extent of the business done at the docks of London may be realized from the fact, that on a busy day in the summer they supply employment to twenty thousand persons, and that the amount paid for labor alone exceeds nine hundred thousand pounds a year.

As a seaport, Liverpool is the great rival of London. The length of the dock quays at Liverpool is thirty miles; and as the capacity of docks is now estimated by the length of quay and not by the area of the water inclosed, Liverpool is decidedly better off in dock accommodation than London, although the docks on the Mersey are not individually of the dimensions of those found on the Thames. The rapid rise of Liverpool has almost passed into a proverb. It was in 1709 that the first dock was projected, and at that time eighty-four ships, with a burden of five thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine tons, belonged to the port. Fifty years later, a second dock was constructed; and since that time, fresh docks have been built at intervals, which have rapidly increased in recent years, till, at the present time, the whole of the river-frontage of the city, of a length of five miles, is covered with docks, and the tonnage entering and leaving the port is over twelve million tons a year. On the river-side of the docks a sea-wall has been constructed, averaging eleven feet in thickness and forty feet in height; and bearing in mind the difficulties attending its construction, this wall may be considered as one of the greatest works of modern times. Unlike the docks of London, which belong to four private companies, the docks of Liverpool are vested in a corporation called the Mersey Docks and Harbor Board, and the docks are worked for the public benefit, and not with the object of paying a dividend. The chief cause of the extraordinary rise of Liverpool has undoubtedly been the prosperity of the manufacturing interests at Manchester, Bury, and other large towns in the immediate district, which have no adequate water-access; but a great deal of the success has been due to the bold foresight of the inhabitants of Liverpool in meeting and anticipating the requirements of trade.

No greater enterprise in dock works has ever been shown than at Glasgow; nor need the promoters of the Manchester Ship Canal and Docks faint and grow weary, with the example of Glasgow before them. The Clyde abounded in shoals; and in 1775, vessels drawing more than six feet could not come up to Glasgow, except at spring-tides. But the river has been so deepened, that now vessels draw-

ing twenty feet can lie at the quays at Glasgow at any time, and Glasgow is the third port of the United Kingdom. There are not many docks of the ordinary type; but the Clyde, which is a much narrower river than the Thames or Mersey, has been cleverly adapted to afford the accommodation usually given in docks.

We have not more space to refer to the docks in other ports except to add that there are splendid specimens of these great works at Hull, Bristol, Cardiff, Grimsby, Barrow, Southampton, Lowestoft, Leith, etc., all of which have been established within the last seventy years; while at Tilbury, important new docks are in process of construction.

There is a close connection between docks and railways; and in these days, a dock whose quays are not directly in communication with the great trunk-lines of railway, is behind the age, and will certainly not prosper. The object of this communication is to avoid the unnecessary handling of goods, for handling means increased cost to the consumer. The capital invested in docks and harbors in the United Kingdom cannot be less than three hundred million pounds, or nearly half the amount of the capital spent on railways. There are three agents indispensable for developing a trade such as that carried on by our merchants, namely, steamers, rail ways, and docks; and in these, we have, through the enterprise of our forefathers and of the men who now lead in the commercial world, ever been pre-eminent.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE SOUDAN AND ITS FUTURE.

"WHAT is the Soudan?" is a question that has frequently been asked since the recent calamity has diverted public attention from the usual course and concentrated all interest upon that distant region. "Is the Soudan worth keeping?" "Why not give it up?" are remarks that have not been uncommon since the overwhelming disaster which has befallen the army under the command of General Hicks.

I shall endeavor to reply to these questions, and to explain the actual condition of those provinces which are included in the general term "Soudan."

The great lake Victoria N'yanza, discovered by the late Captain Speke, is 3400 feet above the sea level—beneath the Equator. The Albert N'yanza is 2700 feet; Gondokoro, 2000 feet; Khartum, 1200 feet, in latitude 15° 34′. The general altitude of the country in the equatorial regions above the two great lakes is about 4000 feet.

Accepting the Albert N'yanza as the general reservoir, from the northern extremity, latitude 2° 15′, the Nile issues to commence its course from an altitude of 2700 feet above the sea level. We therefore discover a fall of 700 feet in a course of about 200 miles, influenced by a succession of cataracts and rapids —while from Gondokoro, latitude 4° 54′, in a winding channel of about 1400 miles, the fall is about 800 feet to Khartum—or nearly seven inches per mile—a navigable river throughout, with a stream that hardly averages a speed of three miles per hour.

Before the White Nile annexation, the Soudan was accepted in a vague and unsatisfactory definition as representing everything south of the first cataract at Assonan without any actual limitation—but the extension of Egyptian territory to the Equator has increased the value of the term, and the word Soudan now embraces the whole of that vast region which comprises the deserts of Nubia, Libya, the ancient Meroe, Dongola, Kordofan, Darfur, Senaar, and the entire Nile Basin, bordered on the east by Abyssinia, and elsewhere by doubtful frontiers. The Red Sea upon the east alone confines the Egyptian limit to an unquestionable line.

Wherever the rainfall is regular, the country is immensely fertile, therefore the Soudan may be divided into two portions—the great deserts which are beyond the rainy zone, and consequently arid, and the southern provinces within that zone, which are capable of great agricultural development.

As the River Nile runs from south to north from an elevation of 3400 feet until it meets the Mediterranean at the Rosetta and Damietta mouths, it flows through the rainy zone to which it owes its birth, and subsequently streams onwards through the 1200 miles of sands north of the Atbara River, which is the last tributary throughout its desert course.

Including the bends of this mighty Nile, a distance is traversed of about 3300 miles from the Victoria N'yanza to the Mediterranean; the whole of this region throughout its passage is now included in the name "Soudan."

The thirty-two degrees of latitude intersected by the Nile must of necessity exhibit great changes in temperature and general meteorological conditions.

The comparatively small area of the Egyptian Delta is the natural result of inundations upon the lower level, which by spreading the waters have thereby slackened the current, and allowed a sufficient interval for the deposit of the surcharged mud. That fertilizing alluvium has been brought down from the rich lands of Mereo and portions of Abyssinia by the Atbara River and its tributaries, the Salaam, Angrab, and the greater stream Settite. All those rivers cut through a large area of deep soil, through which in the course of ages they have excavated valleys of great depth, and in some places of more than two miles width. The cubic contents of these enormous cuttings have been delivered upon the low lands of Egypt at the period of inundations.

The Blue Nile, which effects a junction with the White Nile at Khartum in N. latitude 15° 34′, is also a mud carrier, but not to the same extent as the Atbara. The White Nile, on the contrary, is of lacustrine origin, and conveys no mud, but the impurity of its waters is caused by an excess of vegetable matter suspended in the finest particles, and exhibiting beneath the microscope minute globules of green matter, which have the appearance of germs. When the two rivers

meet at the Khartum junction, the water of the Blue Nile, which contains lime, appears to coagulate the albuminous matter in that of the White Nile, which becomes too heavy to remain in suspension; it therefore precipitates and forms a deposit, after which the true Nile, formed by a combination of the two rivers, becomes wholesome, and remains comparatively clear until it meets the muddy Atbara, in latitude 17° 40′. The Sobat River in N. latitude 9° 21′ is a most important tributary, supposed to have its sources in the southern portion of the Galla country. All these powerful streams exhibit a uniform system of drainage from south-east to north-west. The only affluent upon the west is the Bahr Ghazal in latitude 9° 20′, but that river is quite unimportant as a contributor to the great volume of the Nile.

The rainy zone extends to about 15° North latitude, but the rainfall is dependent upon peculiarities of elevation, and physical conditions of localities.

Wherever the rainfall is dependable, the natural fertility of the soil is at once exhibited by enormous crops, in the neighborhood of villages, where alone a regular system of cultivation is pursued.

The gentle slope from the Equator to the Mediterranean—from the Victoria N'yanza source of the Nile 3400 feet in a course of about the same number of miles—may be divided into two portions by almost halving the thirty-two degrees of latitude in a direct line. Fifteen will include the rainy zone north of the Equator, and the remaining seventeen to Alexandria comprise the vast deserts which are devoid of water.

The enormous extent of burning sand which separates the fertile portion of the Soudan from Lower Egypt would, in the absence of the camel, be like an ocean devoid of vessels, and the deserts would be a barrier absolutely impassable by man. Nature has arranged the various fauna according to the requirements and conditions of the earth's surface; we, therefore, possess the camel as the only animal that can with impunity support a thirst that will enable it to traverse great distances without the necessity of water. This invaluable creature will travel during the hottest months a distance of 120 miles with a load of 400 lbs., without drinking upon the journey until the fourth day. It is necessary that before starting the camel shall drink its fill. This may be in the evening of Monday. It will then travel thirty miles a day, and by Friday P.M. it will have completed four days, or 120 miles, and will require water. A certain amount of dhurra (sorghum vulgare) must be given during a forced march, as the animal will have no time to graze upon the scanty herbage of the desert.

The desert of Korosko is 230 miles across to Abou Hamed, and this journey is performed in seven days, the camels drinking once only upon the road at the bitter wells of Mourāhd. Horses can be taken across such deserts only through the aid of camels, which transport the water required for the less enduring animals.

Although the camel is apparently indigenous to the African and Arabian deserts, it is a curious fact that we have never heard of such an animal in a state of Nature. Not even the ancient writers mention the camel as existing in a wild state in any portion of the globe. In this we find an exception to all other animals, whose original progenitors may be discovered in occupation of those wild haunts from which they must have been captured to become domesticated.

As the camel is the only means of communication between the Soudan and Lower Egypt, we at once recognize the reality of separation effected by the extent of desert, which reduces the value of those distant provinces to nil, until some more general means of transport shall be substituted.

The fertile provinces of the Soudan, irrespective of the White Nile margin, are those between the Atbara River and the Blue Nile, in addition to all those lands between Cassala and Gallabat, together with the country traversed by the rivers Rahad and Dinder, opposite Senaar. The latter province between the Blue and the White Niles is the Granary of Khartum.

It is well known that the Soudan was annexed by Mehemet Ali Pacha, grandfather of the ex-Khedive Ismail Pacha, and by a stern rule the discordant elements of rival Arab tribes were reduced to order.

Khartum, at the confluence of the Blue and White Niles, became the capital, and Shendy, Berber, and Dongola represented towns of importance upon the river margin. Souakim and Massawa were ports upon the Red Sea, well adapted for commercial outlets. Cassala was fortified, and became the strategical point in Taka near the Abyssinian frontier. Gallabat, which was an Abyssinian town at the date of my visit in 1861, was subsequently added to Egyptian rule. In 1869–1875, the Khedive Ismail Pacha annexed the entire Nile Basin to the Equator.

This enormous territory comprises a great variety of tribes. Those north of the Equator to the Blue Nile are more or less of the negro type, but the deserts are peopled by Arabs of distinct origin, some of whom arrived as conquerors from the east coast of the Red Sea at a period so remote that authority is merely legendary.

The inhabitants of Dongola possess a language of their own, while all other Arab tribes, excepting the Haddendowas, speak Arabic. The deserts from Cairo to the Blue Nile comprise the following tribes:—Bedouins, Bishareens, Haddendowas, Jahleens, Dabainas, Shookereeaks, Beni Amers, Kunanas, Rufars, Hamadas, Hamrans, Halhongas, and Abbabdiehs. The west borders of the Nile contain the Bagaras, Kabbabeesh, Dongolawas, and some others. All these people were well in hand, and subservient to the Egyptian Government within my knowledge of the country from 1861 to 1874.

The White Nile tribes from Khartum to the Equator, including the inhabitants of Darfur and Kordofan, are beyond enumeration.

The occupations of these various races depend mainly upon the conditions of their localities. Those lands which are well watered by a periodical rainfall, are cultivated with dhurra (sorghum), sesamé, cotton, and a variety of native produce; while the desert Arabs are mainly employed in pastoral pursuits, breeding camels, sheep, goats, and cattle, which they exchange for the necessary cereals.

It may be readily imagined that an immense area of wild desert is required for the grazing of such flocks and herds. The stunted shrubs, and the scant herbage which are found within the hollows, where the water from an occasional thunderstorm has concentrated, and given sustenance to a wiry vegetation, are quickly devoured by the hungry animals that rove over the barren wilderness.

The Arabs must continually move their camps in search of fresh pasturage, and the sufferings of the half-starved beasts are intensified by the distance from water which of necessity increases as they wander further from the wells. I have seen many places where the cattle drink only upon alternate days, and must then march twenty miles to the watering-place. I have always considered that the Arabs are nomadic from necessity, and not from an instinctive desire to wander, and that a supply of water for irrigation would attract them to settle permanently as cultivators of the soil. There are certain seasons when it becomes imperative to remove the cattle from rich lands into the sandy deserts, at the approach of the periodical rains, to avoid the mud, and more especially to escape from the dreaded scourge, the fly; but an exodus of the camels and stock, together with their attendants, would not affect those who remained behind to cultivate corn and cotton during the favorable time.

The fertile area of the Soudan north of the Blue Nile is almost unlimited, but there cannot be any practical development until the means of transport shall be provided. At the present moment there would be no possibility of extending the area of cultivation with a view to export, as the supply of camels would be insufficient for the demand. In 1873, Moomtaz Pacha, an energetic Circassian, was Governor of the Soudan, and he insisted that every village should cultivate a certain amount of cotton in proportion to the population; this was simply experimental. The quantity produced was so extraordinary that the camel owners seized the opportunity to strike for higher rates, as they well knew the absolute necessity of crop-time. An immense amount of cotton remained ungathered, and fell upon the ground like snow, as the unfortunate cultivators had no means of conveying it to market. Moomtaz Pacha was declared to be insane, but on the contrary he had proved the great producing power of the soil and population, though at the same time he had demonstrated the utter futility of agricultural extension until railway communication should ensure the means of transport.

The Soudan must be regarded in the light of a rich country to which there is practically no access. It would be of the greatest value if developed by modern engineering, but it will remain as a mill-stone upon the neck of Egypt unless such means of transport are encouraged without delay.

There is probably no other country so eminently adapted for the cultivation of cotton as the Soudan. The soil is extremely rich; the climate is perfection, as there is a perfect dryness in the atmosphere, which during the process of ripening and gathering is indispensable. The cotton can be dried, cleaned, and packed without a moment's hindrance from adverse weather; and, were railway communication established to Souakim, the crop would be shipped direct to Liverpool within three weeks by steamer.

The cultivation of flax and hemp is entirely neglected, but these valuable commodities could be produced to any extent upon the fat soil bordering the Atbara River, between Sofi and Kadarif.

In England we are so fully occupied with the affairs of every-day life, and our food supply is delivered with such unbroken regularity, that few persons consider the danger of a sudden interruption that would be caused during a time of war in which we might be ourselves engaged. We are a hungry nation, dependent upon foreign shores for our supply of wheat, and our statesmen should devote particular attention to ensure that supply under any circumstances; otherwise the democratic power which they are about to raise will be exerted in a manner that may surprise the Ministers of the day, when the high price of wheat shall have doubled the cost of the quartern loaf.

There is no portion of the world that will be better guarded in time of war than the route from Egypt to Great Britain. With Cyprus, Malta, and Gibraltar in our possession, the Mediterranean will be secured from Alexandria to the Straits.

It is accordingly important to provide a food supply that would be transported through the well protected route. The Soudan would supply England with the two great commodities required—cotton and wheat.

The development of the Soudan should be encouraged and positively undertaken by England now that events are driving us to assume a responsible control. There is no possibility of internal improvement without the employment of foreign capital; and there will be no investment of such capital until confidence in the stability of the administration shall be established. Of this, there can be no hope, until Egypt shall be in the acknowledged position of being the protected ally of England. If that should be accomplished, we should quickly see reforms in the Soudan that would within two or three years exhibit an extraordinary change both in the people and in the resources of the country. At present it is in a state of nature. Nothing has been done by the Government to encourage the industry of the people; on the contrary, they have been ill-treated and oppressed. Before the rainy season, the surface of the earth, parched and denuded of all sem-

blance of vegetation by the burning sun, is simply scratched by a small tool similar to an inferior Dutch hoe, and a few grains of dhurra are dropped into a hole, hardly one inch in depth. This is repeated at distances of about two feet. The rain commences towards the end of May, and in a few days the dhurra shoots appear above the ground. The extreme richness of the soil, aided by plenteous rains and a warm sun, induces a magical growth, which starts the hitherto barren wilderness into life. The surface of the country which in the rainless months appeared a desert incapable of producing vegetation, bursts suddenly into a brilliant green, and the formerly sun-burnt area assumes the appearance of rich velvet, as it becomes carpeted throughout with the finest grass. Dhurra that first threw up delicate shoots above the hardened and ill-tilled soil, grows with extreme rapidity to the height of nine or ten feet, and the produce can be imagined from the fact that I once counted 4840 grains in only one head of this prolific sorghum. Cotton, and all other vegetation, grows with similar vigor immediately after the commencement of the rains.

This picture of abundance is confined to those districts which are beneath the influence of the rainy zone, but there are other lands equally rich and capable of production which must be cultivated by artificial irrigation. In the absence of any organized method such as exists in Lower Egypt by the extension of a canal system, the banks of rivers including the Rahad, Blue Nile, and Main Nile, are alone watered by the ordinary cattle-wheels (sakeeyahs); the cultivation is accordingly restricted to a comparatively small area that is within the power of irrigation by the simple machinery of the inhabitants.

If any person will study the map of the Soudan, he will at once observe the natural facilities for a general plan of irrigation that would combine the supply of water with the means of transport by canals. As the uniform drainage is from S.E. to N.W., the rivers Rahad, Dinder, Blue Nile, and Atbara traverse the rich lands of the Soudan exactly in the same direction. These rivers are impetuous torrents, which by their extreme velocity quickly exhaust themselves after the termination of the rains in Abyssinia. A series of weirs upon the Rahad, Dinder, and Atbara would thoroughly control the waters, that would thus be kept at higher levels, and would enable them to be conducted by canals throughout the fertile lands which at present are neglected in the absence of sufficient moisture. As those rivers are unnavigable, the weirs might be constructed in the most simple manner, as there is no traffic to require special adaptation.

A railway has been suggested from Souakim to Berber. This would be a half-measure, and a mistake, as Berber is below the last cataract of the Nile. and common-sense would dictate that the river terminus should be above the most southern obstruction. Although with good pilotage a steamer can ascend the Shendy cataract without much danger, there are many reasons that would be in favor of a terminus where the river is navigable throughout the Blue and the White Niles, which would enable the produce of the interior to be transported by vessels from the Equatorial regions without the slightest hindrance.

The south wind blows regularly for six months every year, and thus it would be impossible for sailing vessels, after having delivered their cargoes at Berber, to re-ascend the river to Khartum, unless by the difficult and tedious process of towing against the rapid current.

A railway from Souakim might be constructed with no great difficulty, excepting the total absence of limestone for preparing the mortar necessary for bridges. The lime would either be brought from Egypt, or it must be burnt at Souakim from the coral reefs. It might be cheaper and better if sent direct from Marseilles.

There is a perplexing necessity in bridging countless torrent beds throughout the desert route in the absence of one drop of water. Nevertheless, this precaution is absolutely necessary, as occasional storms of extreme violence would tear down and destroy any works that were not adequately protected. Another drawback to the construction of the railway would be the want of water, except at long intervals of two days' march. The first preliminary work should be devoted to an exploration of the substrata by boring apparatus that might discover springs in places as yet unexplored. I have no doubt that water exists in very many localities beyond the search of the desert Arabs, who are ill-provided with tools, and are contented with wells at intervals of twenty-four hours' march. It is quite possible that artesian wells might be the result of boring at depths far below any that could be attained except by aid of the machine. Force-pumps should be arranged, which might be worked by camels, and the route from Souakim would probably be supplied with water without much difficulty.

If the railway should be carried from Souakim to the Nile above the last cataract, the distance would be about 340 miles. The bridge that would cross the Atbara River should combine the "barrage," which would control the stream by means of sluice-gates, and the water would be led into canals for irrigation; at the same time those channels would convey the produce of the cultivated area direct to the several stations on the railway.

If the waters of the Atbara and other rivers were thus confined, instead of being permitted to waste their volume by the impetuosity of their streams, we should be enabled to store a supply for agricultural purposes to be in readiness for the various stages of cultivation.

Nothing should be lightly undertaken, and no contracts should be entered upon for any line of railway until a competent commission shall have decided upon a general plan of agricultural development for the Soudan. The first railway will be the parent of other lines, and the harmony of the whole system will depend upon a careful plan that shall

have been pre-arranged, to include irrigation and canal traffic as feeders to the main artery.

There can be little doubt that eventually the entire Nile will be controlled by a system of masonry weirs similar to the "bhunds" which are the great engineering works upon the rivers of India. Such a system would render the Nile navigable throughout its course from Khartum to Cairo, and would ensure irrigation at all seasons of the year, irrespective of the usual period of inundation. In the flood-time of the high Nile the surplus waters would be led into natural depressions that would form vast reservoirs, from which canals would lead the required volume to distant districts at a lower level. The water-power at every successive dam would be enormous, and could be used for driving the machinery that is necessary for the cleaning of cotton, prior to the operation of packing for exportation.

The English who have visited the Soudan may be counted upon the fingers, and yet we hear a cry from the lips of ignorance, "Give up the Soudan, and confine the limits of Egypt to the first cataract at Assouan!"

The spirit of England appears to have undergone a lamentable change. The instant that a severe reverse startles the trembling nerves of pessimists, there is a sudden yell for retreat from the dangerous position. Candahar was abandoned. From the Transvaal there was a general skedaddle. If the unfortunate General Hicks had succeeded in Kordofan, England would loudly have proclaimed the victory under British leadership; but a serious reverse at once inverts the picture, and the roar of the British lion is thundered for retreat! Such a cry respecting the Soudan would be a proof of the most cowardly ignorance. It is the unfortunate fashion of modern times for those who know absolutely nothing of a subject to become most positive in the expression of opinion—especially upon foreign affairs. The same person who as a stranger to the locality would not presume to argue upon the neighborhood of Richmond or the River Thames, will audaciously advance his views upon the Soudan and the scources of the Nile. People who are hardly respected upon the local board of a county town, are firm in their opinions upon Tonquin and Afghanistan. Certain newspapers are equally presumptuous, and reflect the ignorance of their subscribers.

If the Soudan were abandoned, the following consequences would assuredly ensue, which would ultimately endanger the existence of the more civilized country—Lower Egypt.

The entire Soudan, which is inhabited by many and various races, would relapse into complete anarchy and savagedom. A constant civil war would be waged; cultivation would be interrupted; trade would cease. The worst elements of debased human nature (which must be seen to be understood, in those regions) would be uncontrolled, and the whole energies of the population would be concentrated in the slave-trade. The White Nile—where General Gordon has devoted the best years of his life, and where I laid the foundation before him, in the hope that the seeds then sown would at some future day bear fruit—would become the field for every atrocity that can be imagined. Even those naked savages believed our promises: "that England would protect them from slavery." They would be abandoned to every conceivable outrage, and the slave-hunting would recommence upon a scale invigorated by the repression of the last thirteen years, but suddenly withdrawn.

The anarchy of the Soudan would call upon the scene another power—Abyssinia. The march from Gallabat upon Khartum is the most certain movement, and could hardly be resisted, if well organized.

A portion of the Soudan would certainly be annexed by Abyssinia. Other portions after long civil conflict would have determined themselves into little kingdoms, and the whole would be hostile forces beyond the Egyptian frontier. The state of tension would entail the necessity of a military force in Egypt that would be a crushing burden upon her revenue. A sensible communication from H.H. Prince Ibrahim Hilmy Pacha to the *Times* a few days since directed public attention to the fact, that one of the great works of His Highness Ismail Pacha, the Khedive, was the establishment of the Nilometer at Khartum, together with the telegraph. Every day throughout the year the height of the Nile is telegraphed to Cairo, and during the period of threatened inundation the Government at Lower Egypt is kept informed of the approaching flood which is hurrying towards the Delta. Twenty or twenty-four days must elapse before the volume of Soudan water can reach Egypt, and thus time is allowed for the strengthening of embankments to resist an invasion which formerly arrived without warning, and devastated the most fertile provinces of the country. There cannot be a more striking example of the results of scientific development; the few minutes of time occupied by the telegraphic message through a course of 1400 miles paralyzes the attack of an enemy whose advance was formerly overwhelming.

Should the Soudan be lost to Egypt, the control of the river will have ceased. There will be no scope for future extension. The commerce of the interior will be ruined. The prestige of the country will have departed. The success of a Southern insurrection will be a dangerous example for the Northern provinces, and for the Arab tribes from Syria to Arabia. No Government can afford to lose a province through insurrection; it is the first wrench which precedes a general dislocation.

It has been frequently asked, For what object is this rebellion headed by the Mahdi? What is the desired aim? Why is a population that was hitherto so docile and easily governed suddenly exasperated into revolt? On March 25, 1882, when opinions differed concerning the movements of Arabi Bey, and long before the British Government had

framed a policy, the *Times* published a letter from myself which included the following paragraphs:—

The movement of Arabi Bey resolves itself into one of two questions: It is either sanctioned by the ruling powers, the Sultan and the Khedive, or it is adverse to those powers. If it is sanctioned by those authorities, it is contrary to the spirit of the firman which granted the powers of control to Europe. If it is adverse to the rulers of Egypt, it is rebellion.

The results will be quickly visible. A period of mistrust and disturbance will be seized upon as an excuse for the non-payment of taxes. The revenue will diminish, while military expenses will increase. Abyssinia has long coveted a port upon the Red Sea, and has claimed a considerable portion of the Soudan. Should the patronage of England be withdrawn from Egypt, there may be extreme danger of an invasion from Abyssinia. *A very slight encouragement would induce a general rising of the Arab tribes of the Soudan.* Should the declaration against the slave-trade [Arabi's] be sincere, there will assuredly be difficulties with the Arab slave-traders and with the provinces of Darfur and Upper Egypt. I am no alarmist, neither am I a holder of Egyptian stocks under the control of Arabi Bey, but I foresee trouble and dislocation in the affairs of Egypt, which were prosperous and well organized until the reformer intruded himself upon the scene.

This forecast of a disastrous future has been terribly verified by events, although as usual the prophecy was unheeded at the time of utterance. It may be asked, upon what grounds were those words of warning raised at a time when England was deaf to such a cry? Look back to the frightful picture described in "Ismailia"—pp. 22–23—in the first month of 1870, for a reply, and Englishmen will form their own opinion of the merits of the case. I had returned to the Upper Nile, which I had left flourishing in 1864:—

Khartum was not changed externally; but I had observed with dismay a frightful change in the features of the country between Berber and the capital since my last visit. The rich soil on the banks of the river, which had a few years since been highly cultivated, had been abandoned. Now and then a tuft of neglected date-palms might be seen, but the river's banks, formerly verdant with heavy crops, had become a wilderness. Villages once crowded had entirely disappeared; the population was gone. Irrigation had ceased. The night, formerly discordant with the creaking of countless water-wheels, was now silent as death. There was not a dog to howl for a lost master. Industry had vanished; oppression had driven the inhabitants from the soil.

This terrible desolation was caused by the Governor-general of the Soudan, who although himself an honest man, trusted too much to the honesty of others, who preyed upon the inhabitants.

The population of the richest province in the Soudan fled from oppression and abandoned the country; the greater portion betook themselves to the slave-trade of the White Nile, where in their turn they could trample upon the rights of others; where, as they had been plundered, they would be able to plunder; where they could reap the harvest of another's labor; and where, free from the restrictions of a government, they might indulge in the exciting and lucrative enterprise of slave-hunting.

Thousands had forsaken their homes and commenced a life of brigandage upon the White Nile.

This was the state of the country for a distance of 200 miles, from Berber to Khartum! and the miserable picture was an example of the general condition of the Soudan.

The exasperation of the people was subsequently intensified by the vigorous attack upon the slave-trade of the White Nile. It may be readily imagined that the suppression of that traffic, in which so many thousands were engaged, was an additional incentive to rebellion. The armed gangs of Akād attacked the troops under my command; and subsequently General Gordon was involved in conflicts of considerable duration. The crushing defeats of the slave-hunters in those several engagements quenched their spirit for the moment; but the fire still slumbered, and was ready to blaze afresh upon a favorable opportunity. The English element had been withdrawn from the Soudan on the retirement of General Gordon. His excellent lieutenant, Gessi, had succumbed to fever and exhaustion consequent upon his exertions in the baneful climate of the White Nile regions. Arabi Bey commenced a revolt in Egypt Proper. The power of the Khedive was overthrown, and a direct movement was commenced against all authority. Egypt was in arms against herself, as there was no other foe. The Mahdi—or rather a dervish named Mahomet Achmet—who had long been known to the Khedive H.H. Ismail Pasha, who thoroughly understood the management of such fanatics, took advantage of the general confusion of affairs and gathered a small surrounding of malcontents. A series of gross acts of mismanagement on the part of the Soudan authorities increased the influence of this extraordinary character, and a succession of defeats of the Government forces at the hands of badly armed Arabs produced a contempt for the Egyptian troops, of whom the population had hitherto stood in awe. It was a natural consequence that Darfur and Kordofan, already discontented owing to the operations enforced against the slave-trade, should seize the opportunity for revolt. The rich province of Senaar followed the example, and again the Government forces were defeated, while the strong garrisons both in Darfur and Kordofan were invested in their fortified positions. Those distant provinces west of the White Nile were lost, and should have been abandoned to their fate.

The English invasion of Egypt had resulted in the overthrow of Arabi and the restoration of the Khedive. General Hicks, with a staff of British officers, was despatched to Khartum with specified instructions from General V. Baker Pasha to operate against Senaar. That province being situated between the Blue and White Niles offered favorable conditions for attack.

Abd-el-Kader Pasha, the Governor of Khartum, was to ascend the Blue Nile with a large force and give battle to the enemy, while General Hicks with 6000 men was to command the White Nile upon the west; he would patrol the river with numerous steamers; destroy all boats, and intercept the fugitives should the rebels be defeated by Abd-el-Kader; in which case they would attempt the passage of the White Nile to retreat upon Kordofan.

These operations were successfully carried out. Abd-el-Kader defeated the Mahdi's people in Senaar, and General Hicks, having disembarked his force at the appointed station, was in time to intercept the beaten rebels who were on the march to the White Nile. It does not appear that the enemy had been demoralized by their defeat in Senaar, as they assumed the offensive upon the approach of Hicks Pasha's forces, and attacked them with such determination that it was necessary to form a square. Although General Hicks was victorious, and the enemy retired with a loss of 500 killed, it was impossible to follow up the victory in the absence of cavalry. Such a battle could hardly have been accepted as

decisive, and Senaar should have been occupied by a line of fortified posts until the power of the Government should have been thoroughly re-established.

At that period the military organization of the Soudan was transferred from General V. Baker Pasha's department to that of the Minister of War. Counter instructions were given to General Hicks to fall back on Khartum, and to collect an army for the invasion and conquest of Kordofan. For this purpose General Hicks was promoted to the chief command.

An advance of 230 miles through an enemy's country devoid of supplies and almost waterless, in a climate of intense heat, the march of necessity through sandy desert, with a force of 7000 men and 6000 transport camels, was a most perilous undertaking, and it has terminated in frightful disaster. The unfortunate General Hicks and his entire army have been sacrificed to the usual absurd instructions that would be issued by Egyptian authorities. Kordofan and Darfur should have been abandoned, and the Government should have consolidated its power throughout the entire Soudan. If the Mahdi had been left unmolested in Kordofan, he would have quickly experienced the difference between pulling down and building up.

His forces have been united by the presence of a common enemy, but in the absence of the Government troops they would have gradually dissolved. Jealousies would have arisen among the chiefs, and discontent (the certain accompaniment of inaction) would have divided the ranks of his followers. In a short time they would have quarrelled among themselves, and the fascination of the Mahdi would have disappeared.

The success that he has now achieved enhances the danger of a general uprising of the Arab tribes throughout the Soudan, and the relapse of Senaar into the anarchy that had been quelled by the victories of General Hicks and Abd-el-Kader Pasha. Fortunately, the Oriental character is prone to delay, and the Mahdi has not followed up his attack on Hicks by an immediate advance on Dongola, to which there is a direct caravan route through the desert from Kordofan. Between that country and Dongola the desert is occupied by the Kabbabeesh tribe of Arabs, who are large owners of camels well known for their size and strength.

There should be no loss of time in arranging an organization that would protect Khartum (the capital), Dongola, Berber, and Senaar. It would be impossible for a stranger to comprehend a plan of operations for this purpose without reference to a map, but the movements would be simple, provided that the troops can be supplied. The loss of the capital would be fatal to the Government—therefore Khartum must be supported. To effect this, it will be necessary to secure Dongola by British troops sent by the Nile. These would occupy Dongola, but would go no further. The moral effect of 3000 British soldiers stationed in that position would ensure the fidelity of the Kabbabeesh Arabs, who could fall back with their herds for protection should the Mahdi's forces advance across the desert. The Kabbabeesh could be employed to fill up the wells upon the route towards Kordofan. Egyptian troops, with as many black regiments as possible, should march from Korosko across the desert 230 miles to Abou Hamed on the Nile, and thence along the river's bank to Berber, 143 miles. From Dongola to Berber a line of posts would be established. The great Sheik of the Korosko desert, Hussein Bey Halifa, can always be depended upon. He should be charged with the transport of the troops across the desert. He should also raise those Arab tribes that are faithful to the Government—the Bishareens, Dabainas, and the Shookereeyahs from the borders of the Atbara. An Arab army should advance upon Kokreb, half way between Berber and Souakim. This is the principal oasis, which should be defended by a redoubt. When the wells from Berber to Kokreb shall have been secured, a detachment of troops should march to occupy this central position. From that point the friendly Arabs would seize all wells eastward upon the route towards Souakim, and thus by degrees advance in that direction. A force of 4000 Indian troops occupying Souakim would, in the mean time, prepare for an advance through the mountains, now occupied by the enemy who have already inflicted three defeats upon the Egyptian forces. Communication should be established between the Arabs under Hussein Halifa marching from Kokreb and the force at Souakim, in order to advance simultaneously from east and west. The enemy would thus be attacked in front and rear. When the route from Souakim to Berber shall have been cleared, and the wells occupied throughout, the Indian troops will have marched to Berber. Supports can then be sent forward from Souakim when required. From Berber the Nile is navigable for steamers to Khartum, 200 miles distant. Troops can therefore be transported with ease in thirteen days from Souakim. There would be by this arrangement two bases of operation—Souakim from the Red Sea, and Cairo on the Nile. The advance by the Nile would be upon both sides simultaneously—from Korosko to Berber on the east, and to Dongola through to Berber upon the west. Troops would be converging upon Berber from three different points—Souakim, Dongola, and Korosko; and Berber would then become the base for the support of Khartum and Senaar, both of which are situated upon the Blue Nile.

Under a capable administration I do not see any supreme difficulty in the reorganization of the Soudan. There has been a total want of confidence between the governing power and those who were governed, and a general and radical reform is necessary. The first consideration should be the actual requirements of the people. "What do you really want?" is the question that must be answered. The simple reply will be "JUSTICE."

Unless under British supervision this will never be attained—the Egyptian officials are hopeless.

It is impossible to obtain good service unless those who are employed receive their due amount of salary. The sheiks of Arab tribes should be liberally and punctually remunerated if their loyalty is to be relied upon. Hussein Halifa Bey should be made a Pasha if he proves faithful to the Government in their necessity. A few decorations distributed among the prominent sheiks of various tribes would be highly prized, and would produce good service.

A British High Commissioner should be sent to Berber to inquire into the actual demands and necessities of the people. He will be appalled at the hosts of grievances; he will also be disgusted with the shameful facts of extortion and oppression.

Although the revolt must be crushed with an iron hand to prevent a recurrence of such insurrections, I sympathize with a down-trodden people, whom, if I had been an Arab, I should have been the first to lead. Much good might be effected by an impartial judgment, and the wild inhabitants of the deserts have a keen sense of right and wrong according to the just precepts of the Koran. If force alone shall be used, the rebellion may be stunned; but the spirit of discontent will rankle in the hearts of the population. There should be a combination of force together with diplomacy, and a resolve on the part of the authorities to administer pure justice.

A rectification of frontier will be absolutely necessary before any development of internal resources can be expected. The White Nile should be the boundary of Egypt upon the west as far as the station of Fashoda. An arrangement must be entered into with Abyssinia; a well-defined boundary line must be agreed upon, and be occupied by a chain of Government forts.

The encroachments of Egypt upon Abyssinia have been continual, though by slow degrees, and were only checked by the total destruction of three corps d'armée, which suffered the usual fate of Egyptian military enterprises. These victories have encouraged the hopes of Abyssinia, which lays claim to a considerable portion of the Soudan, and have increased the danger of an invasion during an opportunity when general disturbance has paralyzed the power of Egypt. A dog-in-the-manger policy has been pursued towards her neighbor which is adverse to the interests of both countries. Egypt should benefit by commercial relations with Abyssinia; instead of which she has destroyed all power of development by excluding that unfortunate country from the sea-border. After the succession of defeats which Egypt suffered in her invasion, it would be impossible for her to assume the initiative in proposing a rectification of frontier and a commercial treaty. Such an invitation can only be given through the medium of England. Masawa might be offered to Abyssinia as an outlet for her commerce under certain stipulated conditions, together with the province of Boghos, which was originally Abyssinian. An excellent frontier line might be arranged from Gallabat along the Atbara o Tomat near Sofi, at the junction of the Settite River, and the Mareb or Gash in the south of Cassala. Thence along the mountains, including Boghos to Masawa.

If Abyssinia were thus generously encouraged, a most important development would be the immediate result. The highlands of that country are remarkably healthy; coffee is a natural production, which at the present moment finds its way through Gallabat for the supply of Khartum and the entire Soudan, in exchange for cotton, and Maria Theresa dollars. If Abyssinia possessed a seaport, we should quickly experience the benefit of a new outlet both for British manufactures, and for the general productions of that country.

The important question still remains unanswered, How are the necessary changes and reforms in the Soudan to be carried out?

First of all, it has to be reconquered. After that, it must be reorganized. It must then be governed upon Liberal principles. Who is to do all this?

Much as I deplore the necessity, I believe the task must be undertaken by Great Britain, if we intend to reconstruct the shattered administration of the Khedive. But no half-measures will be effective. No pea-and-thimble tricks will gain the confidence of natives—no sudden disappearance of the pea of British responsibility from one thimble to the other; we must either become responsible for the whole or nothing. The Soudan and Egypt cannot be separated—they are as necessary to each other as England and Scotland. It is not indispensable that they shall be administered by the same laws: the races of the Soudan are a strong contrast to those of the lower delta; and they require a paternal government, somewhat after the model of our Indian Viceroy and Council. Any Radical programme including a representative assembly would be utterly absurd. The Oriental mind concentrates its respect upon the individual representative of *power*, which means government. The present attitude of England in Egypt does not represent *power*, but simply *obstruction*.

The policy of withdrawal of our military force produced consternation in the minds of all those who had real experience of the country. Had this been carried out, the Khedive would have been dethroned within a month. Events most calamitous have suddenly awakened our authorities to the true aspect of the situation: the Soudan in wide-spread insurrection; the provinces of Kordofan and Darfur lost; the routes of communication in the hands of the enemy; a total want of confidence in the British administration in lower Egypt; Alexandria still in ruins, as no Europeans have the courage to rebuild, *because England intends to evacuate* the country; the Egyptian army destroyed, excepting the small force of Sir Evelyn Wood, which apparently is not allowed to move; a deficit in the revenue of more than two millions and a half, and four millions due for indemnities at Alexandria; bankruptcy staring us in the face; the preference stock at 86, which stood at 96 a week after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir! This is the state of Egypt after the benefit of fifteen months of British interference! And this is the result of

a half-hearted policy of half-measures, which means ruin alike in private affairs and in public administration. England must become the determined ally and the adviser of Egypt. This position, represented by a permanent military force, will change the scene and assure the prosperity of the country. — SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER, in *The Contemporary Review.*

THOUGHTS ABOUT APPARITIONS.

THE greater number of ghost stories—perhaps nearly the whole of them—are generally disbelieved in the nineteenth century. Few persons will dispute the propriety and justice of this result. Many of the stories represent the ghosts as being of so foolish and unmeaning a character, that respect for the spirits of the departed almost enforces unbelief. Many have been explained by physical and even commonplace and vulgar causes—such as rats, starlings, and even mischievous boys and girls, or wicked people who have some purpose to gain by deluding their neighbors into belief in a supernatural visitation. Falsehood, imagination, exaggeration, and that peculiar process of evolution or growth which goes on when a story passes from mouth to mouth—*vires acquirit eundo*—account for a large portion. And, lastly, there are many stories which would be remarkable if they could be substantiated, but which it is impossible to lay hold of in their original form, and the basis of which, therefore, it is impossible to estimate as to its reality or unreality.

The most sceptical person, however, will allow that there are to be found in the midst of the rabble and mob of ghost stories certain narratives of a very respectable and even solemn aspect, which it is not easy entirely to put on one side as manifestly fictitious, and which certainly do not seem to be chargeable with obviously puerile or anile absurdity. There is, for example, a remarkable class of stories depending upon one alleged fact—namely, the appearance of a person deceased, nearly at the moment of decease, to some other person to whom the deceased has been known in life. These stories may be described as well-nigh legion; there are several which may be mentioned as even deserving the epithet of classical; and they seem to be occurring in this rationalistic nineteenth century as frequently as in the less enlightened centuries which have preceded it. What ever else may be said of stories of this class, at least it cannot and must not be said that they are so absurd and childish that they are unworthy of the slightest consideration on the part of sensible and thoughtful men.

Reflection upon this class of story has led me to some speculative thoughts of a partly physical and partly spiritual kind, which, I think, may possibly be interesting; possibly, also, useful and suggestive, and which therefore I have written down, and now submit to the consideration of the candid and thoughtful reader.

It will, however, make my paper more readable, and therefore will assist the purpose which I have in view, if I introduce the subject by telling a story of the kind above indicated, which was lately told in my presence by the person concerned—which has, I believe, not been in print before, and which will bring vividly before the reader's mind the kind of apparition, or alleged apparition, upon which I desire in this paper chiefly to fix his thoughts.

A Cambridge student, my informant, had arranged, some years ago, with a fellow-student that they should meet together in Cambridge at a certain time for the purpose of reading. A short time before going up to keep his appointment my informant was in the South of England. Waking in the night he saw, as he imagined, his friend sitting at the foot of his bed. He was surprised by the sight, the more so as his friend was dripping with water: he spoke, but the apparition, for so it seems to have been, only shook its head and disappeared. This appearance of the absent friend occurred twice during the night. Information was soon received that, shortly before the time of the apparition being seen by the young student, his friend had been drowned while bathing.

This story has the typical features of a whole class. The essential characteristic is the recognition, after physical dissolution, of a deceased person, by one who has known him in his lifetime, in the form which distinguished him while a member of the living human family. Stories of this class contain, in a simple, humble, prosaic form, the features of Shakespeare's magnificent poetical creation in "Hamlet." It will be remembered how, in this case, the poet lays stress upon the identity of appearance between the deceased king and the ghost:—

> *Marcellus*—Is it not like the king?
> *Horatio*—As thou art to thyself:
> Such was the very armor he had on,
> When he the ambitious Norway combated:
> So frowned he once, when, in an angry parle,
> He smote the sledded Polack on the ice.
> 'Tis strange.

Again:—

> *Hamlet*—His beard was grizzled? No?
> *Horatio*—It was as I have seen it in his life,
> A sable silvered.

Observe, not merely the face and features, but the armor also, identifying the apparition with the deceased king.

Now let me pass from the spiritual to the physical, and endeavor to expound some notions concerning real vision and supposed vision of objects, which may be useful in helping us to form something like a *rationale* of such apparitions as those of which I have been speaking.

Most persons, in these days of science and science-gossip, I suppose, know something of the manner in which vision is produced, so far at least as the process can be known. It will be necessary, however, for my purpose briefly to describe the process.

When an object is placed before the eye, the light emanating from each point of the object falls upon the eye, and having passed

through the several lenses and humors of which the eye is composed, is made to converge upon a point in the screen or retina which constitutes the hinder portion of the eye; and so a picture is formed upon the retina, much in the same way as in the photographer's camera-obscura. In fact, the eye may be described with some advantage, and without much error, as being a living camera-obscura. The retina is in reality the expanded extremity of the optic nerve, which communicates with the brain; our object, therefore, by means of the machinery of the eye, is placed in immediate communication with the brain; every wave of light from each point of the object produces a vibration on the retina, and so presumably on the brain. After this our physical investigation comes to an end—the vibrations of light from our visible object are lost in mystery. It is no exaggeration to say that we know nothing more than men knew centuries ago. A man says, "I see a ship;" and he tells the truth, but *how* he sees it neither he nor any one else can tell. You track the ship to its picture on the retina, but there you must leave it: even if you say that you can connect it with the brain, you have still an infinite gap between the impression on the brain and the result expressed by the words "I see."

The fact is, that in vision we have a demonstrable transition from the physical to the spiritual; how the transition takes place it baffles our intellect and our imagination even to guess, but that there is such a transition no one can doubt. The electric telegraph conveys its vibrations along the wires and effects the receiving instrument (whatever it may be) at the other end of the wire, but you need your receiving clerk to interpret the vibrations and make intelligible the message conveyed. And there is quite as definite a transformation and transition in the case of sight, when the visual message from an external object has been received by the brain; the brain is the receiving instrument, the receiving clerk is the mind of man.

This being so, is it not at least conceivable that, as the object moves the visual machinery of the eye, and this machinery moves the mind, so if the mind be directly moved (supposing for a moment that this is possible), the result may be the movement of the visual machinery, or at all events the production of the impression that it has been so moved? *

To illustrate my meaning, take the case of the ringing of a bell. The pulling of the bell-rope causes the bell to give forth a sound; if you hear that sound, you conclude that the rope has been pulled; and if the bell should, in reality, have been rung by some one who had immediate access to it, you would still, in default of other knowledge, conclude, though erroneously, that the sound arose from the pulling of the rope.

Not let it be supposed, for argument's sake, that the mind can be acted upon otherwise than through the senses. The senses, as we all know, are the ordinary avenues to the mind, especially the two highest of the senses —namely, seeing and hearing; still it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that there may be other avenues. If man has a spiritual nature which is embodied in a fleshly tenement—which is at least a reasonable supposition, and corresponds almost to a human instinct—and if there be spiritual beings which are not so embodied, then it would seem not unreasonable to suppose that those spiritual beings should be able to hold converse with the spiritual part of men without the use of those avenues which the senses supply, and which are the only means whereby one material being can communicate with another. To take the highest example of all: it seems reasonable to suppose that God can, and does, communicate directly with the spirit of man. Certainly this is assumed in Holy Scripture, and it is difficult to conceive of any form of religion in which the possibility of commerce between the Spirit of God and the spirit of man does not constitute an important element. The notion of actions being inspired by God, or of communications which may properly be expressed by the phrase "God said," or "thus saith the Lord," does not, to say the very least, strike the mind as an impossible or even as a strange notion. On the other hand, the difficulty is rather to conceive of God as a spiritual being, to whose will and power the being of mankind is due, without recognizing, as a first principle, the possibility of communication between God and that part of man which may be said to be most akin to Himself.

Let us go a step further. Is it not conceivable that the spiritual part of man, when "set free from the burden of the flesh," may (under conditions which we, of course, are not in a position to determine) have communication with the spiritual part of another man who still lives in the body? I do not at all say that we could anticipate by the power of reason that this would be so; but I can see nothing unreasonable in supposing it possible, and if phenomena should be in favor of the hypothesis, I think the hypothesis could not be set aside by any *à priori* considerations. The only thing really postulated by the supposition is the double being or man, material and spiritual, which almost every one concedes, and which many consider to be self-evident. I conclude, therefore, that the supposition of some kind of intercourse taking place between the spirit of one departed and the spirit of a living man is not absolutely absurd and incredible.

But if this be so we arrive at a case similar to that of the bell being rung without any pull upon the rope. In other words, may it not be, that a communication made directly by one spirit to another may *seem* to arise from that action of the senses to which mental impressions are usually due? I lose a friend, and that friend is able (I know not how or why) to communicate with me; his spirit makes itself known to my spirit; I become conscious of his presence by a direct though

* The distinction between ordinary vision and the reverse process suggested in the text may be represented thus:

Ordinary process.
Sight—Brain-effect—Knowledge.
Extraordinary process.
Knowledge—Brain-effect—Sight.

inexplicable spiritual action; what more probable than the supposition that this direct communication will *seem* to have been made through the senses? In fact, as being myself subject to the laws of sense, could I be conscious of my friend's presence in any other way than by imagining that I saw his form or that I heard his voice?

To take the case the particulars of which I have already related. If we suppose that the student who was drowned was able to hold, at the moment after his decease by drowning, some kind of spiritual communication with his friend in Cambridge, is it not conceivable that the spiritual communication would transform itself into a brain action by the reverse of the process according to which brain action normally transforms itself into a spiritual communication, and that so the effect would be the production of a persuasion in the mind of the student in Cambridge that he actually saw with his eyes his absent friend?*

This view of apparitions has the advantage of explaining a difficulty, which I think Coleridge is credited with having been the person to suggest, though in truth the difficulty is sufficiently obvious. It is alleged that one person sees another who is departed; but then what he sees is, for the most part, merely the clothes of the departed, and not the man himself. On the other hand, if there is an apparition at all, how can the departed be recognized by him to whom he appears, except by the fact of the same appearance being presented which characterized the deceased in his lifetime? You may say it is the ghost of the clothes and not of the man, if you please; but if ghost there is to be at all, the clothes must somehow appear to identify the man; you cannot conceive of a nebulous figure with the name of the deceased written under it. Now all this difficulty vanishes if the process by which an apparition is rendered possible be such as that which I have ventured to suggest. Grant the possibility of communication between spirit and spirit, and regard the so-called apparition as the brain representation of the spiritual communication, and then it seems to follow of necessity that the appearance being supplied by the living man's own mind will represent the departed person as the survivor knew him.

The *rationale* of apparitions which has been suggested will, perhaps, receive confirmation from the consideration, that instances occur in which the full sense of vision is produced by the brain itself, without any suspicion of what may be called preternatural agency.

* A friend, to whom this essay was submitted in manuscript, has remarked that nothing which I have advanced gets rid of the difficulty arising from the irregularity and apparent caprice of the communications between the living world and the world of spirits, which must be admitted, if the truth of such stories as that above discussed be granted. The criticism is quite correct, and it cannot be denied that irregularity and apparent caprice are formidable difficulties in the way of a frank acceptance of the stories. The extent, however, of my own acceptance, and all that I ask from the reader, is the acknowledgment that the testimony is too good to permit of a haughty dismissal of the allegation of apparitions of the kind described. The speculation which I have submitted does not increase any of the difficulties connected with the subject; while, on the supposition that apparitions are sometimes permitted, it helps us to conceive how the effect of the apparition is conveyed to the mind.

The following story was related to me some years ago, in the presence of one of the persons to whom the event described happened, and who vouched for its truth:—

A lady with a family of young children was occupying a house in Cheltenham, while the husband and father was absent on business in Scotland. Looking out of the windows of a back drawing-room upon a small garden, which communicated by a door with a back lane, several of the children saw the garden-door open and their father walk through and come towards the house. They were surprised, because they were not expecting their father's return; but uttering a shout of joy, several of the party ran down stairs, there to find, to their disappointment and sorrow, that no father had arrived. So strong was the illusion that when the father did return, a week or more afterwards, he was reproached for having played some trick, of which he was perfectly innocent. I ought to add that the curious illusion which has been described had no consequences of any kind—good, bad, or indifferent; no one died, no one was taken ill, no family event of any sort took place; the whole thing was an illusion, and nothing more.

It is however curious, as having been shared by several persons; the member of the family, whom I knew, and in whose presence I heard the story, assured me that she never saw anything in her life more distinct than her father seemed to her to be, and that her sisters had said the same. It is easy to say that the thing was all imagination; and so far as this phrase is intended as a negation of substantial reality, no doubt it expresses the truth; but what *is* imagination? Is it more than a word? Does it express the physical and spiritual action by means of which a certain result is brought about? If the phrase "result of imagination" be examined as to its real meaning, it would seem to me that it probably means this: that an effect is somehow, it matters not how, produced upon the mind, and that this mental product affects the brain by an action the reverse of that which normally takes place, and that so the eye believes that it sees what in the ordinary sense of vision it does not.

I may remark by the way that the eye *is* easily deceived. No language is more delusive than that which one hears so frequently —"I cannot doubt my own eyes," "seeing is believing," "ocular demonstration," etc., etc. It is true that in most of the practical affairs of life we are compelled to trust our eyes—we have nothing else upon which we can depend; but the moment we come to any scientific investigation of facts, the less we say concerning the infallibility of the eye the better.

The chief reason why I have cited the story last told is that the illusion was shared by several persons. In this respect, I believe the fact detailed is very uncommon; for myself, I have never met with another instance; cases in which one person only is concerned are, I apprehend, by no means rare. One was made public not long ago, in which the writer describes the apparent vision of an old man sitting in an easy-chair in the library in

which he himself was writing late at night. The apparition was of a purely subjective kind: it evidently arose from the condition of brain which had been induced by night study: it caused no alarm, as an objective vision almost certainly would have done; in ordinary parlance, it was "all imagination." Still the fact remains that the writer who detailed his experience in a certain sense *saw* the figure sitting in the arm-chair as distinctly as he ever saw anything in his life; and what I wish to suggest is, that in a certain sense he *did* see it, but he saw it backwards; first came the thought, then the brain action, then it may be the picture on the retina, or at all events such optic action as would, if it had been caused by luminous vibrations from without, have affected the brain and raised the picture which existed in the mind.

Connected with this subject is probably that of dreams. John Bunyan's phrase, "Now I saw in my dream," is a representation of what takes place abundantly in common life, though on a much humbler scale. People *see* in their dreams; but how do they see? A writer of a letter, which I saw recently in one of the newspapers, describes a dream which he had when an undergraduate at Cambridge, and in which he saw a large herd of cattle. The vision connected itself with a succession of events which were flashed upon his mind; and the whole was apparently the result of a knock at his door, and an announcement that his bedmaker had brought his *kettle*. The similarity of the words *kettle* and *cattle* was sufficient to constitute the basis of the whole dream. In what way then, I say, do men *see* in their dreams? Certainly the vision does not commence with the eye, for it is closed. In some manner the effect is produced upon the mind, —in the instance just quoted, apparently through the ear,—and then the vision, or quasi-vision, follows. I do not assert that there is any picture produced upon the retina; probably not; but virtually the effect of vision is produced, sometimes most distinctly. Who has not had an experience of the following kind? You see in your dream some scene with peculiar vividness. You say, I have often been deceived by a dream before, but I am sure that *this* is not a dream; it is too living, too real; I cannot be deceived this time. And then you wake, and find that nevertheless you are deceived once more. It may be wrong to call this mental process *seeing*, because the eye is shut; but if the result be the same as that of seeing, it would seem to be not altogether erroneous to describe it by that name. What I wish the reader, however, to observe is, that somehow in sleep the mind can be affected as if by sight. Generally the vision so produced is of a very confused and unprofitable kind. But there are cases in which it is otherwise. Crimes have sometimes come to light in this way. I remember, that, some fifty years ago, the execution took place of a young man, at Bury St. Edmunds, for the murder of his newly married wife. The young man, William Corder by name, had married a young woman named Maria Martin; they had gone away after the marriage, and all seemed to be well with them; but the mother of the bride dreamed several times that her daughter was murdered and buried in a certain barn. The barn was examined, the body was found, the murder was traced to the husband, and he was executed, as already stated. Now I do not assert any supernatural revelation, or any appearance of the deceased woman to her mother; I am quite content to suppose that some circumstances, I know not what, had suggested the thought of foul play to the mother, and that this thought presented itself in a concrete form to the sleeping woman; all that I wish to lay stress upon is this, that sometimes and somehow there is something which corresponds to vision in sleep, and that this vision does not always correspond to what is trivial and transitory: "the stuff that dreams are made of" is sometimes solid and real.*

Sleep itself is a mystery. I, at least, have never been able to find in any scientific work, or to learn from any scientific man, a description of what sleep really is. It is not much to be wondered at, therefore, if the action of the eye and the brain and the mental powers during sleep be also a mystery. But some light seems to be thrown upon the question if we apply to the case of dreams the notion of reversed action which is the foundation of this essay. Suppose the mind or the brain to be first acted upon, either by a message through some other sense, as that of feeling or hearing, or by some process originating in the mind itself, the remembrance of some thought which has been dwelt upon in the waking hours, the whisper of an angel—if you please to recognize angelic agency—or what not; and then it certainly seems to come within the bounds of practical speculation that we should conceive of vision in sleep as a possible thing. Waking visions and dreams have often, and very naturally, been connected with each

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* Almost immediately after writing the above paragraph, I met with the following in a local newspaper:—

DISCOVERY THROUGH A DREAM.—The coroner for West Kent held an inquest at Lewisham, on Tuesday, on the body of Ernest Louis Armstrong, clerk, aged twenty-one, residing lately with his brother, a chemist. Some few months ago deceased met with an accident while playing football, and, in the opinion of his medical adviser, his brain has since been affected. He had no pecuniary difficulties that the witnesses knew of. On Thursday night last he went to the Freemasons' Railway Tavern, Ladywell, and there got into conversation with a man named Andrews, and a railway porter named Norton, to whom he stated that he had had an argument as to which was the most vulnerable part in which a man could shoot himself. One said in the forehead, the other through the heart, but deceased said, "I think it is here," pointing to his throat. He also said he had had some words at home, and Andrews told him to get in at the window by a ladder. After paying for some drink he bade them good-night, and went across some fields leading to the grounds of his brother's house, and was never after seen alive. When he was missed Andrews had a dream that deceased was in the summer-house in the grounds, and wrote a note to that effect to his employer, Mr. H. P. Hopwood, of Crosby House, High Street, Lewisham, and on Monday, when he saw him, repeated his impression that deceased was there. Mr. Hopwood did not believe it, but said they would soon ascertain. They then went towards the summer-house, and on reaching it, Mr. Hopwood came back and said, "He is there." Information was then given to the police at Lewisham station. Deceased was found lying on his back in a pool of blood, a six-chambered Colt revolver lying by his side as it had fallen from his left hand, and there was a pistol bullet wound under the chin. One of the chambers had been discharged, and the other five were loaded.

other. If we get near to a scientific connection of them the conception becomes all the more real.

There is a very interesting discussion by Sir William Hamilton (Edinburgh)* on the condition of the mind during sleep, to which reference may be advantageously made in connection with the remarks which have been now offered. The concluding sentence is as follows:—"In the case of sleep, therefore, so far is it from being proved that the mind is at any moment unconscious, that the result of observation would incline us to the opposite conclusion." The result of Sir W. Hamilton's own observations, and that of Mr. Jouffroy, whom he quotes at length, is to suggest that during sleep the mind is awake and active; so much so, that when communications are made to the senses, the mind decides whether notice shall be taken of the communications or not. Thus a man comes from the quiet of the country to a noisy city; for the first few nights he cannot sleep, soon he sleeps as soundly as in the country; he is accustomed to the noise; the action on the physical organs is the same as before, but the mind knows that the noise means nothing, and therefore does not disturb the sleeping limbs. In like manner we have the phenomena of waking early, contrary to our established habit, when an early rise is necessary; the mind acts as night-porter, and stirs the body up when the proper hour arrives. Experiences such as these are common and familiar; but in the lecture to which I refer there is a story of an experience similar in kind, but more remarkable in its circumstances, which it may be worth while to quote. It is that of a postman who was in the habit of traversing a certain route daily. "A considerable portion of his way lay across unenclosed meadow land, and in walking over this the postman was generally asleep. But at the termination of this part of his road there was a narrow footbridge over a stream, and to reach this bridge it was necessary to ascend some broken steps. Now, it was ascertained as completely as any fact of the kind could be, (1) that the postman was asleep in passing over the level course; (2) that he held on his way in this state without deflection towards the bridge; and (3) that just before arriving at the bridge, he awoke."

I have referred to Sir W. Hamilton's lecture, because the facts and conclusions contained in it seem to strengthen the view put forward in this paper as to the possible reversal of the ordinary process of mental action. In general, the mind sits upon its throne with the senses as its ministers, and only approachable through them, as the Queen can only be approached in general through her Secretaries of State. Sometimes it would seem, however, that the mind asserts its essential royalty and supremacy, and communicates with the senses instead of permitting the senses to take the initiative. Certainly this view of the mind is a very interesting one, and there is much to be said for it; it helps the apparition question, with which this essay is more immediately concerned, but it is interesting and worthy of examination in itself, without any reference to apparitions.

I am tempted to carry the speculative view of apparitions which is developed in this essay into a region in which any such treatment must be applied with great delicacy—I mean the region of angelic visitation, as it is unfolded in Holy Scripture.

In some schools of neologian divinity the existence of angels is simply on *à priori* grounds ignored. I am not going to debate that question further than to observe that the general analogy which arises from the infinite variety of life in material form, and from the improbability that we are cognizant of all the forms of possible life, together with the argument which arises from the spiritual invisible character of God Himself, seems to me to make the *à priori* probability of the existence of spiritual or angelic beings much greater than that of their non-existence. But however this may be, it is clearly assumed in Holy Scripture that such beings exist, and that they have, under Divine guidance, communion with man; nor only so, for they are represented as being seen and heard by those to whom they are sent.

Take an example. In Acts x. we read of a revelation made to the Roman Centurion Cornelius—"He saw in a vision evidently," or, as the Revised Version has it, *openly*, "an angel of God coming in to him"—*εἶδεν ἐν ὁράματι φανερῶς ἄγγελον τοῦ Θεοῦ εἰσελθόντα πρὸς αὐτόν*. Now, treating this passage literally and physically, what was it that Cornelius *saw*? No one will contend that it was a case of ordinary vision—that is, of light impinging upon the retina from a material substance, however ethereal and refined: the phrase *ἐν ὁράματι*, in fact, sufficiently bars this explanation. Neither is it hinted that the vision was identical with a dream, which seems not consistent with the description *φανερῶς*. It may be said, therefore, and I have no fault to find with the solution, that a certain impression was made upon the mind of Cornelius by Divine mission, which is represented in the phraseology which our material nature makes intelligible: just as we often say "I see," when we understand something which is explained to us, and when nevertheless the eye does not come into play at all. Nevertheless, I apprehend that Cornelius had the full impression of having actually seen and heard some supernatural visitor, and that this visitor was in human form. If so, will not the theory of reverse action, which has been applied in other cases, give us help also in this? Assume the existence of higher orders of beings than ourselves—beings having much in common with that which is highest in man, but not, like him, material—suppose that it is the duty, or one of the duties, of these higher beings to minister under certain conditions to the spirits of men; and then, upon the principles of this paper, there is nothing impossible nor even inconceivable in the communication made by an angel assuming the form of a visit from a being like ourselves: the actual com-

*"Lectures on Metaphysics," vol. i. lecture xvii.

munication is supersensual, spiritual, immaterial, independent of ear or eye or any sense; the communication, as it presents itself to the mind of the man who sees the vision, is appreciable by ear and eye, and comes as from one man to another.

I trust that no one who reads what I have written will suppose that I regard my speculation as an absolute solution of a mystery, or indeed as anything more than an essay in the direction of solution. But it seems to me, that however incomplete the speculation may be, it may help us in the contemplation of that marvellous combination of matter with something that is not matter, which is exhibited in human life. That man is material and spiritual, that he combines in his complicated and composite nature the brute and the angel, is the old belief, and I trust is true; and it is agreeable to such a belief to think of the material laws, which govern man as part of the material universe, sometimes making way for the action of super-material laws, and permitting man to pose for the time as a creature in some sense and degree himself super-material. It is from this point of view, in my judgment, that sober tales of alleged apparitions have an interest for thoughtful persons. The vulgar ghost story is a poor contemptible thing, fitted chiefly to amuse a Christmas party sitting round the Yule log and enjoying the excitement of a little harmless mystery; but it is impossible to class as mere vulgar ghost stories all the tales which have been told concerning the appearance of persons deceased; there is a curious consistency in such tales, and a mutual support and confirmation arising from such consistency, and an abundance of individual and independent instances of the same kind of phenomenon, which make it impossible to pooh-pooh the whole subject, and, on the other hand, give a value to any attempt made to render it more thinkable.

I trust that I shall not be regarded as guilty of the unpardonable logical sin of reasoning in a circle, if I suggest that the considerations which have been offered in this essay tend to render probable the possibility of communication between spiritual beings and the mind of man without the intervention of the senses. I have assumed this possibility in order to explain a certain alleged phenomenon, and it may be objected that I must not make the alleged phenomenon an argument for the possibility. But in truth the whole subject holds together as one, and the different parts afford each other a mutual support; and, taking a bird's-eye view of the whole, I trust that the reader will find something in it to strengthen, if necessary, his belief in the possibility of such communications between the spirit of man and other spiritual existences, as cannot be dreamed of in the philosophy of the materialistic philosopher. At all times speculations concerning that which is not material in man's nature can scarcely fail to have some kind and degree of interest; in times like our own, when the existence of the immaterial is not unfrequently denied, such speculations may have a practical value, which it is difficult to overestimate.—THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE, in *The Contemporary Review.*

A TREATISE ON LOVE.*

IN writing one this subject I am very jealous of myself, having ever bin soe inclined unto this passion, that though my experience of the power of it may make me more knowing in it then thoes that have never felt the effects of it, yet I very much doubt my own weaknesse may shew itself in the discourse of Love (which I confesse hath with more violence transported me than a man of understanding ought to suffer himself to be by any passion) more evidently then in any other in which I am lesse concerned: but it is better to speake passionately and perhaps unadvisedly of what we do know, than universally darkly and ignorantly of thoes that wee feele nothing of, and thearefore what wee say must be what we heare from others, (that is to say) not our owne.

I could wish that all men would doe the like, write and speake what they know in themselves, and leave the judgement to others, wheareby we should come to a much more exact knowledge of our owne natures, then either we can attaine unto by reading the painted artificial writings of thoes that rather ayme at setting forthe what should be then what is, and speaking nothing of themselves but theire praises, doe rather desire to be thought wise men then to be good, and aymming at honour more then truth, disguizeing themselves, delude others: or those whoe Ixion-like embrace clouds, fill themselves with aery abstracted speculations, that please the fancy, but never informe the judgement; both seeking for applause, neither care to benefite themselves or others.

I am perfectly free from any consideration without myself, I write my thoughts at one time, that in perusing them at another I may come to the knowledge of myself, that by seeing without passion, that which I write in passion, I may know what I am, how I improve or impaire, as one that hath his picture drawne when he is emaciated by sicknesse, may in his recovery, by comparing that with his present countenance, judge in some degree of the state of his owne health. And wee are soe often transported by passion, that wee shall never judge rightly by the present sense of our condition, wee must see what wee weare in all accidents, how temperate in love, how strong against feare, and the like, by an impartiall consideration, when we are free from any disturbance, as all men are by intervals, and our memoryes will not soe exactly represent unto us what wee weare, as theis kinds of writings which are the representations of the present thoughts. But that I may noe longer swerve from my subject, I will now endeavour to examine the nature and the effects of it.

Love is the passion that hath passed all

* From an original (unpublished) manuscript in the possession of James P. Ley, Esq.

censures, as various as the kinds of it, or the effects. It is by all esteemed the most powerfull of passions, by most the best; some stick not to say it is the worst, because the least controuleable by reason. It is of as many kinds as theare are objects in the world, and inclinations in men: but I intend at this time only to speake of that to beauty, the height of which we commonly call being in love. This consists of as many sorts as beauty, which are two, that of the mind, and that of the boddy; the Platonicks adde a thirde, which is of sounds, and if anything may be called beauty that hath proportion and correspondence of parts, that name may certainly agree with sounds, though they are to be judged neither by the eye, nor the understanding, which are generally esteemed the powers that distinguish betwixt beauty and deformity: but, howsoever, theis tow only will fall under my discourse, for what excellence soever is in sounds, that can only be an invitation, and not the object of love, unlesse a man could be fancied to be nothing but eare, as eccho is nothing but voice, (that is to say) nothing at all, and so incapable of anything, or of being. The Stoicks, generall enemyes to all passions, doe also reject this, as that which doth toe much soften the mind, depriving it theareby of that firmenesse of temper, which is that only in which reason delights and governes; never the lesse storyes are full of thoes wise men whoe for all theire pretended austerity have fallen as deeply under the power of that passion as any other in the world, as if the Divine Power had made use of it to shew them the vanitye of theire principles. Epicureans allow soe much of it as conduceth to pleasure, but reject the transporting part; and to shew how well they make this good, Lucretius, one of the cheife fathers of that sect, for all his philosophy grew soe desperately in love with a young wench, whoe rejecting him for his old age, he in rage threw himself downe a steep rock into the sea. But the Platonicks are the perfect patrons of that passion, even to the degree of disliking hardly anything that carryes that name.

Love is the most intense desire of the soule to enjoy beauty, and wheare it is reciprocal, is the most entire and exact union of harts. Divers reasons are given for the birth and groweth of it; some esteeme likenesse of natures, others like constellations ruling at the time of birth. For my owne part I can only conclude, that whatsoever pleaseth the eye and the fancye is beautifull, whatsoever we think beautifull we desire to enjoy, and that desire is love. Theare is also tow kinds of this love, the one perfectly spiritual which is called the celestial Venus, and having its seat only in the minde hathe the mind only for its object, delights in virtue and excellence of understanding, neglects the visible beauty, contents itself solely with that fruition which is to be had by conversation. The other is absolutely sensuall, makes the exterior part its object, and hath no other end than senuall pleasure: the first is an affection for Angells, pure and contemplative, the other for beasts, filthy and sottish.

Man is a creature composed of both theis, a celestiall and angellical part, which is the soule, and of the terrestriall, fleshy, bestiall part, which is his boddy, soe that his affections ought to participate of both his natures, rejecting that which solely consists in the admiration of the soule, as that which he can very imperfectly judge of, and where the knowledge is imperfect, the desire must needs be very cold. Neither is he pleased with the other; thoes are but weak chaines which take hold only of our senses: the principall part in us challengeth a share in all our pleasures, and must have wheare with all to content itself, or else there is nothing fixed. Therefore a man, to love as a man, must have regard to both; and as long as he is in any degree reasonable, can fix his hart neither absolutely uppon that which is too high to be understood, nor too low to be approved: a mixed creature must have mixed affections, and can love only wheare he finds a mind of such excellency as to delight his understanding, and a boddy of beauty to please his senses: and the mind being by much the most considerable part in us, the principal care is for the pleasing of that; for the mind being the only fixed power in us, fixed affections can only grow from thence. The eyes are wandering, the senses uncertaine, the desires that proceed from them must be soe allsoe; the necessity of which appears in this: everything acts according to a principle within itself. An Angell loves spiritually; a beast, that is all flesh, comprehends not spiritual things any more then an Angell tasts carnal things, and a man that is composed of reason and sense, rationally and sensually both together. Besides, every agent proposeth to itself enjoyment of good, (that is pleasure) for all that is good is pleasant, and nothing ought to please but that which is good; that is good only that satisfyes; that can never satisfye, which is agreeable only to one part of a composed creature. The soule disdains sensuall pleasures; the senses tast not the spirituall, so that to please both the object must be such as both may joyne in the enjoyment.

I will conclude this point with this assertion; the spiritual affections are soe cold as hardly to have any being; sensuall are soe madde as to be unworthy of anything that pretends to a reasonable soule; and the strong, lasting, high, and perfectly humane passions, are only those which proceed from the admonition of an excellent mind clothed with a beautifull boddy. This is a rare jewel well set, and fit to be sought after with all the powers of the soule and boddy, as that only which can content both with the fullest and most absolute happinesse that our natures can be capable of, in comparison of which all other worldly pleasures are vaine and empty shadows, unworthy of being sought with intention of mind or enjoyed with any satisfaction. Happy therefore is he who hath his hopes and desires crowned with successe, or that in the search of them being denied pleasure in life, finds ease and rest in death.

To this I may add, that everything is received according to the measure of the re-

ceiver, and every man loves more or lesse spiritually or sensually, as he doth more approach to the angelicall or bestiall nature; for the same degrees and differences that are in our persons are allsoe in our affections, and though it be true that some love as sensually as beasts, yet will it not follow that others attaine to the spirittuality of Angels; for it is very ordinary to see thoes that have the shapes of men so absolutely corrupted with vice, that they seem to have no soule, or so much as serves them instead of salt only, to keep them from corrupting and stinking; but the other sort is not seene amongst men, I meane thoes of angellicall perfections. The best of men are troubled with frailetyes and vices, the worst have nothing else; for which noe other reason perhaps can be given, then that it soe seemed good to the Divine Wisdom: unlesse you will take this for one, that we have within ourselves a power of doing or being ill, but that our recovery from that condition of illnesse which is natural to us, is by the power of God upon our harts, whoe gives his graces unto such men, at such times, and in such proportion as he pleaseth, leaving us still with many infirmityes, that we may humble ourselves, and acknowledging God to be the Author of all good, depend upon him for a delivery from all interior and exterior ills; and reserves the state of perfection to fill up the measure of our happinesse, when we come to that of immortality. To this I may adde that morally vice is easy and naturall to us, but virtue is to be understood only by discourse, and practised by care; into the first every foole can runne blindfold, the other is only the work of an excellent spirit, refined by great maturity and strength of wisdome; to the one facility invites, from the other difficulty deters, which is as much more eminent in the one then the other, as it is harder for one that is placed in the middest of a steepe rock, to climbe up to the top thereof, then to throw himself downe to the bottome.

The next point is to shew what is the strength and power of this affection. It is generally concluded by all to be the strongest of all, and besides what every man that hath tasted of it finds within his owne brest, all books are full of storyes of such as have in comparrison of the person loved, despised all worldly things, and being possessed by that passion, bin transported to actions much beyond theire ordinary facultyes, either good or ill, as the nature of the persons affection or the present occasion inclined and required. But all that is alleaged by others is cold and weake in comparaison of what thoes find within theire owne harts whoe have bin capable of this best and noblest of passions. Theire whole mind is full of but one thought: the allurements of the world, which other men call pleasures, they have no tast of; the businesse is tedious and insupportable; theire whole care and industry is solely imployed in serving and pleasing the beloved person. They are strangers to feare, joy, greife, hope, anger, but such as spring from love. Theire desires are most intensively placed upon one object, which by a strange violence transports us beyond our selves, gives courage to the most fearfull, sharpens the wit of the most simple, gives felicity to the most depraved minds, constancy to the most unsettled, and of itself alone hath power to draw thoes harts which have received it to acts of goodnesse, honesty, virtue, and gallantry, with more efficacy then all the most exact examples of history, and precepts of phylosophy.

The reason of this I take to be, that love for its end proposeth the enjoyment of beauty; beauty consists in order, harmony, and uniformity, unto which all ill actions have an absolute contrariety, having neither rule, order, forme, or measure, but are like vice, the spring from whence they flow, full of confusednesse and deformity. Besides, he that loves desires to render himself acceptable to the person loved, which being full of virtuous inclinations, (or at least thought to be soe by the lover) doth abhorre all that is not agreeable to reason and goodnesse, and the lover finding nothing to be pleasing but that which is suitable to the affections of the object of his passion, rejects and hates all depraved desires as destructive to his chiefe designe, and theare-fore with an active earnestnesse applyes himself to correct the defects of his owne nature, which hath produced more excellent actions then all the affections in the world put together; unlesse I am mistaken in this, that it is not love that makes them virtuous, but being virtuous inclines them to love.

But least that by proposing the enjoyment of beauty for the end of love, I should be too much drowned in sensuallity, I must explain myself a littell. It is very certaine that all desire is for fruition; but that fruition that satisfyes a desire must be of the same nature with the desire itself. Sensuall desires are satisfyed with sensuall fruition, spirituall with spirituall, mixt with mixt; or that I may not trouble myself with tearms, I may in one word comprehend all, the desire of a lover is to be loved, and that perfect union of hearts is the perfection of lovers happinesse; for though we are inclinable to desire the senses may not be excluded, yet having the principal end of our desires, wee may rest fully satisfied, tho' that in some particulars wee find ourselves crossed by fortune; for he cannot be said to want any thing that is made one with the person that is full of all excellencies. Neither is it extravagant for mee whoe professe love to beauty to be contented with spirituall fruition; for though in my choice I aime at the beauty of the boddy, it is principally theareby to discover the beauty of the mind; for nature, which delights in proportion, suites not an excellent mind with a deformed boddy, nor a vicious (that is deformed) mind in a beautifull boddy. Nature's works are not like hippocrites or sepulchers, beautiful without and rottenesse within. It weare a deceipt to cover the wretched wickednesse of a vicious mind with thoes glorious ornaments of beauty which make up one of the attributes of the Deity; and whereas beauty, which is the greatest excellency of things created as well as uncreated, and is in things created a motive to us to admire the

greatnesse and goodnesse of the Creator, if it did palliate vice, would be the greatest snare to us that is imaginable, and instead of delighting in the outward resemblance of God, bring us to worship the Devill. But an intention to deceave our weake natures cannot proceed from the spirit of goodness: that is a diamond set in gold, and the other a worthlesse flint, which he suffers to ly in the dirt.

That is truely excellent, which God hath caused to shine with the glory of his own rayes; wheare soever theire is beauty I can never doubt of goodnesse.

Thoes parts of the sea that are safe have calm and smoth waters, but wheare dangerous rocks lye at the bottome, even the surface is perpetually rough and troubled. It is true that not only age impaires all beautyes, but many are destroyed by accidents, from which even the most excellent are not exempted, as the safest parts of the sea may be disturbed and troubled with storms; but that opposeth not my pourpose, for ayming at reall, not phantasticall excellence, I look for the naturall, not the accidentall beauty or deformity, and will noe more grant that a beautifull face can by the small pox or any other accident grow deformed to one that knew and loved it before, then that a deformed can change its nature by painting, though both will deceave any eyes that have not excellent facultyes of decerning.

Upon all which it will appear, that the beautye of the boddy gives the beginning to love, but that after the image thereof is graven upon a hart, and the beautye of the mind discovered, it is not in the power of age, or any naturall or accidentall cause to roote it out or deface it; for that which at the first was only the act of the fancy by the help of the eyes, is now growne to be the act of the understanding firmly fixed in the hart and mind, which being the governing power in man. finding its owne desires satisfied in being loved, finds rest within itself; and though theare is a flame remayning in the senses, which mutiny for theare part alsoe of fruition they are not able to cause any great disturbance in a man that is reasonable. But if the mind faile of its desire, the whole frame of man is in confusion, the hart is rent asunder by the violence of passion, and theire is noe power left to appease the rage of the senses. This extremity of disorder and torment seems fabulous to thoes that have not felt it within themselves; every one is apt to say, if he cannot obtain the affections of one person, why doth he not apply his to another whoe is more kind? But they littell understand love's mistery who use theis discourses, for noe man is in love but with an opinion of the excellency of the beloved person above all others, and hath absolutely resigned his hart unto hir. The most exact beautyes seeme but vaine shaddowes, the excellentest minds but imperfect images of hir imperfection; and failing of his desire in enjoying hir only who hath the power of his hart, despiseth all things else; and being despised by her, hates all that himself despiseth.

And that which fills up the measure of the rejected lover's torment, is, that despaire will not cure it, for to love without hope is but a seeming contradiction; for though hope is to desire as fuel is to fire, the elementary fire burnes without the fuel, and passion grounded upon confession of excellence outlives hope. Or if theare be such a power of man to confine his desires to his hope (which I believe only in thoes that are weake, faint, and grounded only upon some trifling convenience) they are of all men most happy, theire calme brests are free from disorder, and while other wretches are in trouble, they find perfect peace, their love serves only to procure pleasure, and like a strong well-tempered stomach, either drawes nourishment out of whatsoever it receaves or casts it up; soe they trye all, and retaine only such as encrease their happinesse.

Neverthelessse a true and perfect lover would not procure his owne rest, by defacing the beloved image which with soe much joye he printed in his owne hart; but I think this part of discourse is frivoulous as impossible, and that same image doth take such root, and growes soe entirely one with the hart, that both must live and die together without possibility of separation. At least with me I am sure it is; my passion hath made itself master of all the facultyes of my mind, and hath destroyed all that is in opposition unto it; I live in it, and by it; it is all that I am; take away that and I am nothing. I can neither conforme my desires to my hopes, nor raise my hopes to my desires; the lownesse and meannesse of my fortune and person forbids me to hope; the beautye and lovelinesse of the person whome I love makes my desires approach as neare to eternity, as that can doe which is seated in a mortal foundation. My constancy is both my fault and my punishment; death only can give me a dismission from either.

Having spoken something of what love is, and of the effects of it, it is now time to see wheather it ought to be reproved or commended, denied the entrance into harts, turned out, or embraced; or rather if I had observed any methode, when I spoke something of others opinions upon it, should have finished my owne, but I writing only to day that which I shall reade the next week or moneth, and then burne, having noe other intention but to ease my troubled thoughts, and to attaine to the knowledge of myself, by setting downe naifely the true state of my mind, I littell care for thoes rules which are necessary to thoes whoe are to depend on others judgements, I content myself with setting downe my thoughts, without caring for rule or order, as appears by breaking and and returning to my story; by affirming first that one of the principall works for which we are sent into this world, is to admire the works of him that made both us and it; thoes are the most excellent that are the most beautifull (for beauty is the perfection of excellence) and those works of nature are of the most perfect beauty, which are living, and of the living, the reasonable only can content a resonable soule: the most excellent therefore in beauty of reasonable creatures, doth best deserve our admiration, and theareby we do fulfill a great

part of the end for which we were created. But who can admire any thing without desiring the fruition of it, and that desire is love.

For what reason can be imagined for the difference that we see in persons, (for the same power that made all things could have made all alike perfect) but to make theareby a difference in our affections towards them? Why are some made glorious in beauty but to draw the affections unto them? Why others cursed with deformity, but to give the greater luster unto thoes that are contrary to them, or to shew the illnesse of their natures, as marks that men should beware of them? How blind a sottishnesse, is it, not to see and distinguish of beauty, and what a beastly malice is it not to love that which we acknowledge to be excellent! The glory of divine rayes doe appeare in faces, but much more in minds; whoe can then without barbarity (I think I may say impiety) deny to suffer himself to be ravished with the admiration of such an excellence of a created beauty, as is an image of the uncreated, or to be inflamed with the love of it, and the desire to enjoy it? If desires weare absolutely sinfull, they had never bin given us; if beauty might not be desired, it had never been created: theare is noe forbidden fruite out of Paradice. We have a free liberty of enjoying all that is good: goodnesse and beauty are convertible tearmes and indivisible things, and they are happy that attaine unto it: they that are wise desire that which is best.

But some will say, we ought to desire even the best things with moderation, which love destroyes: Ah! let that extend to ordinary things—Desire riches, honours and the like coldly, and unpassionately: they cannot content the mind, thearefore ought not to possesse it, but wheare beauty of mind and boddy meet, both in such excellency as leave not liberty to the fancy to imagine any thing more perfect, whoe can attribute too much either to it or the Author, since that alone is able fully to satisfy all our desires? Worldly things doe often cloy us, but never content us. Some consist wholly in contemplation, entertain the mind, neglect or destroy the boddy; others that satisfy the senses, distast the mind, perhaps hurt it: but such of our pleasures have their worth only from our vanity; but this, a Person soe qualified leaves noe part of us unsatisfied, nor any thing in relation to this world to be wished to compleat our happinesse; weare it not then much better to use that prudence by which they pretend to moderate theire affections, only in making choice of such a person to be the object of them, as may absolutely deserve their utmost intentions?

Besides what can reasonably be brought to fortifiy this opinion, if we examine what men have bin free or possessed with this passion, we shall find few that have not tasted of it, unlesse they be ordinary and vulgar spirits, or such as by the vanity of ambition or some other furious passion or vice (which love abhorres) transported even unto madnesse, which neverthelesse hathe not defended some of them from being made slaves to Venus. And amongst the heathens, the Poets whoe weare theare wisest men, and in their fables comprehended all the misteryes of phylosophy, exempted not theire gods from this passion. And amongst Christians, I know but tow cautions that are but by men of understanding, which are, that love to the creature be not of such a degree as to take us from the worship and love of God; th' other that we defend ourselves from unlawfull desires, both of which I grant, and yet have as much as I desire; for that same love, for which God created and beautified the world, is the only means for us to returne unto him, who is the fountain of our being: and through the imperfections of our owne natures being not able to see or comprehend his greatnesse and goodnesse otherwise then by his works, must make us from visible things to raise our thoughts up to him. And for unlawful desires, they are not more contrary unto religion then to love, which delights only in beauty and virtue, hates the deformity of vice, and of that brutish lust which distinguisheth not of honour or justice. He cannot be said to love a woman, that would buy his owne pleasure with hir dishonour or crime; he only loves himself. Besides, the love which I defend being in a great degree spirituall, cannot desire any thing that is vicious; vice destroys the principall object of love (which is the mind) and the benefite that is reaped by such pleasures, can only satisfy the senses, which thearefore love not only desires not, but hates.

But the greatest reason why we should apply ourselves to oppose the birth and growth of this passion, is the infinite paines and sorrowes that it causeth, how many are made miserable for one that attaines to happinesse by it; and even thoes are first exposed to all miseries before they obtaine theare desire. And truly to this I have very littell to answeare; only this, that as love is the cause of the greatest ills that men suffer, it is the cause alsoe of the most perfect pleasures, consisting only in extreams, and as many are made miserable by love, none are made happy without love. It is the most active instrument of our natures, and causeth the most good or hurt to us. But though a quiet indifferent state, voide of great griefes or joyes, weare to be chosen rather then this slippery precipice, from whence we are soe likely to fall into misery, discourses upon it weare vaine; for our weak reason, which should be our guide, is carried away captive by the power of beauty and virtue, against which blindnesse only and stupidity are able to make any defence.

Theare is another sort of people whoe are great pretenders to wisdome, whoe say that the objects of our desires should be such as satisfy the mind, and that if any such can be found, too great a valeu cannot be put upon it, but deny that can be found amongst women; they are only light creatures, fit to satisfy the senses, maintain our species, and quensh our naturall desires, and have not such mindes as can give delight to a wise man.

How great an ignorance is this! Socrates

learnt his phylosophy from Pictinna: though shee receaved hir first principles from him, shee grew soe excellent as to be able to teach hir master, whoe was able to teach all the rest of the world. And Pericles, to whome all Greece gave the preference for wisdome, confessed he knew nothing but what he had learnt from the faire Aspasia; both of which weare as excellent for their beauty as understanding: and whoe is it that doth not know that every age hath produced some very excellent in thoes things for which men most prize themselves, and yet theis grave fooles despise them?

It is true that weomen have not thoes helps from studdy and education as men have, but in the natural powers of the mind are noe ways inferior. They exempt themselves from the trouble of thoes knotty sciences that serve only to deceave fooles, which furnish the tongue with wordes, but tend nothing to the framing of the understanding; and instead of this they have a pleasantnesse of wit in conversation very much beyond men, and a well composednesse of judgment, which, if they did not deserve our love, would move our envy: and unto whatsoever they apply themselves, either learning, businesse, domestick or publike governement, shew themselves at the least equall to our sex. I should be glad if I could except military business, naturally disliking any thing of violence amongst them; but even in that many have bin excellent.

But above all, the softnesse, gentlenesse, and sweetnesse that is in them, doth justly move our love and admiration, whereas mens minds are as ruggid and harsh as theire faces; fit for boisterous action by the strength and hardinesse of theire boddyes, but incapable of giving pleasure: and even in that quality which men soe much prize in themselves, which is courage, how many of them hath been faine to take example in generous and bold resolutions from theire wives, daughters, or mistresses. Epicharis suffered torture better than any of forty the most eminent senators of Rome, of divers kindred of the chiefe of the soldiery, concealing by hir constancy the conspiracy which the weaknesse of the others revealed. Seneca was glad to receave encouragement and example to dye from Paulina, Petus from Arria in his extremity, and the famous Brutus often from Porcia: besides infinite number of exemples of virtue, by which that sweet sexe shewes they can, when it is needfull, excell ours in gallantry as well as beauty, and gives us sufficient reason to conclude that they cannot only mitigate the troubles of our life, which wee through a turbelent illnesse of nature create to one another, but by theire examples mollify our hardinesse by pleasures we receave from them, recompense the mischief our harsh tempers expose us unto, and that they only are the worthy objects of our affections, it being as evident that we owe our pleasures to them, as our birth; they are only to ease our griefes and cares, and which is more beneficiall unto us, soften that rigid fiercenesse of mind which is our crime and plague, the instruments of our owne and others miseryes, by the sweet allurements of pleasure that we receave from them; let not any man through a fond and impudent presumption in his owne merit despise that sex.—ALGERNON SIDNEY, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

ON THE INSPIRATION OF SCRIPTURE.

1. IT has lately been asked what answer do we Catholics give to the allegation urged against us by men of the day, to the effect that we demand of our converts an assent to views and interpretations of Scripture which modern science and historical research have utterly discredited.

As this alleged obligation is confidently maintained against us, and with an array of instances in support of it, I think it should be either denied or defended; and the best mode perhaps of doing whether the one or the other, will be, instead of merely dealing with the particular instances adduced in proof, to state what we really do hold as regards Holy Scripture, and what a Catholic is bound to believe. This I propose now to do, and in doing it, I beg it to be understood that my statements are simply my own, and involve no responsibility of any one besides myself.

2. A recent work of M. Renan's is one of those publications which have suggested or occasioned this adverse criticism upon our intellectual position. That author's abandonment of Catholicism seems, according to a late article in a journal of high reputation, in no small measure to have come about by his study of the Biblical text, especially that of the Old Testament. "He explains," says the article, "that the Roman Catholic Church admits no compromise on questions of Biblical criticism and history" . . . though "the Book of Judith is an historical impossibility. Hence the undoubted fact that the Roman Catholic Church . . . insists on its members believing . . . a great deal more in pure criticism and pure history than the strictest Protestants exact from their pupils or flocks." Should, then, a doubting Anglican contemplate becoming Catholic by way of attaining intellectual peace, "if his doubts turn on history and criticism, he will find the little finger of the Catholic Church thicker than the loins of Protestantism."

3. The serious question, then, which this article calls on us to consider, is whether it is "an undoubted fact," as therein stated, that the Catholic Church does "insist" on her children's acceptance of certain Scripture informations on matters of fact in defiance of criticism and history. And my first duty on setting out is to determine the meaning of that vague word "insists," which I shall use in the only sense in which a Catholic can consent to use it.

I allow, then, that the Church, certainly, does "insist," when she speaks dogmatically, nay or rather she more than insists, she obliges; she obliges us to an internal assent to that which she proposes to us. So far I admit, or rather maintain. And I admit

that she obliges us in a most forcible and effective manner, that is, by the penalty of forfeiting communion with her, if we refuse our internal assent to her word. We cannot be real Catholics, if we do not from our heart accept the matters which she puts forward as divine and true. This is plain.

4. Next, to what does the Church oblige us? and what is her warrant for doing so? I answer, The matters which she can oblige us to accept with an internal assent are the matters contained in that Revelation of Truth, written or unwritten, which came to the world from our Lord and His Apostles; and this claim on our faith in her decisions as to the matter of that Revelation rests on her being the divinely appointed representative of the Apostles and the expounder of their words; so that whatever she categorically delivers about their formal acts or their writings or their teaching, is an Apostolic deliverance. I repeat, the only sense in which the Church "insists" on any statement, Biblical or other, the only reason of her so insisting, is that that statement is part of the original Revelation, and therefore must be unconditionally accepted,—else, that Revelation is not, as a revelation, accepted at all.

The question then which I have to answer is, *What*, in matter of fact, has the Church (or the Pope), as the representative of God, said about Scripture, which, as being Apostolic, unerring Truth, is obligatory on our faith, that is, is *de fide*?

5. Many truths may be predicated about Scripture and its contents which are not obligatory on our faith, viz., such as are private conclusions from premisses, or are the *dicta* of the theologians. Such as about the author of the Book of Job, or the dates of St. Paul's Epistles. These are not obligatory upon us, because they are not the subjects of *ex cathedrâ* utterances of the Church. Opinions of this sort may be true or not true, and lie open for acceptance or rejection, since no divine utterance has ever been granted to us about them, or is likely to be granted. We are not bound to believe what St. Jerome said or inferred about Scripture; nor what St. Augustine, or St. Thomas, or Cardinal Caietan or Fr. Perrone has said; but what the Church has enunciated, what the Councils, what the Pope, has determined. We are not bound to accept with an absolute faith what is not a dogma, or the equivalent of dogma (*vide infra*, section 17), what is not *de fide;* such judgments, however high their authority, we may without loss of communion doubt, we may refuse to accept. This is what we must especially bear in mind, when we handle such objections as M. Renan's. We must not confuse what is indisputable as well as true, with what may indeed be true, yet is disputable.

6. I must make one concession to him. In certain cases there may be a duty of silence, when there is no obligation of belief. Here no question of faith comes in. We will suppose that a novel opinion about Scripture or its contents is well grounded and a received opinion open to doubt, in a case in which the Church has hitherto decided nothing, so that a new question needs a new answer: here, to profess the new opinion may be abstractedly permissible, but is not always permissible in practice. The novelty may be so startling as to require a full certainty that it is true; it may be so strange as to raise the question whether it will not unsettle ill-educated minds, that is, though the statement is not an offence against faith, still it may be an offence against charity. It need not be heretical, yet at a particular time or place it may be so contrary to the prevalent opinion in the Catholic body, as in Galileo's case, that zeal for the supremacy of the Divine Word, deference to existing authorities, charity towards the weak and ignorant, and distrust of self, should keep a man from being impetuous or careless in circulating what nevertheless he holds to be true, and what, if indeed asked about, he cannot deny. The household of God has claims upon our tenderness in such matters, which criticism and history have not.

7. For myself, I have no call or wish at all to write in behalf of such persons as think it a love of truth to have no "love of the brethren." I am indeed desirous of investigating for its own sake the limit of free thought consistently with the claims upon us of Holy Scripture; still my especial interest in the inquiry is from my desire to assist those religious sons of the Church who are engaged in biblical criticism and its attendant studies, and have a conscientious fear of transgressing the rule of faith; men who wish to ascertain how far their religion puts them under obligations and restrictions in their reasonings and inferences on such subjects, what conclusions may and what may not be held without interfering with that internal assent which they are bound to give, if they would be Catholics, to the written Word of God. I do but contemplate the inward peace of religious Catholics in their own persons. Of course those who begin without belief in the religious aspect of the universe, are not likely to be brought to such belief by studying it merely on its secular side.

8. Now then, the main question before us being what it is that a Catholic is free to hold about Scripture in general, or about its separate portions or its statements, without compromising his firm inward assent to the dogmas of the Church, that is, to the *de fide* enunciations of Pope and Councils, we have first of all to inquire how many and what those dogmas are.

I answer that there are two such dogmas; one relates to the authority of Scripture, the other to its interpretation. As to the authority of Scripture, we hold it to be in all matters of faith and morals, divinely inspired throughout; as to its interpretation, we hold that the Church is, in faith and morals, the one infallible expounder of that inspired text.

I begin with the question of its inspiration.

9. The books which constitute the canon of Scripture, or the Canonical books, are enumerated by the Tridentine Council, as we find them in the first page of our Catholic Bibles, and are in that Ecumenical Council's decree

spoken of by implication as the work of inspired men. The Vatican Council speaks more distinctly, saying that the entire books with all their parts, are divinely inspired, and adding an anathema upon impugners of this its definition.

There is another dogmatic phrase used by the Councils of Florence and Trent to denote the inspiration of Scripture, viz., "Deus *unus et idem* utriusque Testamenti Auctor." Since this left room for holding that by the word "Testamentum" was meant "Dispensation," as it seems to have meant in former Councils from the date of Irenæus, and as St. Paul uses the word, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, the Vatican Council has expressly defined that the concrete *libri* themselves of the Old and New Testament "Deum habent Auctorem."

10. There is a further question, which is still left in some ambiguity, the meaning of the word "Auctor." "Auctor" is not identical with the English word "Author." Allowing that there are instances to be found in classical Latin in which "auctores" may be translated "authors," instances in which it even seems to mean "writers," it more naturally means "authorities." Its proper sense is "originator," "inventor," "founder," "primary cause;" (thus St. Paul speaks of our Lord as "Auctor salutis," "Auctor fidei;") on the other hand, that it was the inspired penmen who were the "writers" of their works seem asserted by St. John and St. Luke and, I may say, in every paragraph of St. Paul's Epistles. In St. John we read, "This is the disciple who testifies of these things, and has *written* these things," and St. Luke says "I have thought it good to *write* to thee," etc. However, if any one prefers to construe "auctor" as "author," or writer, let it be so—only, then there will be two writers of the Scriptures, the divine and the human.

11. And now comes the important question, in what respect are the Canonical books inspired? It cannot be in every respect, unless we are bound *de fide* to believe that "terra in æternum stat," and that heaven is above us, and that there are no antipodes. And it seems unworthy of Divine Greatness, that the Almighty should in His revelation of Himself to us undertake mere secular duties, and assume the office of a narrator, as such, or an historian, or geographer, except so far as the secular matters bear directly upon the revealed truth. The Councils of Trent and the Vatican fulfil this anticipation; they tell us distinctly the object and the promise of Scripture inspiration. They specify "faith and moral conduct" as the drift of that teaching which has the guarantee of inspiration. What we need and what is given us is not how to educate ourselves for this life; we have abundant natural gifts for human society, and for the advantages which it secures; but our great want is how to demean ourselves in thought and deed towards our Maker, and how to gain reliable information on this urgent necessity.

12. Accordingly four times does the Tridentine Council insist upon "faith and morality" as the scope of inspired teaching. It declares that the "Gospel" is "the Fount of all *saving truth* and all *instruction in morals*," that in the written books and in the unwritten traditions, the Holy Spirit dictating, this *truth* and *instruction* are contained. Then it speaks of the books and traditions, "relating whether to *faith* or to *morals*," and afterwards of "the confirmation of *dogmas* and establishment of *morals*." Lastly, it warns the Christian people, "in matters of *faith* and *morals*," against distorting Scripture into a sense of their own.

In like manner the Vatican Council pronounces that Supernatural Revelation consists "*in rebus divinis*," and is *contained* "in libris scriptis et sine scripto traditionibus;" and it also speaks of "petulantia ingenia" advancing wrong interpretations of Scripture "in rebus *fidei* et *morum* ad ædificationem *doctrinæ* Christianæ pertinentium."

13. But while the Councils, as has been shown, lay down so emphatically the inspiration of Scripture in respect to "faith and morals," it is remarkable that they do not say a word directly as to its inspiration in matters of fact. Yet are we therefore to conclude that the record of facts in Scripture does not come under the guarantee of its inspiration? we are not so to conclude, and for this plain reason:—the sacred narrative, carried on through so many ages, what is it but the very matter for our faith and rule of our obedience? what but that narrative itself is the supernatural teaching, in order to which inspiration is given? What is the whole history, traced out in Scripture from Genesis to Esdras and thence on to the end of the Acts of the Apostles, but a manifestation of Divine Providence, on the one hand interpretative, on a large scale and with analogical applications, of universal history, and on the other preparatory, typical and predictive, of the Evangelical Dispensation? Its pages breathe of providence and grace, of our Lord, and of His work and teaching, from beginning to end. It views facts in those relations in which neither ancients, such as the Greek and Latin classical historians, nor moderns, such as Niebuhr, Grote, Ewald, or Michelet, can view them. In this point of view it has God for its author, even though the finger of God traced no words but the Decalogue. Such is the claim of Bible history in its substantial fulness to be accepted *de fide* as true. In this point of view, Scripture is inspired, not only in faith and morals, but in all its parts which bear on faith, including matters of fact.

14. But what has been said leads to another serious question. It is easy to imagine a Code of Laws inspired, or a formal prophecy, or a Hymn, or a Creed, or a collection of Proverbs. Such works may be short, precise, and homogeneous; but inspiration on the one hand, and on the other a document, multiform and copious in its contents, as the Bible is, are at first sight incompatible ideas, and destructive of each other. How are we practically to combine the indubitable fact of a divine superintendence with the indubitable fact of a collection of such various writings?

15. Surely then if the revelations and lessons in Scripture are addressed to us personally and practically, the presence among us of a formal judge and standing expositor of its words, is imperative. It is antecedently unreasonable to suppose that a book so complex, so unsystematic, in parts so obscure, the outcome of so many minds, times, and places, should be given us from above without the safeguard of some authority; as if it could possibly, from the nature of the case, interpret itself. Its inspiration does but guarantee its truth, not its interpretation. How are private readers satisfactorily to distinguish what is didactic and what is historical what is fact and what is vision, what is allegorical and what is literal, what is idiomatic and what is grammatical, what is enunciated formally and what occurs *obiter*, what is only of temporary and what is of lasting obligation? Such is our natural anticipation, and it is only too exactly justified in the events of the last three centuries, in the many countries where private judgment on the text of Scripture has prevailed. The gift of inspiration requires as its complement the gift of infallibility.

Where then is this gift lodged, which is so necessary for the due use of the written word of God? Thus we are introduced to the second dogma in respect to Holy Scripture taught by the Catholic religion. The first is that Scripture is inspired, the second that the Church is the infallible interpreter of that inspiration.

16. That the Church, and therefore the Pope, is that Interpreter is defined in the following words:—

First by the Council of Trent: "Nemo suâ prudentiâ innixus, in rebus fidei et morum ad ædificationem doctrinæ Christianæ pertinentium, Sacram Scripturam ad suos sensus contorquens, contra eum sensum quem tenuit et tenet Sancta Mater Ecclesia, cujus est judicare de vero sensu et interpretatione Scripturarum Sanctarum, aut etiam contra unanimem consensum Patrum, ipsam Scripturam Sacram interpretari audeat."

Secondly by the Council of the Vatican: "Nos, idem Decretum [Tridentinum] renovantes, hanc illius mentem esse declaramus, ut in rebus fidei et morum ad ædificationem doctrinæ Christianæ pertinentium, is pro vero sensu Sacræ Scripturæ habendus sit, quem tenuit et tenet Sancta Mater Ecclesia, cujus est judicare de vero sensu et interpretatione Scripturarum Sanctarum," etc.

17. Since then there is in the Church an authority, divinely appointed and plenary, for judgment and for appeal in questions of Scripture interpretation, in matters of faith and morals, therefore, by the very force of the words, there is one such authority, and only one.

Again, it follows hence, that, when the legitimate authority, has spoken, to resist its interpretation is a sin against the faith and an act of heresy.

And from this again it follows, that, till the Infallible Authority formally interprets a passage of Scripture, there is nothing heretical in advocating a contrary interpretation, provided of course there is nothing in the act intrinsically inconsistent with the faith, or the *pietas fidei*, nothing of contempt or rebellion, nothing temerarious, nothing offensive or scandalous, in the manner of acting or the circumstances of the case. I repeat, I am all along inquiring what Scripture, by reason of its literal text, obliges us to believe. An original view about Scripture or its parts may be as little contrary to the mind of the Church about it, as it need be an offence against its inspiration.

The proviso, however, or condition, which I have just made, must carefully be kept in mind. Doubtless, a certain interpretation of a doctrinal text may be so strongly supported by the Fathers, so continuous and universal, and so cognate and connatural with the Church's teaching, that it is virtually or practically as dogmatic as if it were a formal judgment delivered on appeal by the Holy See, and cannot be disputed except as the Church or Holy See opens its wording or its conditions. Hence the Vatican Council says, "Fide divinâ et Catholicâ ea omnia credenda sunt, quæ in verbo Dei scripto vel tradito continentur, vel ab Ecclesiâ sive solemni judicio, sive *ordinario* et *universali magisterio*, tanquam divinitus revelata, credenda proponuntur." And I repeat, that, though the Fathers were not inspired, yet their united testimony is of supreme authority; at the same time, since no Canon or List has been determined of the Fathers, the practical rule of duty is obedience to the voice of the Church.

18. Such then is the answer which I make to the main question which has led to my writing. I asked what obligation of duty lay upon the Catholic scholar or man of science as regards his critical treatment of the text and the matter of Holy Scripture. And now I say that it is his duty, first, never to forget that what he is handling is the Word of God, which, by reason of the difficulty of always drawing the line between what is human and what is divine, cannot be put on the level of other books, as it is now the fashion to do, but has the nature of a Sacrament, which is outward and inward, and a channel of supernatural grace; and secondly, that in what he writes upon it or its separate books, he is bound to submit himself internally, and to profess to submit himself, in all that relates to faith and morals, to the definite teaching of Holy Church.

This being laid down, let me go on to consider some of the critical distinctions and conclusions which are consistent with a faithful observance of these obligations.

19. Are the books or are the writers inspired? I answer, Both. The Council of Trent says the writers ("abipsis Apostolis, Spiritu Sancto dictante"); the Vatican says the books ("si quis libros integros etc. divinitus inspiratos esse negaverit, anathema sit"). Of course the Vatican decision is *de fide*, but it cannot annul the Tridentine. Both decrees are dogmatic truths. The Tridentine teaches us that the Divine Inspirer, inasmuch as He acted on the writer, acted, not immediately on the books themselves, but through the men who wrote them. The books are inspired, because the

writers were inspired to write them. They are not inspired books, unless they came from inspired men.

There is one instance in Scripture of Divine Inspiration without a human medium; the Decalogue was written by the very finger of God. He wrote the law upon the stone tables Himself. It has been thought that the Urim and the Thummim was another instance of the immediate inspiration of a material substance; but anyhow such instances are exceptional; certainly, as regards Scripture, which alone concerns us here, there always have been two minds in the process of inspiration, a Divine Auctor, and a human Scriptor; and various important consequences follow from this appointment.

20. If there be at once a divine and a human mind co-operating in the formation of the sacred text, it is not surprising if there often be a double sense in that text, and, with obvious exceptions, never certain that there is not.

Thus Sara had her human and literal meaning in her words, "Cast out the bondwoman and her son," etc.; but we know from St. Paul that those words were inspired by the Holy Ghost to convey a spiritual meaning. Abraham, too, on the Mount, when his son asked him whence was to come the victim for the sacrifice which his father was about to offer, answered "God will provide;" and he showed his own sense of his words afterwards, when he took the ram which was caught in the briers, and offered it as a holocaust. Yet those words were a solemn prophecy.

And is it extravagant to say, that, even in the case of men who have no pretension to be prophets or servants of God, He may by their means give us great maxims and lessons, which the speakers little thought they were delivering? as in the case of the Architriclinus in the marriage feast, who spoke of the bridegroom as having "kept the good wine until now;" words which it was needless for St. John to record, unless they had a mystical meaning.

Such instances raise the question whether the Scripture saints and prophets always understood the higher and divine sense of their words. As to Abraham, this will be answered in the affirmative; but I do not see reason for thinking that Sara was equally favored. Nor is her case solitary; Caiphas, as high priest, spoke a divine truth by virtue of his office, little thinking of it, when he said that "one man must die for the people;" and St. Peter at Joppa at first did not see beyond a literal sense in his vision, though he knew that there was a higher sense, which in God's good time would be revealed to him.

And hence there is no difficulty in supposing that the Prophet Osee, though inspired, only knew his own literal sense of the words which he transmitted to posterity, "I have called my Son out of Egypt," the further prophetic meaning of them being declared by St. Matthew in his gospel. And such a divine sense would be both concurrent with and confirmed by that antecedent belief which prevailed among the Jews in St. Matthew's time, that their sacred books were in great measure typical, with an evangelical bearing, though as yet they might not know what those books contained in prospect.

21. Nor is it *de fide* (for that alone with a view to Catholic Biblicists I am considering) that inspired men, at the time when they speak from inspiration, should always know that the Divine Spirit is visiting them.

The Psalms are inspired; but, when David, in the outpouring of his deep contrition, disburdened himself before his God in the words of the *Miserere*, could he, possibly, while uttering them, have been directly conscious that every word he uttered was not simply his, but another's? Did he not think that he was personally asking forgiveness and spiritual help?

Doubt again seems incompatible with a consciousness of being inspired. But Father Patrizi, while reconciling two Evangelists in a passage of their narratives, says, if I understand him rightly (ii. p. 405), that though we admit that there were some things about which inspired writers doubted, this does not imply that inspiration allowed them to state what is doubtful as certain, but only it did not hinder them from stating things with a doubt on their minds about them; but how can the All-knowing Spirit doubt? or how can an inspired man doubt, if he is conscious of his inspiration?

And again, how can a man whose hand is guided by the Holy Spirit, and who knows it, make apologies for his style of writing, as if deficient in literary exactness and finish? If then the writer of Ecclesiasticus, at the very time that he wrote his Prologue, was not only inspired but conscious of his inspiration, how could he have entreated his readers to "come with benevolence," and to make excuse for his "coming short in the composition of words"? Surely, if at the very time he wrote he had known it, he would, like other inspired men, have said, "Thus saith the Lord," or what was equivalent to it.

The same remark applies to the writer of the second book of Machabees, who ends his narrative by saying, "If I have done well, it is what I desired, but if not so perfectly, it must be pardoned me." What a contrast to St. Paul, who, speaking of his inspiration (1 Cor. vii. 40) and of his "weakness and fear" (*ibid.* ii. 4), does so in order to *boast* that his "speech was, not in the persuasive words of human wisdom, but in the showing of the Spirit and of power." The historian of the Machabees would have surely adopted a like tone of "glorying," had he had at the time a like consciousness of his divine gift.

22. Again, it follows from there being two agencies, divine grace and human intelligence, co-operating in the production of the Scriptures, that, whereas, if they were written, as in the Decalogue, by the immediate finger of God, every word of them must be His and His only, on the contrary, if they are man's writing, informed and quickened by the presence of the Holy Ghost, they admit, should it so happen, of being composed of outlying materials, which have passed through the minds

and from the fingers of inspired penmen, and are known to be inspired on the ground that those who were the immediate editors, as they may be called, were inspired.

For an example of this we are supplied by the writer of the second book of Machabees, to which reference has already been made. "All such things," says the writer, "as have been comprised in five books by Jason of Cyrene, we have attempted to abridge in one book." Here we have the human aspect of an inspired work. Jason need not, the writer of the second book of Machabees must, have been inspired.

Again; St. Luke's gospel is inspired, as having gone through and come forth from an inspired mind; but the extrinsic sources of his narrative were not necessarily all inspired any more than was Jason of Cyrene; yet such sources there were, for, in contrast with the testimony of the actual eye-witnesses of the events which he records, he says of himself that he wrote after a careful inquiry, "according as *they* delivered them to us, who from the beginning were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word;" as to himself, he had but "diligently attained to all things from the beginning." Here it was not the original statements, but his edition of them, which needed to be inspired.

23. Hence we have no reason to be surprised, nor is it against the faith to hold, that a canonical book may be composed, not only from, but even of, pre-existing documents, it being always borne in mind, as a necessary condition, that an inspired mind has exercised a supreme and an ultimate judgment on the work, determining what was to be selected and embodied in it, in order to its truth in all "matters of faith and morals pertaining to the edification of Christian doctrine," and its unadulterated truth.

Thus Moses may have incorporated in his manuscript as much from foreign documents as is commonly maintained by the critical school; yet the existing Pentateuch, with the miracles which it contains, may still (from that personal inspiration which belongs to a prophet) have flowed from his mind and hand on to his composition. He new-made and authenticated what till then was no matter of faith.

This being considered, it follows that a book may be, and may be accepted as, inspired, though not a word of it is an original document. Such is almost the case with the first book of Esdras. A learned writer in a publication of the day* says: "It consists of the contemporary historical journals, kept from time to time by the prophets or other authorized persons, who were eye-witnesses for the most part of what they record, and whose several narratives were afterwards strung together, and either abridged or added to, as the case required, by a later hand, of course an inspired hand."

And in like manner the Chaldee and Greek portions of the book of Daniel, even though not written by Daniel, may be, and we believe are, written by penmen inspired in matters of faith and morals; and so much, and nothing beyond, does the Church "oblige" us to believe.

24. I have said that the Chaldee, as well as the Hebrew portion of Daniel, requires, in order to its inspiration, not that it should be Daniel's writing, but that its writer, whoever he was, should be inspired. This leads me to the question whether inspiration requires and implies that the book inspired should in its form and matter be homogeneous, and all its parts belong to each other. Certainly not. The Book of Psalms is the obvious instance destructive of any such idea. What it really requires is an inspired Editor;† that is, an inspired mind, authoritative in faith and morals, from whose fingers the sacred text passed. I believe it is allowed generally, that at the date of the captivity and under the persecution of Antiochus, the books of Scripture and the sacred text suffered much loss and injury. Originally the Psalms seem to have consisted of five books; of which, only a portion, perhaps the first and second, were David's. That arrangement is now broken up, and the Council of Trent was so impressed with the difficulty of their authorship, that, in its formal decree respecting the Canon, instead of calling the collection "David's Psalms," as was usual, they called it the "Psalterium Davidicum," thereby meaning to imply, that, although canonical and inspired and in spiritual fellowship and relationship with those of "the choice Psalmist of Israel," the whole collection is not therefore necessarily the writing of David.

And as the name of David, though not really applicable to every Psalm, nevertheless protected and sanctioned them all, so the appendices which conclude the book of Daniel, Susanna and Bel, though not belonging to the main history, come under the shadow of that Divine Presence, which primarily rests on what goes before.

And so again, whether or not the last verses of St. Mark's, and two portions of St. John's Gospel, belong to those Evangelists respectively, matters not as regards their inspiration; for the Church has recognized them as portions of that sacred narrative which precedes or embraces them.

Nor does it matter, whether one or two Isaiahs wrote the book which bears that Prophet's name; the Church, without settling this point, pronounces it inspired in respect of faith and morals, both Isaiahs being inspired; and, if this be assured to us, all other questions are irrelevant and unnecessary.

Nor do the Councils forbid our holding that there are interpolations or additions in the sacred text, say, the last chapter of the Pen-

* Smith's "Dictionary."

* This representation must not be confused with either of the two views of canonicity which are pronounced insufficient by the Vatican Council—viz., 1, that in order to be sacred and canonical, it is enough for a book to be a work of mere human industry, provided it be afterwards approved by the authority of the Church; and 2, that it is enough if it contains revealed teaching without error. Neither of these views supposes the presence of inspiration, whether in the writer or the writing; what is contemplated above is an inspired writer in the exercise of his inspiration, and a work inspired from first to last under the action of that inspiration.

tateuch, provided they are held to come from an inspired penman, such as Esdras, and are thereby authoritative in faith and morals.

25. From what has been last said it follows, that the titles of the Canonical books, and their ascription to definite authors, either do not come under their inspiration, or need not be accepted literally.

For instance: the Epistle to the Hebrews is said in our Bibles to be the writing of St. Paul, and so virtually it is, and to deny that it is so in any sense might be temerarious; but its authorship is not a matter of faith as its inspiration is, but an acceptance of received opinion, and because to no other writer can it be so well assigned.

Again, the 89th Psalm has for its title "A Prayer of Moses," yet that has not hindered a succession of Catholic writers, from Athanasius to Bellarmine, from denying it to be his.

Again, the Book of Wisdom professes (*e.g.*, chs. vii. and ix.) to be written by Solomon; yet our Bibles say, "It is written in the *person* of Solomon," and "it is uncertain who was the writer;" and St. Augustine, whose authority had so much influence in the settlement of the Canon, speaking of Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus, says: "The two books by reason of a certain similarity of style are usually called Solomon's, though the more learned have no doubt they do not belong to him." (Martin. "Pref. to Wisdom and Eccl."; Aug. "Opp." t. iii. p. 733.)

If these instances hold, they are precedents for saying that it is no sin against the faith (for of such I have all along been speaking), nor indeed, if done conscientiously and on reasonable grounds, any sin, to hold that Ecclesiastes is not the writing of Solomon, in spite of its opening with a profession of being his; and that first, because that profession is a heading, not a portion of the book; secondly, because, even though it be part of the book, a like profession is made in the Book of Wisdom, without its being a proof that "Wisdom" is Solomon's; and thirdly, because such a profession may well be considered a prosopopœia not so difficult to understand as that of the Angel Raphael, when he called himself "the Son of the great Ananias."

On this subject Melchior Canus says: "It does not much matter to the Catholic Faith, that a book was written by this or that writer, so long as the Spirit of God is believed to be the author of it; which Gregory delivers and explains, in his Preface to Job, 'It matters not with what pen the King has written his letter, if it be true that He has written it.'" ("Loc. Th." p. 44.)

I say then of the Book of Ecclesiastes, its authorship is one of those questions which still lie in the hands of the Church. If the Church formally declared that it was written by Solomon, I consider that in accordance with its heading (and, as implied in what follows, as in "Wisdom,") we should be bound, recollecting that she has the gift of judging "de vero sensu et interpretatione Scripturarum Sanctarum," to accept such a decree as a matter of faith; and in like manner, in spite of its heading, we should be bound to accept a contrary decree, if made to the effect that the book was not Solomon's. At present as the Church (or Pope) has not pronounced on one side or on the other, I conceive that, till a decision comes from Rome, either opinion is open to the Catholic without any impeachment of his faith.

26. And here I am led on to inquire whether *obiter dicta* are conceivable in an inspired document. We know that they are held to exist and even required in treating of the dogmatic utterances of Popes, but are they compatible with inspiration? The common opinion is that they are not. Professor Lamy thus writes about them, in the form of an objection: "Many minute matters occur in the sacred writers which have regard only to human feebleness and the natural necessities of life, and by no means require inspiration, since they can otherwise be perfectly well known, and seem scarcely worthy of the Holy Spirit, as for instance what is said of the dog of Tobias, St. Paul's *penula*, and the salutations at the end of the Epistles." Neither he nor Fr. Patrizi allow of these exceptions; but Fr. Patrizi, as Lamy quotes him, "damnare non audet eos qui hæc tenerent," viz., exceptions, and he himself, by keeping silence, seems unable to condemn them either.

By *obiter dicta* in Scripture I also mean such statements as we find in the Book of Judith, that Nabuchodonosor was king of Nineve. Now it is in favor of there being such unauthoritative *obiter dicta*, that unlike those which occur in dogmatic utterances of Popes and Councils, they are, in Scripture, not doctrinal, but mere unimportant statements of fact; whereas those of Popes and Councils may relate to faith and morals, and are said to be uttered *obiter*, because they are not contained within the scope of the formal definition, and imply no intention of binding the consciences of the faithful. There does not then seem any serious difficulty in admitting their existence in Scripture. Let it be observed, its miracles are doctrinal facts, and in no sense of the phrase can be considered *obiter dicta*.

27. It may be questioned, too, whether the absence of chronological sequence might not be represented as an infringement of plenary inspiration, more serious than the *obiter dicta* of which I have been speaking. Yet St. Matthew is admitted by approved commentators to be unsolicitous as to order of time. So says Fr. Patrizi ("De Evang." lib. ii. p. 1), viz., "Matthæum de observando temporis ordine minime sollicitum esse." He gives instances, and then repeats "Matthew did not observe order of time." If such absence of order is compatible with inspiration in St. Matthew, as it is, it might be consistent with inspiration in parts of the Old Testament, supposing they are open to re-arrangement in chronology. Does not this teach us to fall back upon the decision of the Councils that "faith and morals pertaining to the edification of Christian doctrine" are the scope, the true scope, of inspiration? And is not the Holy See the judge given us for determining what is for edification and what is not?

There is another practical exception to the ideal continuity of Scripture inspiration in mere matters of fact, and that is the multitude of various manuscript readings which surround the sacred text. Unless we have the text as inspired men wrote it, we have not the divine gift in its fullness, and as far as we have no certainty which out of many is the true reading, so far, wherever the sense is affected, we are in the same difficulty as may be the consequence of an *obiter dictum*. Yet, in spite of this danger, even cautious theologians do not hesitate to apply the gratuitous hypothesis of errors in transcription as a means of accounting for such statements of fact as they feel to need an explanation. Thus Fr. Patrizi, not favoring the order of our Lord's three temptations in the desert, as given by St. Luke, attributes it to the mistake of the transcribers. "I have no doubt at all," he says, "that it is to be attributed, not to Luke himself, but to his transcribers" (*ibid.* p. 5); and again, he says that it is owing "vitio librariorum" (p. 394). If I recollect rightly, Melchior Canus has recourse to the "fault of transcribers" also. Indeed it is commonly urged in controversy (*vide* Lamy, i. p. 31).

28. I do not here go on to treat of the special instance urged against us by M. Renan, drawn from the Book of Judith, because I have wished to lay down principles, and next because his charge can neither be proved nor refuted just now, while the strange discoveries are in progress about Assyrian and Persian history by means of the cuneiform inscriptions. When the need comes, the Church, or the Holy See, will interpret the sacred book for us.

I conclude by reminding the reader that in these remarks I have been concerned only with the question—what have Catholics to hold and profess *de fide* about Scripture? that is, what it is the Church "insists" on their holding; and next, by unreservedly submitting what I have written to the judgment of the Holy See, being more desirous that the question should be satisfactorily answered, than that my own answer should prove to be in every respect the right one.—JOHN H. CARDINAL NEWMAN, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

THE NEW TORYISM.

MOST of those who now pass as Liberals, are Tories of a new type. This is a paradox which I propose to justify. That I may justify it, I must first point out what the two political parties originally were; and I must then ask the reader to bear with me while I remind him of facts he is familiar with, that I may impress on him the intrinsic natures of Toryism and Liberalism properly so called.

Dating back to an earlier period than their names, these two political parties at first stood respectively for two opposed types of social organization, broadly distinguishable as the militant and the industrial—types which are characterized, the one by the *régime* of status, almost universal in ancient days, and the other by the *régime* of contract, which has become general in modern days, chiefly among the Western nations, and especially among ourselves and the Americans. If, instead of using the word "co-operation" in a limited sense, we use it in its widest sense, as describing the combined activities of citizens under whatever system of regulation; then these two are definable as the system of compulsory co-operation and the system of voluntary co-operation. The typical structure of the one we see in an army formed of conscripts, in which the units in their several grades have to fulfil commands under pain of death, and receive food and clothing and pay, arbitrarily apportioned; while the typical structure of the other we see in a body of producers or distributors, who severally agree to specified salaries and wages in return for specified services, and may at will, after due notice, leave the organization if they do not like it.

During social evolution in England, the distinction between these two fundamentally-opposed forms of co-operation, made its appearance gradually; but long before the names Tory and Whig came into use, the parties were becoming traceable, and their connections with militancy and industrialism respectively, were vaguely shown. The truth is familiar that, here as elsewhere, it was habitually by town-populations, formed of workers and traders accustomed to co-operate under contract, that resistances were made to that coercive rule which characterizes co-operation under status. While, conversely, support of co-operation under status, arising from, and adjusted to, chronic warfare, came from rural districts, originally peopled by military chiefs and their dependents, which retained the primitive ideas and traditions. Moreover, this contrast in political leanings, shown before Whig and Tory principles became clearly distinguished, continued to be shown afterwards. At the period of the Revolution, "while the villages and smaller towns were monopolized by Tories, the larger cities, the manufacturing districts, and the ports of commerce, formed the strongholds of the Whigs;" and that, spite of exceptions, the like general relation still exists, needs no proving.

Such were the natures of the two parties as indicated by their origins. Observe, now, how their natures were indicated by their early doctrines and deeds. Whiggism began with resistance to Charles II. and his cabal, in their efforts to re-establish unchecked monarchical power: The Whigs "regarded the monarchy as a civil institution, established by the nation for the benefit of all its members;" while with the Tories "the monarch was the delegate of heaven." And these doctrines involved the beliefs, the one that subjection of citizen to ruler was conditional, and the other that it was unconditional. Describing Whig and Tory as conceived at the end of the seventeenth century, some fifty years before he wrote his "Dissertation on Parties," Bolingbroke says:—

"The power and majesty of the people, an original contract, the authority and independency of Parliaments, liberty,

resistance, exclusion, abdication, deposition; these were ideas associated, at that time, to the idea of a Whig, and supposed by every Whig to be incommunicable, and inconsistent with the idea of a Tory.

"Divine, hereditary, indefeasible right, lineal succession, passive obedience, prerogative, non-resistance, slavery, nay, and sometimes popery too, were associated in many minds to the idea of a Tory, and deemed incommunicable and inconsistent, in the same manner, with the idea of a Whig."—*Dissertation on Parties*, p. 5.

And if we compare these descriptions, we see that in the one party there was a desire to resist and decrease the coercive power of the ruler over the subject, and in the other party to maintain or increase his coercive power. This distinction in their aims—a distinction which transcends in meaning and importance all other political distinctions—was displayed in their early doings. Whig principles were exemplified in the Habeas Corpus Act, and in the measure by which judges were made independent of the Crown; in defeat of the Non-Resisting Test Bill, which proposed for legislators and officials a compulsory oath, that they would in no case resist the king by arms; and, later, they were exemplified in the Bill of Rights, framed to secure subjects against monarchical aggressions. These Acts had the same intrinsic nature. The principle of compulsory co-operation throughout social life was weakened by them, and the principle of voluntary co-operation strengthened. That at a subsequent period the policy of the party had the same general tendency, is well shown by a remark of Mr. Green concerning the period of Whig power after the death of Anne:—

"Before the fifty years of their rule had passed, Englishmen had forgotten that it was possible to persecute for differences of religion, or to put down the liberty of the press, or to tamper with the administration of justice, or to rule without a Parliament."—*Short History*, p 705.

And now, passing over the war-period which closed the last century and began this, during which that extension of individual freedom previously gained was lost, and the retrograde movement towards the social type proper to militancy was shown by all kinds of coercive measures, from those which took by force the persons and property of citizens for war purposes to those which suppressed public meetings and sought to gag the press, let us recall the general characters of those changes effected by Whigs or Liberals after the re-establishment of peace permitted revival of the industrial *régime* and return to its appropriate type of structure. Under growing Whig influence there came repeal of the laws forbidding combinations among artizans, as well as of those which interfered with their freedom of travelling. There was the measure by which, under Whig pressure, Dissenters were allowed to believe as they pleased without suffering certain civil penalties; and there was the Whig measure, carried by Tories from compulsion, which enabled Catholics to profess their religion without losing part of their freedom. The area of liberty was extended by Acts which forbade the buying of negroes and the holding of them in bondage. The East India Company's monopoly was abolished, and trade with the East made open to all. The political serfdom of the unrepresented was narrowed in area, both by the Reform Bill and the Municipal Reform Bill; so that alike generally and locally, the many were less under the coercion of the few. Dissenters, no longer obliged to submit to the ecclesiastical form of marriage, were made free to wed by a purely civil rite. Later came diminution and removal of restraints on the buying of foreign commodities and the employment of foreign vessels and foreign sailors: and later still the removal of those burdens on the press, which were originally imposed to hinder the diffusion of opinion. And of all these changes it is unquestionable that, whether made or not by Liberals themselves, they were made in conformity with principles professed and urged by Liberals.

But why do I enumerate facts so well known to all? Simply because, as intimated at the outset, it seems needful to remind everybody what Liberalism was in the past, that they may perceive its unlikeness to the so-called Liberalism of the present. It would be inexcusable to name these various measures for the purpose of pointing out the character common to them, were it not that in our day men have forgotten their common character. They do not remember that, in one or other way, all these truly Liberal changes diminished compulsory co-operation throughout social life and increased voluntary co-operation. They have forgotten that, in one direction or other, they diminished the range of governmental authority, and increased the area within which each citizen may act unchecked. They have lost sight of the truth that in past times Liberalism habitually stood for individual freedom *versus* State coercion.

And now comes the inquiry—How is it that Liberals have lost sight of this? How is it that Liberalism, getting more and more into power, has grown more and more coercive in its legislation? How is it that, either directly through its own majorities or indirectly through aid given in such cases to the majorities of its opponents, Liberalism has to an increasing extent adopted the policy of dictating the actions of citizens, and, by consequence, diminishing the range throughout which their actions remain free? How are we to explain this spreading confusion of thought which has led it, in pursuit of what appears to be public good, to invert the method by which in earlier days it achieved public good?

Unaccountable as at first sight this unconscious change of policy seems, we shall find that it has arisen quite naturally. Given the unanalytical thought ordinarily brought to bear on political matters, and, under existing conditions, nothing else was to be expected. To make this clear some parenthetic explanations are needful.

From the lowest to the highest creatures, intelligence progresses by acts of discrimination; and it continues so to progress among men, from the most ignorant to the most cultured. To class rightly—to put in the same group things which are of essentially the same natures, and in other groups things of natures essentially different—is the fundamental condition to right guidance of actions. Beginning with rudimentary vision, which

gives warning that some large opaque body is passing near (just as closed eyes turned to the window, perceiving the shade caused by a hand put before them, tell us of something moving in front), the advance is to developed vision, which, by exactly-appreciated combinations of forms, colors and motions, identifies objects at great distances as prey or enemies of this or that kind, and so makes possible adjustments of conduct for securing food or evading death. That progressing perception of differences and consequent greater correctness of classing, constitutes, under one of its chief aspects, the growth of intelligence, is equally seen when we pass from the relatively simple physical vision to the relatively complex intellectual vision—the vision through the agency of which, things previously grouped by certain external resemblances or by certain extrinsic circumstances, come to be more truly grouped in conformity with their intrinsic structures or natures. Undeveloped intellectual vision is just as indiscriminating and erroneous in its classings as undeveloped physical vision. Instance the early arrangement of plants under the heads, trees, shrubs, and herbs: size, the most conspicuous trait, being the ground of distinction; and the assemblages formed being such as united many plants extremely unlike in their natures, and separated others that are near akin. Or still better, take the popular classification which puts together under the same general name, fish and shell-fish, and under the sub-name, shell-fish, puts together crustaceans and molluscs; nay, which goes further, and regards as fish the cetacean mammals. Partly because of the likeness in their modes of life as inhabiting the water, and partly because of some general resemblance in their flavors, creatures that are in their essential natures far more widely separated than a fish is from a bird, are grouped under the same class and the same sub-class.

Now the general truth thus exemplified, holds throughout those higher ranges of intellectual vision concerned with things not presentable to the senses, and, among others, such things as political institutions and political measures. For when thinking of these, too, the results of inadequate intellectual faculty, or inadequate culture of it, or both, are erroneous classings and consequent erroneous conclusions. Indeed, the liability to error is here much greater; since the things with which the intellect is concerned do not admit of examination in the same easy way. You cannot touch or see a political institution: it can be known only by an effort of constructive imagination. Neither can you apprehend by physical perception a political measure: this no less requires a process of mental representation by which its elements are put together in thought, and the essential nature of the combination conceived. Here, therefore, still more than in the cases aboved named, defective intellectual vision is shown in grouping by external characters, or extrinsic circumstances. How institutions are wrongly classed from this cause, we see in the common notion that the Roman Republic was a popular form of government. Look into the early ideas of the French revolutionists who aimed at an ideal state of freedom, and you find that the political forms and deeds of the Romans were their models; and even now a historian might be named who instances the corruptions of the Roman Republic as showing us what popular government leads to. Yet the resemblance between the institutions of the Romans and free institutions properly so-called, was less than that between a shark and a porpoise —a resemblance of general external form accompanying widely different internal structures. For the Roman Government was that of a small oligarchy within a larger oligarchy: the members of each being unchecked autocrats. A society in which the relatively few men who had political power, and were in a qualified sense free, were so many petty despots, holding not only slaves and dependents but even children in the same absolute bondage as they held their cattle, was, in its intrinsic nature, more nearly allied to an ordinary despotism than it was to a society of citizens politically equal.

Passing now to our special question, we may understand the kind of confusion in which Liberalism has lost itself and the origin of those mistaken classings of political measures which have misled it—classings, as we shall see, by conspicuous external traits instead of by internal natures. For what, in the popular apprehension and in the apprehension of those who effected them, were the changes made by Liberals in the past? They were abolitions of grievances suffered by the people, or by portions of them: this was the common trait of them which most impressed itself on men's minds. They were mitigations of evils which had directly or indirectly been felt by large classes of citizens, as causes of misery or as hindrances to happiness. And since, in the minds of most, a rectified evil is equivalent to an achieved good, these measures came to be thought of as so many positive benefits; and the welfare of the many came to be conceived alike by Liberal statesmen and Liberal voters as the aim of Liberalism. Hence the confusion. The gaining of a popular good, being the external conspicuous trait common to Liberal measures in earlier days (then in each case gained by a relaxation of restraints), it has happened that popular good has come to be sought by Liberals, not as an end to be indirectly gained by such relaxations, but as the end to be directly gained. And seeking to gain it directly, they have used methods intrinsically opposed to those originally used.

And now having seen how this reversal of policy has arisen (or partial reversal, I should say, for the recent Burials Act and the efforts to remove all remaining religious inequalities, show continuance of the original policy in certain directions), let us proceed to contemplate the extent to which it has been carried during recent times, and the still greater extent to which the future will see it carried if current ideas and feelings continue to predominate.

Before proceeding, it may be well to say that no reflections are intended on the mo-

tives which have prompted one after another of these various restraints and dictations. These motives were doubtless in nearly all cases good. It must be admitted that the restrictions placed by an Act of 1870, on the employment of women and children in Turkey-red dyeing works, were, in intention, no less philanthropic than those of Edward VI., which prescribed the minimum time for which a journeyman should be retained. Without question, the Seed Supply (Ireland) Act of 1880, which empowered guardians to buy seed for poor tenants, and then to see it properly planted, was moved by a desire for public welfare no less great than that which in 1533 prescribed the number of sheep a tenant might keep, or that of 1597, which commanded that decayed houses of husbandry should be rebuilt. Nobody will dispute that the various measures of late years taken for restricting the sale of intoxicating liquors, have been taken as much with a view to public morals as were the measures taken of old for checking the evils of luxury; as, for instance, in the fourteenth century, when diet as well as dress was restricted. Every one must see that the edicts issued by Henry VIII. to prevent the lower classes from playing dice, cards, bowls, etc., were not more prompted by desire for popular welfare than were the Acts passed of late to check gambling.

Further, I do not intend to question the wisdom of these modern interferences, which Conservatives and Liberals vie with one another in multiplying, any more than to question the wisdom of those ancient ones which they in many cases resemble. We will not here consider whether the plans of late adopted for preserving the lives of sailors are or are not more judicious than that sweeping Scotch measure which, in the middle of the fifteenth century, prohibited captains from leaving harbor during the winter. For the present, it shall remain undebated whether there is a better warrant for giving sanitary officers powers to search certain premises for unfit food, than there was for the law of Edward III., under which innkeepers at seaports were sworn to search their guests to prevent the exportation of money or plate. We will assume that there is no less sense in that clause of the Canal-boat Act, which forbids an owner to board gratuitously the children of the boatmen, than there was in the Spitalfields Acts, which, up to 1824, for the benefit of the artisans, forbade the manufacturers to fix their factories more than ten miles from the Royal Exchange.

We exclude, then, these questions of philanthropic motive and wise judgment, taking both of them for granted; and have here to concern ourselves solely with the compulsory nature of the measures which, for good or evil as the case may be, have been put in force during periods of Liberal ascendancy.

To bring the illustrations within compass, let us commence with 1860, under the second administration of Lord Palmerston. In that year, the restrictions of the Factories Act were extended to bleaching and dyeing works; authority was given to provide analysts of food and drink to be paid out of local rates; there was an Act providing for inspection of gas-works, as well as for fixing quality and limits of price; there was the act which, in addition to further mine-inspection, made it penal to employ boys under twelve not attending school and unable to read and write. In 1861 occurred an extension of the compulsory provisions of the Factories Act to lace-works; power was given to poor-law guardians, etc., to enforce vaccination; local boards were authorized to fix rates of hire for horses, ponies, mules, asses, and boats; and certain locally-formed bodies had given to them powers of taxing the locality for rural drainage and irrigation works, and for supplying water to cattle. In 1862, an Act was passed for restricting the employment of women and children in open-air bleaching; and an Act for making illegal a coal-mine with a single shaft, or with shafts separated by less than a specified space; as well as an act giving the Council of Medical Education the exclusive right to publish a Pharmacopœia, the price of which is to be fixed by the Treasury. In 1863 came the extension of compulsory vaccination to Scotland, and also to Ireland; there came the empowering of certain boards to borrow money repayable from the local rates, to employ and pay those out of work; there came the authorizing of town-authorities to take possession of neglected ornamental spaces, and rate the inhabitants for their support; there came the Bakehouses Regulation Act, which, besides specifying minimum age of employés occupied between certain hours, prescribed periodical lime-washing, three coats of paint when painted, and washing with hot water and soap at least once in six months; and there came also an Act giving a magistrate authority to decide on the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness of food brought before him by an inspector. Of compulsory legislation dating from 1864, may be named an extension of the Factories Act to various additional trades, including regulations for cleansing and ventilation, and specifying of certain employés in match-works, that they might not take meals on the premises except in the wood-cutting places. Also there were passed the Chimney-Sweepers Act, an Act for further regulating the sale of beer in Ireland, an Act for compulsory testing of cables and anchors, the Contagious Diseases Act (which last gave the police, in specified places, powers which, in respect of certain classes of women, abolished sundry of those safeguards to individual freedom established in past times) and an Act extending the Public Works Act of 1863. The year 1865 witnessed further provision for the reception and temporary relief of wanderers at the cost of rate-payers; another public-house closing Act; and an Act making compulsory regulations for extinguishing fires in London. Then, under the Ministry of Lord John Russell, in 1866, have to be named an act to regulate cattle-sheds, etc., in Scotland, giving local authorities powers to inspect sanitary conditions and fix the numbers of cattle; an Act forcing hop-growers to label their bags with the year

and place of growth and the true weight, and giving police power of search; an Act to facilitate the building of lodging-houses in Ireland, and providing for regulation of the inmates; a Public Health Act, under which there is registration of lodging-houses and limitation of occupants, with inspection and directions for lime-washing, etc.; and a Public Libraries Act, giving local powers by which a majority can tax a minority for their books.

Passing now to the legislation under the first Ministry of Mr. Gladstone, we have, in 1869, the establishment of State-telegraphy, with the accompanying interdict on telegraphing through any other agency; we have inspection, not only of endowed schools, but of registered private schools; we have the empowering a Secretary of State to regulate hired conveyances in London; we have further and more stringent regulations to prevent cattle diseases from spreading, another Beer-house Regulation Act, and a Sea-birds Preservation Act (ensuring greater mortality of fish). In 1870 we have a law authorizing the Board of Public Works to make advances for landlords' improvements and for tenants to purchase; we have the Act which enables the Education Department to form school-boards which shall purchase sites for schools, and may provide free schools supported by local rates, and enabling school-boards to pay a child's fees, to compel parents to send their children, etc., etc.; we have a further Factories and Workshops Act, making, among other restrictions, some on the employment of women and children in fruit-preserving and fish-curing works. In 1871 we meet with an amended Merchant Shipping Act, directing officers of the Board of Trade to record the draught of sea-going vessels leaving port; there is another Factory and Workshops Act, making further restrictions; there is a Pedler's Act, inflicting penalties for hawking without a certificate, and limiting the police-district within which the certificate holds, as well as giving the police power to search pedlers' packs; and there are further measures for enforcing vaccination. The year 1872 had, among other Acts, one which makes it illegal to take for hire more than one child to nurse, unless in a house registered by the authorities, who prescribe the number of infants to be received; it had a Licensing Act, interdicting sale of spirits to those apparently under sixteen; and it had another Merchant Shipping Act, establishing an annual survey of passenger steamers. Then in 1873 was passed the Agricultural Children's Act which makes it penal for a farmer to employ a child who has neither certificate of elementary education nor of certain prescribed school attendances; and there was passed a Merchant Shipping Act, requiring on each vessel a scale showing draft and giving the Board of Trade power to fix the number of boats and life-saving apparatus to be carried. Turn now to Liberal law-making under the present Ministry. We have, in 1880, a law which forbids conditional advance-notes in payment of sailors' wages; also a law which dictates certain arrangements for the safe carriage of grain-cargoes; also a law increasing local coercion over parents to send their children to school. In 1881 comes legislation to prevent trawling over clam-beds and bait-beds, and an interdict making it impossible to buy a glass of beer on Sunday in Wales. In 1882 cornfactors were required, under a penalty of £20, to furnish for publication weekly returns of their transactions; the Board of Trade was authorized to grant licenses to generate and sell electricity, and municipal bodies were enabled to levy rates for electric-lighting; further exactions from ratepayers were authorized for facilitating more accessible baths and washhouses; and local authorities were empowered to make by-laws for securing the decent lodging of persons engaged in picking fruit and vegetables. Then, finally, of such legislation during the last Session may be named the Cheap Trains Act, which, partly by taxing the nation to the extent of £400,000 a year (in the shape of relinquished passenger duty), and partly at the cost of railway-proprietors, still further cheapens travelling for workmen: the Board of Trade, through the Railway Commissioners, being empowered to ensure sufficiently good and frequent accommodation. Again, there is the Act which, under penalty of £10 for disobedience, forbids the payment of wages to workmen at or within public-houses; there is another Factory and Workshops Act, commanding inspection of white lead works (to see that there are provided overalls, respirators, baths, acidulated drinks, etc.) and of bake-houses, regulating times of employment in both, and prescribing in detail some constructions for the last, which are to be kept in a condition satisfactory to the inspectors.

But we are far from forming an adequate conception if we look only at the compulsory legislation which has actually been established of late years. We must look also at that which is advocated, and which threatens to be far more sweeping in range and stringent in character. We have lately had a Cabinet Minister, one of the most advanced Liberals, so-called, who pooh-poohs the plans of the late Government for improving industrial dwellings as so much "tinkering;" and contends for effectual coercion to be exercised over owners of small houses, over land-owners, and over ratepayers. Here is another Cabinet Minister who, addressing his constituents, speaks slightingly of the doings of philanthropic societies and religious bodies to help the poor, and says that "the whole of the people of this country ought to look upon this work as being their own work:" that is to say, some extensive Government measure is called for. Again, we have a Radical member of parliament who leads a large and powerful body, aiming with annually-increasing promise of success, to enforce sobriety by giving to local majorities power to prevent freedom of exchange in respect of certain commodities. Regulation of the hours of labor for certain classes, which has been made more and more general by successive extensions of the Factories Acts, is likely now

to be made still more general: a measure is to be proposed bringing the employés in all shops under such regulation. There is a rising demand, too, that education shall be made gratis for all: the payment of school-fees is beginning to be denounced as a wrong—the State must take the whole burden. Moreover, it is proposed by many that the State, regarded as an undoubtedly competent judge of what constitutes good education for the poor, shall undertake also to prescribe good education for the middle classes—shall stamp the children of these, too, after a State-pattern, concerning the goodness of which they have no more doubt than the Chinese had when they fixed theirs. Then there is the "endowment of research," of late energetically urged. Already the Government gives every year the sum of £4000 for this purpose, to be distributed through the Royal Society; and in the absence of those who have much interest in resisting, the pressure of the interested backed by those they easily persuade, may by and by establish that paid "priesthood of science" long ago advocated by Sir David Brewster. Once more, plausible proposals are made that there should be organized a system of compulsory insurance, by which men during their early lives shall be forced to provide for the time when they will be incapacitated.

Nor does enumeration of these further measures of coercive rule, looming upon us near at hand or in the distance, complete the account. Nothing more than cursory allusion has yet been made to that accompanying compulsion which takes the form of increased taxation, general and local. Partly for defraying the costs of carrying out these ever-multiplying coercive measures, each of which requires an additional staff of officers, and partly to meet the outlay for new public institutions, such as board-schools, free libraries, public museums, baths and washhouses, recreation grounds, etc., etc., local rates are year after year increased; as the general taxation is increased by grants for education and to the departments of science and art, etc. Every one of these involves further coercion—restricts still more the free action of the citizen. For the implied address accompanying every additional exaction is—"Hitherto you have been free to spend this portion of your earnings in any way which pleased you; hereafter you shall not be free so to spend it, but we will spend it for the general benefit." Thus, either directly or indirectly, and in most cases both at once, the citizen is at each further stage in the growth of this compulsory legislation, deprived of some liberty which he previously had.

Such, then, are the doings of the party which claims the name of Liberal; and which calls itself Liberal as being the advocate of extended freedom.

I doubt not that many a member of the party has read the preceding section with impatience; wanting, as he does, to point out an immense oversight which he thinks destroys the validity of the argument. "You forget," he wishes to say, "the fundamental difference between the power which, in the past, established those restraints that Liberalism abolished, and the power which, in the present, establishes the restraints you call anti-Liberal. You forget that the one was an irresponsible power while the other is a responsible power. You forget that if by the recent legislation of Liberals, people are variously regulated, the body which regulates them is of their own creating, and has their warrant for its acts."

My answer is, that I have not forgotten this difference, but am prepared to contend that the difference is in large measure irrelevant to the issue.

In the first place, the real issue is whether the lives of citizens are more interfered with than they were; not the nature of the agency which interferes with them. Take a simpler case. A member of a trades' union has joined others in establishing an organization of a purely representative character. By it he is compelled to strike if a majority so decide: he is forbidden to accept work save under the conditions they dictate; he is prevented from profiting by his superior ability or energy to the extent he might do were it not for their interdict. He cannot disobey without abandoning those pecuniary benefits of the organization for which he has subscribed, and bringing on himself the persecution, and perhaps violence, of his fellows. Is he any the less coerced because the body coercing him is one which he had an equal voice with the rest informing?

In the second place, if it be objected that the analogy is faulty, since the governing body of a nation, to which, as protector of the national life and interests, all must submit under penalty of social disorganization, has a far higher authority over citizens than the government of any private organization can have over its members; then the reply is that, granting the difference, the answer made continues valid. If men use their liberty in such a way as to surrender their liberty, are they thereafter any the less slaves? If people by a *plébiscite* elect a man despot over them, do they remain free because the despotism was of their own making? Are the coercive edicts issued by him to be regarded as legitimate because they are the ultimate outcome of their own votes? As well might it be argued that the East African, who breaks a spear in another's presence that he may so become bondsman to him, still retains his liberty because he freely chose his master.

Finally if any, not without marks of irritation as I can imagine, repudiate this reasoning, and say that there is no true parallelism between the relation of people to government where an irresponsible single ruler has been permanently elected, and the relation where a responsible representative body is maintained, and from time to time re-elected; then there comes the ultimate reply—an altogether heterodox reply—by which most will be greatly astonished. This reply is, that these multitudinous restraining acts are not defensible on the ground that they proceed from a popularly-chosen body;

for that the authority of a popularly-chosen body is no more to be regarded as an unlimited authority than the authority of a monarch; and that as true Liberalism in the past disputed the assumption of a monarch's unlimited authority, so true Liberalism in the present will dispute the assumption of unlimited parliamentary authority. Of this, however, more anon. Here I merely indicate it as an ultimate answer.

Meanwhile it suffices to point out that until recently, just as of old, true Liberalism was shown by its acts to be moving towards the theory of a limited parliamentary authority. All these abolitions of restraints over religious beliefs and observances, over exchange and transit, over trade-combinations and the travelling of artisans, over the publication of opinions, theological or political, etc., etc., were tacit assertions of the desirableness of limitation. In the same way that the final abandonment of sumptuary laws, of laws forbidding this or that kind of amusement, of laws dictating modes of farming, and many others of like meddling nature, which took place in early days, was an implied admission that the State ought not to interfere in such matters; so those removals of hindrances to individual activities of one or other kind, which the Liberalism of the last generation effected, were practical confessions that in these directions, too, the sphere of governmental action should be narrowed. And this recognition of the propriety of restricting governmental action was a preparation for restricting it in theory. One of the most familiar political truths is that, in the course of social evolution, usage precedes law; and that when usage has been well established it becomes law by receiving authoritative endorsement and defined form. Manifestly, then, Liberalism in the past, by its practice of limitation, was preparing the way for the principle of limitation.

But returning from these more general considerations to the special question, I emphasize the reply that the liberty which a citizen enjoys is to be measured, not by the nature of the governmental machinery he lives under, whether representative or other, but by the relative paucity of the restraints it imposes on him; and that, whether this machinery is or is not one that he has shared in making, its actions are not of the kind proper to Liberalism if they increase such restraints beyond those which are needful for preventing him from directly or indirectly aggressing on his fellows—needful, that is, for maintaining the liberties of his fellows against his invasions of them: restraints which are, therefore, to be distinguished as negatively coercive, not positively coercive.

Probably, however, the Liberal, and still more the sub-species Radical, who more than any other in these latter days seems under the impression that so long as he has a good end in view he is warranted in exercising over men all the coercion he is able, will continue to protest. Knowing that his aim is popular benefit of some kind, to be achieved in some way, and believing that the Tory is, contrariwise, prompted by class-interest and the desire to maintain class-power, he will regard it as palpably absurd to group him as one of the same genus, and will scorn the reasoning used to prove that he belongs to it.

Perhaps an analogy will help him to see its validity. If, away in the far East, where personal government is the only form of government known, he heard from the inhabitants the account of a struggle by which they had deposed a cruel and vicious despot, and put in his place one whose acts proved his desire for their welfare—if, after listening to their self-gratulations, he told them that they had not essentially changed the nature of their government, he would greatly astonish them; and probably he would have difficulty in making them understand that the substitution of a benevolent despot for a malevolent despot still left the government a despotism. Similarly with Toryism as rightly conceived. Standing as it does for coercion by the State *versus* the freedom of the individual, Toryism remains Toryism, whether it extends this coercion for selfish or unselfish reasons. As certainly as the despot is still a despot, whether his motives for arbitrary rule are good or bad; so certainly is the Tory still a Tory, whether he has egoistic or altruistic motives for using State-power to restrict individual liberty beyond the degree required for maintaining the liberties of other individuals. The altruistic Tory as well as the egoistic Tory belongs to the genus Tory; though he forms a new species of the genus. And both stand in distinct contrast with the Liberal as defined in the days when Liberals were rightly so called, and when the definition was—"one who advocates greater freedom from restraint, especially in political institutions."

Thus, then, is justified the paradox I set out with. As we have seen, Toryism and Liberalism originally emerged, the one from militancy and the other from industrialism. The one stood for the *régime* of status and the other for the *régime* of contract—the one for that system of compulsory co-operation which accompanies the legal inequality of classes, and the other for that voluntary co-operation which accompanies their legal equality; and beyond all question the early acts of the two parties were respectively for the maintenance of agencies which effect this compulsory co-operation, and for the weakening or curbing of them. Manifestly the implication is, that, in so far as it has been extending the system of compulsion, what is now called Liberalism is a new form of Toryism.

How truly this is so, we shall see still more clearly on looking at the facts the other side upwards, which we will presently do.—HERBERT SPENCER, in *The Contemporary Review.*

CHRISTIAN AGNOSTICISM.

THE title at the head of this article may appear to some a contradiction in terms. But it is not really so. And no religious man need shrink from saying, "I am a Christian Agnos-

tic. I hold firmly by the doctrine of St. Paul, who exclaims, in sheer despair of fathoming the unfathomable, 'O the depth of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and inscrutable His ways!' I say, with Job and all the great prophets of the Old Testament, 'Canst thou by searching find out God?' And I bow to the authority of Christ, who tells me 'No man hath seen God at any time;' 'God is a Spirit;' 'Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.' And in so holding, I am in full accord with the Church. I say with her, 'We know Thee now by faith;' 'The Father is incomprehensible (*im-mensus*);' 'There is but one God, eternal, incorporeal, indivisible, beyond reach of suffering, infinite'—in short, a profound and inscrutable Being. Nor do I find that Catholic theology, for 1800 years, has ever swerved from a clear and outspoken confession of this Agnosticism. So early as the second century, we read in Justin Martyr, 'Can a man know God, as he knows arithmetic or astronomy? Assuredly not.* Irenæus, in the same century, repeatedly speaks of God as 'indefinable, incomprehensible, invisible.'† That bold thinker in the third century, Clement of Alexandria, declares (with Mr. Spencer) that the process of theology is, with regard to its doctrine of God, negative and agnostic, always 'setting forth what God is not, rather than what He is.'‡ All the great Fathers of the fourth century echo the same statement. St. Augustine is strong on the point. John of Damascus, the greatest theologian of the East, says bluntly, 'It is impossible for the lower nature to know the higher.'§ Indeed, it would be a mere waste of time to adduce any more of the great Catholic theologians by name. They are all 'agnostics' to a man. And M. Emile Burnouf is quite right when he says: 'Les docteurs chrétiens sont unanimes à déclarer que leur dieu est caché et incompréhensible, qu'il est plein de mystères, qu'il est l'objet de la foi et non pas de la raison.'"‖

Thus there is nothing new under the sun, not even in the highest flights of modern philosophy; and no man, with all the Fathers of the Church at his back, need hesitate to say "I am a Christian Agnostic." Yet all who concur in this will, I am sure, warmly welcome a powerful auxiliary like Mr. Herbert Spencer, if only he remain true to the principles so lucidly set forth in the last number of this *Review*. For although he might not himself care to qualify his philosophy by the adjective "Christian," fearing thereby to limit —as a philosopher is bound not to do—his perfect freedom of speculation, still his guidance is none the less valuable to those who are approaching the same subject from a different side. The Christian, indeed, is, of all men, the most absolutely bound over to be truthful. When, therefore, any great leader of thought arises, whether in the higher or the lower departments of human inquiry, the liegeman of a "God of truth" must needs feel such reverence as Dante expressed for Aristotle, "the great master of them that know;" and will borrow from the other twin luminary of the Mediæval Church. St. Augustine, that most apt of all mottoes for a really "Catholic" philosopher: "The Christian claims as his Master's own possession every broken fragment of truth, wherever it may be found." In the firm conviction, then, that in Mr. Spencer's works much truth—not in detached fragments merely, but in large coherent masses—is to be found, the present writer hopes to show how little there is to repudiate, how much to accept and to be sincerely grateful for, in his masterly speculations.

1. First of all, Mr. Spencer led us in his interesting article last month to take a retrospective view of religion, in its origin and history. Naturally, he does not approach the question in the old-fashioned way. His purpose is not dogmatic, but analytic. That lovely *Hagada*, therefore, or religious story whereby, for babes and philosophers alike, the wonderful genius which constructed the Jewish Scriptures has projected, once for all, upon a plane surface (as it were) a picture of the origin of all things—this our man of science properly passes by; and he proceeds to inquire *how* precisely the beginnings of things, and especially of religion, may be conceived. And since, in these days, we have all of us "evolution" upon the brain, it was not to be expected that any other line of thought should be attempted. Indeed, it may be fairly conceded that, amid our modern scientific environment, no other method of inquiry is just at present possible. We belong to our own age. And while other ages have taken grand truths *en bloc* and have deftly hammered them out into finer shapes for practical use, the special delight and the crowning glory of our own age consist rather in a power of tracking things backward. Hence a hundred books of (so called) "origins" issue annually from the press. Of course, no origin is ever really described; simply because there is no such thing in nature as "an origin." If there were, at that point all hunt upon the traces of evolution would abruptly come to an end; whereas, by the usual scientific hypothesis, evolution knows neither beginning nor end. By "origins," therefore, can only be meant arbitrary points a little way back, marked (as children or jockeys set up a starting-post) for commencing the inquiry. Indeed, it is very easy to imagine some imperturbable savage—say, a Zulu of Natal or an English schoolboy—asking the most reprehensible questions as to what happened before the "origin" began. Such a critic would be sure to express a languid wonder, for instance, as to *how* the primæval starmist got there; or he would casually inquire *whence* the antediluvian thunder-bolt, which introduced vegetable life upon this globe, procured its vegetation; or he would ask *why* Mr. Spencer's aboriginal divine, roused from his post-prandial nightmare, should have selected a "ghost," out of the confused kaleidoscope of his dreams, as the recipient of divine honors. Nay, as was long ago suggested by a

* *Trypho*, § 3.
† iv. 34, 6, etc.
‡ *Strom.* v. 11.
§ *De fide*, i. 12.
‖ *Science des Religions*, p. 15.

much more serious thinker in reply to a similar theory: "To stop there is to see but the surface of things; for it still remains to ask how mankind have effected this transformation of a metaphor (or a dream) into a god, and what mysterious force has pushed them into making the transition. . . . In order to change any sensuous impression into a god, there must have previously existed the idea of a god."* Yes; clearly the latent idea must have been, in some way, already ingrained in human nature, so that it only needed (as Plato would say) an awakening from its hybernation; else why should human dreams produce a "religion" and bestial dreams produce none? The question, therefore, is not fully answered by Mr. Spencer's entertaining speculation, any more than the miracle (as Dr. Büchner all but calls it) of "hereditary gout" is explained by the jubilant pæan of the materialist, "Give me but matter and force, and all obscurities instantly vanish away!"† For no reasonable man, who accepts the modern doctrine of the eternity and identity of energy, can entertain a doubt that religion—the most powerful human stimulant we know of—must have pre-existed somehow in the bosom of the unknown, though it only revealed itself at a certain fitting stage in the development of the world. And when we have reached this confession, have we not simply found our way back to that general truth which the Church has couched in every sort of parable and symbol, viz. that (the "how" and the "when" being left for history to unravel) religious ideas, especially in their most fruitful and catholic form, are a gift, an unfolding, a revelation from the bosom of the unknown God?

2. There are, however, far more serious and more practical subjects for reflection suggested by Mr. Spencer's paper, than any which relate to the *past*. Let bygones be bygones! Our contemporaries are an impatient generation, and are very apt to consign to their mental wastepaper-basket anything which they are pleased to condemn as "ancient history." What, then, has Mr. Spencer to tell us about the *present* state of religion? and what hopes does he unfold to us as we gaze, under his direction, into the *future*?

It is truly disappointing to be obliged to say of so devoted a student and so patient a thinker, (1) that he has failed to work his subject out, and (2) that he has fallen into a passion.‡ It would be well worth while to make these two not unfriendly charges, if only they should succeed in inducing this able writer to give to the world some further product of his thinking on the strangly fascinating subject of Religion. For the truth is that, when Mr. Bradlaugh and others proclaim "I know not what you mean by God; I am without idea of God," § they almost put themselves out of court at once by parading their inherent defect of sympathy with ordinary mental conditions. And when in higher social grades, Dr. Congreve and the Positivists openly "substitute Humanity for God," * and refuse the transforming adoration of the heart to any conception which is not level to the bare positive understanding, they also—with all their eloquence and persuasive amiability—"charm" their contemporaries utterly in vain. As modern England will never again become Papal and Mediæval, so (it may be safely predicted) modern England will never become Atheist or Positivist. Our countrymen are in too healthy and vigorous a mental condition to empale themselves on either horn of this uncongenial dilemma. But they may, and it is to be hoped they will, surrender themselves to the far higher and more scientific teaching of men like Mr. Spencer; and will learn from them to think out to just and practical conclusions the deeply interesting—and to some minds the quite absorbing—question of Religion.

But then—with all respect be it said—Mr. Spencer must really help us to think further on than he has yet done; or he will find the Christian clergy (whom he is under temptation to despise) will be beforehand with him. He has most ably "purified" for us our idea of God; he has pruned away all kinds of anthropomorphic accretions; he has dressed up and ridiculed afresh the Guy Fawkes crudities of bygone times, which he apparently "sees no reason should ever be forgot;" he has reminded the country parsons of a good many scientific facts, which they read, it is true, in every book and review from Monday till Saturday and then so provokingly forget on Sundays; and he has schooled them into the reflection that a Power present in innumerable worlds hardly needs our flattery, or indeed any kind of service from us at all. But then all this is abundantly done already by the steady reading, from every lectern throughout the land, of those grand old Prophets and Apostles of the higher religious thought, who perpetually harp upon this same string. "God," they reiterate, "is not a man," that he should lie or repent: "Bring no more vain oblations:" "The sacrifices of God are a troubled spirit:" "Thou thoughtest wickedly that I am such a one as thyself:" "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though He needed anything." Nay, the present writer—who probably sits under a great many more sermons in the course of the year than Mr. Spencer does—is firmly persuaded that every curate in the Church of England, and every Nonconformist minister, are perfectly aware of these great truths and on suitable occasions preach them; and that what they want to be taught is something beyond all this ABC and all this negation—viz. what are the fundamental conceptions on which they may securely build up, not their philosophical *negations*, but their popular *assertions* about religion. For a religion of mere negations is as good as no religion at all. It seems hardly worth while to go down Sunday after Sunday to St. George's Hall, or to any other Hall, simply to be told that Heaven has

* Burnouf, p. 29.
† Büchner, "Vie et lumière" (French trans.), p. 315.
‡ "First Principles," p. 115. § "Plea for Atheism," p. 4.

* Positivist Prayer-book.

nothing whatever to say to us. We cannot believe that we are physically so well cared for as we are—naturally selected, evolved, provided with every possible adaptation to our material environment, and given the prize at last as "the fittest of all possible beings to survive"—and then are left utterly in the lurch as regards all our higher wants. No, our instinct revolts againts such a supposition; and we crave to know on what grounds something can be *said*, as well as on what grounds almost everything can be *denied*.

3. Now, Mr. Spencer could help us in this quest, if he would. His analysis, in "First Principles," of our religious conceptions shows what he could do. He there—while carefully warning us that all our knowledge is merely relative, and that our reasoning faculties do not present to us truth as it is, but only as it is reflected on the mirror of our mind—places nevertheless such confidence in those faculties that he allows them, in Buddhist fashion, to strip away feature after feature, as it were, from our religious conception of God, and to reduce it to a grim skeleton labelled "Everlasting Force." But why "Force" only? To begin with, surely this also is a "conception." It is engendered by a multitude of observations blending into a higher unity and taking at last a definite shape. And the only sanction it has to rest upon is, not (*ex hypothesi*) any certainty or absolute truth in human logic, but simply an ineradicable faith that, to us at any rate, the notions of "permanence" and "force" sufficiently *represent*, though they may not actually be, the truth. We seem, then, already to have made the grand transition from reasoning to conceiving, from destruction to construction, from restless analysis to quiet synthesis, and from logic to belief that the great Unknown is, in one word, Power—"an infinite and eternal energy."

4. But just as we draw from the stores of our own consciousness this idea of "Power," of force, of muscular or mental energy, precisely in the same way we are justified in drawing the idea of "purpose" in the direction of that energy. In fact, we cannot anyhow conceive of force without "direction" of some kind; and our instincts imperatively demand of us, when we think of force in the highest and sublimest way we can, that we impregnate that idea with another product of our plastic imagination, and conceive it as efficiently directed to some worthy end—in short, as power and wisdom combined. This may be, and undoubtedly is, quite as human and relative and provisional a conception as that of a pure blind unguided Force would be. But while the mind shrinks with unmitigated horror from the notion of "an infinite and eternal energy," loose as it were in the universe, without any rational purpose or aim, but wielding portentous cosmic forces at haphazard, as a madman or a rogue-elephant might do, the mind rests and is satisfied when it can once feel assured that all is guided and has perfect efficiency for (what we can only call) some worthy "design." The word is, of course, utterly inadequate when things of such a scale are in question. But can Mr. Spencer or any one else deny that, whatever sanction the human and relative conception of "power" draws from the inner certainties of our own sensations, that same, or a still higher, sanction can also be claimed for the conception of an infinite and eternal "Wisdom"? And if so, it appears that if the Agnostic lines which had reached the one conception were prolonged a little further, they would also reach the other; and that so the magnificent idea would be recovered for mankind of an Intelligent Being, with whom our infinitesimal yet kindred minds can enter into relations, and the wonder of whose works we can—as surely men of science above all others do—appreciate and assimilate as a kind of nutriment to ourselves.

5. But even then the imperative instinct which demanded the integration of nature's observed forces into a conception of Infinite Power, and which was irresistibly borne on to add wisdom also to that Power—even then it is not pacified. It clamors for one more quality; and then it will be still. Relative, human, provisional—call it what you will—nevertheless this third and complementary conception will no more take a denial, will no more obey a frown and waive its right to rush into the inevitable combination, than matter will politely waive its chemical affinities. As the human mind is stupefied with terror at the bare idea of swift and gigantic energy abroad in the universe without purpose or intelligence (as we inadequately say) to guide it, so assuredly the human heart stands still in palsied horror at the frightful thought of "an infinite and eternal force," guided indeed by an infinite cunning, but checked by no sort of goodness, mercy, or love. In short, no authority on earth—not even that of all the philosophers and scientists and theologians that have ever lived—could impose upon any man, who thought Mr. Herbert Spencer's "First Principles" out to their ultimate conclusion, the portentous belief in an eternal, almighty and omniscient DEVIL. And therefore to add *goodness* to the other two factors of *power* and *wisdom*, which we are compelled by the constitution of our nature to attribute to the Great Unknown, is pardonable because inevitable. But if so, it seems that Agnosticism—if allowed to develop freely on its own lines, without artificial hindrance—must needs become a "Christian Agnosticism." And it only remains to ask, why in the world should not such an Agnostic "go to Church," fall in with the religious symbolism in ordinary use, and contribute his moral aid to those who have taken service under the Christian name on purpose to purify gross and carnal eyes, till they become aware of the Great Unknown behind the veil, and so come to relatively know what absolutely passes knowledge?

There is only one obstacle in the way; and that is of so unworthy a character, that it passes comprehension how men of cultivation can allow it a moment's influence upon their conduct. The objection referred to has never been more clearly expressed than by one whom we all delight to honor and to listen to, Professor Tyndall. He wrote as follows in

the pages of this *Review* a few years ago (November, 1878): "It is against the mythologic *scenery*, if I may use the term, rather than against the life and substance of religion, that Science enters her protest." But how, in the name of common sense and charity, is religion —that special provision for bringing strength to the feeble-minded, elevation to the lowly, and wisdom to the ignorant—to be brought home to all mankind, without the use of even coarse symbolism, which is as "relative" to the masses for whom it is intended as scientific conceptions are to philosophers? In both cases the realities behind are most imperfectly represented; and a higher intelligence, if it were not loving as well as intelligent, would certainly display impatience with Professor Tyndall's own kindly effort a few pages further on, where he says "How are we to *figure* this molecular motion? Suppose the leaves to be shaken from a birch-tree; and, *to fix the idea*, suppose each leaf to repel and attract," and so on. Is it not clear that the Professor is here doing the very same thing, in order to bring science home (all honor to him!) to the unlearned, which he refuses to the ministers of religion when they try to bring home the Gospel to the poor? How can such subtle ideas, such far-reaching thoughts, as those of theology be brought home to the mass of mankind without the boldest use of symbol and of figured speech? How can that most precious result of Christianity, a unity of general conceptions about mankind and about the Great Unknown, be secured without a symbolism of the very broadest and most striking kind? Panoramas cannot be painted with stippling brushes. Nor, indeed, does any sort of painter aim to compete with the bald truthfulness of photography. He does not imitate: he merely hints. He throws out things φωνάντα συνετοῖσιν. He summons the imagination of the spectators themselves to his aid and awakens their finer susceptibilities. And by this means a "picture," which is in itself the most unreal of all unrealities, becomes in skilful hands a fruitful reality for good, perhaps to a hundred generations.

If, then, any scientific man does not for himself need rituals and symbols, still let him remember how invaluable an aid these things are to the mass of mankind. Let him reflect how the purest and loftiest ideas of the Eternal lie enshrined within every form of Christain adoration, and how the most touching memories speak in every Christian Sacrament. Is it nothing, too, to be brought in contact with the boundless gentleness and tolerance of Christ; to hear such words as "He that is able to receive it, let him receive it," and "He that is not against us is on our side"? Is it nothing to feel the sympathy of such a devoted benefactor of Europe as St. Paul, and to accept his judgment that "He who regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the Lord; and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it"? Nay, is it nothing to bow the knee in acknowledged brotherhood beside the simple and the lowly; to submit to learn from them, as we all learn from our children in the nursery; and to feel ourselves, in spite of our divergent views and notions, in the attitude of common adoration before the Great Unknown? Better this, surely, by far than to cover with philosophic scorn ministrants whose days are given to soothing every form of human distress, amid whose simplest teaching can always be detected in undertone the deep thoughts of Hebrew prophets and apostles, and to depise whom is to crown once more, with paper or with thorns, the meek head of CHRIST.—REV. CANON H. G. CURTEIS, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

TURKISH ARABIA.

THERE is ample evidence in the reports which appear from time to time in the daily papers, English and foreign, and in articles published in this *Review*, of the very serious condition of the Asiatic provinces of the Ottoman Empire. Many people have written in detail regarding the state of affairs in Egypt, in Armenia, in Syria, and in the Hedjaz, but no one has as yet troubled the public with information about that remote province on the Turco-Persian border known to Indian officials as Turkish Arabia. And, therefore, it is not surprising that the telegrams which appeared in the daily papers during June and July regarding the forcible stoppage by the Ottoman authorities of British mail steamers plying on the Tigris should have failed to arouse popular interest. And yet, both on account of the historical associations of which the country is full, of its long-established connection with British trade in the East, and of the great future which must lie in store for its fertile plains once the granary of the world, Turkish Arabia deserves to be better known among Englishmen than unfortunately is the case. It is a province of large extent covering an area, approximately, of 140,000 square miles, about twice the size of England and Scotland together. It contains a mixed population of Arabs, Kurds, Jews, and Christians. But as the Jews are only numerous in Baghdad and in one or two other towns, and as the Christian element, except in Mosul and thence farther north, is of no political importance, Turkish Arabia may be described with sufficient accuracy as a wholly Muhammadan province peopled by Arabs and Kurds. The city of Baghdad, situate on both banks of the Tigris, is the capital of the country and the headquarters of the Turkish Pasha in charge of the administration. This Pasha, or Vali—for that is his official designation—is appointed from Constantinople, and holds office just so long as the Sultan pleases. He is assisted by a coadjutor, styled the Moáwin, who discharges among other duties that of watching his superior's conduct and reporting his shortcomings to the Porte. As an additional check, in case the Vali and his Deputy should fraternize, the military administration is intrusted to a general officer, who being placed in direct subordination to the War Minister at Constantinople, has ample facilities of thwarting the civil power. Such a system, as might

be expected, does not conduce to efficient administration, but it also prevents any one official from obtaining too much power, and this, perhaps, from an Ottoman stand-point, is the main object in view.

Two of the three districts into which Kurdistan is usually divided fall more or less within the limits of Turkish Arabia and of the Vali's political relations. These two districts are Central Kurdistan and South-Eastern Kurdistan. The former extends north and south along the Turco-Persian borders from Lake Van to Sulimanieh; the latter comprises the Turkish districts of Sulimanieh and Scharizor, the Persian provinces of Ardilan or Sehna and Kirmanshah, and a strip of country including the plain of Zohab from Kirmanshah to the extremity of the Luristan Hills. The Turkish Kurds, in the districts of Van, Mosul, and Sulimanieh, may number 700,000 souls. In religion they are Sunni-Muhammadans of a bigoted type, and are devoted followers of the Great Sheikh—the founder of the Kadiriyeh dervishes — Abd-el-Kadir Ghilani, whose mosque and tomb are at Baghdad.

Turning now to the country below Baghdad, and taking first the left bank of the Tigris, it is only necessary to mention two towns, Kut-el-Amara and Amara, the chief stopping-places of the steamers which navigate the river between Baghdad and Basrah. The country lying between these towns and inland as far as the Persian frontier belongs to the Beni Laam, an Arab tribe of considerable strength and evil reputation. This tribe pays revenue to the Ottoman Government, but as might be expected from the close proximity of their territory to the Luristan Hills, the Beni Laam have intimate relations with the Feili Kurds, who are subject to Persia. Like the Feilis, the Beni Laam are fanatical Shias, and their religious sympathies, as they have shown when the occasion has served, are consequently entirely anti-Turkish. Amara, the town which marks the south-eastern limit of the Beni Laam territory, is admirably placed for trade. It is situated just above the marshes of the Tigris, at the point where the river Hud, flowing out of the Tigris, establishes water communication with Howeiza and Khuzistan. Thanks to the steamers of the Tigris and Euphrates Steam Navigation Company, Amara is a thriving place, and may contain five thousand inhabitants.

At Kornah the Tigris joins the Euphrates, and the two streams form a single river, known from this point by the name of the Shat-el-Arab. The Turks claim the right bank of the Shat along its whole course, but the left bank, from a point a few miles above Muhamerah, and thence to the sea, is occupied by the Ka'ab Arabs in subordination, more or less, to Persia.

Originally, that is at the date (1639) of the treaty between Sultan Murad and the Shah of Persia, the Ka'ab Arabs were undoubtedly Turkish subjects. They lived in the marshes of the Tigris, near Kornah, and paid the Turkish authorities at Basrah (Bussorah) a tax for the right to pasture buffaloes. Their sheikh was also invested every year with a robe of office. A season of drought which caused the pastures to fail compelled the tribe to migrate to lands watered by the Karun, and the connection of the Ka'ab Arabs with Persia dates from this event, although the payments to the Turkish authorities were continued for some years. In the troublous times which in Persia and Turkey marked the middle of the last century, the fortunes of a tribe such as the Ka'ab Arabs greatly depended upon the personal character of its sheikhs. Sheikh Selman, who, in the year 1750, was chief of the Ka'ab, possessed all the qualities of a leader of men, and enjoyed to the full the confidence and attachment of his people. He took advantage of the hostilities between Persia and Turkey, and of the contests between the Zends and the Kajars for the crown of Persia, to establish himself as far as the Hindián River in the Persian province of Fars, and northward along the Karunk to Band-i-Kir. From Turkey he obtained the large island of Abadan, in the Shat-el-Arab, the territory of Dowasir, on the right bank of that river, and on the left bank a tract of country in the neighborhood of the Haffar Canal, including the present town of Muhamerah.

Upon the final establishment of the Kajar dynasty in Persia the affairs of the Ka'ab Arabs attracted attention, and little by little the tribe succumbed to Persian influence. In 1812 the Ka'ab were ousted from their possessions on the left bank of the Shat-el-Arab by the Montefik Arabs, and Muhamerah, which originally comprised only two petty mud forts on either side of the mouth of the Haffar Canal, was built as a protection against their further inroads. The Turkish authorities left the Ka'ab alone until 1837, when Ali Pasha, Vali of Baghdad, attacked and plundered Muhamerah, which, having become a commercial town of some local importance, injured the revenue of Basrah. At this time the Chief of Muhamerah was a certain Haji Jabir, the son of the Ka'ab sheikh by a slave mother. The conduct of the Turks in destroying Muhamerah caused Haji Jabir to throw himself into the hands of the Persians, who took advantage of the feud between him and the legitimate sheikhs of the Ka'ab to occupy Muhamerah with Persian troops; and though these were subsequently withdrawn, the authority of the Persian Government has been recognized ever since in a greater or less degree. In the Persian war of 1856 Muhamerah was bombarded by the vessels of the Indian navy, and occupied by the British invading force, but was restored to Persia on the conclusion of peace. Haji Jabir died at a very advanced age about two years ago, and the Persian authorities have divided the Government between his two sons, Sheikh Muhammad and Sheikh Mizal. But the arrangement may be safely regarded as merely provisional, for the dissensions that are sure before long to break out between the brothers will afford a pretext for more detailed supervision by the Persian authorities and for the appointment of a Persian governor.

The situation of Muhamerah at the point of the junction of the Karum—the only navigable river in Persia—with the Shat el-Arab, and

its greater proximity to the sea, give it advantages as a trading mart superior to any which Basrah, on the Turkish bank of the river, possesses. The loss of Muhamerah and of the adjoining territory on the left bank of the Shat-el-Arab and of the island of Abadan, is therefore, on commercial grounds alone, a misfortune to Turkey. Its real importance, however, lies in the fact that the acquisition of Muhamerah not only confers on Persia coriparian rights on the Shat-el-Arab, but places in Persian hands a strategical position of the highest value in the event of war with Turkey. If at the conclusion of the Persian war we had not restored Muhamerah this position of vantage would now be in British keeping, with great profit to British political influence at Teheran and to British trade with Persia and Mesopotamia.

The country which lies between the right bank of the Tigris and the left bank of the Euphrates is known to the Arabs as "El-Jezireh," "the Island," and to Europeans as Mesopotamia or the country between the rivers. A lion drawn from Hit on the Euphrates, to Samara on the Tigris, would follow the geological formation of the soil and demarcate the natural boundary which separates Upper from Lower Mesopotamia. Below this line the country is flat and of a low elevation, and the soil purely alluvial; above it the formation is secondary and the country an undulating plain rising gradually towards the north. The people of Mesopotamia are Arab in nationality and Muhammadan in religion; in the upper division Sunnis predominate, and in the lower Shias, especially in the neighborhood of the holy cities of Kazmain, Kerbela, and Nejef. The principal Arab tribe in Upper Mesopotamia is the Shamar Jerba, who migrated from Nejd about a hundred years ago, and who are still Bedouins. The Shamar wander over the whole of Northern Mesopotamia. In the summer their chief encampment is at Shergot, on the Upper Tigris, a short distance below Mosul, and in the winter they approach Baghdad to buy supplies. The Shamar pay no tribute, but their present Sheikh, Ferhán-ibn-Sfúk, has accepted from the Turkish government the title of Pasha with a yearly allowance (which is rarely, if ever, paid), and in return for which he is supposed to guarantee the safety of travellers in his territory.

The Shamar are at feud with the neighboring tribes, such as the Anizeh, the Dilem, and the Montefik—a state of things which the Turkish authorities naturally regard with entire satisfaction, for the stability of Ottoman rule in Mesopotamia depends in a great degree on the quarrels and animosities which divide the Arab tribes. In the feud with the Montefik, which originated in the following circumstances, Arab sympathies are on the side of the Shamar. A few years ago Abdul Kerim, brother of Ferhán, the present Sheikh of the Shamar, being hard pressed by the Turks, took refuge with Nasir, Sheikh of the Montefik, and claimed sanctuary from him. Nasir granted it, and in accordance with well-known Arab usage became responsible for the safety of his guest. Nasir, however, by all accounts was anxious, for reasons of his own, to make a display of loyalty to the Porte. It happened that just at this time he was Mutasarif or Lieut.-Governor of the Montefik country, and on the pretext that his duty as an Ottoman official was paramount to his obligations as an Arab Sheikh, he surrendered Abdul Kerim to the Turks, who took him to Mosul and hanged him on the bridge.

The Montefik proper are comparatively a small tribe, and in point of fact the country which is known as that of the Montefik Arabs comprises the lands of a number of Fellah tribes who have attained a considerable degree of prosperity through trade and agriculture and who have accepted Montefik protection. The Al-Sadun—the particular clan to which the ruling sheikhs of the Montefik belong—claim descent from the Sharifs of Mecca. Consequently, they are of course Sunnis, but most of the tribes subordinate to the Montefik hold Shia tenets. In July, 1880, one of these subject tribes—the Al-bu-Muhammad, who dwell in the marshes of the Tigris between Basrah and Kornah—laid wait for and endeavored to capture the British steamer *Khalifa*. The attack was delivered at a well-chosen spot, where the Tigris takes a sharp bend in the shape of the letter S. It is necessary in order to double this bend to approach close to the bank where the water shallows, and where the slightest mistake in steering must inevitably beach the vessel. As the *Khalifa* entered this bend the Arabs on the bank fired a volley, killing two of the crew and wounding the captain and chief engineer. The native Lascars at the wheel fled below and all was in confusion. The situation was critical, for in less than five minutes the *Khalifa* would have run ashore, and great loss of life must have ensued. Fortunately, however, Captain Clements, notwithstanding his wound, which was severe, maintained his presence of mind, and steering the vessel by her engines rounded the point in safety and steamed out of reach of harm. Various motives have been assigned for this daring outrage, unprecedented in the history of British relations with the Arabs of Mesopotamia. Some people said that the Al-bu-Muhammad, driven to desperation by the misgovernment of the Turkish authorities, resolved to stop all traffic on the Tigris and to compel, by attacking a British mail steamer, the attention of the British Government to their wrongs. A plot of this nature, however, could scarcely have originated in the unassisted intelligence of an ignorant and half-savage tribe like the Al-bu-Muhammad; if the attack on the *Khalifa* was really planned with the intention of forcing, as it were, the hand of the British Government, it is probable that results were hoped for altogether beyond the mere redress of grievances of the tribe in question.

From Fao, the telegraph station at the mouth of the Shat-el-Arab, the Pasha of Baghdad claims jurisdiction as far as El-Katif, on the Arab littoral of the Persian Gulf. Turkish authority in these parts is, however, merely nominal; it may be said to date from 1871, in

which year Midhat Pasha dispatched an expedition from Baghdad to support Abdullah-bin-Feysul in his contest with his brother Saood for the chiefship of the Wahabis. The result was the ruin of both brothers and the appointment of a Turkish Kaim-Makam at El-Hassa, who also exercises a perfunctory supervision along the coast.

British relations with Turkish Arabia date from the establishment by the East India Company, about two hundred and fifty years ago, of a factory in Basrah, under the supervision of the Company's agent at Gamrun (Bandar Abbas), in the Persian Gulf. In the year 1720 Basrah was considered of sufficient importance to demand the appointment of a separate Resident, but owing to Dutch and French competition, the arbitrary proceedings of the local authorities, and the unsettled state of the country, the Company's trade could hardly have been very profitable. War broke out between Persia and Turkey in 1743, and in the autumn of the following year Basrah was besieged for three months by a Persian force. Then came troubles with the Montefik Arabs, who, in resentment for an attempt to enhance the tax on their date gardens, cut the banks of the Shat-el-Arab, and inundated the country up to the walls of Basrah. In these days there were no disciplined battalions to enforce the Sultan's authority, and his behests were very lightly regarded. The Pasha of Basrah, for instance, did not hesitate to oppose by force of arms the imperial firman joining Basrah to the Pashalik of Baghdad. He was obliged to yield only because the Sheikh of the Montefik, who, having 30,000 fighting Arabs at his command, was the real arbiter of the destinies of Lower Mesopotamia, gave his support to the Pasha of Baghdad.

The Company's difficulties were further enhanced by the jealousy with which their representative was regarded by the local Turkish authorities. They endeavored, in order to prevent the Company from acquiring permanent influence in the country, to insist on the chief of the factory being changed every year. And they might have gained their point, except for the active intervention of the British Ambassador, who succeeded, in 1764, in regularizing the position of the Company's representative by obtaining for him a Consular Birat.

Towards the end of 1774 fresh hostilities broke out between Turkey and Persia, and during the whole of 1775 the country round Basrah was the scene of incessant conflicts between the Persians and the Ka'ab Arabs on the one side, and the Turks and the Montefik on the other. In April of the following year Basrah surrendered to the Persian General Sadu Khan, and remained in Persian hands for nearly three years. During this period, owing to the exactions of the Persian officials, trade ceased to be profitable, and the lives and property of the Company's servants were exposed to constant peril. Fortunately, a local insurrection resulted in the expulsion of the Persians and the restoration of Turkish authority; otherwise the factory at Basrah must undoubtedly have been closed. From this date until the end of the century the relations between the Company's representatives and the Turks were, on the whole, of a most friendly and intimate character. As a matter of fact, his own position was so precarious that the Turkish Pasha could not afford to quarrel with the English. In Lower Mesopotamia he was confronted by two powerful chiefs—the Sheikh of the Montefik and the Sheikh of the Ka'ab, whose respective territories bordered on Basrah. The Persian Gulf, too, had not yet attained its present tranquil condition. It was infested by pirates, and the Imam of Muscat and the El-Joasim Arabs of Ras-el-Kheimah more than once threatened Basrah with attack. In 1787 Sheikh Thamir of the Montefik seized the Turkish galleys lying in the Shat-el-Arab imprisoned the Turkish governor, and held Basrah pending a satisfactory settlement of his differences with the Pasha of Baghdad. The Sheikh of the Ka'ab also erected batteries on the right bank of the Shat, with the intention of cutting off all communication between Basrah and the sea, and defeated the Turkish fleet in a pitched battle at the mouth of the Haffar Canal. Occasionally, and under great pressure, the British Resident at Basrah lent the Turks the aid of the Company's vessels, but more often British assistance was limited to the supply of arms and ammunition. Experience derived from constant intercourse had given the Company's representatives a very poor opinion of the Turks. "Nothing can be worse," wrote Mr. Moore, "than the policy of assisting such people as the Turks. They have no gratitude. You gain no advantage by it, whether with respect to commerce or anything else. Only assist them once, they always think themselves entitled to assistance hereafter."

In 1798 the Court of Directors appointed for the first time a permanent Resident at Baghdad in the person of Mr. Harford Jones, afterwards Sir Harford Jones-Brydges, British Minister in Persia. The objects of this appointment were entirely political. Mr. Jones was instructed to watch the proceedings of the French, who then held Syria and Egypt; to obtain and transmit news of Bonaparte's movements and intentions, with special reference to the projected demonstration against India by the valley of the Euphrates; and to enlist against the French the sympathies of the Pasha of Baghdad and of the Arab tribes of Mesopotamia. In 1799 envoys from Tippoo arrived at Basrah, *en route* for Constantinople. They were furnished with presents and letters to the Sultan entreating help, and representing in strong terms the oppression and tyranny which the Muhammadans of India underwent at the hands of the English. The incident is curious as being, perhaps, the earliest serious attempt to establish relations between the Sultan, as supreme protector of Islam, and the Muhammadans of India; and these overtures are all the more remarkable from the fact that Tippoo was a Shia. The embassy got no farther than Basrah, for the Resident having expatiated on the folly of appealing to the Sultan, who was an ally of the

British Government, told the envoys of Tippoo's death and of the capture of Seringapatam, and induced them to return to India in one of the Company's vessels.

Soliman Pasha, who at this time was Vali of Baghdad, occupied a very exceptional position. He ruled an immense tract of country, extending from Diarbekir on the Upper Tigris to the shores of the Persian Gulf, and was probably the most powerful official in the Ottoman dominions. He and his descendants managed to keep the government of the country in their own hands for nearly half a century; they issued firmans in their own names, corresponded with the English authorities in India, and sent envoys on their own account to Calcutta and Bombay. In 1807, when Turkey and England were at war, Ali Pasha refused to dismiss the British Residents at Baghdad and Basrah; and in 1808 he received Lieutenant-Colonel (afterwards Sir John) Malcolm, who had been appointed "Envoy Extraordinary," on the part of the Governor-General of India, to the "King of Persia and the Pasha of Baghdad." This system of maintaining direct diplomatic relations with the Government of India subsisted for some years after the break up of Soliman Pasha's family. For as late as 1827, when Mahmud II. ordered the reform of the Turkish army, the Pasha of Baghdad applied to the Government of Bombay for British officers to instruct his new "regulars," and to assist him generally in organizing the defences of the province against an apprehended attack from Russia. At last, however in consequence, it may be, of remonstrances from Constantinople, the Court of Directors were induced to remind the Government of India that the Pasha of Baghdad could not be regarded as an independent prince, that he was merely a temporary governor of a Turkish province, accountable for all his acts to the Sultan, whose sovereign rights must be respected, and at whose Court a British ambassador represented the British nation. From this date the control of the Porte over the affairs of Turkish Arabia entered a new phase. Hitherto the Pashas of Baghdad had indeed held office under a firman from Constantinople, but the individuals who really disposed of the destinies of the country were the Kurd chieftains of Central and South-East Kurdistan, and the sheikhs of the Montefik and other leading Arab tribes. A new Vali could scarcely hope to succeed in enforcing the Sultan's firman ordering the deposition of the Vali in possession unless he could reckon upon Arab or Kurdish support. And inasmuch as Arab and Kurdish interests were usually ranged on opposite sides, a new succession was rarely settled without an appeal to arms. In one respect, its inaccessibility from Constantinople, Turkish Arabia resembled Egypt, and its remoteness from the centre of government necessarily impeded the consolidation of the Sultan's authority. But Turkish Arabia differed from Egypt in that the population, instead of being abject fellaheen destitute of leaders and incapable of resistance, consisted of independent and warlike Arab and Kurdish tribes, obedient to their Sheikhs and Beys and animated by a profound detestation of Ottoman rule. Hence it was that the Valis of Baghdad were unable to turn the weakness of the central authority to their own profit and achieve an independent position; they were not strong enough to deal with the Arab and Kurdish chieftains as Mehemet Ali dealt with the Mamelukes.

I question, however, whether except for English support the Sultan would ever have succeeded in establishing his authority in Turkish Arabia on anything like a firm basis, and for a time it was doubtful whether that support would be accorded. The competition between the Imperial Government and the Governor-General of India for the supreme direction of Oriental politics which culminated in the dispatch of rival embassies to Persia existed also in Turkish Arabia. If the Government of India had prevailed, it is possible that the Pasha of Baghdad would either have become a second Khedive under Indian control, or have gradually drifted into a position like that of the Imam of Maskat or the Khan of Khelat. The orders, however, which prohibited the Government of India from maintaining direct diplomatic relations with the Pasha of Baghdad decided the question of local supremacy in the Sultan's favor. They were followed by Chesney's Euphrates expedition, undertaken by the British Government with the direct sanction of Sultan Mahmud II. And although the Arab Sheikhs to whom the Sultan's firman's were addressed were so little under the control of the Porte that Colonel Chesney concluded a treaty with one of the most powerful of them, the general effect of the expedition was to impress the people with the notion that behind the Sultan was a stronger power. And this idea was confirmed by the character which British policy in Turkish Arabia gradually assumed. In the Persian Gulf the Indian navy maintained the peace of the sea and protected Basrah from attack by the maritime Arabs. A British gunboat patrolled the Tigris and the Euphrates, and kept in check the lawless tribes of Lower Mesopotamia. A general support also was given to a series of measures undertaken by successive Valis of Baghdad against the principal local chieftains, with the object of breaking their power and of compelling a complete recognition of Imperial authority. And as war between Persia and Turkey would have seriously impeded the progress of this work of consolidation, strenuous and successful efforts were made to keep the peace, often in imminent danger of being broken, between the two Muhammadan powers.

Primâ facie it would be natural to regard a province like Turkish Arabia, in which the Muhammadan element dominates all others, as a pillar of strength upon which a Muhammadan sovereign might lean with the fullest confidence. There are, however, some considerations which appear to justify a different conclusion. In Turkish Arabia the Ottoman Turks are aliens, and Ottoman rule is odious to Arabs and Kurds not so much on account

of its intrinsic defects—though the people are far from indifferent to these—as because it is the rule of a foreigner. The possession of a common faith is the sole bond of union between Arabs and Kurds and their Ottoman masters, but the cohesion which is the natural outcome of this tie has not penetrated far below the surface. The Kurds are mostly Sunnis, but the Arab tribes of Turkish Arabia are divided pretty equally into Sunnis and Shias, and the last of course utterly reject the Sultan's claim to the spiritual leadership of Islam. In Baghdad itself and its immediate vicinity Shias are in the majority. Their religious sympathies incline towards Persia, and are so little favorable to the Sultan that during the last Russian war the contingent of redifs enrolled among the Shias of Kerbela had to be collected at the point of the bayonet. Nor do the Sunni Kurds and the Sunni Arabs regard Ottoman supremacy from an identical point of view. Putting aside things which are mere accessories, the real foundation of the Sultan's title to the Khalifate is his ability to protect Islam. As long as his material resources are equal to this task, so long will the Kurds acknowledge him to be the spiritual head of all Muhammadans, and therefore entitled to their obedience. With the Arabs the case is different. All Sunni Arabs sympathize in their inmost hearts with the idea of an Arab Khalifate, and in their eyes the Sultan is at best a Turk who has usurped and who holds by superior force the spiritual authority which rightfully belongs to the Beni Koreish, and which must eventually revert to them. In other words, the Kurds obey the Sultan because as long as he is able to make good his position as an efficient protector of Islam they regard him, without question, as rightful Khalifa. The Arabs, on the other hand, acquiesce in the Sultan's Khalifate only because they are compelled by circumstances to acknowledge his authority as Padishah or Sovereign. The connection which subsists between the two things is so close and intimate that any diminution of the Sultan's material resources must necessarily impair his spiritual authority. The Kurds would regard such diminution as evidence of the Sultan's inability to protect Islam; the Arabs, as a sign that the Ottoman usurpation of the Khalifate is approaching its end. What has been the actual course of events during the last six years, and what effect have they produced upon the minds of the inhabitants of the Asiatic provinces of the Ottoman Empire? In Europe the Porte has been compelled to cede territory in the actual occupation of Muhammadans to fifth-rate Christian Governments. In Asia, near their own homes, the Kurds have seen Batoum, Kars, and Ardahan pass under Russian dominion. Further, in the territory which remains to him, the Hedjaz and Yemen alone excepted, the Sultan has been constrained by the *force majeure* of the Christian Powers to set aside the precepts of the Koran and accord privileges to his Christian subjects which exalt them to a position of equality with the True Believers. As to the effect which these incidents have already produced, that is shown in the unsettled state of all parts of Arabia during the past few years, and in the proceedings of Sheikh Obeidullah in Kurdistan. As to the results which may ultimately follow, experience has shown the difficulty of attempting a forecast of the future of the Ottoman Empire. And, therefore, it is with great diffidence that I venture to indicate what may possibly happen in Turkish Arabia in the course, perhaps, of the next few years. On the northeast, and along the entire length of its eastern frontier, Turkish Arabia is flanked by two contiguous inimical Powers—Russia and Persia. Constantinople, on the other hand, is distant a month's journey from Baghdad, so that in the event of attack Turkish Arabia must depend upon its own resources for defence. These consist of a bankrupt exchequer; a *corps d'armée* of perhaps ten thousand men, whose pay is at least two years in arrear, and who are scattered in weak detachments over an immense tract of country; and a population more or less disaffected. Many people think that before long Russia will obtain an accession of territory in Armenia. If in the existing state of affairs Turkish Arabia is almost inaccessible from Constantinople, what will its position be when Russia holds Armenia, and Russian troops occupy Diarbekir? Under such circumstances the provinces which constitute the Pashalik of Baghdad could hardly remain for long in Turkish hands. Either some Arab sheikh will establish himself in Lower Mesopotamia, while the Kurds seize the country between Baghdad and Mosul; or Persia, supported by Russia, may advance from Kermanshah and Muhamerah and occupy Baghdad and Basrah. The fate of Turkish Arabia concerns England to some extent on account of the commercial interests involved, but chiefly for political reasons. British trade in these parts has increased enormously during the last ten or fifteen years, and if any serious attempt were made to develop the resources of the country, which is second only to Lower Egypt in potential fertility, still greater results would soon be obtained. As to the political interests at stake there can be no doubt of their magnitude. It is not prudent for England to disregard the influence which a foreign Power, acting as protector of the holy cities of Kerbela and Nejef, would be able to exercise over Shia-Muhammadans. Every one knows the facilities which a gathering of pilgrims collected from all parts of the world offers for the dissemination of such political doctrines as may suit the exigencies of the time. But the matter of supreme importance is the fact that the Power which obtains possession of Lower Mesopotamia will command easy access to India by the Persian Gulf. The Tigris is navigable at all seasons of the year from Mosul, and in the spring floods from Diarbekir; the Euphrates, though in the marshes its channel is somewhat intricate, is navigable from Balis to Kornah, where the two rivers join. From Kornah to the sea there is water for vessels of a very considerable draught.

The present condition of the Persian Gulf, regarded as one of the approaches to India, may be compared to that of the Red Sea before the Overland route had been established, or the Isthmus of Suez pierced by a canal, and before Aden and Perim had passed under British rule. For years past the attention of British statesmen has been engaged in watching, in the interests of our Indian empire, the development of Russian policy in Central Asia and northern Persia, and in opposing the introduction of Russian influence into Afghanistan. And, in furtherance of the same interests, we have recently undertaken military operations in Egypt, and we are still engaged in organizing a stable and trustworthy government in that country. But our calculations in respect to the protection of the north-west frontier of India, and the safety of our communications by the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, may be upset at short notice by the break up of the Ottoman Empire in Asia, or a change of policy on the part of the Sultan. Suppose, for instance, Syria should pass into the hands of France in compensation for the loss of Egypt, Armenia into those of Russia, and Mesopotamia become a province either of Russia or of Persia, which is almost synonymous with Russia; or suppose the policy of the pro-Russian party in Turkey should prevail, and Russia acquire the same influence in Turkey as she has acquired in Persia, the interest of the political situation so far as India is concerned would soon be concentrated in the Persian Gulf and its approaches. At present, with the exception of an occasional French or Turkish gunboat, no vessels of war other than English are seen in the Gulf, and British influence is paramount over all other. But this state of things will not last forever, and it may be well to take thought for the defence of the Persian Gulf, and to remember that, with the exception of Bassidor, in the island of Kishm, we do not possess a single coaling station, much less a strategical position anywhere in these waters.—TREVOR CHICHELE PLOWDEN, Political Resident at Baghdad, in *The Fortnightly Review.*

THE GERM-THEORY OF ZYMOTIC DISEASES.

CONSIDERED FROM THE NATURAL HISTORY POINT OF VIEW.

IN a former article (November 1881) I set forth the "germ-theory" of zymotic diseases, as recently built up by micro-pathological study, on the basis of the admirable researches of Pasteur on fermentation and putrefaction. I now propose to show that the evidence in its favor afforded by the natural history of those diseases is scarcely less cogent. And I shall further inquire what light is thrown on a question hitherto regarded as insoluble—that of the origination of the specific types of those diseases—by the application of that method of inquiry which, in Mr. Darwin's hands, has revolutionized the views of naturalists in regard to the "origin of species."

The idea that such diseases as small-pox, which spread by human communication, and of which the virus multiplies itself in the human body, are generated by a *contagium vivum* of some kind, is by no means a new one; having been suggested by the resemblance of the definite course followed by these diseases to the development, maturation, and decline of living organisms, and by the analogy between the regeneration of the *contagium* within the body in greatly increased amount, and the production of seeds or eggs. These general relations were brought out with great force more than forty years ago, by one of our most philosophic physicians, the late Sir Henry Holland, in a thoughtful chapter of his "Medical Notes and Reflections;" but it is only now that their true meaning is becoming apparent in the clear light of the doctrine of disease-germs. On the other hand, the idea of a process analogous to "fermentation" in the blood, produced by the chemical action of some *materies morbi* introduced into it by the breath, seemed most applicable to the case of those "specific" fevers which originate in malarious or miasmatic emanations; and this was the doctrine embodied in the term "zymotic," which, first introduced by the late Dr. W. Farr, has since come into general acceptance.

Now that we can certainly trace every form of fermentation and putrefaction to the development of "saprophytes," or minute plants vegetating on decomposable organic matter, all the facts which supported the doctrine of "zymosis" go to strengthen the doctrine of "organic germs," and *vice versâ*; so that here, as in many other cases, ideas which formed the bases of rival systems are themselves found to be but different forms of expression of one and the same fundamental truth.

The importance of these "saprophytes," alike in the economy of Nature and in service to Man, can scarcely be over-estimated. As Dr. William Roberts well expressed it,*—

> Without saprophytes there could be no putrefaction; and without putrefaction the waste materials thrown off by the animal and vegetable kingdoms could not be consumed. Instead of being broken up, as they now are, and restored to the earth and air in a fit state to nourish new generations of plants, they would remain as an intolerable incubus on the inorganic world. Plants would languish for want of nutriment, and animals would be hampered by their own excreta and by the dead bodies of their mates and predecessors—in short, the circle of life would be wanting in an essential link.

Again, he points out,—

> A large proportion of our food is prepared by the agency of saprophytes. We are indebted to certain bacteria for our butter, cheese, and vinegar. Our daily bread is made with yeast. To the yeast plant we owe all our wines, beer, and spirituous liquors. As the generator of alcohol, this tiny cell plays a larger part in the life of civilized man than any other tree or plant.

Thus, while among the most minute in size, and the simplest in form, of all living beings these saprophytes derive from their peculiar endowments an unequalled potency for good. Unfortunately for us, however, they have a terrible potency for evil also; and it is the noble aim of science to be able, by the thorough study of the conditions under which that po-

* Address in Medicine to the annual meeting of the British Medical Association at Manchester, 1877.

tency is acquired and exerted, to keep it under efficient control. That study is as yet only in its infancy; but the progress it has already made affords ground for the confident expectation that the Science of Preventive Medicine will ere long furnish us with the means (should we be wise and firm enough to use them) of exterminating all the grievous "pests" to which flesh is heir.

I commence my survey with a class of diseases of which we have fortunately little experience in this country, but which over large areas of the land-surface of the globe are more wide-spread and destructive than any others —those, namely, which are traceable to emanations from the soil designated as *malarious*. There are many localities, especially between the tropics, in which malarious fevers are not only the principal forms of disease, but where they give rise to two-thirds of the total mortality. In fact, as Dr. Parkes concisely put it, when a warm climate is called "unhealthy," it is simply meant that it is "malarious." There are even some into which, at certain seasons of the year, it is almost certain death for an unacclimatized person to remain for only a few hours; many more in which a longer stay is almost certain to induce a more or less severe form of periodic fever; and large tracts whose inhabitants are the subject of that slow general blight of the constitutional powers, chiefly manifested in the diminution of the red corpuscles of the blood with increase of the colorless, which is recognized as the "malarial cachexia." Of the fearful potency of the malarious poison in its worst forms we have had conspicuous examples in the Walcheren Expedition of 1809, in which 10,000 men were struck down by it; more recently, in the terrible visitation by which Mauritius was ravaged a few years ago; and (on a smaller scale) in the two ill-fated Niger Expeditions, the first conducted by Macgregor Laird in 1832, and the second fitted out by the British Government in 1851. But those only who are specially conversant with India are aware that, in its less malignant form, the malarious poison is every year causing a far greater destruction of life among the inhabitants of that vast peninsula than it has done in the worst of the occasional outbreaks of cholera, small-pox, etc.; the average annual mortality from malarial fevers being twice as great as from all other forms of zymotic disease put together.

The less violent but often more persistent forms of malarious disease are familiar to us through the evil reputation of the Roman Campagna, the poisonous atmosphere of which affects its inhabitants with periodic fevers, and often permanently debilitates them by disordering the blood-making process.

It is in the milder "intermittent" fevers that we recognize the most characteristic action of malaria; their regular *periodicity* being an indication of alternating conditions of dormancy and activity in the operation of the poison, which strongly suggest successional phases in the history of a living organism. The malarial fever of tropical regions is generally of the "remittent" type; there being a periodical abatement of the symptoms, without any distinct intermission of them. And while an intermittent fever has no definite termination—so that the person who has been once the subject of it seldom gets entirely rid of the tendency to its recurrence—remittent fevers usually run a definite course, terminating after a few weeks in either death or recovery. There can be no reasonable doubt that the poison is of essentially the same character in both cases; and it is a fact of no small significance, that intermittent and remittent fevers (save the worst forms of the latter) are alike controlled by the judicious administration of quinine.

Now the prevalent idea is, that malaria is essentially a product of marshes; and it is popularly believed to be generated by the action of heat on decomposing vegetable matter in the presence of air and moisture. This idea, however, is by no means consistent with facts; for (as we are assured by one of our best authorities, Dr. Maclean,* of Netley Hospital), "although malaria indisputably infests low, moist, and warm localities, yet marshes are not as a rule dangerous when abundantly covered with water; it is when the water's level is lowered, and the saturated soil is exposed to the drying influence of a high temperature and the direct rays of the sun, that the poison is evolved in abundance.

When the British army under Wellington, during the Peninsular War, was operating in Estremadura, it was assailed by a remittent fever of such destructive malignity, that the enemy and all Europe believed the force to be annihilated; yet the country was so arid and dry for want of rain, that the rivers and small streams were reduced to mere lines of widely detached pools. The same army was scourged by a fever of like malignity in the bare open country by which Ciudad Rodrigo is approached from the side of Portugal, at a time when the vegetation was so burned up that the whole country resembled a brick-ground. Both these districts are flooded with rain water during the rainy season, and are then healthy; only becoming malarious when the drying process begins under the action of a powerful sun.

So, again, it is not during the rainy months of winter and spring that the Roman farmer dreads the low-lying parts of the Campagna, which are then occupied by vast herds of sheep, cattle, and horses, while the arable lands are cultivated by large gangs of laborers. But with the approach of summer, the sheep and oxen are driven away to the Apennines; all the laborers that can be spared go off to the hills; and when recalled at harvest time, they reap all day under a scorching sun, and sleep at night on the ground shrouded with heavy pestilent vapor, which prostrates even the hardiest of them, filling the hospitals of Rome in autumn with fever-stricken patients. This malarious condition has been persistent from very ancient times; and as it prevails over large tracts on which no stagnant water lies, it is obvious that the popular

* Article "Malaria," in Dr. Quain's "Dictionary of Medicine."

notion of its origin is incorrect. Professor Léon Colin (of the Val-de-Grace Military Medical School), who some time ago carefully investigated the condition of the Campagna, came to the conclusion that a "telluric poison" is generated in it by the energy of the soil, when that energy is not utilized by its natural consumers—cultivated plants; and if we substitute for Dr. Colin's "unknown quantity" the definite term "saprophytic vegetation," we shall find that all the facts of the case are brought into harmony.

In the first place, the microscopic researches of Professor Tommasi Crudeli of Rome, and Klebs of Prague, based on Pasteur's doctrine of disease-germs, have shown that the lower strata of the atmosphere of the Agro Romano, its surface-soil, and its stagnant waters, contain micro-organisms of the *Bacillus* type, which they have "cultivated" in various kinds of soil, and then introduced by inoculation into the blood of healthy dogs. All the animals thus experimented on became the subjects of malarial fever, which ran its regular course, producing the same enlargement of the spleen as is seen in the human subject naturally affected by the disease; and the spleens of these animals were found to contain a great quantity of the *bacilli*. Not only Professor Crudeli, but two other physicians in Rome, have detected this *Bacillus malariæ* in the blood of human patients during the period of the invasion of the disease; the rod-shaped cells disappearing, and being replaced by micro-spores, as the fever reaches its acme. It would be premature to assert that the case is fully made out; since it can only be by researches carried on in other malarious districts, that it can be determined whether the presence of *Bacillus malariæ* is the essential factor in the production of malarial diseases. But when all the circumstances of the case are considered, there is found to be a convergence of independent probabilities which gives great cogency to this conclusion.

The propagation of the *Bacillus malariæ* in a productive vegetable soil whose energies are not turned to good account, will, of course, saturate that soil with its germs; and the surface-waters which percolate through it, becoming charged with these, will convey them into the bodies of those who drink them. It is now coming to be generally recognized that the use of such waters is fraught with danger, and that a large proportion of the attacks of fever and dysentery which occur in malarious countries is traceable to it. When, on the other hand, the poisoned soils have been desiccated by solar heat, the dried micro-spores will be raised as "floating matter in the air, and may be wafted by atmospheric currents to considerable distances, sometimes rising (where circumstances favor such ascent) to considerable elevations; and these sporules, received into the human body by the lungs, will exert the same morbific agency as when they are taken into the alimentary canal. All sanitarians know that while malaria will drift along plains under the influence of winds sufficiently strong to propel but not to dispel it, the interposition of a belt of forest, or even a screen of trees, affords a considerable protective power; and this is just what might be expected in regard to the movement of a "*bacillus* cloud." It has been lately affirmed that the *Eucalyptus globulus*, or Blue Gum tree of Australia, has a special power of antagonizing the spread of malaria; and on this account it is being very extensively planted in the malarious parts of Italy and Algeria, already (it is stated) with good result in rendering large areas healthy which were previously uninhabitable. It may be doubted, however, whether its efficacy depends upon anything else than its peculiarly rapid growth, whereby the energies of the soil are turned to account, and at the same time a mechanical obstacle is raised to the diffusion of the malaria.

Again, it is well known that where, as in many parts of our own islands, districts previously malarious have been rendered healthy by cultivation, the discontinuance of culture restores their old unhealthfulness. This happened on a large scale in the reign of Queen Mary; large tracts of country, owing to the political disquiet, falling out of cereal cultivation; and its abandonment being followed by an epidemic prevalence of malarial fevers, which added greatly to the mortality. *Bacillus* germs, like the seeds of higher plants, remain dormant in the soil so long as a superior vegetation has hold of it, but are ready to crop up, like rank weeds, so soon as it is left to itself.

And this affords the *rationale* of another class of occurrences which have from time to time excited considerable surprise; namely, the revival of malarious disease, not only in hot but also in temperate climates, where an old soil has been extensively disturbed. Of this examples were afforded by the prevalence of intermittent fever in Paris during the construction of the Canal St. Martin, as well as subsequently during the excavations made for the fortifications erected by Louis Philippe; and by similar outbreaks in various parts of France during the construction of the great railway-trunks. So, when the island of Hong Kong came into our possession, and excavations were being carried on for the foundations of the town of Victoria, a fatal form of remittent fever appeared, which caused a great mortality among both the civil and the military population. In these cases, it may be presumed, old deep-buried malarial germs had remained dormant until again brought to the surface; and then finding their way, either by the water drunk or the air inhaled, into human bodies, exerted upon them their baleful influence,

Thus, then, while the characteristic forms taken by malarious diseases indicate to the sagacious physician the dependence of these diseases upon the development of organic germs within the bodies of those who have imbibed or inhaled them, the natural history study of the conditions of their propagation and diffusion affords very striking corroborative evidence to the same effect.

But, it may be properly asked, if malarial fevers are caused by the introduction of

saprophytic germs into the human body and their development within it, why are not these fevers communicable by the passage of disease-germs from one individual to another? No one thinks of an ague being "caught" like measles or scarlatina; and even the most "pernicious" forms of remittent fever are believed, by those who have had large opportunities for observation, to be absolutely non-infectious. The reason seems to me to lie in this, that the *home* of the saprophyte which gives rise to malarious disease is the earth, in which it breeds and multiplies; whilst in the human body it is a *parasite*, which does not ordinarily find in it the conditions of its full development, and produces no crop, though it may keep up a feeble vegetative action for an unlimited time. Moreover, whilst the poisons of small-pox, measles, scarlatina, etc., have (so far as we know) no other home than the human body, and there mature full crops of infective disease-germs which are given off through the skin, an ague patient has no such vent, so that his system has no means of ridding itself of its parasitic intruders. And though such ripening would seem more likely to take place in the case of remittent fevers, yet it may well be that, under ordinary circumstances, there is something wanting either to complete the maturation of the germs, or to effect their elimination from the body in an infective form. This "something" appears, however, to be supplied by overcrowding of the patients thus affected; for I hold it to be a well-established fact that fevers of malarious origin may change their type under such circumstances, and thus become personally communicable.* And this does not seem difficult to explain. For overcrowding means deficient air-supply, and deficient air-supply means deficent oxygenation of the blood, producing an accumulation in the circulating current of those "waste" products, which are normally eliminated as fast as they are poured into it. And I shall presently show what an important factor this accumulation is, in furnishing the *pabulum* for the development of cholera-germs.

There is no zymotic disease as to the causation and spread of which there has been a greater antagonism of opinion than in respect to Asiatic Cholera; and there is none whose natural history study is more instructive,—facts which at first sight appeared directly antagonistic, and opposing doctrines based upon them, being all brought into harmony when looked at from this point of view. The first invasion of Europe by this disease, which had been endemic in India from a very remote period, occurred within my own time; and I well remember the excited discussions which took place in medical societies and in the public prints, as to the question of its contagiousness. The prevalent opinion among Indian practitioners had been, that it was a form of malarious disease infesting particular localities; that it was liable to spread beyond these under certain unknown conditions of temperature, moisture, etc.; but that it did not diffuse itself by contact or personal emanation from one individual to another. Still, the manner in which the first epidemic of cholera made its way from India to Europe in 1830, and thence to America, always in the lines of human intercourse, would have seemed conclusive as to its communicability by one human being to another, if it had not been that against this doctrine could be adduced a large body of experience, which seemed to show that the closest relations might exist between the sick and the healthy, without any special risk to the latter. And the hypothesis that then seemed least free from difficulty, was that moving bodies of men might carry with them a cholera-atmosphere, which had the power of augmenting itself by a process akin to fermentation, wherever it encountered the material on which it could thus act: for in every locality ravaged by the epidemic, it was amongst the dwellers in filth and squalor that it first showed itself and was chiefly fatal; and it seemed obvious that its searching-out of the "plague-spots" of our great cities was more certainly attributable to their unsanitary condition, than to any such propagation of a *contagium* from individual to individual, as can be always traced (if our inquiries be pushed far enough) in the case of small-pox or scarlatina. Hence this epidemic left upon the profession and the public (as I can personally testify) the conviction that, whatever might be the share of contagion in the propagation of the disease, no conditions were so efficacious in determining its prevalence in particular localities, as bad or deficient sewerage, overcrowding, and accumulations of filth.

This was the doctrine of the able sanitary authorities who constituted our Board of Health, when the second epidemic of 1847-8 made its appearance in this country. And the experience of that epidemic, while it furnished many cases that strengthened the belief of the occasional and exceptional propagation of the disease from the sick to the healthy, was most decidedly in favor of the influence of local unsanitary conditions as determining its prevalence and fatality. Notwithstanding the urgent recommendations of the Board of Health, the old "plague-spots" of many of our great towns had been little ameliorated, while in many cases the increase of population had increased overcrowding with all its attendant mischiefs. And the terrible fatality of the disease in many of these localities only too completely justified the warnings which had been neglected, and seemed to furnish a sufficient account of its epidemic spread.

But even at that period, the discoveries which had been made in regard to the nature of yeast, and the dependence of alcoholic fermentation on microphytal growth, had suggested to Dr. William Budd and to Dr. Brittain, both of them physicians in Bristol, the

* The evidence to this effect, that was furnished nearly a century and a half ago by Sir John Pringle's experience in regard to the conversion of the mild autumnal remittent of the Netherlands into malignant typhus, was fully confirmed by the investigations of Dr. McWilliam in regard to the case of the *Eclair*; on board of which vessel the severe bilious remittent of the African coast changed into an infective continued fever, that spread from its sick among the inhabitants of Boa Vista, on which island they were landed.

idea that the cholera-poison might have the like character; and the former was led by his previous experiences of the spread of typhoid fever, to suspect that the cholera-germs contained in the matter voided from the bowels of the patients might be spread by diffusion through the sources of the water-supply. They failed, however, to discover by microscopic examination anything that could be fixed on as a *contagium vivum;* the extreme minuteness of the *bacilli*, which are now recognized as the most potent of such evil agencies, not being then known to microscopists. And while there were local peculiarities in the distribution of this epidemic, alike in the metropolis and elsewhere, which suggested an impure water-supply as the determining condition, our sanitary authorities seem to have regarded such supply rather as rendering the bodies of the recipients of it specially liable to be invaded by the cholera-poison, than as itself the vehicle of that poison; placing water tainted with putrescent matter in the same category with foul air or unwholesome food.

The attention then drawn to this subject finally led, as will be recollected, to a great Metropolitan improvement, alike in the sewerage and in the water-supply; an effective drainage being provided even for the lowest levels, and the water-companies being required to draw their supplies from a part of the Thames above that which receives the sewage of London. These measures were in progress when the next visitation of cholera took place—that of 1854. This epidemic, although extremely severe in particular spots, did not produce by any means so widespread a mortality as either of the two preceding; and while there was generally no difficulty in accounting for some of its worst outbreaks (as that at Luton) by the general unsanitary conditions of the localities, there were several cases which pointed more or less distinctly to water-contamination as the determining condition of the mischief; the one which attracted the most attention being known as that of the Broad Street (Golden Square) pump, investigated by Dr. Snow.

Although the results of Dr. Snow's inquiries are now continually cited as having there proved the origin of more than two hundred cholera cases in the transmission of the cholera-poison furnished by the intestinal canal of the child first attacked, into the bodies of those who had drunk of the poisoned pump-water, this was not the view taken of it by the principal sanitary authorities of the time; for, finding the water to be considerably charged with organic impurity, they interpreted the facts as simply confirming their previous conclusion, that if there be some epidemic agent "operating in the air, which converts putrefiable impurities into a specific poison, the water of the locality, in proportion as it contains such impurities, would probably be liable to similar poisonous conversion."

A case occurred in Bristol, however, about the same date, which scarcely admitted of this explanation. An outbreak of cholera there took place, not in the old plague-spots which it had twice previously infested, but in a locality which seemed as little likely as any, save the higher parts of the town, to be attacked by the disease. It ran, so to speak, along one side of College Street into College Green, where it limited itself to the houses of one side, finishing off at the Grammar School, the head master of which died of it. Struck by the peculiarity of its distribution, Dr. William Budd inquired into the water-supply, and found that there was an exact correspondence between the two; the line of cholera being precisely that of the pipe distribution of the water of a spring called "Jacob's Well," which issues at the foot of Brandon Hill. Having gained access to the reservoir, which was hollowed in the side of a rock, he noticed a trickling of sewage-matter into it from above; and further search disclosed the fact that this proceeded from the privy of a house overhead, and that in that house there had been a cholera-case just before the general outbreak. Now, as the water thus distributed was not, like that of the Broad Street pump, derived from surface-drainage, but was—except from its contamination by choleraic *dejecta*—the pure outflow of a rock-spring, it is a scarcely disputable inference that its poisonous character was entirely derived from those *dejecta*, and that to their passage into the alimentary canals of the unfortunate partakers of the Jacob's Well water, was to be attributed this severe and (at first sight) anomalous outbreak. And this view is confirmed by the following case related by Mr. Macnamara, as having occurred to him when serving in India in 1861.

A small quantity of the "rice-water" *dejecta* of a cholera patient was accidentally washed into a vessel containing four or five gallons of water, and the mixture exposed to the rays of a tropical sun for twelve hours. Early in the following morning, nineteen persons each swallowed about an ounce of this contaminated water (they only partook of it once), and within thirty-six hours five out of the nineteen were seized with cholera.

Looking to the large dilution of the material, and the small quantity of the poisoned water swallowed by each individual, there can be no doubt that it was the introduction of a *contagium vivum*, proceeding from the intestine of the original patient into the stomachs of the five persons attacked with cholera, that gave them the disease. But why only five out of the nineteen took it, is a point which raises another most important consideration. In the case of an ordinary poison, we should expect that the violence of the effect would be proportioned to the dose; and the complete escape of fourteen, whilst five suffered severely, all having taken about the same amount, would be difficult to explain. But in regard to most kinds of "infections," it has long been clear to pathologists, that their potency in regard to individuals is greatly dependent on the "predisposition" of each—that is, on some condition of his own body, which may, on the one hand, render him proof against its effects, or, on the other, make him specially susceptible to its agency. Just thirty years ago,* I showed that all the

* *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review*, vol. xi. (1853), p. 169.

known "predisposing causes" of epidemic diseases might be generalized under one expression—namely, *the accumulation of decomposing nitrogenous matter in the blood*, either through its introduction from without (in foul air, impure water, or putrescent food), or through its excessive generation within the body (as by unusual "waste" of tissue), or by an obstructed elimination of the normal waste (such as results from bad ventilation, or the misuse of alcoholic liquors). And I showed that zymotic poisons which have no action upon pure blood, will, by seizing upon this appropriate *pabulum*, increase and multiply in it; thus setting up a "zymosis" in pure blood, just as the growth and multiplication of yeast-cells at the expense of the nitrogenous matter of a wort effects the transformation of the sugar into alcohol. How perfectly this doctrine fits in with the natural history conception of cholera-germs, needs no elucidation; and I shall content myself with illustrating it by two examples.

The cholera-epidemic which ravaged this country in 1847–8, had been previously very severe in India; and it showed itself most fearfully in a body of troops stationed at Kurrachee near the mouth of the Indus, carrying off no fewer than 464 out of a total of 3746. But the attacks of the disease had a most remarkable distribution. While the officers and their ladies enjoyed an almost entire immunity from it, there were three regiments among the rank and file of which it was especially fatal. One of these (*a*) had recently come off a long and fatiguing march, but was well accommodated in airy barracks, and its loss was at the rate of 96·6 per thousand. In another regiment (*b*), which had not been on the march, but which was overcrowded in small ill-ventilated tents, the death-rate was 108·6 per thousand. And in a third (*c*), which had made the same march as *a*, and was overcrowded like *b*, the mortality was at the rate of 218 per thousand, absolutely exceeding the sum of their high death-rates. Thus the accumulation of "waste" matter in the blood, produced by the exertion of a long march, prepared in *a* a *pabulum* for the cholera-germs, which the normal exercise of the respiratory process would have progressively eliminated; in *b*, the like *pabulum* was prepared by the non-elimination of the ordinary waste; while in *c* it had accumulated in double quantity, under the combined agency of augmented production and deficient elimination.

The experience of cholera-epidemics has presented numerous examples which testify to the evil results of intemperance; but I know of no case in which the benefits of extreme temperance, in keeping at bay the operation of a zymotic poison, were more remarkable, than in the contrast between the march of the 84th Regiment (of which Dr. E. Parkes was at that time assistant-surgeon) from Madras to Secunderabad, in 1847, and the concurrent march of the 63d Regiment from Secunderabad to Madras. The former had been previously quartered for several months in healthy barracks; a large number of men were total abstainers, while the rest were very temperate; and their death-rate had been no more than 12·1 in 1000 per annum. The latter had been overcrowded in the barracks at Secunderabad; though not specially intemperate, they habitually indulged in alcoholics; and their death-rate had been 78·8. The two marches were made at the same time, in opposite directions, in a very wet and unhealthy season, through a country infested with cholera and fever; and while the 84th was almost entirely free from these diseases, the 63d had so many sick when the two regiments crossed on the road, as to be obliged to borrow the 84th's sick-palanquins.

Now since, in both these cases, the infecting cause must have operated alike on all, it is clear that in whatever way the cholera-germs are received into the human body, it is on the previous condition of each individual that their potency depends, and that this condition is induced by any causes which engender in this circulating fluid a suitable *pabulum* for their growth and multiplication. True it is that some authorities have held cholera to be an essentially local disease, having its seat in the alimentary canal; and have supposed that being there set up in the first instance as a consequence of the reception of the poison into the stomach, its effect upon the system generally is only secondary to the affection of the lining membrane of the intestine. And as suming further that the breeding of the cholera-germs takes place nowhere but in the human intestine, they have asserted that in the disinfection of the intestinal discharges, and in a rigid supervision of the purity of the water-supply, will be found all that is essential to keep the disease in check. Against this doctrine I feel called upon to enter my earnest protest, as based on an unscientific pathology, and as inconsistent with much that may now be regarded as best established in regard to the natural history of the class of saprophytes; and I shall endeavor to set forth the *whole* truth of the matter, as deduced from the study of the entire case—not of one set of facts alone.

Putting aside for the present the question of the primal source of cholera-germs, we may take it as a fact that they have for many centuries inhabited surface-waters in some part or other of India; that by their passage into the bodies of those who have imbibed those waters, they have kept up the disease "endemically;" whilst from time to time, when circumstances have occasioned their more extensive dissemination, the disease has become "epidemic." That we do not hear more of the fatality of the disease in India, is simply (it would seem) because it is reckoned a thing "of course." In the most favorable years, the number of deaths from cholera seldom falls lower than *a hundred thousand;* while in bad years it rises to considerably above *half a million.* That it should specially infest native towns and villages cannot surprise any one who is conversant with their unsanitary condition, their water-supply being habitually fouled by their intestinal *dejecta.* The wonder seems to be, not that cholera should spread

among the inhabitants of such villages when the infection has been conveyed to them, but that any of them should escape its attacks. Such conveyance has been frequently the result of the dispersion of great congregations of people at fairs or pilgrim-shrines, among whom cholera has broken out, as it did in January, 1882, at Allahabad, at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna.

That the disease has established itself endemically in Egypt, its germs having been probably left behind by the epidemic last imported from India, is the conviction of Dr. Hunter and his coadjutors who have officially investigated its recent outbreak in that country. And there can be no difficulty in accounting for this exceptional persistence; the important concomitance of high temperature, and contamination of the water-supply by putrescent matters, concurring with the essential condition of the diffusion of the cholera-germs through that supply in consequence of the unsanitary habits of the people. And Dr. Hunter's valuable report strengthens the conviction previously entertained by many practitioners of large experience, that there is a form of endemic diarrhœa which is traceable to the milder operation of the same poison.

The conveyance of cholera-germs by bodies of men moving along the lines of human communication, without necessarily affecting the individuals who transport them, is now easy to understand; for it is well established that clothes or linen soiled by cholera *dejecta* may not only impart the germs with which they are contaminated to those who handle them when fresh, but that, after having been dried and packed, they may infect persons at any distance who incautiously unfold them. Thus, while the nurses of cholera-patients may, with proper precautions, enjoy an absolute immunity from attack, the disease-germs may be introduced into new localities without any ostensible indication of their presence. It is obvious that the only security against such introduction consists in the destruction or thorough disinfection of every scrap of clothing or linen which has been about the person of a cholera-patient.

But the natural history study of cholera-germs obviously teaches that they may enter the body in an aëriform as well as in a solid or liquid vehicle, and through another channel than the mouth. To deny that they can be taken up and carried by the air, and that they can be drawn into the body with the breath, is to run counter to all analogy. No one who has studied the phenomena of small-pox propagation doubts that a susceptible subject may be infected without personal contact, by being in the same room or in the same carriage with a small-pox patient; and there is strong ground to believe that when the infection is concentrated by congregation small-pox germs may be atmospherically conveyed to a greater distance. Those who have had largest experience of cholera hold the same view. "In badly ventilated rooms," says Mr. Macnamara, "the atmosphere may become so fully charged with the exhalations (emanations?) from patients suffering from cholera, as to poison persons engaged in nursing the sick." And the International Sanitary Conference which discussed this subject at Vienna in 1874, while recording its unanimous conviction that the spread of the disease from country to country mainly depends on human communication, distinctly admitted the transportation of the infection by the atmosphere within a limited range from its focus of emission.

If, as Pasteur and Tyndall have shown us, the microphytes which cause the putrefaction of organic infusions, are wafted about as bacterial clouds, and if the same be true (as there seems no reason to doubt) of malarial disease-germs, there is not only no *à priori* reason to deny that the atmosphere may become a vehicle for the diffusion of cholera-germs, but there is every probability that it can be—the *onus probandi*, in fact, lying with those who deny its possibility. When a sudden attack of a large number of individuals in the same locality distinctly points to a community of infection, we have now no hesitation in accusing the water-supply, where it can be shown that they have all partaken of water from a common source, and that this source had been (or might have been) contaminated by the *dejecta* of a cholera-patient, while the remaining population of the same area, supplied with water from purer sources, has remained unaffected. But several such simultaneous outbreaks have occurred under circumstances that forbid the notion of their dependence on the water-supply, whilst the evidence is no less cogent of their origin in the atmospheric conveyance of the disease-germs. The epidemic which prevailed in the United States in 1849 afforded a particularly well-marked example of this kind, which seems to me to have put the matter beyond dispute. It occurred in the city poor-house of Baltimore, which was situated out of the town on a level platform on the slope of a hill; the site having been originally selected by a merchant as a peculiarly salubrious one for building himself a country house. This house, having been afterwards purchased by the city authorities was made the centre of the frontage of the poor-house, which was extended into a long wing on either side, one for males and the other for females. Other wings ran backwards from these; and the area thus bounded, conitaning the offices of the establishment, was enclosed at the back by a wall. The entire building contained about 800 inmates; it was not at all overcrowded; the wards had been carefully cleansed and whitewashed; and the drainage was believed to be quite effective. Yet without any previous warning a most appalling outbreak suddenly occurred in this poor-house, the deaths being at the rate of thirty a day. The Board was hastily summoned, and was considering the question of evacuating the building and placing its inmates under canvas; when one of the medical officers, determining to ascertain what became of the drainage, found that instead of being carried into a ravine not far from the back of the premises, down which a stream ran, it ter-

minated just beyond the enclosing wall, in an intervening piece of marshy ground covered with rank grass. It was then first noted that all the first attacks had taken place in the apartments at the back of the house, whose windows looked towards the marsh; and that the outbreak had followed immediately upon a change of wind, which made it set directly from the marsh towards those windows. Again, the male wing suffered much more severely than the female wing, and this corresponded with the fact that the latter was partly protected by a screen of trees. Further, on the male side, a wing containing lunatics ran back nearly as far as the enclosing wall, and had an end-window which looked over that wall directly on to the marsh; all the nineteen inmates of that ward were attacked, and all but one died. Satisfied that in that marshy plot lay the source of the whole mischief, the authorities took immediate steps to disinfect it. Trenches were cut to drain it into the ravine, a fire-engine was made to play upon it, and quicklime was copiously strewn over its surface. *Immediately the plague was stayed*, and in a few days the establishment was free from the disease.

Now while everything points to the marsh as the focus of the infection, and to the atmosphere as the bearer of the disease-germs, the hypothesis of water-conveyance is clearly inadmissible. For it is inconceivable that water so poisoned should have been drunk only by the occupants of the back rooms among whom all the first attacks occurred; and the immediate efficacy of the remedial measures is utterly inexplicable on the hypothesis that the disease-germs were brought from any other source than the marsh. That having found their way into it, they had grown and fructified in its congenial soil so as to produce an abundant crop, by which, rising in germ-clouds and wafted by air-currents, the inmates of the poor-house who first received it were destructively infected, seems, in the light of our present knowledge, the obvious *rationale* of this most instructive case. And if accepted in one case, this *rationale* is applicable to many others in which the same phenomenon presented itself, of a sudden outbreak immediately following a change of wind, which caused an air-current to set from a focus of infection towards the seat of the malady.

The only difficulty in the Baltimore case is to account for the introduction of the cholera-germs into the marsh. The municipal authorities of the city had taken very active and (as the event proved) very efficient means for warding off the pestilence; and although it was very severe at New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, only a few imported cases occurred in Baltimore itself. It is, of course, quite possible that clothing or bedding soiled by the *dejecta* of these patients might have been sent away to the Poor-house to be washed; and on the whole I think it more probable that some human communication of this kind took place, than that the cholera-germs were brought from a remote distance by the atmosphere. But that a marsh sodden with the *excreta* of a large population was as prolific a breeding-ground as they could meet with, accords with the experience of all who have had the largest opportunities of studying the disease in India, or during the recent outbreak of it in Egypt.

The conditions of the spread of typhoid or enteric fever are closely analogous to those of the diffusion of cholera; and the doctrine of disease-germs proves as satisfactorily applicable to the one case as to the other.

But because typhoid germs, when introduced into the human system, breed and multiply within it, and, when voided from the intestine, may be conveyed by the water into which they have found their way into the bodies of other persons, who then become the subjects of the disease, it by no means follows that the human body is their *only* breeding-ground, or that water is their *only* vehicle. On the contrary, those who have most carefully studied the subject are now generally agreed, that when typhoid germs have been discharged into sewers, they not only infect their contents, but so develop themselves under favoring conditions (especially warmth, stagnation, and seclusion from the air) as to give rise to an enormous increase of the *contagium*. And in the case of the wide diffusion of typhoid poison by milk (of which the recent epidemic in Camden Town has afforded an illustrative example), it seems far more probable that the germs introduced by the contaminated water used in washing the milk-vessels have multiplied by self-development in the milk put into them, than that they should have originally been abundant enough to communicate the disease to so large a number of individuals as are in some instances attacked by it.

Further, that sewer-*gas* may be the vehicle of typhoid germs, and that they may be drawn into the body by its inhalation, is not only what all analogy would suggest as probable but accords alike with the judgment of our ablest pathologists in regard to the essential nature of the disease, and with the experience of our best sanitary authorities as to the mode of its propagation. That the primal seat of enteric fever is in the blood, and that the various local affections which occur in the course of it are the results of changes set up in the circulating current, is just as clear as it is in small-pox or scarlatina, the worst forms of which may terminate fatally before any cutaneous eruption appears. And when disease-germs are inhaled into the air-cells of the lungs, they have a far more ready access to the blood spread out in the closest capillary network on their walls, than when introduced with food or drink into the alimentary canal.

I have recently had the opportunity of learning, on the spot, the full particulars of a case in which four members of one household were last year attacked with typhoid fever—one of them narrowly escaping with her life—under circumstances which left no doubt in the mind of the very accomplished physician who had charge of the patients, that the malady originated in the opening of an old cesspool belonging to a neighboring house, then in course of demolition. The house in

which the outbreak took place is large and airy, and stands by itself in a most salubrious situation. The most careful examination failed to disclose any defect either in its drainage or its water supply; there was no typhoid in the neighborhood; and the milk supply was unexceptionable. But the neighboring house being old, and having been occupied by a school, its removal had been determined on to make way for a house of higher class; and as the offensive odor emanating from the uncovered cesspool was at once perceived in the next garden, and the outbreak of typhoid followed at the usual interval, the case seems one which admits of no reasonable question.

On the whole, then, the conclusion seems clear, that while the breeding-ground of ordinary malarious germs is the earth alone, and the breeding-ground of the germs of the ordinary exanthemata is the human body alone, there is an intermediate class of pestilential diseases—including cholera, typhoid, and probably yellow fever—in which (as Mr. Simon* tersely expressed it) "certain microphytes are capable of thriving equally, though perhaps in different forms, either within or without the animal body; now fructifying in soil or waters of appropriate quality, and now the self-multiplying *contagium* of a bodily disease."

The doctrine that the disease-germs of cholera and typhus breed in the human intestine *only*, and that they are introduced into it by water *alone*, obviously sets at naught a large proportion of those precautionary measures on which those who are most practically conversant with the subject lay great stress. Everything ought unquestionably to be done to preserve our domestic water-supply from contamination, as well as to secure the purity of its sources; and to disinfect, not only the intestinal *dejecta* of patients affected with cholera or typhoid, but everything contaminated by them. But we ought not, in doing these things, to leave others undone; and all experience justifies the emphatic warning of the Local Government Board, as to "the danger of breathing AIR which is foul with effluvia from the same sorts of impurity"—a danger whose source obviously lies in the *atmospheric* transportation of disease-germs.

I have left myself but little space for the discussion of the second part of my subject—the bearing of the natural history view of zymotic diseases upon the question of their origin and mutual relations. It is, doubtless, needful for the purposes of pathological study, that these diseases should be defined as "specific types," just as the naturalist defines "species" of plants or animals; and as, in our pre-evolution days, it was held that every true species was separated from every other by constant characters genetically transmitted from parent to offspring, so has it been generally believed that the poisons, not only of small-pox, scarlatina, and measles, but of a large number of different forms of fever, as well as of other maladies propagated by *contagia*, are to be ranked as specifically different.

The species-making naturalists of the past generation laid greater stress on points of minute difference than on those of general agreement, disregarded the modifying influence of "environments," and selected the strongly-characterized examples for description, neglecting the intermediate forms by which these are often gradationally connected.

But in the light of the modern doctrine of evolution, the scientific naturalist makes it his aim to ascertain how the different races of plants and animals *have come to divaricate* from each other; and studies their respective "variations," as affording the best clue to the origin of their larger and more constant "specific" differences. And those who have most carefully studied the tribe of "saprophytes" to which disease-germs belong, have long since come to the conclusion that there are no forms of vegetation whose "range of variation" under differences of "environment" is so wide; it being yet uncertain, indeed, that we know the entire life-history of any one of them.

Now, it has been too much the habit of pathologists, in scientifically defining specific types of disease, to follow exactly the same course as the species-makers among naturalists—insisting on minute differences rather than on points of agreement, and assuming that these differences are constant. Every practitioner of medicine, on the other hand, who has had opportunities of observing the same diseases in different localities, at different seasons, and in different epidemics, well knows how greatly their characters vary; "hybrid forms" and "sub-varieties" presenting themselves from time to time, which receive passing notice and then die out. Thus, although no eruptive fevers are more clearly differentiated, when occurring in their characteristic forms than measles and scarlatina, yet cases every now and then occur, in which their symptons are so mingled as to puzzle the most experienced doctors. I even remember such a hybrid disease to have been epidemic some thirty years ago in the East of London; and as Sydenham, one of the most sagacious medical observers that ever lived, did not separate the two, I cannot but think it probable that this "hybrid" was the disease prevalent in his time. Again, the small-pox epidemic of 1871 and subsequent years has been characterized by the reappearance of the "malignant" type of that disease, which had not previously shown itself in Europe, except in a few isolated cases, during the present century. The whole course of that "hæmorrhagic" type, when presented in its most characteristic form (in which death occurs before the appearance of the eruption), is so entirely different from that of ordinary small-pox whether "confluent" or "discrete," that the two diseases might be well accounted specifically different, if it were not certain that they originate in the same *contagium*. So, again, some of those who have had largest experience of the severest forms of malarious disease, are satisfied of the unity of causation that under-

* Article CONTAGION in Quain's "Dictionary of Medicine."

lies variety of manifestation. Thus, says Dr. Haspel, the author of a very able work on the "Diseases of Algeria" (Paris, 1850), "fevers, dysentery, and diseases of the liver constitute an indivisible whole under the dominion of a single cause; and those who deny this truth are either misled by theoretical prejudices, or will not make use of their eyes." It is a significant fact, rightly insisted on by Dr. Maclean, that exactly in proportion as we have banished malaria from the soil of the British islands, so have we got rid not only of ague, but of dysentery and of suppurative inflammation of the liver, as endemic diseases. I have already adverted to changes in the type of fever from "non-infective" to "infective," of which there seems to me adequate evidence; and I might adduce a number of other instances—such as the difficulty that often occurs in India in discriminating between cholera and enteric fever—in support of my position, that even the best-marked types of zymotic disease are not distinguishable by constant and invariable characters, but that, just as higher plants are modified by cultivation, so may the germs of these diseases develop themselves in a great variety of modes, giving rise to very different maladies, according to the conditions, whether local or individual, under which their development takes place.*

But the same analogy carries us further, and suggests that the peculiar morbific activity possessed by each specific type of disease-germ may be derived from the operation of particular "environments" on ordinary saprophytes through a long succession of generations, just as among plants of higher types. And this view is borne out by the remarkable influence of artificial "culture" upon some of those which have been most carefully studied in this manner. It is a fact of great significance, that the malignant *Bacillus anthracis* of "charbon" does not differ morphologically in any important character from the innocent *Bacillus subtilis* of hay infusions; and although it has not yet been certainly shown that any method of treatment can give to the latter the potency of the former, yet it seems not improbable that such will prove to be the case. With Dr. William Roberts, "I see no more difficulty in believing that the *Bacillus anthracis* is a 'sport' from the *Bacillus subtilis*, than in believing, as all botanists tell us, that the bitter almond is a 'sport' from the sweet almond—the one a bland, innocuous fruit, and the other containing the elements of a deadly poison."

So, as it seems to me, there is nothing inconsistent with our recognition of cholera and typhoid as specific types of disease, in the admission that under some possible conditions they may originate *de novo* from saprophytic germs not ordinarily capable of engendering such maladies in the human system.

Among my earliest professional recollections, going back to the year 1829, is that of the occurrence of a very remarkable outbreak of a severe malady in a school at Clapham, of a type then quite unknown to practitioners in this country, but which an old Indian doctor, who was asked to see the patients, declared to have the characters of the cholera of India, which was then (as subsequently appeared) on its way towards us, but whose advent no one at that time regarded as probable. Having lately referred to the *Medical Gazette* of August 22 in that year, I have found this recollection fully confirmed by the record of the "Fatal Cholera at Clapham" published at the time; and cannot hesitate in the belief that if the outbreak (affecting twenty out of twenty-two boys at the school, and the two children of the master, of whom one died after only eleven hours' illness) had occurred during a cholera epidemic, the patients would have been regarded as suffering under that disease. A few days previously, a cesspool had been opened to let off from the playground stagnant water accumulated by the recent heavy rains, and its contents had been distributed over the garden adjoining the boys' playground. Whether true Asiatic cholera or not, this sudden simultaneous outbreak can scarcely be regarded as a mere result of putrescent emanations; it had every character of a specific disease implanted by germs; and the probability seems strong that these germs were those either of some other type of zymotic disease, or of ordinary saprophytes, to which some special conditions had imparted a choleraic potency.

Although, from the time when Sir William Jenner pointed out the marked distinctions between typhus and typhoid (or enteric) fevers, their distinctness has been generally recognized, and any difficulty in diagnosing a case has been commonly set down to ignorance or imperfect observation, yet I have the high authority of the late Sir Robert Christison for stating that these diseases are not at all times, or in all places, so definitely distinguishable. Not long before his death, the Nestor of the medical profession in Scotland emphatically assured me, that "looking at this class of diseases from the natural history point of view, he had been led by an experience of half a century to regard them, not as uniformly marked out, one *from* another, by well-defined boundaries, but as shading off gradationally one *into* an another."

Being specially anxious that those who are laboring to build up the noble Science of Preventive Medicine should work no unsound material into the fabric they are constructing, I would earnestly press upon them to avoid all exclusive theories, and to take Nature alone as their guide. The broader and deeper the foundation they lay, the more solid and durable will be the edifice that rests upon it.
—W. B. CARPENTER, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

* A very curious example of this kind, which came under the observation of Professor Huxley, when serving as assistant-surgeon in H.M.S. "Rattlesnake," was related by Sir James Paget in his lecture on "Specific Diseases," at the end of the first volume of his *Surgical Pathology*.

ADDENDUM.

[SINCE the above was in type, the French Commission which was sent to Egypt to investigate the recent epidemic of cholera has reported, as the result of its inquiries, that this epidemic was not imported, but was born as well as bred in the country itself; especial stress being laid on the recent prevalence of a cattle-plague, and on the practice of throwing into the rivers and canals the bodies of animals that had died of it. It was, moreover, the opinion of the Commission that the disease was not pure Indian cholera; but that in some of its symptoms it rather resembled plague. These conclusions are entirely in harmony with the views advocated in the latter part of this paper.

A small treatise has been recently published, on the "Evolution of Morbid Germs," by Mr. Kenneth M. Millican, which contains a body of additional evidence, derived from clinical experience, of the variability in the types of zymotic diseases propagated by the same *contagia;* that of the intercommunicability of scarlatina and diphtheria (under certain conditions) being peculiarly cogent.—W. B. C.]

EXPLORATIONS IN GREENLAND.

SECOND PAPER.

THE distance intervening between the end of the fiord that we visited and the "inland ice" was likely to cause some trouble in the transport of our baggage, and as the natives spoke of a place to the south where the ice came right down to the sea, it seemed best to inspect it before determining to start in the other direction. With this object we again left the colony in the old whale-boat on the morning of June 24, 1867, and made for the small settlement of Claushavn, by passing through an enormous stream of icebergs, which were at that time coming out of the Jakobshavn ice-fiord, the party consisting of my interpreter and another European, with five Greenlanders from Jakobshavn.

We quitted the whale-boat at Claushavn and took a small umiak, on account of weight, as our route proved to go overland by a pass between some of the neighboring hills. Five extra men came to assist, and presently transported the umiak in the manner shown in the illustration in the first paper. At the summit of our pass the boat was paddled round a small freshwater lake, which on June 25th was still mostly covered with ice ten inches thick. Then came another portage, down a steep little *col*, and finally our craft was launched upon a large backwater arm of the great Jakobshavn fiord, which led up to the inland ice. The sea, smooth as glass, was bordered by sheer precipices of a pleasant rose color, and the vistas in almost all directions were terminated by glittering pinnacles of brilliant ice. For scenery this was a most enticing neighborhood, though useless as a starting point for the interior. On ascending hills on the outskirts I again had extensive views to the east, finding the land, as before, absolutely covered by glaciers. From the nearest parts to the farthest distance that could be seen the whole of the ice was broken up into *séracs*. It was almost everywhere riven and fissured in a most extreme manner, and it was obviously totally impracticable for sledges. We therefore determined to try to get inland from the direction of the first excursion, and made our way back as quickly as possible to Jakobshavn, arriving there after an absence of four days. On this occasion my points of view must have commanded almost the exact line taken by Professor Nordenskiold in 1870, for, as given in his map, its distance to the south of my stations was barely thirty miles.

Our troubles commenced as we were returning. One of our crew became ill, and could neither drink schnapps nor eat seal-meat—a convincing proof that he was not shamming—and he had to be assisted ashore when we arrived at Jakobshavn. He died two days later. On landing we found that the sickness, to which I have already referred when speaking of Egedesminde, had spread northwards, and had now a firm hold at other colonies. At Jakobshavn there were nearly sixty ill out of a total population of three hundred, and before long the doctor had a hundred patients on his hands, all of whom sent for him, though none would follow his advice. The sickness was something like an epidemic of inflammation of the lungs, and alike carried off young and old. Two of our late crew died of it; then another lad whom I was employing, and then the colony-carpenter lost two of his children. It was a dismal time for us, for the coffins were made directly under our windows, and corpses, sewn up in canvas, mummy-fashion, with projecting feet, were brought by boat and over the rocks to them. The church bell tolled daily just over our heads, and the muttering of the priest as he went through the services for the dead were distinctly heard through the cracks in the boards. Progress for a time was completely paralyzed.

It has not yet been said that we intended to travel over the inland ice with dog-sledges. Before leaving England I had resolved to employ this method, because it was currently reported that the interior was covered with *snow*, and because dog-sledging affords the readiest and most expeditious manner of getting over good snow. Every one knows that for sledge-travelling the article called pemmican is much resorted to, though all are not aware that there are various descriptions of pemmican, of widely different characters. For example, the pemmican supplied to our Government Arctic expeditions has been a luxurious viand, compounded out of the choicest meat, currants, and various other eatables. It has been specially prepared with great care in Government establishments, and its cost price has, I believe, amounted to half-a-crown a pound. I had neither the opportunity nor the means for purchasing this

sumptuous article, and had to content myself with a much humbler material, namely, Hudson Bay pemmican. By the kind assistance of Dr. John Rae I imported about 800 lbs. of this from Hudson Bay in 1866. It was sent over in massive slabs, weighing 80 to 90 lbs. a piece, covered with hide. No ordinary knives would make the least impression upon these solid masses, and they had to be sawn up before they could be subdivided and eaten. As an article of diet a little of it went a long way—not so much from its nutritious qualities as from the invincible repugnance of my people. The mere sight of it was sufficient to appease the cravings of hunger. In appearance it was an interesting combination of coarse fat, dried buffalo meat, and a large percentage of sinew. Speaking for myself I should call it a very satisfying diet, though unsatisfactory to persons with bad teeth; but as a large proportion of it was intended for the sledge-dogs, and we could select the choicer morsels for ourselves, it seemed sufficiently good for our purpose until it was found that the Greenland dogs turned up their noses at it and refused to eat it, and then the matter began to look serious. That they would eat it ultimately, when nothing else could be had, I did not doubt; yet it would not do to commence by starving them, and so we were forced to collect a stock of dried seal flesh, which is their established and favorite food.

It happened, just then, that this was easier said than done. The Greenlanders are at all times careful *not* to lay in a stock of food beforehand, and the epidemic, by prostrating many of the most skilful catchers, had almost caused a famine. At length, after scouring the country, the requisite four or five hundred-weights were collected, and it was put for safety into our store—the church-loft. Unfortunately the weather was hot, and it remained there too long and became maggoty, and the worms from above fell through the cracks in the ceiling on to the congregation below, and there was a great outcry. The meat was peremptorily ordered to be removed, and we had no sooner thrown it outside than the dogs of the place swarmed down upon it. There was a battle, in which the dogs were worsted; but then the children, exceedingly hungry, came down upon it like locusts, and were worse than the dogs.

It was a slow business collecting the teams of dogs. The dog-disease which broke out some years before at the most northern of the settlements had gradually worked southwards, and had well-nigh annihilated the teams at Jakobshavn. The dogs prowling about were casual animals, remnants of teams, which would not work together. The disease had not penetrated farther south, and at Claushavn, Christianshaab, and other places there were numerous teams, which were well appreciated by their owners, who would not sell them outright on any terms, as in winter they are extremely valuable, and not easily replaced. At last, after much negotiation, I obtained the loan of three teams (amounting to twenty dogs) from Claushavn, upon the condition that they were not to be landed in the infected districts, except on islands, and taken anywhere except on the ice: or, if circumstances forced us to come to land, the dogs were to be slain at my cost.

After the dogs, the sledges were the matter which gave most concern. By the advice of my interpreter, who had lived for several years at various settlements, wood was brought out from Europe to be made into sledges in Greenland; and we now found that the only persons in the country who were capable of making sledges had their time fully occupied by the manufacture of coffins, so we were forced to employ the sledges ordinarily used in the country, which were made of very indifferent wood, and were not fitted for the rough work to which they were afterwards put. A representation of one of those which were actually used is given at the end of the first paper. The two long side-pieces, known technically as "runners," are cut from ordinary inch deal plank, and are shod with hoop-iron. The cross-pieces, which form the platform on which the goods are stowed, are cut out of seven-eighths plank and are attached to the runners by hide-thongs which pass through holes, these fastenings being bound round and round until they are quite taut, though not so perfectly rigid as to prevent a certain amount of lateral play. The two arms at the end are used partly as a sort of rudder, and partly for assisting the sledge over difficult places, and are also bound down like the rest. It is clear that such a sledge is not ill-adapted for travelling over snow or any reasonably smooth surface, and obvious that the runners are liable to be twisted either inwards or outwards if they have to pass over numerous inequalities. After repeated twists the runners very commonly split longitudinally, and the sledge, of course, is rendered useless until the fractures can be repaired in some fashion. With these crude affairs, so inferior to the admirable sledges which have been produced by Sir Leopold McClintock for our Arctic expeditions, we had, perforce, to be content.

By the 20th of July all these various matters were arranged, and we started in a couple of boats, one mainly filled by the dogs, and the other with the baggage. The party for the ice consisted of three drivers and sledges, and two others, besides myself. Eight additional natives also came to assist. The occupants of the boat with the dogs enjoyed a very lively time, for our teams were mostly composed of fine, powerful animals, as large as small mastiffs, and they one and all did their best to worry each other or their keepers. Arrived at the end of the fiord, there was the business of transporting our effects to the edge of the ice, which occupied the whole party a couple of days. This done, our additional Greenlanders went home in one of the boats, giving us hearty cheers as they moved off, leaving us encamped, waiting for a favorable change in the weather, which had become very windy just as all was ready.

Three days passed in waiting, ensconced against some overhanging rocks; the sledges ready loaded and drawn up in line on the

margin of the ice, and the teams picketed round about. During this time we had not a dull moment. There was perpetual music and dancing going on—our *dumb* friends performing the music, and keeping us in constant attendance dancing around them. After a few seconds of dead silence, several of them would lift up their voices and howl, and when the echoes returned from the neighboring cliffs the whole pack appeared seized with sudden madness, jumping to their feet, and dashing to the full extent of their tethers, moaning, growling and gnashing their teeth, struggling to get away to attack the imaginary enemies by whom they seemed to be mocked. Finding their efforts futile, the majority would break off and have a pitched battle amongst themselves, worrying each other with paws and teeth so mercilessly as to compel the intervention of the whip, jumping and rolling over, twining and tangling their lines into almost inextricable knots; whilst the minority cunningly took the opportunity to gnaw their fastenings and bolt away.

During these days I clambered up an adjacent hill, little expecting what was to be seen. Just a clear month of fine weather and almost perpetual day had elapsed since I had looked on the view before. On the previous occasion, it will be remembered, everything to the east was covered with a mantle of the purest, most spotless snow, quite unfissured, except in the immediate foreground. The whole of this snow had been swept away, and had left exposed a veritable ocean of ice, broken up by *millions* of crevasses of every conceivable form and dimensions; otherwise the prospect was the same—a boundless waste, without a rock, or sign of life, anywhere visible. The larger depressions in the snow had now become great lakes upon the ice, and the smaller knolls stood out as the crests of frozen waves. For the most part the crevasses were small, and the hummocks between them only a few feet high; and upon the whole, the general character of the ice was pretty much that presented by the middle parts of the Aletsch glacier, or the Mer de Glace at Chamounix towards the end of the summer. That is to say, it was well-nigh impracticable for travel with dog sledges, though not for journeying on foot; and it was immediately apparent that our hopes would be wrecked.

It would not do to discourage the people prematurely, so I kept my opinions to myself; and, when the weather improved, we made a start towards the east. In a few hours, within a couple of miles, we were brought to a stand, with a runner of one of the largest sledges broken in half; with another, belonging to a smaller sledge, also split along its entire length, and with the rest weakened by the battering they received.* As a matter of form, I sent three of the party ahead for a mile or two to see whether they thought the ice became easier, though knowing very well that it was all alike for many miles; and, when they came back, reporting that it was worse rather than better, we commenced our retreat, as it was evident that to persevere would be only to render our return more and more difficult, and that under any circumstances we should at the most be able to proceed merely a few miles farther towards the interior. We could only take one dog back in our boat; eight more were recovered afterwards; three were found dead; one was not discovered, and the seven others came in overland one after another to Jakobshavn, and were killed by order of the principal official of the northern districts.

From the repeated views of the interior which had been seen from the coast mountains, it was clear that all this part of Greenland, except the fringe of land on the Davis Straits side, was absolutely covered by snow and ice, and that the interior was not broken up in those latitudes as I had conjectured it might be. This to some extent mitigated the vexation at the collapse of the sledges, for there seemed little to be gained by travelling over a barren waste; and it appeared better, anyhow as a preliminary, to continue its inspection by ascending the hills on the outskirts. I followed out this idea in 1872; but, before proceeding to refer to the journey made in that year, I propose to offer a few observations upon the general features of the "inland ice."

This vast glacier is the largest continuous mass of ice at present known. All the glaciers of the Alps combined are as nothing to it, and the greatest of those in the Himalayahs are mere dwarfs in comparison. At Jakobshavn, the bergs floating away were often 700 to 800 feet thick, and this is the only information at present possessed of its *depth*. The angle at which its surface rises towards the east is very slight, being seldom so much as 8°, and generally much less; while in some places there are considerable depressions, and lakes are formed in consequence.

The crevasses as a rule do not go to the bottom of the mass, and often do not penetrate as much as half-way through. Hence the water which is produced on the surface and which streams along in small rivulets—sometimes even in small torrents—cannot find its way to the glacier-bed and run away underneath. The motion of the ice is therefore but little assisted by water finding its way to the floor of the glacier; and it follows that the torrents flowing from underneath the margin of the inland ice are remarkably small, considering the enormous extent of the mass, the perpetual day which exists in the summer, and the high mean temperature.

Although the motion of the inland ice is less assisted by water finding its way to the bed of the glacier than is the case with most glaciers in lower latitudes, it receives a powerful impulse in other ways. The water which has been arrested in the crevasses freezes in the winter, and produces blue bands or veins of solid, or true, ice, which present a marked contrast to the imperfect, porous, white ice of the glacier. The pressure exerted both when the crevasses are filled with water in a liquid

* It was a certainty that the runners would split sooner or later, and strips of copper had been prepared for such occasions.

state, and when it is in the act of freezing, must be enormous, and the surrounding ice will be urged in the direction of least resistance, namely downwards.

These strongly marked blue veins, in the otherwise white glacier ice, are a common feature in the icebergs of the Arctic regions, and they have frequently been referred to by voyagers, who have not, I believe, hitherto pointed out their significance. From the manner of their formation, it will readily be understood that they are ordinarily more or less perpendicular in an iceberg just floating away; but they are frequently inclined at various angles, and are often seen intersecting each other, both when one is upon the surface of the inland ice, and in the clean, vertical sections which are exposed when icebergs are just detached from the parent mass. Sometimes several series can be seen cutting each other—showing that the glacier has been riven in different planes on different occasions, and that fresh series of crevasses have been formed at angles different to the former ones. They present the clearest evidence that the water which collects in the crevasses (mainly during the period of all but perpetual day) often freezes subsequently into solid ice; and it would appear, from examples which I have seen, that the congelation is not always complete, and that it sometimes commences from the top and sometimes from the bottom. They can be seen in various stages —the crevasses filled with water; and partially congealed; and entirely frozen.

It has been stated that the inland ice was fissured by innumerable crevasses, and it was so to an extent that I have not observed elsewhere. There was not as much as a piece fifty feet square without its chasms, and they presented evidence which showed that the ice movements were extraordinarily complicated. It is usual to see in the glaciers of the Alps and of other mountain ranges, sets or series of crevasses following each other with a certain amount of regularity. Scarcely anything of this kind was seen in the inland ice of Greenland. Contrary to my expectations, instead of there being only schrunds or great crevasses in moderate numbers, the very opposite was the case—the fissures were comparatively small, and in enormous numbers. They extended up to the extreme limits of vision, and the far-off horizon, when viewed through a powerful glass, glittered with the broken surfaces of the pinnacles, though the distance was much too great to distinguish individual chasms. It will be admitted by all those who are conversant with glaciers, that, as the ice was crevassed up to the extreme visible point, it was reasonable to conclude that the country was covered with ice or snow to a considerable distance beyond our horizon, for such a vast body of glacier requires an enormous snow reservoir for its production.

The interesting questions then arise, what was the extreme distance visible? and what was its height? The ordinary methods which are employed for measuring distances and altitudes were inapplicable in this case, as there were no fixed points which could be identified from two different stations; and when the landscape was covered with snow it was impossible to say whether the extreme distance was ten or a hundred miles away. When the snow was swept away, and the crevassed ice became visible, it was possible to form some (though admittedly a very imperfect) idea of distance by turning from the unknown to the known. In the west, at a known distance of sixty or seventy miles, we could see the glacier plateaux on the top of the large island of Disco, crevassed like the inland ice to our east. Turning then to the east, it was apparent that the horizon *there* was at least as far away, and was probably much more distant.

This still leaves the question of altitude untouched, though, respecting it, it was possible to form a fairly probable estimate. The surface of the ice rose towards the interior at a small and tolerably regular angle. In June, 1867, we started at the edge of the ice from a height of 550 feet above the sea, and in the distance of six miles rose 900 feet, or about 150 feet per mile. Assuming that we could see a distance of sixty miles, and that the angle remained constant, the height of the extreme visible point would have been about 9000 feet; but, considering the probability that the slope eased towards the summit, it was deemed safer to estimate the height at "not less than 8000 feet."

In 1872 I again went out in one of the ships of the Royal Greenland Trade, and this time travelled without Europeans, and with a boat of a rather novel description—a screw-propelled canoe, which was driven by slides worked by the feet. In 1867 we had often been embarrassed by the reluctance of the natives to go where and when we wanted, and our choice lay between paddling our own kayaks (skin canoes), at considerable risk of drowning ourselves, or between being rowed about in a whale-boat by natives, for whom it was necessary to wait until they were in the mood to travel. I took out the screw-propeller to render myself less dependent on their whims, and it answered the purpose very well, and also proved a great treat to the natives, who are as fond of novelties as any children. They clustered around it like a swarm of bees, and criticised it freely. "So like a kayak, and yet not one!" They patted it and stroked it as you would a dog. "No, clearly not sealskin; it is made of wood! How strange to make a kayak of wood!" They pointed to the open hatch, so large compared with theirs, and shook their heads, as if they disapproved it. "A rudder, too! when was that known before? and a queer turning thing"—(the fan) "before it. How very droll!" At this they would burst into loud fits of laughter, for the slightest thing raises their merriment. Presently we had trials of speed, and they beat me hollow, as I expected, and indeed wished, for they would not have accompanied me unless sure that they could escape when they liked. They are timidity itself, and it is easy, by a mere accidental frown or shrug, to raise their fears and cause them to desert.

My chief native assistants this year were named Frederick and Nils. The former was recommended as an interpreter, and he came to be tested before he was engaged. "So, Frederick," I said, "they say you can speak English." "Yes," he replied modestly, "me speak 'em smally." "Well, what do you speak?" "Oh!" said he, "me speak yes, no, by and by; Sally come up; never mind; pull away; this way, that way; stop a little." To tell the truth, his knowledge of English was scarcely greater than mine of the Greenlandic dialect, but he was the only interpreter whilst travelling, and we made ourselves understood sufficiently well; which was due, it should be said, very much to the kindly disposition of the natives, who do not mock and ridicule a stranger for his inability to speak their language, and, on the contrary, take much trouble to understand his wishes.

After a tedious voyage round Disco Island, I was landed with my two natives and two boats at Noursoak, a small settlement which is about 130 miles north-west of Jakobshavn;* and, having engaged a sufficient number of people, we made various small journeys round about, and down the Waigat Strait, ascending several mountains on Disco Island, and on the mainland, in search of some lofty and isolated summit which should give a commanding view of the interior. But although the mountains on both sides of the strait were considerably loftier than those in the neighborhood of Jakobshavn, they were not sufficiently elevated for the purpose, and we ultimately went north of Noursoak round into the Umenak Fiord, which is bordered by the most considerable mountains at present known in Greenland. I crossed the Waigat Strait in the *Experiment* (the name of the screw-propeller), in company with an umiak; and in returning, when getting into a fog, delighted my attendants by showing them how truly the little boat could be steered by compass when they were bewildered. Their shyness was overcome, and we generally travelled afterwards in one and the same boat, they towing the *Experiment* astern.

The inland ice cannot be seen from the settlement of Umenak, which is situated on a small island about five miles from the mainland, in one of the largest fiords on the West Greenland coast, having numerous branches and ramifications, which are almost everywhere surrounded by mountains 5000 to 7000 feet high, some bearing glaciers streaming from their summits right down to the sea. To gain a view of the inland ice, it is necessary to mount to a considerable elevation, as the nearest point of it in this latitude is some forty miles away, and the intervening distance is occupied by mountainous country; and it was all-important to select a summit which, by overlooking the others, should have an unimpeded view to the east. Intuitively I picked out one on the mainland, called Kelertingouit, which was well isolated, and apparently lofty, intending to measure it, and to get a theodolite to the top to sweep the horizon, for in this way a better notion of the height of the inland ice could be obtained than by any other method; and we left Umenak on August 17, with several additional natives, in a whale-boat lent by an amiable young man of the name of Elberg, assistant trader at the settlement, who also volunteered his services.

A six miles' row brought us to the base of Kelertingouit, where we encamped. The mountain was of volcanic origin, and was ultimately found to be composed of volcanic rocks right up to its summit. The seaward face was far too difficult for my party, and the next morning, at 3.30 A.M., we went inland for some miles, continually ascending, until we got round to its southern side. At that part there were immense slopes of basaltic débris, piled up to the maximum angle at which they would repose, apparently affording a simple route, and we steered a course over them, finding, however, that it would be easy to start an avalanche. The sharp angles, continually rolling round, cut up the skin soles of the natives' boots, and one footsore man after another lagged behind and disappeared. Then came some walls of columnar basalt, interrupting the slopes, and again a few more were brought to a halt. At last I was reduced to the bearer of the theodolite stand; and finally, when arrived on the summit, I found myself alone.—EDWARD WHYMPER, in *Good Words*.

* I worked towards the north in preference to the south, because Nordenskiold had, in 1870, made his journey to the south of my previous district, and had found only an ice-covered interior. It does not appear from his narrative that he ascended any of the hills on the outskirts. He seems only to have viewed the interior from the inland ice itself, and consequently could not have had a very extensive prospect. So far as he did see, the interior was, in general features, precisely the same as I have described it.

A PILGRIMAGE TO MERTON ABBEY.

THANKS to the hands of wanton spoilers and ruthless time, little enough is left of the once proud Abbey of Merton, which, standing on the banks of the clear Wandle, on the Epsom road, was once the scene of a meeting of the legislators of our land, which gave birth to the Statutes of Merton, and also to the founder of one of the proud colleges in the University of Oxford—the college which bears its name. Fifty years ago some parts of the chapel and other buildings were visible, but now desolation reigns here as complete as at Chertsey or Barking. Fifty years ago, however, there were green meadows on every side of Merton, which was as pretty a village as could be found within ten miles of London and Westminster. But now for green fields we must journey on to its neighbor, Morden, which the profane hands of the modern builder and the demon of bricks and mortar have as yet scarcely invaded.

Merton—the *Meretone* and *Meretune* of the chroniclers—is "a very ancient parish and village in the 'Mid' division of Surrey," some eight miles from Westminster Bridge, and five miles east from Kingston. Two early historical events have been appropriated to

this place—namely, the murder of Kenulph, King of the West Saxons, which happened in the year 784, and a battle between the Danes and the Saxons in 871. Lambarde, in his "Topographical Dictionary," however, doubts whether either of these events took place at Merton in Surrey, and Lysons, in his "Environs of London," seems inclined to be equally incredulous on these points. The manor of Merton, before the Conquest, was the property of Earl Harold, and was afterwards held by the King in demesne.

Early in the twelfth century, Gilbert Norman, Sheriff of Surrey, founded here a convent of Augustinian canons, an institution which, in after years, became famous as a home of learning and piety.

Like St. Peter's at Westminster, the Abbey was a sanctuary * and it will be remembered by readers of history that it was the place to which Hubert de Burgh, the Chief Justiciary of England, fled for refuge when he had incurred the displeasure of King Henry III. Here too was held, in A.D. 1236, the Great Council of the Nation, which passed the Statutes of Merton, and in which the King and the Pope, acting for once in concert, endeavored to introduce the provisions of the Canon Law, but were met by the famous declaration *Nolumus leges Angliae mutari.* The Abbey would seem to have been the nurse of great men. It was within its walls that Thomas à Becket appears to have received his earliest training for the Church. The same was the case with Walter de Merton, afterwards Bishop of Rochester and Chancellor of England, who was a native of the village from which he derived his name, and who founded, as stated above, the college which still bears his name at Oxford.

Little is known—at all events little stands recorded—about the history of the Abbey when it was in its glory. No engraving of it is known to exist. Its broad lands in Merton were about sixty acres, more or less, which were surrounded by a wall of flint and stone; nor is much told us about the facts which accompanied its surrender to the rapacious Tudor sovereign who "suppressed" it in 1538, and quietly appropriated its revenues, which then a little exceeded £1000 a year.

Concerning Merton Abbey the following account is condensed from Brayley's "History of Surrey." The original Abbey, erected in 1115 by Gilbert Norman, was a wooden building, and is said to have been at the west end of the village, near the parish church; but its exact position is not now known. It was granted by the founder to Robert Bayle, a subprior of Austin canons. Two years later, at the latter's suggestion, the establishment was removed to a second house, whither the prior and his fifteen brethren went in procession, singing the hymn "Salve Dies." In 1121 King Henry I. granted the entire manor of Merton, with all its appurtenances, to the canons in return for £100 in silver and six marks of gold. Here, in 1130, the first stone priory was built; the foundation stone being laid with great solemnity by Gilbert Norman, who died the same year.

Hither, as already stated, fled for sanctuary Hubert de Burgh, when he had lost the favor of his fickle master Henry III., and divers accusations pursued the fallen Minister. The King at first wished to drag him forth with an armed force, but yielded to the remonstrance of the Earl of Chester and the Bishop of Chichester, and recalled his mandate. After having several times to seek the protection of the Church, De Burgh was ultimately pardoned.

In the Bodleian Library at Oxford are the "Chronicles of Merton Abbey," which contained the ordinances of William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, for the government of the convent. These, among other restrictions, forbid the canons to hunt, or to keep dogs for that purpose, on penalty of being confined to a diet of bread and ale during six holidays. It appears, however, that this rule was not strictly observed, for we find recorded in a visitation of the Abbey by Henry de Woodlock, Bishop of Winchester, his censure on the canons for not attending mass, and for carrying bows and arrows.

Nearly all the Plantagenet and Lancastrian kings in succession granted charters to Merton, and the estates belonging to the foundation were very numerous, and yielded a net annual income of £957, 19*s*, 5½*d*. Among the possessions of the Abbey, were the advowsons of many churches in different counties.

After the resumption by the Crown of the Merton estates Queen Elizabeth granted the buildings and site of the Abbey, with the Merton lands, to Gregory Lovell, Esq., Cofferer of the Royal Household, on a lease for twenty-one years, at an annual rent of £26, 13*s*, 4*d*. In 1600 the estates were granted to Nicholas Zouche and Thomas Ware, as trustees for the earl of Nottingham, to be held by knight's service at the same rent as before: this quit-rent was afterwards settled on Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., as part of her dower. The estates subsequently passed through several private hands, and we find the Abbey mentioned in 1648 as a garrison, for the Derby House Committee were ordered by Parliament "to make Farnham Castle indefensible, and to secure Merton Abbey and other places of strength in the same county." In 1680 Merton Abbey was advertised to be let, when it is described as "containing several large rooms and a very fine chapel."

In 1724 and 1752 two calico-printing works were established within the walls, and at the north-east corner a copper mill was erected, which, Lysons remarks about 1790, employed a thousand persons. These manufactories, however, have been superseded by the silk-printing works of Messrs. Littler. In the rear of these premises stands a curious old mansion known as Merton Abbey, inhabited by Mr. Littler, the head of the printing mills close by. It is built of a yellow-ochred brick, and its features are quite of the Dutch type. The new railway between Wimbledon and Tooting runs clean through the site of the ancient Abbey, which stood by the side of the Wandle,

* See "Old and New London," vol. iii. p. 488.

or rather on both sides of it, the chapel and refectory, if local tradition is true, having been on the eastern bank. The site, after the dissolution, was, as above stated, granted to Gregory Lovell, cofferer to Queen Elizabeth, who built here a mansion after the style of the period, working up into it the materials of the dismantled structure. In the garden walls there are three curious pointed arches, formed with tiles which may be Roman, and which probably marked the end of a cloister or ambulatory. The house is approached through a rude Norman arch, on which has been placed an Elizabethan entablature. A window of the old chapel, and some portions of the exterior walls of the monastic buildings, were extant only a quarter of a century ago, but the former has since that date been pulled down, and the latter have been so altered that it is scarcely possible to trace their plan. About the same time nearly half of the house itself was demolished. Of the once grand and historic Abbey itself, therefore, little or nothing now remains beyond a few pieces of its outer walls of brick and stone intermixed, and two or three oblong fishponds, which communicate with the river close by, as they did doubtless in the Norman times. In such places it is often found that the water suffers less change than the land, as Tennyson sings:—

> For men may come, and men may go,
> But I flow on forever.

The ponds, however, are now choked up and overgrown with weeds and nearly dry in summer.

The mansion, which fronts the road is comparatively modern. On the lawn behind it are two large cannons, which are said to have been placed there by Lord Nelson. The house and its adjoining courtyard, barns, and outhouses are very spacious.

It is generally thought by strangers that the Abbey House is that which was the favorite residence of Sir W. and Lady Hamilton, and of Lord Nelson; but this is not the case, though the tradition may easily have arisen from their having occupied it whilst Merton Grove was being prepared for their reception.

The grounds have in them a fine avenue of elms, and some raised terrace walks on the south and west; but of the buildings themselves as clean a sweep has been made as in the case of the two Abbeys mentioned above. And yet the Abbey—for it was an Abbey, and not a mere Priory, as it is styled by Mr. Thorne in his "Environs of London"—was one of the greatest and most important religious houses in England. Its Abbot had a seat in the Upper House of Parliament along with his brethren of Reading, Glastonbury, Abingdon, and St. Alban's.

The church lies at the western end of the village, which is strangely called Lower Merton, since it stands considerably higher than the waterside parts about the Abbey. It is a long narrow structure, mostly of the Early English period; but a Norman arch, with zigzag moulding, surmounts the north doorway. Its roof is tiled, and at the west end is a dwarf timber tower and shingled spire. The walls are cased in flint, and the chancel—recently restored and fairly well decorated—has a row of Early English arches on both sides, evidently showing that it was intended to add aisles. These, however, were never made, as is proved by the lancet windows inserted below them. On the south side is a Jacobean mural monument to Gregory Lovell, cofferer to Queen Elizabeth, who lived at the Abbey.

On the walls of the nave still hang several hatchments belonging to great families once connected with the parishes: among them is that of Lord Nelson. On the floor are several slabs to the Stapyltons and others. In the north aisle is a monument to the widow of Captain Cook, the navigator, who lived at Merton for many years. The old roof of the chancel has been brought to light, but whitewash of many years' standing hides that of the nave. On the north door of the nave is some fine iron scroll-work.

In the vestry is a large and handsome picture of the Descent from the Cross, probably a copy of a picture by one of the Italian school. The parishioners desire to sell it, in order to complete the restoration of the church. Within the walls of his church Lord Nelson was a frequent attendant at service. In the church is a painted window to Mr. Richard Thornton, the London millionaire, who left a large bequest for endowing schools in this parish. This benefice, a rectory in the deanery of Ewell, was appropriated to Merton Abbey in the reign of Henry I. King Edward VI., in return for £359, granted it to Thomas Lock and his heirs; from whom it passed through various holders to George Bond and his issue. In his will this estate is described as consisting of "a royalty, the church tithes, the mansion called Merton Place, and two large farms named Merton Holts and West Barnes." The living is now a vicarage in the diocese of Rochester. The Registers dating from 1559 are imperfect. In the churchyard is the tomb of Mr. William Rutlish, embroiderer to Charler II. He died in 1687, bequeathing property of the then value of £400 for apprenticing the children of poor parishioners.

Opposite the church stands a dull, heavy Elizabethan mansion, in a square garden of several acres in extent, surrounded by a wall scarcely less massive than those of the old Abbey. In front are very handsome entrance-gates of iron between two lofty pillars of brick and stone. In the rear of the house, at the other end, was another similar entrance, now blocked up, beyond which, within the memory of living persons, was a noble avenue. In front of the gates is one of those stone steps for mounting and dismounting which once were so common. The natives avow their belief that it was placed there for the convenience of Lord Nelson when he rode on Sundays to church; but it is clearly of much older date. Towards the end of the last or beginning of the present century the house was for a time the residence of Richard Brinsley Sheridan; but later on, after being occupied for some years, it was utilized as a convalescent hospital. For the last five-and-thirty years it has been used as a school by a

French family named de Chatelain. The interior of the house is almost all lined with panelling of oak and chestnut, and the beams of the roof are of massive timber. The garden is still laid out in the old Dutch fashion, with square paths.

It would naturally be supposed, from its position, that this old mansion was the original manor-house of Merton. But such does not appear to have been the case. At all events, near the middle of the village, not far from the spot where the roads branch off to Kingston and to Epsom respectively, is a farm long known as the Manor Farm. Possibly there were two manors in Merton.

Merton was a favorite abode of Lord Nelson, and is often mentioned in his "Life." His residence was called Merton Place, and he lived there with Sir William and Lady Hamilton from 1801 till 1803, and indeed afterwards occasionally visited it down to the time he left England for Trafalgar.

There is still (November 1883) living at Merton, in possession of all his faculties, a hale and hearty man named Hudson, over ninety years old, who well remembers Lord Nelson as a visitor here, and who stood by the door of the post-chaise in which, early on the morning of September 13, 1805, the gallant Admiral—so soon afterwards doomed to fall at Trafalgar—drove off from Sir William Hamilton's gates. He states that, as a boy, he used often to see Nelson fishing in the Wandle, near the Abbey Mill, and sauntering with Sir William and Lady Hamilton about their pretty grounds, which extended on both sides of the high road. The Admiral would often stop and speak kindly to the boys who were at play in the street, and who regarded his weather-beaten form and features possibly with all the more reverence because of the fruit and the pence which he would bestow on the youngsters. Two cottages at the bottom of the Abbey Lane, he says, were built by Lord Nelson for his coachman and gardener—so entirely had a community of goods been carried out by this affectionate trio; in one of these he and his wife, a daughter of Cribb, Nelson's gardener, have lived for upwards of half a century. This cottage is marked by a mulberry tree, which Nelson desired to be planted there. Over the mantlepiece of his little dwelling is a mirror in a gilt frame, which once formed part of the ornaments of Nelson's room in Sir William Hamilton's house, and this he and his wife treasure as their only relic of the Admiral.

Merton House itself, he told me as I sat in his room and chatted, was occupied before the Hamiltons by a family named Graves, who were in business in London; he just remembered their going and the Hamiltons coming; so that their tenancy must have commenced about 1800. Nelson's association with the place, as may be seen by a reference to Southey's or Pettigrew's Life of him, did not begin till October, 1801, when he had just returned to England after his magnificent exploit at the battle of Copenhagen. He continued to make Merton his headquarters down to May, 1803, when he was ordered again to sea, but he again visited it from time to time whenever he could be spared ashore. Hudson told me that when Nelson was away Lady Hamilton was always busily engaged in furnishing the house and improving the grounds and that he well remembered the little streamlet which was made artificially to flow through the grounds, and which, in compliment to Nelson, she called "the Nile." It has long been filled up and its site turned into gardens for the rows of cottages which have been built on all the four sides of the estate.

Sir William Hamilton, on returning home after his first interview with Nelson, told Lady Hamilton that he was about to introduce to her a little man who could not boast of being very handsome, but who would become the greatest man that ever England produced. "I know it," he said, "from the very few words of conversation I have already had with him. I pronounce that he will one day astonish the world. I have never entertained any officer at my house, but I am determined to bring him here; let him be put in the room prepared for Prince Augustus." Nelson is stated to have been equally impressed with Sir William Hamilton's merits. "You are," he said, "a man after my own heart; you do business in my own way; I am now only a captain, but, if I live, I will be at the top of the tree."

We have no space for the many stories and anecdotes that might be told concerning Nelson's life at Merton; but we may be pardoned for repeating the following:—Dr. Burney, who wrote the celebrated anagram on Lord Nelson, after his victory of the Nile, "Honor est a nilo" (Horatio Nelson), was shortly after on a visit to his lordship, at his beautiful villa at Merton. From his usual absence of mind he forgot to put a nightcap into his portmanteau, and consequently borrowed one from his lordship. Previously to his retiring to rest, he sat down to study, as was his common practice, and was shortly after alarmed by finding the cap in flames; he immediately collected the burnt remains, and returned them to his lordship with the following lines:—

> Take your night cap again, my good lord, I desire,
> I would not detain it a minute;
> What belongs to a Nelson, wherever there's fire,
> Is sure to be instantly in it.

After Nelson's death, the "disconsolate Emma," as she so often styled herself, lived on at Merton in her doubly widowed condition, for her husband had died two years before. She was, however, but a bad woman of business, and this, coupled with her profuse generosity and hospitality, brought her into pecuniary difficulties, from which the ungrateful country to whose care Nelson had confided both her and her infant Horatia, did not care to extricate her, though she had helped Nelson, by her readiness of resource, when in Italy, to win one sea-fight at all events. Even his brother, who owed him a canonry in Canterbury Cathedral, an earldom, and a pension of £6000 a year, and who had sat and dined with him at Lady Hamilton's table two short months before his death at Trafalgar, declined to assist her with even the loan of a few

pounds and found it convenient to plead in excuse all sorts of scruples on the ground of morality, which would have been more real and more to be respected had they existed in the days of Lady Hamilton's prosperity. Her pecuniary difficulties, therefore, forced her to sell Merton, which she quitted with many a pang, to die a few years later in poverty at Calais, where she was buried in a pauper's grave. Such is the gratitude of great people, and, indeed, of the world at large!

By this remark it is not intended to justify the relations of Lady Hamilton with Lord Nelson, especially whilst her husband was alive; but certainly it was cruelty and mockery of the reverend gentleman, who profited so largely by his brother's death, to disown in her poverty the lady at whose table he had been so willing to sit as a guest. To prove this fact it is necessary only to quote the following extract from a letter addressed to his wife by Sir Gilbert Elliot, afterwards first Earl of Minto, August 26, 1805: "I went to Merton on Saturday, and found Nelson just sitting down to dinner, surrounded by a family party of his brother the Dean, Mrs. Nelson, their children, and the children of a sister, Lady Hamilton at the head of the table and Mother Cadogan at the bottom. He looks remarkably well and full of spirits. . . . Lady Hamilton has improved and added to the house and the place extremely well, without his knowing she was about it. He found it all ready done. She is a clever being after all."

The sort of life led by Nelson whilst he was an inmate of the house of the Hamiltons at Merton may be gathered from another letter of the same individual, under date March 22, 1802: "I went to Lord Nelson's on Saturday to dinner, and returned to-day in the forenoon. The whole establishment and way of life such as to make me angry as well as melancholy. . . . She [Lady Hamilton] and Sir William and the whole set of them are living with him at his expense. She is in high looks, but more immense than ever. She goes on cramming Nelson with towelfulls of flattery, which he goes on taking as quietly as a child does pap. The love she makes him is not only ridiculous, but disgusting; not only the rooms, but the whole house, staircase, and all, are covered with nothing but pictures of her and of him, of all sizes and sorts, and representations of his naval action, coats of arms, pieces of plate in his honor, the flagstaff of 'L'Orient,' etc."

Many passages might be quoted from Nelson's letters to Lady Hamilton, all showing how fondly attached he was to Merton, where doubtless he spent many of his pleasantest hours in the company of a woman whom he so passionately adored. The following extract from one of these will serve as a specimen: "I would not have you lay out more than is necessary at Merton. The rooms and the new entrance will take a deal of money. The entrance by the corner I would have certainly done; a common white gate will do for the present, and one of the cottages which is in the barn can be put up as a temporary lodge. The road can be made to a temporary bridge, for that part of the Nile one day shall be filled up. Downing's canvas awning will do for a passage. . . . The footpath should be turned . . . and I also beg, as my dear Horatia is to be at Merton, that a strong netting, about three feet high, may be placed round the Nile, that the little thing may not tumble in, and then you may have ducks again in it."

To this may be added an extract from Nelson's diary, given by Sir Harris Nicolas:—

"*Friday Night, 13th September*, 1805.

"At half-past ten drove from dear, dear Merton, where I left all that I hold dear in this world, to go and serve my King and my country. May the great God whom I adore enable me to fulfil the expectations of my country!"

The house and furniture, the grounds and all their contents, were sold about the year 1808 to Mr. Asher Goldsmid, a Jewish banker, who made the place his abode for a time. Nelson's study, as Mr. Hudson informed me, and some of the other rooms were long preserved in the same condition as when they had been left by Lady Hamilton, and the library was not sold till about sixty years ago.

The stabling, as well as one pleasure garden and grove, were situated on the opposite side of the road, access being obtained to them by an underground tunnel which passed beneath the street. In this grove there was a mound surrounded by trees, and ending in a summer-house in which the Hamiltons and Nelson would sit on the long summer evenings, returning home through a green gate which opened in the wall by a key from within. The stables, after having been made to do duty for a time as cottage residences for persons of the working class, were finally pulled down in 1882, and the site in due time will be covered by houses.

The little estate occupied by the Hamiltons covered about thirty acres; it stood just to the south of the old Abbey walls, from which it was severed only by a narrow lane called then, as now, the Abbey Road. The house was only one story high above the ground-floor, built of plain brick, and almost surrounded by a veranda, up which the rose, clematis, woodbine, honeysuckle, and other creepers grew freely at their own sweet will. It did not face the road, but looked south, to which side the drive-way led round from the entrance-gates, by the side of which stood a lodge-gate. This lodge is now converted into a grocer's shop, close by which is an inn, "The Nelson's Arms," still perpetuating the name of the Admiral. In the bar is an original portrait of Nelson in colors, which goes as a fixture or heirloom with the house, and authenticates it. The worthy landlord values this picture greatly, and has refused very high offers for it.

"Not far from the Merton turnpike, and within a few miles of London," wrote the *Times*, August 22, 1849, "there is to be seen a field upon which stood the home of Nelson, and of his mistress. It was left, with its debts and liabilities, to Lady Hamilton. These were large enough, for extravagance accompanied the meridian of her life as it had char-

acterized the dawn. The Government proving obdurate to the last, the owner of Merton was dismissed from the place. She went for a time to Richmond, and then took temporary lodgings in Bond Street. Here she was chased by her importunate creditors, and for a time hid herself from the world. In 1813 we find her imprisoned in the King's Bench for debt, but charitably liberated therefrom by a City alderman. Threatened again with arrest by a coachman, the unhappy woman escaped to Calais. Here the English interpreter gave the refugee a small and wretchedly furnished house." She died at Calais, having been glad to accept the scraps of meat which were put aside for the dogs, and when she died her remains were placed in a deal box without an inscription, her pall being a black silk petticoat lent by a poor woman for the occasion. As no clergyman could be found in Calais, an Irish half-pay officer read the burial service over her; and as the cemetery in which she was buried shortly after was turned into a timber yard, the ultimate fate of her bones is not known, and will not be known till the judgment day. Meantime, Lord Nelson's brother, a clergyman, and the successor to his title, declined to repay even the paltry expenses incurred by those who had befriended the lady who had helped Nelson to win his laurels. Alas for Christian charity!—E. WALFORD, in *The Gentleman's Magazine.*

SCIENCE NOTES.

FLUIDITY RESULTING FROM PRESSURE.

THE subject of one of my notes of February last was "Transfusion by Pressure." I there described the experiments of W. Spring, who produced true alloys by squeezing together filings of different metals, the metals becoming actually liquid at ordinary temperatures *by the action of pressure alone.* These results are very interesting and important, especially as it has been theoretically assumed, and, if I mistake not, mathematically demonstrated, that increased pressure, by restraining the hypothetical mobility of the hypothetical molecules of which matter is hypothetically constituted, must raise the fusion temperature of solids.

Mr. Spring's facts disprove these demonstrations, based upon atomic or molecular hypotheses, by showing, as many other experiments do, that pressure lowers the fusing point, not only of a substance which, like water, expands on solidifying, but also of metals and alloys.

Further experiments have since been made by Mr. Spring on mixtures of metals with sulphur. These were subjected to a pressure of 6500 atmospheres (97,500 lbs. per square inch), the block so obtained powdered, and the pressure repeated. In this manner chemical combination was effected, and the following sulphides produced: magnesium sulpide, zinc sulphide, resembling natural blende, bismuth sulphide, lead sulphide, silver sulphide, copper sulphide, stannic sulphide, and antimony sulphide. Only a partial combination between aluminium and sulphur could be effected.

This great pressure imitates artificially that to which such materials are subjected in the interior of the earth, and indicates the probable condition of such substances there, where they must be similarly transfused and combined, and, as I said before, proves the necessary fluidity of the inner materials of the earth.

If we divest our minds of hypothetical preconceptions of ultimate atoms and molecules, and their supposed internal gyrations, oscillations, and other kinetic antics, and thereby descend from the regions of mathematical poetry to those of physical fact, we have only to conceive that the actual constitution of matter corresponds to that which it presents to our senses, in order to understand easily enough the rationale of its liquefaction by such great pressure.

A liquid differs from a solid in holding itself together by such weak cohesion that it cannot sustain its own weight, or, otherwise stated, *it yields to the pressure of its own weight, and consequently flows, or "finds its level," in response to the moderate pressure effected by its own gravitation.*

A solid holds together more firmly than this, but still with only a limited degree of resistance. Thus, if an iron bar, having a sectional area of one square inch, be pulled with a force of about 50,000 lbs., it becomes elongated and contracted in sectional area, like a piece of putty or india-rubber, and then it breaks asunder; steel does the like in obedience to a greater strain; silver, copper, gold, tin, lead, etc., to much smaller strains. In like manner they flow, or yield to pressure, as truly as water does, provided the pressure is sufficient to overcome their cohesion, as the pressure of its own gravitation overcomes that of water.

If any reader questions this, let him take from his pocket a penny, a shilling, or a sovereign, contemplate her Majesty's portrait thereon, and ask himself how it came there?

A little reflection must convince him that it *flowed* into all the very delicate channels of the die when it was struck thereby. As evidence of the degree of its fluidity at that moment let him observe the initials of William Wyon, the engraver, on the sovereign (if his vision is sharp enough to find them), and consider how great must have been the fluidity of the metal in order that it should run into the minute and delicate zigzag channels of the "W.W."

At the mint this flowing of the metal is momentary, lasting only during the instant of the blow; in Mr. Spring's experiments the pressure was continuous, and the fluidity continued accordingly, with chemical results identical with those obtainable by mutual diffusive interflow of the materials when their self-cohesions are balanced by the expansive energy of heat.—W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS, in *The Gentleman's Magazine.*

SALVINI ON SHAKESPEARE.

THERE are perhaps few matters on which critics are so unanimous as in their praise of the great Italian actor's impersonations of Shakespeare. Englishmen, Americans, Italians, there is but one voice, one chorus of homage and, if exception is perhaps taken here and there at some trifling point, the very nature of the objections raised proves how thoroughly the actor has carried away his hearers. Of peculiar interest therefore is it that the great actor has quite recently been induced by the editor of a leading Italian weekly journal to put on paper the reasons why he has interpreted as he has the various Shakespearean characters played by him. For Signor Salvini has this in common with Mr. Irving, that he is a thoughtful and cultured actor, who trusts to reason and criticism as much as to spontaneity in his impersonations, though in *his* case art is so absolutely veiled that it is almost impossible to believe that these marvellous creations should be aught else but intuitions. It was not easy to induce Signor Salvini to put to paper his views. "I would have preferred," he says, "to have remained always and ever the interpreter of Shakespearean characters upon the stage only, but you have played me the naughty trick to incite me, spur me on, I would almost say force me, to write. Well, I have now written, and I have written more to please my compatriotic and foreign friends than to please myself, more from good nature than from vainglory." What a man, he exclaims, is this William Shakespeare! "At his name my pen trembles in my hand, so do I revere this great genius. I am, however, comforted and encouraged by the great love I bear for him, and for whose sake he will pardon me if I venture to make him the object of my poor thoughts." Not but what he is well aware that there is little, nay nothing, new that can be now said of Shakespeare, analyzed and annotated as he has been these past three hundred years; but he says—if we could see him he doubtless shrugged his shoulders in true Italian fashion over these words—but what would you have? I am to write, so I write. The course of our paper will allow our readers to judge whether they have not got cause to be grateful to the editor for his insistence.

One of the many opinions, says Signor Salvini, that seem to him erroneous and yet which he hears repeated so often is this, that those who do not know the English language cannot interpret the works of Shakespeare. Beyond question the translations must cede in value to the originals, but that, in his opinion, does not preclude the means of extracting the thoughts, interpreting the characters, and immersing oneself in the personages. Since the poet located his plays now in Italy, now in Denmark, England, Scotland, Bohemia, leaving free room to every nation to interpret its own personages according to its own customs, surely this proved he desired to be a cosmopolitan poet. Therefore to restrict to the Anglo-Saxon race the faculty of alone worthily interpreting him seems to our writer to impoverish him, to deny to him the world-fame he has acquired. After a disquisition, familiar to English readers, upon the conditions under which Shakespeare's plays were first produced, Signor Salvini goes on to state his conviction that if the poet had lived in our day he would have changed his plays not a little in form and measure, and that we should not see on the stage various things that would now be left to the imagination of the cultured and intelligent spectator. In support of his opinion Signor Salvini cites the following example:—"To what end, I ask, is the first scene of the first act in 'Hamlet,' where the ghost shows himself to Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo? Do not these three recount to Hamlet in the second scene of the same act that which they have seen? Now, if we admitted that there were in Shakespeare's days actors able enough to describe and depict with truth the horror and dismay they experienced at the unexpected apparition, if we admit an intelligent audience educated in dramatic recitation, would not this episode, thus left entirely to the imagination, prove grander and truer, and this too without the action losing any of its importance?" And the Italian goes so far as to think we should make this amendment and exclude totally from the boards the shadowy actor. "What a much greater illusion it would be," he says, "if, feigning to hear the words the ghost addresses to him, Hamlet repeated them to himself, impelled by the force of the impression, and if the others pretended to see him, and he thus remained invisible to the eyes of the public. You would not then hear resounding on the boards the measured and heavy steps of this simulated shadow, which is all else but transparent and airy, not see a vacillating electric light, which serves but to show up yet more clearly the flesh and blood of this false pasteboard-clothed ghost." Signor Salvini anticipates the objections that devout and pedantic admirers will make. They will say, "Shakespeare desired it thus, and thus we must do." "No," he replies; "he would have done otherwise, but was forced by the conditions of his time to make this concession to the public. Now that times have changed and taste is more refined, why not liberate ourselves from these shams, which to my idea do harm to the progress of truth and beauty in art? I do not mean to exclude them entirely, as thus I should destroy the fundamental conception of the tragedy, but I should like to modify them so as to harmonize with modern exigencies. And what I say of this refers to all the supernatural and incredible things we encounter in the poet whose practical execution harms the ideal of the audience. That is why I allow myself to hide from the eyes of the spectators the death of Desdemona. Art is impotent to render truthfully this terrible struggle. To render it well, it would be needful to suffocate an actress each time that Othello is acted, and I do not believe, notwithstanding their love for their art and their veneration for the author, that I could cite one who would lend herself to this." On this account Signor Sal-

vini prefers to carry on the action in the background, and to leave its horrors to the fantasy of the public. Another scene in "Othello" is entirely omitted by the actor, on the ground that this was purely written for an audience difficult of perception—namely, that in which Cassio relates to Iago his adventures with Bianca, misconstrued by the listening Othello. "Does it seem probable," says Signor Salvini, "that a man of the fiery and violent temper of the Moor could have restrained himself, hearing the story of what he deemed his dishonor from the lips of its author? To keep in this scene is to the detriment of Othello's character." He then proceeds to point out how in Cintio Giraldi's legend, whence Shakespeare borrowed his story, this scene does not occur.

Another license Signor Salvini permits himself is in the second scene of the second act of "Macbeth." Is it probable, he asks, that Macbeth would have chosen to tell the tale of his bloody deed in the courtyard of the castle, where he might be overheard and also seen at any moment in his blood-stained guise, and thus lose the fruits of his deed? No; the first instinct of a man who has committed a crime is to hide himself, and the abuse of too frequent change of scene, common in Shakespeare, would in this case be only too amply justified. The actor goes on to say he could cite more such instances of anachronism or improbability, but he refrains. It is neither his will nor desire to criticize the great poet, whose faults, after all, are mere spots on the sun, that does not on their account the less illuminate the universe. He only desires to prove how thoroughly he has studied his characters, how completely he has striven to realize the situations. "Before undertaking the study of the characters of Hamlet, Macbeth, King Lear, and Othello, I consulted the legends whence the poet had obtained his themes, I had all the English and German commentaries and criticisms translated for me, and read the Italian, French, and Spanish ones. The two first were obscure and so extraordinarily at variance among themselves that I could not form an exact criterion; the Italian sinned from the same cause and from their pretensions to be an infallible judgment; the French were vague, airy, and full of gallic fantasticalities. The descendants of Cervantes and Lope de Vega persuaded me most, but, all things considered, I resolved to interrogate no other commentator on these English works but Shakespeare himself. Oh, artists of the dramatic world, do not confuse your minds by seeking for the sources of his various characters! It is from his well alone that you can quench your ardor to know. Go direct to him, study him in every phrase with diligent patience. Do not tire. When you think you have done, recommence, persevere. Shakespeare is never studied too much.

Signor Salvini now proceeds to speak of "Hamlet." This much-discussed, much-criticized play is that Shakespearean one perhaps the least adapted to commend itself to a Southern mind, which loves precision and clearness, and has little sympathy with the Northern twilight mists of thought. Signor Salvini has, however, honestly tried to think himself into Hamlet's character, and has arrived at the result that the keynote of this play is the force of thought above action. He arrives at this by mental and physical deductions concerning the hero. Recalling what is related of his appearance, he decides that Hamlet's temperament was of the lymphatic-nervous kind, of which the natural results are hesitations, a timorousness and uncertainty, and inaction. "Well educated, richly endowed with imagination, his mind is in continual strife with his nerves and his scanty blood. He is a conception rather than a character. A man like Hamlet has never existed nor could exist. . . . Admitting him, however, as a possible character, every one will judge him under diverse aspects, as most persons interpret or represent him in diverse ways. He lends himself admirably to suppositions and conceits of which the author had probably no notion. One person wishes that he should become really mad, another thinks that *he* feigns it as a scheme; another regards him as the adumbration of cold-blooded calculation; another as the ardent investigator of occult things; one as severe, another as dutiful to his mother; one as irreligiously reflective concerning holy mysteries, another as devout; in brief, Hamlet is the chameleon who changes color according to the light in which he *is* viewed." Let us consult Shakespeare, says Signor Salvini; and the result of his investigations leads the actor to the conclusion *that* Hamlet feigns to be mad in order to carry out his father's injunctions without making the change in his habits too remarkable, and that, in order to render his feigning more profitable, he elects to be a monomaniac, a mixture of extravagances and *doubles entendre*—in fact, the method in his madness which Polonius detected. Then, does not Hamlet himself *bid* the queen tell her lord, "That I essentially am not in madness, but mad in craft"? "After this confession," writes Signor Salvini, "how can any one persist in believing that Hamlet is really mad! It is certain that the constant tension of his researches often wearies his mind, so that he thinks to rave and goes in search of repose for his thoughts, be it in deriding the courtiership of Polonius, or in revealing ironically the simulation of his false friends, or in inviting the comedians to declaim a passage of dramatic poetry. A madman does not seek the means not to augment his madness." In brief, the Italian regards Hamlet as one whose leaden weight of thoughts renders his body inactive and vacillating for action; "remove from him this burden, and as by enchantment you see him rush to act, and he is able to decide to kill the *king* simply when he learns that approaching death will make an end of thought. He says, 'Venom, to thy work,' to which I add, interpreting the value of this phrase, 'Destroy his life together with my hesitations.' It is not easy to the artist to conceive and make manifest to the public this philosophical conception. It rarely happens to me that I can make it intelligible and clear to an entire au-

dience. It is painful to an actor to read or hear such remarks as 'This is not the Hamlet of Shakespeare,' without any explanation, thus depriving the studious artist of the opportunity of accepting or refuting the criticism. For me, I repeat, he is the force of thought above action. Free to others to think differently."

Macbeth's character according to the Italian actor is the absolute antithesis of that of Hamlet. If Hamlet may be defined as "force of thought above action," the conception of Macbeth may be defined as that of "force of action above thought. It is always Shakespeare who leads me observe these things by his own words. Thus he makes his protagonist say in the second act: 'Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. I go and it is done;' and in the third: 'Strange things I have in head, that will to hand, which must be acted, ere they can be scanned;' and again in the fourth act he says: 'The flighty purpose never is o'ertook, unless the deed go with it. To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done.' It seems to me that my definition has no need of further commentary."

Macbeth, he points out, is a man who would have hesitated at nothing. Had noble deeds been required for him to attain his end, he would have flooded the kingdom with them. If he hesitated a second before murdering Duncan, it was that he revolted at the thought of assassination, of killing without opposition. When he sees the spectre, what he craves is peace from such disturbances, not expiation. The upshot of his conversation with the doctor proves, according to Signor Salvini, that he does not repent of what he has done, but that the visions disturb him, and that he defies them, combats them, and conquers them with his strong spirit. "He is grand, this sanguinary ambitious man!" But superstition is his Achilles' heel, and by it he falls. "If I sought a comparison with a similar character, I should cite the son of Pope Alexander VI., the famous Duke Valentino, Cæsar Borgia, who, like Macbeth, could find no other means to maintain his power but poison and arms; but he committed low deeds and obscenities not imputable to Macbeth, and therefore the usurper of the Scotch throne, for all his ferocity, appears more majestic. When I read this grand tragedy for the first time, I expected to see the somnambulist scene of the wife followed by one of the husband, and it was quite difficult to persuade myself of the contrary. It seems extravagant this effect produced on my mind, but yet it seems to me justifiable. The somnambulist scene takes place at the beginning of the fifth act, and up to then neither the waiting-maid nor the doctor has given a hint of such a condition. No one expects it or has reason to foresee it." It is Lady Macbeth who has ever been the strong one, who has called him coward, laughed at his hallucinations, "never a single word of remorse or repentance from her lips. How then comes this resolute woman suddenly to falsify the terrible but grand impression the audience has gained of her up to now? And why has the author, ever rigidly observant to maintain his characters the same from beginning to end, made an exception for Lady Macbeth? Is it illness that makes her weak and vacillating? It may be; but this scene seems to me originally composed for Macbeth, and afterwards changed for the benefit of some actor (actresses were not then employed) who, perhaps, did not think the part he had to sustain sufficient. I thank him from my heart for having taken it from Macbeth; the burden of this rôle is sufficiently exorbitant."

An original idea certainly on Signor Salvini's part. What will the Shakespeare critics say to it?

Upon no character is the Italian more interesting than that of Lear, which, after Othello, is his finest impersonation. As is well known, his rendering differs in essential respects from the traditional one. The play of "King Lear" is for him the embodiment of the force of human ingratitude, and in his renderings he remains ever faithful to the keynotes he thus establishes for himself. Lear's act in distributing his kingdom between his children, judged by so many commentators as one of mental alienation, has ever seemed to Signor Salvini as the natural act of a generous and confiding heart. In our days such an act might be foolish, when daughters receive a perhaps too liberal education, and a change of affection could arise; but in those times, with the ideas and traditions current then, the love and respect due to a father, and moreover a royal father, was little short of that due to the Almighty. And for the same reason Signor Salvini finds it quite natural that Lear should disinherit Cordelia, who offended against all custom and good breeding in thus insulting him before his whole Court. His action to her may be called irate and unreasoned, but never foolish, and it is but natural to a proud, impetuous, violent, and autocratic character. "Neither must we judge Lear in other respects like an octogenarian of our day. Most actors represent him as senile in body and mind. I, on the contrary, hold him to be one of those centenarian oaks from which the violence of the winds and the fury of the storms may pluck the leaves, but whose stems and trunk remain vigorous and tenacious." In those times old men were more robust and vigorous. How could Lear be feeble and go to the chase or ride on horseback, as we learn he did? Further, how could a weak old man resist all the mental emotions and privations he is made to endure? And the Italian then proves by quotations from the play that this view of Lear as feeble in body and mind is not justified. He goes on: "Let us now look at it from the æsthetic point of view of histrionic art. When the public is presented from the beginning with a poor sickly old man, paralytic and asthmatic, imbecile and bowed down with the weight of years, whence should the contrast come? Whence the interest and compassion for his successive ill-fortunes? Such an old man would simply weary us, and we could only wish him the release of a speedy death, for he is too far gone to feel the bitterness of his woes. Beyond doubt this tedious effect is

produced on the audience if we represent this character after the mode of various contemporary actors, based upon the pernicious custom of imitating each other. . . . To my mind it is needful to make the public understand how King Lear, although so generous, remains ever the majestic irascible autocrat we learnt to know in the first act; how in the second, feeling keenly the double and backsliding ingratitude, he becomes more father than king, and how finally, in the third act, his physical sufferings making him forget somewhat his moral ones, he is altogether the father, and shows himself as a man who reacts against rebellious nature. These three phases of Lear's character are precisely those which prevent monotony, and which, I repeat, render his figure interesting and not painful. Behold therefore the necessity of representing him as robust and strong in the beginning, distressed and agitated in the next, enfeebled and touching in the end. I do not think to err when I say that the artistic difficulty of the rôle consists not in interpreting it, but in following these three phases. There is in dramatic art a familiar precept that enjoins the gradual augmentation of effects as the action unfolds, so that the catastrophe becomes more incisive, and every artist should reserve his powers towards this end. In King Lear it is impossible to observe this precept without falling into improbability; it prescribes just the contrary, since King Lear is vigorous in the first act and must gradually decline. There are some who represent him as a lunatic, which is a fault; some as a demoniac, which is an error. To me his mind seems unhinged by ingratitude, and strengthened by the adversity of the elements. If it were not so, the mere sight of Cordelia could not restore him so quickly. His is merely the bewilderment of an overtaxed brain, which resumes its normal state when in the filial reverence and affection of Cordelia it finds the salutary herb." The greatest difficulty of all, says the actor, lies in the fifth act, the need to lower the effects as commanded by the play, to heighten them as commanded by histrionic art—in fact, through physical weakness to reveal once more the last flickering of an expiring torch. How this should be done, says Signor Salvini, cannot be taught; it is a question of feeling and inspiration. "And it was this inspiration I had to wait for for five years, and perhaps after all have waited uselessly, since it is not certain that I manifest to my audience this my conception of the rôle. I do not deny that the time is long, and that, if all the interpretations of great characters should occupy so much, the repertory of an artist would be very limited." Even now, he adds, he cannot feel sure of himself in this rôle, so strongly does he feel its difficulties, and has to trust at the last to his nerves and his momentary emotions. Yet another point he would emphasize—namely, that though he persists in representing Lear at the beginning as robust, he does not admit that he kept so to the end, and would be able to carry the dead body of Cordelia, as all other actors represent. "My *confrères* must forgive me; but how is it credible that an old man, broken by so many misfortunes and so near to death, could have such herculean strength? And you, critics, should more than all admit the improbability of such an action—you who desire the protagonist to be feeble from the beginning. I think that Lear, not allowing any one else to touch the beloved body, must drag it with difficulty, nor hide this extreme difficulty from the spectators, which to my mind gives greater naturalness to the act and increases the effect. And now I crave eternal peace for this generous, proud, and unhappy king, desiring that he should revive by means of the breath of some artist who, better than I, can render him admirable and pitiful."

That Signor Salvini's conception of Othello is a noble one, that he does not represent him the feeble plaything of inane jealousy our actors habitually do, is well known. He takes Coleridge's view, that Othello's agonized doubt is something far removed from this lower feeling. His character, according to Salvini and Coleridge, was noble, naturally trustful, retaining a kind of great innocence of soul; for though he had known ill fortune he had not known evil. He therefore believed all men true who seemed true, and hence Iago could take him in. Not the Iago, however, as he is usually and falsely represented. Signor Salvini shows how he should not be brought on the stage as the traditional villain. He should be so represented that he takes in the audience also, so that they too must remain in doubt whether he speaks true or false. As ordinarily represented, he makes Othello appear a fool; for how could he credit or hold honest this patent Mephistopheles? He ought to be a medal on which is chased on the obverse a cross, on the inverse a Lucifer—Faith and Falsehood. If he is not rightly played he does incalculable harm to his captain's simple character. Love, not jealousy, is for Signor Salvini the keynote of the play. Othello's love for Desdemona is the love of father, son, brother, friend, as well as husband. She is for him the embodiment of peace, his haven of rest. "It is a great error to regard him as the embodiment of Southern jealousy. Othello was neither more nor less jealous than any man would be who adored his wife, be he Southerner or Northerner. Why? Because he suspected. But has he not heard enough insinuations to lead him to suspect? . . . To my mind he has heard enough to make a Mormon suspect!"

His love was poetical and not sensual; his was not the vulgar jealousy of knowing that another possessed his wife, but the agony of losing the fount of his life, the treasure of his heart, in which he would live and die. He is irascible, vehement in his ire, but even in his crime he is true to that loyalty of mind which, according to Signor Salvini, is the keynote of his character. He constitutes himself Desdemona's judge and executioner because he cannot tolerate that she who has betrayed father and husband should live to betray others. In the interest of society he kills her. His error made clear to him, he remains loyal;

he neither desires to excuse nor extenuate his action, and prefers only to kill himself as he preferred himself to kill Desdemona. On the subject of these two deaths, Signor Salvini says he is impelled to go into more personal details than he cares for, but he finds it needful to explain why he has departed and ever shall depart from the traditional modes of acting. For tradition, he frankly declares, he cares nothing unless it rests on reason, and in these cases he does not find any reason. Now in the case of Desdemona's death it is commonly supposed that, seeing her suffer too much from the slow process of suffocation, Othello thrusts his poniard into her bosom. This, says the Italian, is in direct opposition to his determination not to harm her snow-white breast. It is true Othello says: "I would not have thee linger in thy pain, so—so;" but this does not argue that he stabbed her. In his opinion the "so—so" indicates his action of putting his knees on her breast to accelerate the end. How severely this action of Signor Salvini's has been criticized, how entirely its motives have been misinterpreted, we all know. "In any case," he says, "killed thus or thus, she speaks again. Oh, blessed genius of Shakespeare, why dost thou give us so much to think of by thy fantastic flights! Thou hast desired, though knowing its improbability, to give the last touch of generous goodness to thy Desdemona by letting her accuse herself of homicide, so that her cruel but ever-dear husband be not punished. It is a sublime idea thou wouldst manifest, but to the detriment of truth."

And now as to his own mode of dying. His reasons for adopting it are threefold, derived in the first instance from the customs of the African peoples who disembowel or cut the throats of their enemies; the second, that the shape of their weapons lends itself more to cutting than to stabbing; the third, that Shakespeare does not impose the manner of killing, but simply lets his hero say, "I took by the throat the circumcised dog and smote him—thus." "Since, therefore, he indicates the throat, it seems to me quite natural that the action follows the idea, and that the stroke given thus is given to the throat. A fourth and last reason is that the opponents of my mode of death adduce only two frivolous reasons for not admitting it, and they are that a man who has cut his throat can no longer speak, as if it was needful, in order to die, to cut the carotid completely, as if it were not enough to wound an artery. The other, still less convincing, touches the ridiculous; it is tradition, to which, with all due respect, I cannot submit myself."

Thus Signor Salvini. That an actor so mentally and physically gifted should now be bidding farewell forever to the stage is a circumstance that cannot be too much deplored, and our regret is but increased by reading his papers and learning what careful thought and study has been bestowed on his splendid impersonations.—HELEN ZIMMERN, in *The Gentleman's Magazine.*

THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

IT is thirty years since Waagen, in a transport of astonishment, announced to Europe the fact that the dark and savage Albion, to whom her neighbors were accustomed to deny the first vestiges of taste, was really a storehouse of "an almost incredible wealth in works of art." Since that time the passion for collecting pictures has grown to an extraordinary degree, and has spread from the nobility and landed gentry down to a far wider class of wealthy persons. A great many of those whom success in commerce has suddenly, or at least with unusual rapidity, raised to a position in the country, have desired to assert that position, and give it a certain elegance, by investing part of their riches in what is one of the safest of speculations when it is undertaken with liberality and acumen. The spectacle, then, of the daily papers, like the attendants in some old-fashioned print, raising their hands to the right to express surprise, every winter, at the phenomenon of two or three hundred good pictures gathered together at Burlington House and New Bond Street, is a little perfunctory. The country is rich enough to do all this a hundred times over, and what really requires note, and is too generally overlooked, is the singular good-humor and gracious spirit of self sacrifice which is shown by the possessors of these works.

To the holder of a famous collection of ancestral pictures, no additional value or interest is given to a specimen from his gallery by its being removed to London. On the other hand, the self-denial is obvious. For several months the stately dining-room is disfigured by an unsightly gap, while the processes of removal and of return are attended by an anxiety that the public seldom attempts to realize.

It is much to be wished that the great owners of pictures were as conservative in their treatment of them as they are generous. Not a few of the Sir Joshuas collected at the Grosvenor Gallery have been practically ruined by restoration. So fresh does the paint seem, in certain cases, that we are tempted to believe that the excellent proprietors, on receiving application from Sir Coutts Lindsay, proceeded at once to have their faded and crackled picture smoothed up by a local restorer, that it might have a decent suit of clothes to travel up to London in. Would that they knew how far more delightful to the eye of a connoisseur is Mr. Louis Huth's terribly injured portrait of the P.R.A., in which the contraction of the medium has dragged the paint into fragments, like the surface of a ruined mosaic, than Lord Yarborough's spick-and-span "Mrs. Pelham Feeding Chickens," a specimen of preposterous restoration, of the history of which rumor says that we are to hear marvellous particulars. What can have happened to this celebrated picture? When it was last seen in 1857, its delicate painting and mellow warmth of coloring were the subjects of eulogy.

It is much to be desired that more collect-

ors should lean to the heresy of the old Duke of Devonshire, who had such a detestation of picture-cleaners, that he erred in the opposite direction, and allowed his gallery to settle into a dry and dirty state. No doubt in many instances the perilous scaliness which we regret would have been avoided if a decent care of the pictures had been taken, and people who are fortunate enough to possess old masters should strive to keep in the middle path that lies between neglect and restoration.

The winter of 1883-84 will be memorable in the annals of art for the unprecedented collections of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds which were brought together at the Grosvenor Gallery, where two hundred and nine pictures—the great majority undoubtedly genuine—have been examined by the public. Twenty-five others were simultaneously on view at the Royal Academy, so that Reynolds has certainly been the feature of the year. It is scarcely necessary to point out that abundant as this double collection is, it represents but a small section of the great painter's production. Still, it was far larger than any that has been seen before, and eclipses the exhibitions of 1813 at the British Institution, and that of the National Portrait Exhibition of 1867. In the course of the present season, the last-mentioned show, at which one hundred and fifty-five examples of Sir Joshua were seen, has been widely discussed. Less is remembered about the exhibition of 1813, which, nevertheless, forms an important landmark in the history of the art of our country.

The British Institution—a society which had been formed in 1806 by Sir Thomas Bernard, with very much the same design as actuated the founder of the Grosvenor Gallery in our own day—determined in the seventh year of its existence to turn its attention from the encouragement of living art to the inauguration of an antiquarian exhibition. This was the nucleus of all the loan collections which have since become so famous. The notion presented a great variety of difficulties. In the first instance, it was a question with the work of what master it would be well to begin. To this the universal answer was "Sir Joshua Reynolds." The great President had been dead twenty years, and the time seemed ripe for a review of his work. It was doubted whether it would be possible to secure the pictures, but no difficulty was found in doing this. The Prince Regent lent his own pictures, and so did Sir Joshua's good friend, the Earl of Upper Ossory, and the fashionable world followed. The exhibition contained 142 examples (not 113 as Redgrave states), and the private view was held with great pomp on the 8th of May, 1813, when, at a grand commemorative dinner in Willis's Rooms, to which the Prince Regent had been conducted from the gallery, in a covered way, by the Marquis of Stafford, the toast of "The Memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds" was drunk with the utmost solemnity and effusion. The room was filled with those who still preserved a living memory of his suave and cordial presence. Such was the ceremony by which the first loan collection of old pictures in England was brought before the notice of the public; and after seventy years it is not uninteresting to review the original of which we are now so used to see imitations.

There is very little, or far too much, to be said about Sir Joshua Reynolds' paintings in detail to occupy us here. To dwell on them one by one would be to repeat what has been already done, and well done, by the principal critics of the country. All that we can permit ourselves are a few general remarks. In entering the rooms of the Grosvenor Gallery we are certainly struck first of all by the excellence of that observation which Northcote made to Hazlitt, that Sir Joshua's portraits look like reflections in a mirror, while Titian's look like living men and women. The passage of time, which has been notoriously cruel to the surfaces of Sir Joshua's works, has aided this dim and lustrous illusion, so that often we seem not only to see a face in a mirror, but in a dusty or even a cracked one. But if in a few instances this effect exceeds what the painter intended, he worked consciously towards that direction. He desired to flood his canvases with an atmosphere of light, and to obtain form by a wavering outline and a broken surface. He had formed a horror of that definite, hard drawing which was practised in the school of Thomas Hudson, under whom he had learned the elements of his art.

It is this power of drawing a figure, without apparent science, in a bath of air and light which Reynolds positively created, at least in the English school, and he created along with it an insight into character, and a power of constructing it in a work of art, which was no less unique. Lady Stanley of Alderley's "Mrs. Nesbitt as Circe" is an example of both these qualities in their most transcendent form. We are not sure that we should not select it as the most favorable text that is to be found at the Grosvenor Gallery from which to preach a little homily on the qualities of Sir Joshua. Here the whole composition swims in light—the light of a hot summer's day in England. To Reynolds' students the picture has a particular interest from the dubious nature of the circumstances under which it was painted. To all the world it must be attractive from the strange and bewitching poetry which the artist has thrown around its execution. The demure and voluptuous expression of the lady, with the curious touch of satire introduced in the white cat, is given with the penetration of a diplomatist; we feel the painter to be almost as cat-like as the lady was. He throws a veil of lovely light over her features, her dress, her elegant and furtive hands, but he does so with a skill which leaves her character easily to be divined by those who have eyes to see.

This is the answer to those who tell us that Reynolds was a snob. Such critics judge too coarsely; their own instincts are not fine enough to fathom the great master's subtle irony. He was one of the finest students of human nature that has ever lived, and one of

the most optimistic; for perceiving, as clearly as a Juvenal or a Pope, the weakness and baseness of the human creature, he nevertheless did not reject it, but delighted in its physical beauty, its courtliness of manner, its flashes of virtue, its passages of tenderness and amenity and self-sacrifice. The critics who condemn him are of that class whose perceptions do not help them to detect any difference between an etching and the photogravure of a water-color drawing. There are some men whose senses are blunted, whose faculties permit them to perceive nothing but what is obvious and straightforward. And it is critics of this class who start the mischievous allegations against genius which it is so difficult to make way against; who assure a too-easily-persuaded world that Fielding was a debauchee, and Swift a madman, and Reynolds a mere vulgar snob.

When the spirit in which Reynolds painted the fashionable world that passed through his studio is under discussion, it may be worth while to refer to a passage in those admirable "Discourses" of his which are all too little regarded nowadays, and which a modern publisher would do well to revive:—

"If a portrait-painter is desirous to raise and improve his subject, he has no other means than by approaching it to a general idea. He leaves out all the minute breaks and peculiarities in the face, and changes the dress from a temporary fashion to one more permanent, which has annexed to it no ideas of meaning from its being familiar to us. But if an exact resemblance of an individual be considered as the sole object to be aimed at, the portrait-painter will be apt to lose more than he gains by the acquired dignity taken from general nature. It is very difficult to ennoble the character of a countenance but at the expense of the likeness, which is what is most generally required by such as sit to the painter."

Perhaps the great claim that Sir Joshua seldom fails to make upon our interest and respect depends upon the fact that he succeeds in solving the problem which he here states to be so difficult. He was the first in England to attempt to idealize a head without loss of individual character; in other words, to learn a head by heart, to seize it at the height of its varied scale of expression, and to send it down to posterity with the truth upon it; but as a now living portrait-painter used to be fond of saying, "the truth told in love." This is perhaps to be seen to most advantage, not at the Grosvenor Gallery, but in the marvellous pictures from Bowood. It is hardly possible to believe that any mortal Maria Linley could have reached the seraphical sweetness, the heavenly tenderness and purity, of this exquisite "St. Cecilia." Here, at least, we say, Sir Joshua must have ennobled the countenance of his sitter at the expense of the likeness. But no, all tradition says that it was a marvellous portrait, and we recollect that it was said of the lady that at certain times she seemed to be "half-way between the woman and the angel." It is the wonderful art of Reynolds that he has known how to wait until some word was said, some chord of feeling struck, which brought to that delicate face the angelical look that he wanted to secure.

Many visitors to the Royal Academy will be inclined to mark the day on which they saw the Lansdowne pictures as a white-letter one. The marquis is the principal exhibitor this year, and during his absence in Canada the public enters into the enjoyment of his treasures. It is perhaps not generally known that the pictures which are now divided between Lansdowne House and Bowood have nothing at all to do with the old and once famous Lansdowne Collection, which was dispersed in 1805. Mrs. Jameson was informed that in 1809 there was not a single cabinet picture in either of the family residences. The present collection was formed entirely by the late marquis, whose love of art and liberality to connoisseurs made him widely respected and beloved. Among the English pictures in the first gallery of Burlington House there are not a few which come from Bowood. Among the Reynoldses the superb "Lady Ilchester" is pre-eminent, although "Hope Nursing Love" hangs close beside. Of the works by other masters, perhaps the most important is Callcott's "Pool of the Thames," because this has been named the masterpiece of its author. This canvas is not dated, but it evidently belongs to the earlier period of the painter's career, and could, no doubt, be traced in the catalogues of the Royal Academy. It is one of the largest pictures Callcott ever painted, and perhaps the best, being full of light and harmonious effects of the study of Van de Velde's silvery tones.

Zoffany is a slightly earlier English master, who can seldom be so agreeably studied as in the Lansdowne "Macklin as Shylock," probably painted almost immediately after the painter's return from India in 1790, for it displays the rich and deep tones which Zoffany only achieved after his seven years' exile. Another rare and interesting painter is represented among the Bowood pictures. There can be little doubt that "The Forsaken," a charming little example of Gilbert Stuart Newton, is the picture exhibited at the British Institution in 1821, by which Newton first came prominently before the public. It is a pity that the "Royal Academy Catalogue" this winter is almost totally devoid of dates; the critic is therefore thrown upon conjecture, as in this case, and is very liable to be mistaken. We may go on to say, in this connection, that the pretty little Wilkie, called "Grandmamma's Cap," was painted in 1810, and therefore belongs, like its pendant, "The Jew's Harp," to that painter's period of early and brilliant success. To close the enumeration of the principal English pictures from Bowood, Gainsborough's famous "Nancy Parsons" hangs on the spectator's right hand as he enters the third gallery. But the planet of Gainsborough is quite obscured this year by the commanding luminary of his great rival.

But Romney holds his own more vigorously. On the other side of the doorway (a pendant to "Nancy Parsons") hangs a most interesting record of a triple friendship—Romney's painting of "Flaxman Modelling the Bust of Hayley"—a charming composition, as fresh and clear as when it was painted. Romney has introduced his own portrait into the background, just as Flaxman wrote the account of Romney which appeared in Hayley's life. These three men, who were so anxious that their names

should appear in connection with one another, had but little idea that time would so grotesquely alter their relative position, that now if it were not for the painter, who keeps his level path of fame, it would hardly seem possible to mention the sublime sculptor and the minute poetaster in the same breath. Three or four other excellent Romneys, figures of beautiful women, hang in the same gallery. The Richard Wilsons in the first room are among the most exquisite examples which have been lately seen of a poet-painter, of whom his own age was not worthy, and who, after a century of obscurity, is beginning to be held at his proper valuation again. The suffrages of amateurs will probably be divided between Mr. Huth's "Italian Landscape" and Mr. Ford's "Lake of Nemi." The latter, probably the same picture which figures in the "Royal Academy Catalogue" for 1775, appears to us to be the most complete and magical example of Wilson with which we are acquainted. It has the romantic grace of an ode by Collins. Another eighteenth century landscape painter, but one of far less power (Alexander Nasmyth, the pupil of Allan Ramsay) is represented by a "Glencoe." Of the two interesting but well-known figure-pieces of Hogarth, the second, that containing portraits of the Strode family, has passed into the possession of the nation since the exhibition opened. Portraits of well-known artists by their colleagues are always interesting, and therefore we call attention to those of Wilton the sculptor, by Reynolds, of Wilson, by himself, of Cipriani, by Dance, of Stothard, by John Jackson, and of Hayman, by Reynolds.

The Dutch pictures at the Royal Academy are particularly numerous and precious. Here again Bowood has poured forth its marvellous treasures. The best work from the Low Countries this year is beyond doubt Lord Lansdowne's great Ruysdael, "The Storm." In this magnificent sea-piece, one of the painter's momentous skies hangs, big with menace, over a stretch of ocean tormented by surf and surge, and breaking on two rough piers. This picture recalls the "Storm on a Dutch Dyke," at the Louvre, only to assert its own superiority. This large work, in which the imaginative genius of Jacob van Ruysdael is seen in its highest expression, has an interesting pedigree of which the catalogue gives no hint. It came originally out of the Sydervelt Collection in Amsterdam, in 1766, when 19*l.* was paid for it. After changing hands several times, Smith bought it from the Marquis Rialva, and brought it to England, in 1824; and since 1829 it has been in the collection at Bowood. Lord Lansdowne gave 535*l.* for it in that year, and the value of it now is perhaps the double of that sum. There are few more interesting landscape-painters than Wynantsz, the presumed master of Ruysdael. We find here an interesting example of his work, lent by Mr. Leyland. It is dated 1669, and therefore takes a place very late in the painter's career, but it shows no decay of his natural powers. Wynantsz is one of the creators of modern landscape, and among the most extraordinary problems of the history of art is the secret of his apprenticeship to landscape. With no apparent predecessor, and with no remains of a preliminary struggle, he suddenly presents himself to us the finished, scrupulous, and meticulous master which he remained to the close of his life. Mr. Leyland's is a large example of Wynantsz, and displays his favorite subject of a winding road, the outskirts of a wood, some cottages in the background. Lord Lansdowne's Berghem is a little cabinet picture, less animated in composition than some of this master's work, but admirable for its luminous quality and pleasant glow of color. Whatever attractions the brilliant execution of Berghem can display, are seen here. Nothing can entirely redeem the monotony, the want of sincerity, the ignorance of nature, which are radical with this painter, who lived too far into the age of periwigs. Mr. Massey Mainwaring contributes a little Van der Heyden, which has the interest of deviating from the set series of urban views for which he is principally famous. The excellent inventor of extinctors and lighterman to the city of Amsterdam has here abandoned his trim streets for a brief sentimental distraction among ruins and weeping-willows.

Mr. Massey Mainwaring is also the fortunate possessor of a beautiful Terburg, which hangs on the visitor's left hand as he enters the second gallery. It is a figure of a man, standing at a table, in a simple attitude of attention, as though about to speak. The beauty of execution recalls that of the marvellous "Soldier offering Gold to a Girl" of the Salon Carré. There has never lived another master who contrived to reach this exact perfection of Terburg—the vigorous richness of tone combined with a brush-work so delicate and exact that the light seems to hang about every object upon which the eye rests. With this figure of a man must be compared that of a lady, also lent by Mr. Mainwaring, and the famous "Letter" from Buckingham Palace. Lord Lansdowne lends his charming little Maas, an "Interior of a Cottage," painted with great vigor, and a rich play of light which is not unworthy of his master, Rembrandt.

The two greatest of the Dutchmen, Rembrandt and Franz Hals themselves, are not unworthily represented at Burlington House. Lord Howe sends two figures of young men by the latter, which are among the most delightful and the most spirited pieces in the exhibition. The one of them in which the youth plays the guitar recalls the "Fool" of the Amsterdam Museum, and is not less solid and vigorous in execution. The modelling of this head, which is overshadowed by a wide-brimmed hat, and relieved against a white collar, is of an unsurpassable firmness and thoroughness, and should be studied with the greatest care by our young English portrait-painters, whose work, even when it is most meritorious, would, we are afraid, look thin and weak by the side of this heroic work with the brush. Lord Lansdowne's Rembrandt is a portrait of a lady in a black dress with a ruff, a very agreeable study. The great

golden Cuyp that faces the spectator as he enters the second gallery, comes from the collection of Lord Scarsdale. It is a superb and extremely characteristic example of the great master of irradiated mist. The light that hangs on the steep cliffs on the left hand of the picture could only have been painted when Aalbert Cuyp had completely mastered his famous receipt for rendering the burning colors of amber in which a peaceful summer afternoon declines. The sea-pieces of Cuyp are less common than his cattle-pieces, and the two delicious scenes from Bowood will have many admirers. They were studied, perhaps, from the shores of the busy waterway of the Meuse at Dordrecht.

With the pictures of the English and Dutch school the interest of the present winter exhibition at Burlington House practically closes. It is true that we have isolated works, a fine Holbein, or rather Mabuse, a capital Murillo, a great octagonal ceiling by Rubens, two characteristic figures by Vandyck, but these are all of the nature of swallows that do not make a summer. Nor is this the proper time and place for discussing the curious and obscure pictures of the Siennese and Tuscan schools which hang in the fourth gallery. This archaic art has a fascination of its own, but to study it with sufficient authority to speak of it instructively is not given to many living critics. Here is a head attributed to Cosimo Tura, but who knows whether Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle would not assign it rather to Zoppo? It is ill work to cast one's affections upon a Squarcione, and then rudely to learn that perhaps there never was such a master, and that any fool could see that this is a Bono or a Pizzolo. The study of the minor Italian painters of the *cinque-cento* is a thorny path, and a modest critic may well bethink him of that "second and best manner of Alessio Baldovinetti," which set Hogarth's picture-quack skipping across the gallery. Yet without pendantry, we may desire to hear what the learned have to say about the extremely interesting set of newly discovered heads from San Martino.

To most visitors the interest of the exhibition at Burlington House, after the Lansdowne Collection has been considered, will centre around the fifth gallery, which is filled with a selection from the works of the late Paul Falconer Poole. We are very glad that an opportunity has been given to a truly poetical painter, who seemed through life just to miss the place he aimed at, to assert his individuality after death, and we are very far indeed from agreeing with those critics who dismiss this body of pictures as unimportant because they are unequal, and because a certain intellectual fibre is wanting in them. Poole died as lately as 1879, but already he has become a very shadowy figure to most of us. He was a shy, austere, retiring man, personally known to very few, holding himself aloof from his fellows. Those few who recollect him, think of him as a kindly and hospitable person, whose hospitality and whose kindness had to be taken by storm. He lived almost like one of Wordsworth's solitaries, "contented if he might enjoy the things that others understand." He was gentle and dreamy almost to excess; the brooding dream had subdued him to melancholy.

Poole was not a great painter as a handicraftsman at any time, and was conscious probably of the unwholesome influence that coarser men, more masters of the brush, had upon him all through his life. His career was a struggle between the tradition that paid and the genuine creed that did not pay. He had been taught in the schools to paint pretty subjects according to certain conventions. Collins, Leslie, and Philips weighed upon him with their recipes for the production of briskly-sellable pictures. We see at Burlington House the first work in which he succeeded in effecting his own release from Italian peasants and English water-cress-gatherers, his curious "Solomon Eagle" of 1843. But we do not see the works in which he strove to attain this result—his "Hermann and Dorothea" of 1840, or his "By the Waters of Babylon" of 1842. It is perhaps well that these have not been shown us, for the "Solomon Eagle" is a very curious and but partially successful performance. In 1884, at least, it seems to us not quite successful, but in the Royal Academy of 1843, side by side with Collins' "The World or the Cloister," and Leslie's "Scene from the Vicar of Wakefield," and Howard's transparency called "Peace," we know that it struck all comers as a vigorous, manly composition in which something more spirited than the cover of a decorated bonbon-box was aimed at.

It was at this moment, after the success of his "Solomon Eagle," that Poole should have had the courage to come out in his true colors, and to leave the early Victorian painters to their gentility. But the tradition was too strong for him, and he went on painting as they had taught him to paint in the Academy schools, merely relapsing again and again into the poetry that he really loved. There cannot be the least doubt that he possessed various qualities in common with the late Gabriel Rossetti. If the spectator will examine the head of Robert peeping through the trees in "Robert, Duke of Normandy, and Arletta," he will see a piece of painting which aims at the very class of effect, and seeks after the very same species of beauty, which Rossetti was always aiming at and seeking after. I should be prepared to hear that Rossetti, then twenty years of age, had noticed and admired this painting in the exhibition of 1848. But while Rossetti was an iron temperament formed to influence and lead others to take a firm grip of men, and lead them whither he would, Poole had more of a jelly-fish nature, luminous, sensitive, painfully impressionable, unstable as Reuben. His solitariness was, doubtless, caused to a great extent by his experience of his own malleable nature. His fear of external influence took strange forms. When the fashion came in of decorating the studio, and filling it with curios, Poole emptied his of almost all its furniture, strenuously anxious not to do as other men did. The collection of his works shows us

strangely enough what odd freaks temperament commits. If we had not seen the "Trial of a Sorceress," we could not have believed that so important a painter as Poole, with his practice of style, could, at the age of fifty, be unconsciously drawn out of his own manner into that of an artist so far below him in merit as Sir John Gilbert. But in Gilbert's work there is vehemence, fibre, nerve, and Poole was led captive by it for a season, as meekly as the needle follows the magnet. Even when he was true to his own better nature, he displaced technical shortcomings which are far more fatal to his place in art than the obvious and half-wilful errors of Blake or Rossetti. With him they were the result of intellectual weakness, not of perversity or obstinacy. The cardboard animal in "A Lion in the Path," and the warriors which grow bigger the further off they lie in the "Goths in Exile," are unpardonable. It may be noted also, as showing the limited judgment of the man, that in the composition of "Job and his Friends" the interest to any one who does not glance at the catalogue, rests on the boy who is pouring out wine, whom the other seven persons appear to be watching, as if he were performing a religious ceremony.

These are the limitations of the talent of Poole, but his merits are neither few nor slight. If his poetic quality was what has, since the days of Coleridge, been called fancy rather than imagination, if his romance was obvious and somewhat thin, it was thoroughly genuine. "The Seventh Day of the Decameron" could only have been painted by a man who had drunk at the very sources of beauty. This picture combines the love of rich and simple coloring with voluptuous sentiment, and then relieves these cloying beauties against a cold and stern landscape of a refreshing wildness. This desolate tarn in the savage uplands, is "ringed round by a flame of fair faces," and if Poole has been careless to reproduce the fairy lake that Boccaccio describes, his landscape is more apposite as a commentary on the "Decameron" than a more correct version of the scene would be. His wild landscapes are almost always good. That in "A Lion in the Path" is of quite heroic merit, the sinister aspect of a still piece of water in a rocky sterile country, being admirably rendered. He has repeated this effect of mountain melancholy again and again, and always with success; we meet with it in "The Cave of Mammon," "The Dragon's Cavern," and in "The Prodigal Son." There remains to be pointed out what is perhaps Poole's highest claim to remembrance —the exquisite manner in which he painted moonlight. His romantic fancy was here most thoroughly at ease; he had learned to do this one thing consummately; and hence it is his best moonlight picture, "Cunstaunce sent Adrift by the Constable of Alla," that remains the gem of his work, and on the whole the one of his pictures which most thoroughly satisfies the spectator.

At the Fine Art Society's rooms, 148 New Bond Street, there is open at the same time a collection of the works of an artist who may profitably be compared with Poole, if only for purposes of contrast. But Mr. Alfred W. Hunt, whose oil-pictures and water-color drawings every one should go to see, is a truer master within the limits which he has laid down for himself than Poole can ever be said to have been. If in Poole fancy was predominant, Mr. Hunt aims at imagination or at nothing. In the Royal Academician's work, as in all that Burlington House approved of in the way of landscape, scenery was treated as an accessory, as a touching and exciting aid to the concentration of strong feeling on the figures. The landscape of "A Lion in the Path" would not have interested Poole if the naked man had not been there, tortured by his doubts, dividing the swift mind between this horror and that. To heighten the awful stress of this emotion, Poole has painted his gray rocks, and corpse-like pool, and purple mountain. But for Mr. Alfred Hunt, as for Turner, as for Wordsworth, nature is in herself enough to excite the mind with terror or with ecstasy. In the bewitching picture called "Time and Tide," we have a whole drama depicted before our eyes—the turmoil of the tide-distracted waters; the lustrous pool at the edge of the stress of conflict; the ragged battalion of clouds that marches across the heavens; the myriad interests and fluctuations of the grassy valley—all these contain their dramatic, nay, their tragic elements in their mode of presentation, and would gain nothing, but only lose extremely, from the introduction of a human figure. No painter, except Turner himself, has understood so well how to express that Wordsworthian afflatus when to the soul in a beautiful solitude—

> "The sky seems not a sky
> Of earth—and with what motion move the clouds."

It has been mentioned to me that a distinguished foreign painter, in presence of these works of Mr. Alfred Hunt, found fault with the whiteness of them. He said they lacked tone, and decorative force: "You want great dashes of strong color in them, they look like holes in the wall." The criticism is admirably true of the best English landscape in general, but we should accept it without acknowledging the fact to be a demerit. It is, indeed, a characteristic of our English landscape that it is a hole in the wall, a window through the wall into the world of light and atmospheric color. In the solitary case of Turner it may be said that this object is really attained; it is sometimes successfully attained by Mr. Alfred Hunt, and when we have said this, we have really awarded praise of the very highest order. French landscape, on the other hand, is always dependent, not on light, but on tone. The tone may be silvery and high in key, as in Corot; it may be so steeped in richness of color as to deceive the very elect, as in the matchless best pieces of Rousseau, it is radically a harmony in every case founded upon tone alone, and the most interesting point in the picture will always be the darkest point, instead of the lightest, as in an English picture.

Mr. Alfred Hunt's oil-paintings have never been seen to advantage before. The Royal

Academy has never been a congenial home to Mr. Hunt. At the Water-Color Society, on the other hand, his drawings have formed a noticeable feature of the exhibition for more than twenty years. They are unequal in interest, for the same reason that makes Wordsworth unequal. Both the poet and the painter take so much more intimate a pleasure in all the forms of nature than their students are likely to do, that they do not always see that combinations of form or conditions which are exciting to them leave the reader or spectator unmoved. We should be glad if Mr. Hunt would return to the pale vermilion glories of sunset and the funereal purple balls which he used to cast about his Whitbys and his Harlechs.—E. W. G., in *Macmillan's Magazine.*

A LADY'S RAILWAY JOURNEY IN INDIA.

In these days of rapid travelling, the journeys which to our elder brothers were serious undertakings, have become to us, their younger sisters, mere pleasure-trips wherewith to beguile the tedium of winter, and escape its rigors. So it befell, that leaving England one bleak November morning, I found myself safely landed in Calcutta ere Christmas morning, and heard the old familiar anthems chanted in a cathedral, where wide open windows and swinging punkahs told of a climate very different from that which we are wont to associate with Christmas-tide. After a pleasant week in that hospitable city, I started with friends on a sight-seeing expedition, determining to see as much as possible of the wonderful old historic cities, till the heat of April should warn us to ascend to cooler regions, in the glorious Himalayan ranges, arriving there in time to see the scarlet rhododendron trees in full blaze of blossom.

Before leaving Calcutta, it is necessary for every one to lay in his own supply of bedding, as no house is supposed to keep more than the stock necessary for its own inmates. So whether you go as a guest to your friend, or as a lodger to an hotel, you will, in nineteen cases out of twenty, find that the sleeping accommodation provided for you, consists only of a *charpoy*, that is, the very simplest form of small bedstead, merely a wooden frame, with coarse tape laced across it. Hence it is necessary to invest at once in blankets, sheets, pillow, and a couple of *roseis* (wadded quilts, one of which will act as your mattress), and if you are wise, you will invest likewise in a strong waterproof case, which will alike secure your bedding from rain, and from the clouds of fine penetrating dust.

Any one coming direct from England would do well to bring all such necessary articles with him, as every species of European goods costs at least double the home price, and in many cases far more. An artist, for instance, finds it very irritating to have to pay three or four shillings for a small cake of paint, and everything else is in the same proportion. The same advice applies to the few medicines which every traveller should carry—such as a good large bottle of quinine in case of fever, sulphuric acid to avert threatening of cholera, chlorodyne, Bunter's nervine in case of toothache, strongest ammonia for poisonous bites, or whatever other specific he may care to have in store against the many ills that flesh is heir to.

Crossing the river by steamboat one early morning, we made our first acquaintance with an Indian railway station, thronged with natives, starting on some pilgrimage—for the facilities of travelling have developed a curiously locomotive tendency in the Hindoo. Their old proverb that "No one is so happy as he who never owed a debt, nor undertook a journey," is quite out of date; and now whole families start from one end of the country to the other, on the smallest pretext, carrying with them their poor stock of worldly goods, tied up in a little bundle, together with their cooking-pots and brazen drinking cups. Their bedding is simply a blanket-cloak of gay colors, though the poorest have literally nothing but a piece of coarse canvas. So amazed are they by the punctuality of the trains, and so greatly in dread of being late, that they generally assemble at the station some hours before the time for starting—often over night. Then they just lie down on the pavement, wrapping their cloak or canvas tightly over head and body, so that they look like rows of corpses laid in order. Presently these chrysalides begin to stir, and shake themselves up, revealing a long pair of lean black legs, surmounted by a bundle of raiment, out of which gleam two glittering black eyes. For, so long as their heads and shoulders are warm, they seem to care little for any chill about the lower extremities.

The carriages are ticketed off, for natives, native women, and Europeans. Some of the upper classes still find themselves sorely perplexed how to combine railway travelling with the seclusion of women. I was one day in a carriage set apart for ladies, when a wealthy native brought his wife, and her ayah, both closely veiled, and shut them in. The former was richly dressed and loaded with jewels, and I hoped at last to get a glimpse of a real native lady. The jealous husband stood at the door, till the train was actually in motion, when he stepped in, chuckling on having got safely into a carriage where no other man dare follow. The officials were, however, on the watch, and stopping the train, desired him to get out, as the carriage was for ladies only. In vain he battled and raged, and finally sooner than leave his wife in my dangerous society, he made her and her attendant get out, with all their bundles, and go with him into another carriage.

Night travelling, or journeys so long as to involve two or more nights without a break, are provided for in the arrangement of the carriages, which are not divided like ours, but made so that you can lie full length on the seat. The padded back is the mattress of a similar berth, which straps up to the ceiling, so that each carriage allows good sleeping accommodation for four persons. Then the

bundle of bedding comes into play, and the basket of provisions.

The baggage laws of the company are singular. They only allow each person so much luggage as can go under his own seat, that is, a parcel about eighteen inches square; all else must be paid for and booked, and the loss of your booking ticket involves your being unable to rescue one atom of the luggage that lies temptingly before you. One result of this "no luggage allowed" system is to incline folk not overburdened with wealth to travel second-class, which (at any rate as regards carriages reserved for ladies, most of which are provided with small dressing-rooms) is quite as comfortable, and exactly half the expense.

All the windows have projecting shades to keep off the burning sun, and the carriage has a double roof of white for the same purpose. Some are provided with tanks of cold water, not merely for the comfort of washing (though that is very great), but as a measure of safety in the fearful heat, when the constant application of wet cloths to the head is one of the best safeguards for such as are compelled to travel. Of the risk involved you can in some measure judge from the number of persons who in the summer months are lifted from the train either stupefied or dying. So constantly does this occur, that while we were revelling in the cool, delicious hills, we heard that the railway authorities found it necessary to keep coffins ready at every station, to give immediate burial to such as thus too quickly reached their journey's end.

For the benefit of ladies who may intend to travel in India, I may speak one word of warning in the matter of dress, namely, that the black or dark-colored silks, which in Europe make such good travelling gear, are a mistake in this world of pale gray dust, which would find its way in at every crevice even if you were to shut the windows, which no one would dream of doing. Once in India, you must make up your mind to be in a chronic condition of dust, and dress accordingly (nothing so serviceable as light gray tweeds), for you cannot brush against a wall, or sit down, or rise up, without being powdered, and in this stoneless country the whole soil seems to float about at will. So entirely alluvial is the land, that within four hundred miles of the sea no stone the size of a pebble is to be found, save where the Ganges, after its inundations, forsakes its old channel and chooses a new bed, leaving a stony water-course to mark where it once flowed. Every building therefore is either of mud or of brick, except in such cases as where stone has been brought from afar.

For the first few hours after leaving Calcutta our route lay through rich vegetation and fertile land, made more beautiful by the early lights and the clear golden sunrise, while the fresh morning air was still cool and balmy. Hedges of aloes and tall sirkee grass surround picturesque villages, overshadowed by banyan, palm, tamarind, and neeme trees, or by clumps of waving bamboo. The cottages are half hidden by large-leaved yellow gourds trailing over them, or by the tall glossy plantains clustering round, while groups of odd little brown children, carrying babies as big as themselves, glance up as the rushing train whirls past. Everywhere we see the inevitable Brahminy kite, and varieties of brown kites. Then every mango tope is alive with thousands of chattering green parrots—exquisite creatures, glittering like radiant gems. Bright russet birds sit on the telegraph wires, and blue jays, a thousand times more brilliant than our own, flash in the sunlight with strange metallic lustre. Golden-crested hoopoes also abound; golden orioles and blue kingfishers, black fly-catchers, doves, pigeons, and crows by turns attract our attention. The flat rice or paddy fields are all swamped, and in the shallow waters multitudes of spirit-like white cranes, or paddy-birds, paddle about. This very Irish designation is the name given to rice in the husk. The true name of this graceful bird, which haunts the rice fields, is the aboo-gerdan. One of its favorite feeding grounds is the back of a buffalo, where it finds a good store of insects. You rarely see a herd of the ungainly brutes without several of these ministering spirits in attendance, their delicate snowy plumage contrasting strangely with the hideous and dirty creatures on which they perch. The buffalo's highest notion of bliss is standing for hours in a muddy tank or stream, with only his nose and his back above water, so that all the small game seek refuge on that dry ridge, and well do the white cranes know what sure covert those little black islands afford.

What chiefly strikes us, as we whirl along, is that the general effect of the country is like that of the midland counties of England. The masses of foliage are especially English. At a very short distance a mango tope might pass for a group of sycamores; while the neeme, tamarind, peepul, etc., more or less resemble oak, ash, or poplar—only you notice that the crops are richer and taller than those of Britain. Fields of dall, or Indian corn, or of tall sugar-cane, banana gardens, all with rich foliage; and every field is guarded by several watchers, who sit, each in his solitary lodge—a thatched hut—either perched on a tree, or raised on bamboos, that he may be above reach of the wild beasts, whom he is bound to scare away from the crops.

We passed many groups of date palms, with a dozen or more of the graceful hanging nests of the "baya" sparrow—sometimes fastened to the leaves by a cord nearly a yard long, and swinging in the breeze. The nest is the shape of a chemist's glass retort, and hangs, mouth downwards, to cheat the cunning monkeys, the gray squirrels, the tree-climbing snakes, and other foes which might glide along the bough. Thus the wise old birds rear their brood in safety in this dainty cradle. The weaver-birds and tailor-birds build similar pensile nests with delicately interwoven fibres of grass, hanging from the light tip of a palm leaf; or sometimes they choose a leaf of the great elephant creeper, and fold and stitch it together with grassy thread or downy cotton, which, with their

long bill and slender feet, they twist till it becomes a fine cord. It is said that at night they stick a fire-fly in the wet clay at the mouth of the nest to give them light!

Our first halting point was to be near the ancient city of Moorshedabad. We therefore left the main line of rail at Nulhattee (where we noted a strangely picturesque old bridge), whence a branch line brought us to the river Bhagarithi, an offset of the Ganges. Here a troop of natives quarrelled over our baggage, and finally landed us and it in an open boat, and so we crossed the river. It was a brilliant moonlight, and the steep banks of the stream were lighted by many fires, round which squatted groups of wild-looking creatures, all attractive to the artistic eye. A two hours' drive followed, through scenes to which the misty moonlight lent a rare fascination. We passed a succession of old temples, half hidden by rank vegetation, native houses, and bazaars—red firelight and dark figures, white mosques and great buildings appearing through the tall trees. Here and there we came to an open space where great weird-looking elephants were quietly feeding under the dark trees. This was our first sight of these grisly beasts, so it had all the charm of a new sensation.

We were, in fact, passing through the town of Moorshedabad, which Clive described as being a city as extensive, rich, and populous as London. The fall of the Mohammedan Empire, however, shook its glory, and the fearful famine of 1770 tended further to its decay, so that there are now few remains of the grand old city. The chief lion is the immense new modern palace of the Nawaub Nazim of Bengal, who, with his sons, paid so long a visit to the murky shores of Britain, hoping to induce Parliament to secure to his descendants the same position as he himself still retains, *i.e.*, a sort of monarchy under British supervision. It was said that his chances of success were small indeed, yet he believed them sufficient to compensate for his long voluntary exile from his luxurious home, his noble stud of horses and elephants, and all his Oriental splendor, and for the dreariness of many winters in London or Sussex, where wondering rustics followed his priest to the butcher's shop to watch so strange a ceremony as that of blessing the animals about to be slain in the name of God, thus making them lawful food for the faithful.

From the great dome in his marble-paved hall hangs a chandelier, a gift from the Queen. Here, too, is his ivory throne (for the carved ivory work of Moorshedabad is famous). On the river float his pleasure-boats of divers form, draped on gala days with rich and brilliant hangings, well in keeping with the gay dresses of the dusky beauties within. One of the boats is shaped like a peacock.

Among the ruins of the ancient city are a few arches of a once magnificent palace of black marble, built by Suraja Dowla, who brought the materials thereof from the ancient Buddhist city of Gour, which is not far distant, and near the Ganges. It was once the capital of Bengal, and is now a wondrous heap of ruins, wave after wave of change having swept over it. First the Brahmins overwhelmed the Buddhists, and appropriated their temples. These were next used as quarries by the Mohammedans, under whose rule the city waxed great and stately, and of exceeding wealth. It was twenty miles in circumference, and surrounded by a wall sixty feet high. Here beautiful enamelled bricks were manufactured, like those which embellish the ruins of Delhi. On every side were great fortifications and mosques. On the river floated craft of all sizes and forms. There were fantastic pagodas, towers, and floating gardens, which, on the great festivals, were lighted up, and glittered like some fairy scene. But three hundred years ago an awful pestilence broke out. Thousands died daily; burial became impossible; Hindoo and Mohammedan were alike thrown into the river, and the contagion spread far and wide. The city was deserted; rank weeds overspread the palaces; thick forests have sprung up in the streets where the wars of conflicting faiths once raged. Now you can scarcely force your way through this wilderness of deserted halls by reason of the mass of tangled creepers and green things of the earth—an uncared-for jungle, where the tiger and the wild boar revel unmolested. Even the arable land for miles round is just brickdust. The brilliant river festivals are things of an almost forgotten past; only at the feast of Beira the Hindoo maidens still float their tiny lamps in cocoanut shells adorned with a few flowers, and watch the fortune of their love.

In almost the very same words I might describe many another once stately Indian city, to several of which we found our way, and spent weeks of delight in exploring tombs, temples, and palaces, once centres of busy life, but now all overgrown with tropical forest, yet retaining the primitive beauty of their exquisite marble carvings and richly colored tiles, their sculptured columns and grotesque imagery, all the more striking from contrast with the desolation that now reigns around them. To the artist, the archæologist, and the students of strange mythologies, these deserted cities, so fascinating in their ruin, offer an inexhaustible store of interest, while the sportsman and the naturalist each find there a rich field wherein to follow their own bent, for many shy and beautiful creatures—birds, beasts, and reptiles—now make their homes in forsaken palaces, or wander at large in the gardens where veiled and jewelled ladies held their dazzling festivals, and life was one long dream of Oriental splendor.

One of the perpetually recurring aggravations of travelling in India is the impossibility of getting definite information as to what things and places are really best worth seeing; it is so very exceptional to find any one who takes the smallest interest in anything native, unless it has reference to coining rupees. Consequently, the majority of our countrymen generally tell you that a city is or is not worth visiting according to the recollections of their commissariat, or the weather, or something equally irrelevant. Thus I have

constantly been assured that there was literally nothing to see at such and such a place, and yet have found there materials of beauty and of interest that have afforded me a perfect feast of delight. Some of the old native cities are, however, so very beautiful, both as regards their architecture and the surrounding scenery, that even the most casual observer cannot withhold his meed of praise—such are the cities of Jeypore, Ajmeer, and Oodeypore.

The fact, however, that these cities lie a short distance from the line of rail adds so much to the difficulty of reaching them, that we were compelled to give up all thought of seeing these, and many like them, and content ourselves with visiting such places of interest as lie along the line. Even from these we very quickly gathered such a store of varied impressions as few Anglo-Indians of the last generation had a chance of accumulating in a long life time.

A week in wonderful Benares gave us such a glimpse of a purely Hindoo city as fairly bewildered us—a glimpse of life in a city, wholly given to idolatry, whose countless strange domes and pyramids tell of the innumerable temples, where day and night idolatrous rites are celebrated, and altars reek with the blood of goats and buffaloes offered to the dread goddess Doorga or the great Siva. There we first beheld heathendom in triumphant riot; vast crowds of devotees, bent on the great work of securing their salvation by worshipping at every shrine in the vast city, pressing on with deafening shouts, blowing horns or conchs, ringing bells, reiterating the praises of the gods, a crowd in which each individual is a study for an artist; a bronze statue, lightly draped and flower-bedecked, or, if a woman, gracefully veiled, and just revealing her quaint ornaments or jewels seen through a film of fine muslin.

Our week in Benares was like one long dream, in which ten thousand strangely incongruous scenes were all jumbled and blended in inextricable confusion. Sacred white oxen with dark, sleepy eyes, helping themselves, unchidden, to the grain-merchant's stores, or munching the rose garlands of their worshippers; troops of sacred monkeys descending from the house-tops to accept the offerings of the faithful; grotesque images of strange gods; mystic dragons; pure fountains, where ceremonial washings are done in public—scrupulous, legal cleanliness, combined with indescribable neglect of the simplest municipal regulations; elephants with gorgeous trappings passing silently along streets, so narrow that they literally touch the houses on either side, some indeed so very narrow that only the *tonjaun* carried by men can pass along them; tall houses of six or seven stories, with richly-carved fronts and projecting verandas of dark wood, literally meeting overhead, so that only here and there can you catch a glimpse of the blue sky overhead; temples and shrines where millions of great yellow African marigolds and other blossoms are daily offered; quaint shops and bazaars where Eastern wares of all sorts are offered for sale, simple objects for familiar daily household use, which to us offered all the fascination and temptation of curiosity shops, beautifully engraven brass lotas, or pots, curious incense-burners, grotesque idols, quaint figures supporting lamps, boxes, plates, and vases of inlaid metals, silvery vases for the hubble-bubble or water-pipe, which we turned to better account by filling them with roses. Half the charm of the Eastern shops is that they are open to the street, and the beautiful or curious objects offered for sale all add to the general decoration.

So day after day we wandered through the labyrinth of wide streets and narrow streets, big gods and little gods, among gorgeous peacocks and ridiculous monkeys, shaven Brahmins and beturbaned crowds, mingling in strange scenes and watching processions of every description—alike only in their picturesque novelty and oddity,—strangest of all when seen by moonlight or illumined by colored lanterns and sacred bonfires, but always with the same accompaniment of horrible musical instruments, the same clamorous crowd of priests and beggars, the one demanding, the others craving, backsheesh but both alike clamorous.

Each morning at early dawn we found our way to the river, the Ganges, whose broad, calm stream is the object of deepest adoration to every Hindoo—the visible representative of the beneficent goddess Ganga. So to her shores come all the faithful to bathe and worship at sunrise, men, women, and little children, who crowd down the steep flights of long stone stairs to the bathing *ghauts* or platforms, where they bathe and worship, filling their brass lota with water from the sacred stream, which they pour out as an offering to the sun, then falling prostrate with their forehead in the dust, they worship in silence.

No Hindoo would touch his morning food till after he has prayed, and he dare not pray till he has bathed, so that cleanliness and godliness are necessarily near neighbors in a certain degree. Moreover, in his strict obedience to this rule, as well as to the intense religious earnestness and self-denying humility of his daily life, the Hindoo assuredly puts to shame many of those who despise his creed and pride themselves on their superior knowledge—a dead faith which does not betray itself by one symptom of practice.

Here, on the river bank, are enacted all kinds of strange ceremonies, social or religious—curious penances are practised, marriage processions come and go, funerals, and cremations. Day and night films of blue smoke rise from the burning ghaut, and corpses wrapped in scarlet or cloth-of-gold are laid on funeral pyres, round which weeping relations march in sunwise procession, with bitter wailing: then one applies the sacred torch to the dry wood, and a little later a handful of ashes is sprinkled on the river, and the worshipper of Ganga thus finds his last resting-place on her bosom.

Here and there, along the banks, are huge idols, fashioned of Ganges mud; and devout worshippers model little images for them-

selves, of mud or of sacred cow-dung. On these they gaze fixedly while praying, then throw them in the stream as being of no further use—for an educated Hindoo will tell you that he worships an invisible spirit, without reference to any created matter, but this outward symbol helps him to concentrate his thoughts, which else would wander over the vast heaven.

Along the brink of the river are planted groups of huge grass umbrellas, like gigantic mushrooms, beneath whose shade are squatted groups of bathers and worshippers. The town extends for several miles along the river, facing the rising sun, so that its earliest rays light up that marvellous pile of temples, bathing ghauts, palaces, pinnacles, red or gilded pyramidal spires, pigeon roosts, green trees telling of shady gardens, steep flights of stairs, and broad landing-places. On the stream float quaint boats of all sorts, for use or for pleasure, from the grain-boat of the merchant to the peacock-shaped boat of the maharajah. There, too, float objects less pleasant to sight and smell—bodies of the very poor, whose relations could not afford to buy wood for a funeral pyre, and so committed their dead, unburnt, to the great mother, who received their sacred charge unquestioningly.

All day long white and brown kites wheel around us with sharp cries, or quarrel noisily over some dainty offal. Pilgrims, wading knee-deep in the river mud, walk round the holy city in sun-wise circuit. Milk sellers swim across the broad stream, floating a light raft whereon are set their milk jars; and day and night there rises from the city a ceaseless clang of trumpets and tom-toms, and *sunkhs* (holy shells) and big drums, and the murmur of oft-told prayers, and shouts and discordant sounds of every sort. So existence goes on day after day, year after year, like a marvellous kaleidoscope, whose curious combinations of motley life are indeed inexhaustible.

All too quickly came the day when we must leave this strange city; so, crossing the broad river by the bridge of boats, we once more found ourselves on the track of the new civilization, and the swift railway carried us away from the Hindoo city; and ere its strange impressions had faded from our minds, we woke to find ourselves in the Mohammedan city of Agra, which, in its architectural loveliness, seems inspired by the grand calm of its monotheism.

The same feeling invariably suggests itself in passing from a Hindoo to a Mohammedan city. The incongruities that pervade the worship of a thousand grotesque idols seem as though they must find expression in a confused jumble of grotesque spires, and cones, and pyramids, while the grand simplicity of Mohammedan architecture, and the scrupulous cleanliness of its mosques (to which the worshippers bring neither animals nor flowers as offerings), seems, as it were, the reflex of the broad unity of the creed it typifies.

Strangely impressive is the grandeur of the massive red sandstone fort, built by the Emperor Akbar, in whose honor the natives to this day call the city Akbar-abad, the town of Akbar. It was this fort which Bishop Heber described as a "fortress built by giants and finished by jewellers." And, in truth, that massive red rock is but a setting for the exquisite jewelled marbles with which the interior is adorned. Zenana pavilions of fairy-like loveliness, perched like turrets on the great sandstone wall overhanging the river; the wide projecting roof, the pillars and balconies, are all of purest white marble, carved with such marvellous skill as to resemble fairy-frost work suddenly petrified.

Within the fort also lies the most exquisite of all mosques, called the *Motee Musjid* or pearl mosque, truly a pearl of architecture. From all parts of the neighborhood you see its five domes of snow-white marble rising above the mighty walls of the fort, gleaming in dazzling light against the deep blue heavens, while the beauty of its internal decoration is a source of marvel even to the people of the land. The Mohammedan emperors had no idea of doing things on a small scale. This vast fort is a mile and a half in circumference, and its great outer walls are eighty feet high presenting a frowning exterior well calculated to awe besiegers to whom modern artillery was as yet unknown, and rendering doubly secure the imperial palace within, with its costly and tasteful buildings.

But excelling all else in its beauty is the peerless Taj Mahal, the white marble mausoleum of an emperor's adored wife, a thing of dreamlike beauty, which alone would be worth the whole journey from Britain, whether seen in the golden dawn, or cutting clear against the blue of the mid-day sky, when it gleams like a giant pearl; or, best of all, in the calm moonlight, when it stands before you as the very embodiment of the spirit of purity. It were hard to tell, whether it seems most beautiful when you stand on the opposite shore of the river, whose blue waters mirror each dainty minaret and cupola—or whether it is still better to stand in its own garden, beneath dark trees, festooned with rich masses of lilac-leafed creepers (bougainvillia) forming an exquisite frame for so fair a picture. Like the Motee Musjid, it is set in red sandstone—that is to say, a massive wall, richly carved with groups of arabesque flowers, incloses the lovely garden (forty acres in extent) and rises perpendicular from the blue waters of the river Jumna. The carved niches of that red wall appear to be inlaid with some device of emeralds, which on a nearer approach prove to be living gems, myriads of green parrots, which flash past us in the sunlight.

The tomb rests on a great platform of white marble 900 feet square and forty feet high. From its four corners rise four tall and slender minarets, 150 feet high, of pure white marble, capped with marble domes. They gleam like pillars of light against the soft blue sky. It is all of the purest highly polished marble, crowned with one grand white dome, like a gigantic pearl, round which nestle a cluster of pearly snow-white domes. The great central dome rises to a height of two

hundred feet. But neither figures nor description can give any idea of its loveliness. It seems as though it were a visible embodiment of that intensely loyal devotion to the dead, to which it owes its existence; and its calm beauty conveys a feeling of repose, which seems as though the builder had striven to symbolize that great peace into which his loved one had entered.

To those who desire to know how such feelings can find expression in stone, I can but offer my humble advice, that instead of journeying to the Nile or such half-way regions, they should extend their flight, and behold for themselves the cities of the Mohammedan emperors of India.—C. F. GORDON CUMMING, in *Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE HUMMING-BIRD'S RELATIVES.

IN a certain tangled Jamaican garden, overgrown by scarlet poinsettias, crimson hibiscus, and the great trailing purplish masses of the gorgeous liana-like bougainvillea, I have often sat under my broad veranda, in the cooler hours of a tropical afternoon, and watched the common little bronze and emerald West Indian humming-birds flitting lightly from flower to flower of all the bell-shaped or tubular blossoms that grew beneath the meagre dappled shadows of the tall feathery cocoanut palms. Darting swiftly and invisibly from one big patch of scarlet or orange to another, they would poise themselves gracefully for a second before its open mouth so that the eye could just perceive their motionless bodies and fluttering wings; and then, in the twinkling of an eye, they would be off again instantaneously, one never knew whither, till after a little looking one saw the selfsame tiny airy form poised again in similar guise before another flower, and a wee forked tongue protruded with lightning speed to probe the inmost recesses of its nectar-bearing tube. Honey and insects the humming-birds suck hastily from the blossoms they visit; for they are really by origin insect-eating birds, and their nearest relatives in the northern hemisphere are our own dingy and inconspicuous little church-haunting and fly-catching English swifts.

I never killed a humming-bird myself—I never had the heart to do it: but a friend who used to come and stay with me, often brought his murderous scientific air-gun, and, sitting leisurely in his bamboo chair under the veranda, used to shoot my pretty visitors with an infinitesimal charge of fine sand, "in the interests of science." When once they were really dead, however killed, there was no cause or just impediment why one should not dissect them: and dissection very soon showed what were the reasons which had induced modern ornithologists, like Mr. A. R. Wallace, to separate the humming-birds in their systematic classifications from the closely similar and brilliant sun-birds, and to place them next in order to the very unlike and commonplace northern swifts. The story of the strange cross-relationship between these three groups of birds and the English swallows is so curious a one, and it throws so much unexpected side-light on the queerly deceptive results often produced by evolution in the animal world, that we cannot do amiss in devoting half an hour to clearing up this odd bit of natural genealogical mystification.

Very few people in England, I suppose, really know the difference between swallows and swifts. We have some three kinds of true swallows in Britain, more or less familiar in our fields and meadows, from the common fork-tailed swallow that skims and curves along the ground in damp weather in pursuit of its flitting insect prey, to the rarer and prettier tiny sand-martins whose deep gallery nests honeycomb the soft sandy banks along the roadsides of our southern counties. But besides these familiar long-winged birds there is another common creature in England, extremely like them in shape, length of wing, and habit of flight; and that is the equally migratory European swift. The swifts come later than the true swallows to this country, and they go away earlier: yet hardly anybody except the regular naturalists ever notices, in all probability, the underlying difference between the two creatures. Most people, as they see the dainty agile birds swooping in long curves around the church steeples where they love to make their airy home, take them merely for large swallows, though they are really hardly any bigger in the body, and owe their deceptive appearance of great size entirely to the immense and disproportionate length of the wing pinions. Yet the swifts, in spite of their close resemblance to the swallow type, must in fact be reckoned as members of a totally different order of birds, and the similarity between them is due, not to any original identity of ancestral descent, but to like modifications of outer shape in adaptation to a like mode of life.

On the other hand, though swallows and swifts, which so closely imitate one another in every external particular, are not at all related in genealogical order; humming-birds and swifts, which differ so immensely from one another in every external particular, are very nearly related indeed. But, as if to complete this queer natural family puzzle, there are in India and other Asiatic countries certain pretty little flower-haunting thrushes, accurately known as the sun-birds, which are so ridiculously like the true humming-birds in shape, size, color, decoration, and flitting habits that they are universally described as humming-birds by all old Anglo-Indians and Eastern travellers outside the restricted naturalist interest. Let us see if we can discover how this odd set of cross-relationships and imitative resemblances has arisen in the simple course of the evolutionary process.

The birds with the history of whose development we have here to deal, all belong to one of two great natural orders, with whose technical peculiarities and distinctions I don't think we need trouble ourselves in any detail to-day. One of these is the order of the

perchers or sparrow-like birds, in which also our own thrushes, blackbirds, crows, larks, finches, and wagtails are included. The other is the order of the woodpeckers, in which must be reckoned our English cuckoos and nightjars, as well as the parrots, toucans, hornbills, trogons, and plantain-eaters of the tropics. The swallows and sun-birds belong to the first of these two great natural divisions: the swifts and humming-birds belong to the second. They may be said to represent one another in the two orders, or, in other words, to be similar modifications of unlike ancestral types specialized for filling the same places in the economy of nature.

And now first let us look at the two duskier and more northern groups, the swifts and swallows. Among the finch-like perching birds there is one considerable division which has taken entirely to living upon the smaller winged insects, and to the habit of catching them while actually on the wing, instead of hunting for them as they settle lightly upon the ground or the foliage of trees. This division is that of the common European swallows and martins. As a consequence, these birds have acquired certain noticeable general peculiarities of form and structure which fit them for their chosen mode of life—peculiarities partly due to increased use of special limbs or muscles, and partly to the constant survival of the best adapted individuals in the constant struggle for existence which everywhere goes on between the members of the same species. From time immemorial, ever since the ancestors of the swallows first took to hawking after flies in the open sunshine, the longest-winged and most powerful swallow must always have secured the largest amount of food for himself and his callow nestlings. As a consequence, such longest-winged birds have always best survived in their own persons and those of their descendants, while their shorter-winged rivals have constantly died out by being distanced in the continuous competition for food and offspring. All the other peculiarities of the swallows follow as a matter of course from these prime features of the primitive race. The body is small and very buoyant; the bones of the pinions are specially shaped for extended flight; the beak is broad and short, so as to snap easily at the prey which the bird pursues open-mouthed through the air; the whole system is in every respect designed for that rapid skimming motion over the grass of meadows which is so characteristic of the entire family. As the swallow hardly ever perches on the ground, its feet are naturally small, and its walking powers extremely feeble. Its insect food being abundant in the north during the summer only, it is necessarily also a migratory bird, and it passes the winter months in Algeria or Central Africa, returning to England, like other winter tourists, about April or May. Altogether it may be looked upon as the very type of a rapidly-flying, insect-hunting modification of the original sparrow form.

Now, among the totally unlike woodpecker group of birds, there is also a family which has taken quite independently to just the very selfsame mode of life, by catching midges and small mayflies as they hover lightly poised above grass or water. This family is that of the beautiful and graceful English swifts. There are other members of the woodpecker group which have adopted to some extent similar habits, especially the family of the goatsuckers or mosquito-hawks, including our own nightjars and the American whip-poor-wills—nocturnal birds, which prowl after the insects that love the dusk, and have so acquired comparatively long wings and considerable power of pinion. But in these respects the swifts far surpass them, excelling even the swallows themselves in their marvellous breadth of wing and sustained endurance in the air. The same bones which have grown long in the swallow have for the same reason grown still longer in the swift: there is the same broad short beak, the same smallness and feebleness of the feet, the same habit of living almost entirely on the wing, the same migratory instinct, necessitated by the similar annual deficiency of food. Even the practice of building round about habitations is common to both races, for though the swift is the better ecclesiologist of the two kinds, loving to perch his nest under the tall pinnacles of some cathedral steeple, yet the swallow, too, is fond of churches, and neither bird wholly despises the shelter of overhanging cottage eaves. So like, in fact, have the two kinds become by this independent modification to similar circumstances, that they were long counted by earlier naturalists as members of a single great family. As our modern evolutionary biologists put it, the two groups, though originally quite distinct, have converged in external adaptive characters. How, then, are we able now to discover their primitive ancestral unlikeness? Simply by certain deep-seated unlikenesses in certain unobtrusive but structurally important anatomical points. Into the details of these points (which are by no means attractive to the untechnical mind) it is not necessary here to enter fully: it must suffice to say that in five main particulars the swift differs essentially from the swallows, and agrees with the woodpecker group, and more especially with its own near relations, the humming-birds: and these five particulars are the shape and outline of the breastbone, the distribution of the feathers on the skin, the arrangement of the muscles of the toes, the number of the tail feathers, and the want of a vocal organ on the windpipe. Such deep-seated points of structure serve as clues to the real ancestral relationships of animals: the mere external likenesses often depend only (as in this case) on similarity of accidental circumstances and mode of life.

When we pass on to consider the respective development of the sun-birds and the humming-birds, this cardinal truth is even more fully forced upon us. The sun-birds belong to the order of perchers—that is to say, the same group which includes the swallows and sparrows, not that which includes the

swifts and humming-birds. But instead of hunting insects in the open, like the swallows, they have taken to the habit of eating the honey of tropical flowers, which they extract from the nectaries at the base of the long funnel-shaped tubes so common in big showy southern blossoms. It is easy enough to see how a family of insect-eating birds, inhabiting the forests and jungles of Africa and India, might readily undergo this simple change of taste and habit. Large numbers of insects are always to be found searching for honey around the mouths of brilliant scarlet or crimson flowers; and it was the insects, not the nectar, in the first place, that the ancestral sun-birds originally took to collecting from the base of the blossoms. Naturally enough, they would learn to hunt for them where they were most abundant; and it is a significant fact that the nearest relatives of the sun-birds, such as our own English creepers, feed entirely off an unmixed insect diet. Indeed, the sun-birds themselves are still to a great extent insectivorous: for though they now feed largely on honey, they take their honey a good deal mixed with casual weevils or flies, and in confinement they do not refuse small worms, ants' eggs, and bits of bread sweetened to their taste in sugar and water. Still, they have naturally undergone a great deal of modification in adaptation to their acquired habits of flower-haunting and honey-eating. The bill has become very long and slender with a curved point, so as to probe the inmost recesses of the long trumpet-shaped Indian flowers; the tongue has grown extremely long and extensile, so that it can be rapidly darted out to ransack the deep nectary and catch the insects that flutter in its honeyed depths: the body and wings have been fitted not for swooping in great curves like the swifts and swallows, but for poising easily in front of an open bell, and there treading the air motionless, as it were, while the bird extracts the flies and honey from the flower before it. Almost all the sun-birds are also creatures of a remarkably brilliant plumage, generally glistening with metallic lustre, for a reason which we shall have a little later to consider. It is no wonder, therefore, that they should so commonly be taken for humming-birds by the world at large, seeing that the two classes resemble one another in all these important points of external appearance, while they differ only in matters of minute anatomy, indistinguishable to the unlearned eye. Nevertheless, the sun-birds are certainly by descent modified and specialized sparrow-like birds, while the humming-birds are modified and specialized allies of the English swifts.

Sun-birds are only found in Africa and India, including the Malayan region: true humming-birds, as everybody knows, are entirely confined to the American continent. In other words, the same place in nature which has been occupied in the tropics of the old world by a group of sparrow-like birds, has been occupied in the tropics of the new world by a group of highly developed swifts. Hence the humming-birds, though descended from a totally different ancestral stock, have in the end acquired almost every one of the peculiar features which the sun-birds display in our own eastern continental area. The same conditions have in the end produced in both cases pretty much the same results. At some remote period, a group of tropical American swifts began to hunt for insects among the tubes of flowers, exactly as the ancestral sun-birds began to do in the eastern hemisphere. Gradually, as the habit of flower-haunting became more and more pronounced, the organization of the birds began to depart, under the influence of natural selection, more and more widely from the primitive swift-like type. The birds best adapted to the new circumstances survived and intermarried, while the worst adapted died constantly out. The short, broad bill was thus slowly lengthened into the extremely long, slender, and graceful beak of the modern humming-birds, and the wings were adapted to the rapid, darting flight from flower to flower, and the habit of poising stationary in front of the chosen bunch of blossoms. Yet to the end, the humming-birds in their anatomical peculiarities still remain essentially swifts, and are easily distinguished by a naturalist from the externally similar but fundamentally different perching sun-birds. Indeed, Mr. Wallace has shown that humming-birds even now live, like the swifts, mainly on insects, and when he tried to feed some young humming-birds in captivity on sugar and water alone, he found they refused that unwonted fare in favor of flies and spiders. In short, young humming-birds are still essentially in the swift stage of their development.

Now it is easy enough to understand why both sun-birds and humming-birds, living a closely similar life in every respect, should resemble one another in most of their adaptive peculiarities, in spite of their original difference in origin and pedigree. It is even easy enough to understand why both sets of birds should be so extremely small and dainty in form, because their food consists merely of tiny insects and honey, which would be insufficient to support a larger creature: they are, in fact, birds almost reduced in practice to the level of bees or butterflies. But it is not so easy at first sight to see why both groups, instead of being dull and dingy, like the sparrows, swallows, and swifts, should be almost uniformly adorned with the most exquisite hues, and the most brilliant metallic sheen. Here I believe the analogy of the butterflies affords us a most pregnant hint. Creatures which feed much among bright-colored flowers and fruits seem to acquire a decided taste for brilliancy of hue: the patch of scarlet, or blue, or lilac, or orange which is to them the visible symbol of success in their search for food, comes at last, apparently, to have a certain distinct æsthetic value in their eyes on its own account. The taste for color thus produced reacts after a time upon their own plumage: the brightest and most beautiful among their fellows are preferred as mates, while the duller and dingier are passed over and neglected in favor of

their more lovely peers. Generation after generation, the more brilliantly colored or decorated humming-birds and sun-birds have been steadily favored by this special preferential selection, till at last we get all the exquisite metallic lustre of our modern topazes, and emerald-hummers, and ruby-throats, and amethystines. Both families are now noticeable, too, not only for the general splendor of their hue in their ordinary plumage, but also for the profuseness of their special decorative appendages such as crests, ruffs, lappets, collars, and tail plumes. It is a very significant fact that these decorations are much more frequent and beautiful in the male birds than in the hens, and that in many observed cases the brilliant orange and crimson tufts are especially displayed in rivalry between two emulous lovers, each striving to attract the attention of some coy and retiring future mate. So close, indeed, is the connection between the flower-haunting habits and the ordinary beauty of humming-birds and sun-birds, that in two small minor branches of the two families we find both characteristics are absent together. There is one little set of humming-birds which have never acquired the common flower-sucking habits of their class, but which still hunt for minute insects in exposed situations; and these creeping kinds, instead of being richly dight in purple and gold, after the fashion of their beautiful flower-sucking kindred, are mere inconspicuous little brown birds, no gayer in plumage than common northern wrens or titmice. Again, there is a similar little group of sun-birds, known as the spider-hunters, which have no brilliant metallic coloring, and which catch their food among the big and uncolored spathes of the various palm-trees. In short, only where the practice of flower-feeding exists among them do the humming-birds and sun-birds exhibit their peculiarly brilliant and characteristic metallic ornamentation.

To sum up, then, we may say briefly that humming-birds are highly specialized tropical or sub-tropical American swifts, deeply modified by their flower-haunting habits in two distinct and separate directions. Their shapes, mode of flight, long bills, and bodily structure generally, are due to survival of the fittest, in accordance with the practical necessities of their flower-feeding life. Their beauty is due to their own long-exerted selective action, based upon an æsthetic taste for color stimulated and quickened by the beautiful blossoms amongst which their days are passed.—GRANT ALLEN, in *The English Illustrated Magazine.*

OUR GROWING AUSTRALIAN EMPIRE.

THE few persons amongst the English people who profess to take an interest in the progress of the Australian colonies as frequently surprise Australians by the novelty of their views of what we are doing as do the tens of thousands by their utter indifference concerning us. Even those who have visited our principal sea-port cities and have run two or three hundred miles into the country on our railways will draw pictures of our condition which it is often very difficult to recognize. A few years ago a large manufacturer of the midland counties, who had been a candidate for a seat in the House of Commons, told me that he took much interest in New South Wales. "Only last week," he said, "I sent a large shipment of goods to Melbourne." I explained that Melbourne was not in New South Wales. "Oh, no, certainly," he replied; "your capital, I believe, is Hobart Town." A few days ago, while in conversation with an intelligent man about Australia, I happened to speak of the native-born inhabitants, when I was coolly asked, "What color are they?" It never occurred to this gentleman that I was speaking of Englishmen like himself except for the happy accident of having been born under a brighter sky. The singular and smile-provoking inquiries which are often made by gentlemen who are anxious to give their sons a start in Australia afford curious illustrations of the solecistic views which are entertained of those distant parts of the Empire. It is asked what a young man with so much money could do in New South Wales or in Queensland, without the faintest reference to the young man's fitness for doing anything anywhere. The same question with the same simplicity would never be asked of Yorkshire or Lancashire. Again, in commercial and monetary circles, the question is what profitable thing can be done with Australia, and never what advantage can arise to Australia by our drawing closer to the parent state. We are seldom thought of by any class of the English at home as forming "an integral part of the Empire," though it is easy and pleasant to adorn a political speech with that hackneyed quotation.

But the young States growing up in the Southern hemisphere now contain at least fifty thousand over three millions of British people, and the rate of development and consolidation is certainly not slower than in other favored regions of the earth. In the older Australian colonies, and time will soon make it the case in all, there exist none of the prudential reasons, or reasons enforced by necessity, which exist in old and thickly-peopled countries, for shunning the responsibilities of married life. Every year increases, not only absolutely but relatively in regard to preceding years, the number of marriages among the young men and women born of the soil; and these marriages for the most part follow fast upon maturity. The births alone in the future will give a large and an ever-increasing volume of fresh brain and muscle to the population. And, of course, every year henceforward, as the facts of Australian progress force themselves on the attention of the people of other countries, immigration from other parts will go on ever increasing. The increase of the future years must not be calculated from what has taken place in the past, as the very basis of all such calculations will go on expanding itself.

There are some conditions and qualities of life in the Australian populations which are continually omitted from the view of English observers, but which, whether observed or not, will tell forcibly in determining the course of Australian progress. These conditions and qualities, no doubt, are most apparent now in the older colonies, but it is only a question of a few years when they will prevail in all. In the first place, it should always be borne in mind that the population of Australia is more purely British than any other outside the shores of Britain. In the great and rapidly-extending Empire of the United States the elements of race are strangely varied and incurably conflicting. The large masses of the German and other foreign nations of Europe are assimilated by the Anglo-American masses, and speedily help to form one people, but a people with marked differences from the people of Great Britain. But the African millions remain, and must long remain, in social isolation. The far-off day cannot yet be discerned when they will mix with the other mingling streams of the American people. If we turn to Canada, we find the nationality which prevailed before the Conquest still so strong that the proceedings of the Dominion Parliament have necessarily to be conducted in French as well as English. In the South African colonies the English have to contend with foreign elements still more marked and disturbing. In Australia alone a purely British people are growing into national power and influence under entirely new conditions; and new qualities of individual and national life grow almost imperceptibly out of these new conditions. The English people in Australia, I mean in the mass, are equally removed from the rigors of English climate and the grinding pressure of English poverty. No man need suffer from want of food or from want of warmth. They are equally removed from the disturbing movements of the great military powers of Europe. Every man may pursue his own peaceful avocation, little caring what his fellows may be doing around him, and never distracting himself with the causes of national quarrel which threaten the peace of other parts of the world. Politically the English people in Australia enjoy a condition of equal rights not excelled by the liberties enjoyed by the people of the United States or of any other country. Every man is as good as, and no better than, his fellow citizen, except in so far as he may be greater than he in citizen virtue. Something more must be said which, I hope, will not jar upon the patriotic sensibilities of my countrymen. The population of Australia in the mass is of firmer fibre and more wakeful energy than the mass within the shores of Great Britain. At present the two great classes are the Immigrant and the Native-born. Of the persons who emigrate from the United Kingdom it may be safely said that of late years they have been the pick of their class; men of industrious and provident habits, of adventurous spirit, of some means, however small, and sustained by an anxious resolve to secure a happier lot for their children than they have had themselves. The regulations under which emigration is carried on by New South Wales contain stringent provisions for insuring sound and vigorous health and good moral character in the emigrants, and, at the same time, preserving the proportions from the three kingdoms already existing in the population of the colony. This latter provision for preserving the mixed British character of the population as it now exists will, I believe, be scrupulously maintained by the Legislature of New South Wales. Its actual operation will be seen in the proportions from England, Ireland, and Scotland by the last three ships despatched from Plymouth to Sydney, all of which are now afloat.* The three vessels carried out 1202 British emigrants, of whom 911 were English, 210 Irish, and 81 Scotch. If, then, the Immigrant portion of the population is composed of men and women of the better stamp, it will not, I think, be a matter of surprise if their children, born under such favorable conditions, feel a higher sense of existence than is felt by the corresponding class of boys and girls within the British Isles. They have never, as a rule, known what it is to be pinched for food, or to wear patched garments, or to pine for the ordinary advantages of education, or to wince in their young hearts under the patronizing notice of a great personage. They are free as their fathers are free, and as all around them are free. They have before them an open field for steady effort in which their fathers have done well and in which they hope to do better. Well housed, well fed, well instructed, well cared for in every respect, these sons and daughters of the soil—these English men and women born in Australia—grow up a bold, self-reliant, prosperous class. To many of the highest qualities of the true type of the English gentleman or lady is added the feeling of a warm Australian patriotism. The Immigrant father may have long looked back to his native land with heart-saddening regrets—

> But not a pang that England's name imparts
> Shall touch a fibre of his children's hearts.

Admitting frankly, as must be admitted, that society in these young countries is less adorned by men and women of high culture and refinement, it may yet be asserted that knowledge is more generally diffused among the bulk of the people. What I mean is, that if you were to take a thousand persons representing the common run of Englishmen and a thousand representing the common run of Australians, there would be found a larger proportion in the latter who would have a clear knowledge of what was going on in the world around them. I could not produce statistics in support of what I am going to advance, but I believe from observation that there is a larger relative proportion of the Australian population than of the English who read the English reviews and newspapers, to say nothing of the productions of the Colonial press.

* This was written early in November.

In the larger classes which form the basis of society there is plenty and to spare for every one, as a rule, in Australia. If newspapers and books are wanted, they can easily be procured. It not unfrequently is the case that a member of the local Parliament discovers in some remote home in the country a person who has a clear record of votes and speeches of his which he himself has forgotten. I have discovered this in my own case, and I have frequently heard of it in the case of others. Not long ago I was travelling by a night coach through a forest, and a man, who was stationed there in the loneliest spot imaginable to supply a change of horses at two o'clock in the morning, was found reading a volume from a little well-selected library in his bark hut, and he received regularly the principal daily paper from Sydney. In illustration of the well-to-do condition of the inhabitants in the country, I may perhaps be pardoned in mentioning that some years ago I was a candidate for a country electorate, where I held a meeting in a schoolhouse in a remote corner of the district. About sixty men assembled in the schoolhouse, and about the same number of horses, on which they had ridden in to attend the meeting, were fastened to the fences around the schoolhouse. Among all, the Immigrant and Native-born alike, there is unquestionably a stronger spirit of individual independence than is to be found in the rural populations or even in the town populations at home. And yet one other characteristic of the Australian population must be noted, which not only is unnoticed by strangers, but is generally overlooked by the dwellers in the large Australian cities. The men and women born in the rural districts are for the most part creatures of fine stature and muscular limb, full of bounding vitality, and capable of almost any physical achievement, and, above all things, attached to the soil of their birth. When we recollect that the sparseness of population is such as to give less than one soul to a square mile of country, we shall see what wide room there is to fill in with this robust material of a State.

I have tried to point out what appears to me the special features of character in the English in Australia. For a moment let us glance at what they are doing for themselves, for England, and for the world. As just stated, those English people in all Australasia number to-day at least 3,050,000 souls. The majority of these are in Victoria and New South Wales, which two great colonies, if it were not for the temporary successes of empirical legislators, have nearly everything in common. These two form a fair nucleus for the gathering empire of the world. In a short time the whole will have 7000 miles of railway in operation, and more than 50,000 miles of telegraphs, with the work of construction steadily going on. To say nothing of their wool and their animal food, their coal, gold, and other minerals, these young countries produced in the last season, of which we have statistical returns, 29,675,899 bushels of wheat, 11,718,264 bushels of oats, and 6,326,050 bushels of maize, besides other cereals; and the infant wine industry gave a yield of 1,438,060 gallons. With these results of their industrial progress before the world, they have something like 1,800,000,000 acres of land which have never passed under the seal of private ownership. But what have they done for England and foreign countries? While subjugating the wilds of nature, building cities, bridging rivers, and piercing the interior with railways, they have called into existence a sea-borne commerce which largely exceeds the yearly value of 100,000,000*l.*

Here we have an imperfect picture of the Young England growing up in Australasia, which, in all the best characteristics of the race, is more English than Old England herself. What it is at the end of 1883 it will not be at the end of 1884; but an English people of larger growth, newer aspirations, more extended enterprises, and stouter vigor. And so on year by year, the progress of this Young England will be more and more accelerated. We turn at once to the statesmen who sway the destiny of the Empire, and curiously ask, What will they do with it? It is certain that the present relations, the present modes of treatment, and especially the unconscious estimate of the colonies as a subordinate portion, a convenient appendage, of the Empire, cannot go on forever. Whatever it may be, change must come. The young man, full of hope and emulation, cannot continue to play his part before the world in the boy's jacket. If it be urged, as I have heard it urged, that there is no feeling of the inferiority of the colonies in the minds of Englishmen at home, I turn to Professor Seeley's thoughtful book on "The Expansion of England." He is not a colonist, nor does he move in circles where the colonial view is likely to be contracted, and he tells us plainly that the feeling constantly crops out in the daily speech of the English people. "We constantly betray by our modes of speech," he writes, "that we do not reckon our colonies as really belonging to us. Thus, if we are asked what the English population is, it does not occur to us to reckon in the population of Canada and Australia." If we are not reckoned as English people, and yet not as foreign people, what kind of status must we occupy in the British-Isles-limited English mind? If we are neither flesh nor fowl, are we regarded as good red herring?

I do not belong to those who attribute to the Liberal party in England a settled desire for the disintegration of the Empire, or a lopping-off of some of its far-away outshoots. We must recollect that an essential part of the political creed of English Liberals is a watchful care for the English taxpayer, the enforcement of economy in the public expenditure. Every vote in Parliament, and every word of advocacy out of doors, must be made to harmonize with these professions of Liberal policy. It may be expected, therefore, that all proposals to create new offices, and to extend the territorial limits of the Empire, will be viewed with scrutiny and caution, not to say unreserved objection, by the Liberals. The justification for a new advance, or for the maintenance of the old lines, must be made pal-

pably clear to them before it receives their sanction. But I can call to mind no public utterance of any leader of the Liberal party which, fairly examined in connection with his public life, would lead to the conclusion that he is indifferent, any more than his fellow subjects outside the ranks of his party, to the maintenance of the Empire in all its colossal proportions. I believe I am justified in saying that the great Englishman at the head of the Government is fervently anxious to preserve for Her Majesty's successors the free and united Empire over which she herself reigns. As I have no evidence to support any charge of this kind, I do not complain of the conduct of any individual statesman. On the contrary, it must be admitted, and it is acknowledged with gratitude, that the Australian colonies owe a large part of the liberties which they at present enjoy to the wisdom of Liberal statesmen. Still less can it be reasonably charged against the English public that there is any design to inculcate a feeling of indifference towards the colonies. What is alleged and what is keenly felt, is that the English people in the colonies are insensibly regarded as holding some kind of secondary place in the relations of the Empire, as not "belonging to" the English people at home in the same sense as one part of the nation belongs to all other parts in the United Kingdom. If this prevailing tendency not to "reckon" us as Englishmen arises from habits of thought and the casual interchange of sentiment in daily life, it only makes the national slight the more pointed and galling. If it is part of the growth of the contemporary mind, silently assented to by governing men and people alike in the mother country, the prospect of a true consanguineous and enduring relationship is next to hopeless.

Amongst the population which I have tried to describe as fast taking form in Australia, the rude sentiments of independence will not lack indigenous nourishment. The thought, expressed or unexpressed, will be "If England has difficulty in reckoning us as Englishmen, we are all the prouder of being Australians." Some form of national pride must take root, and spread itself wide and deep in the soil, and it must inevitably be one of two forms—either truly British, as sharing on equal terms in all the glory of the Empire, or separately and purely Australian, creating a peculiar glory all its own. There will be no possibility of contentment with the status of a Dependency in the Imperial system. In another ten years there will be an addition to the population of Australasia of two millions or nearly, and the boundless resources of the wide territory will be developed to an extent beyond the power of the imagination to foreshadow. The sense of having achieved will stimulate the passion for higher achievement. The successful in adventure and enterprise will want other rewards than the mere accumulation of wealth. The awakening ambitions of the gifted and heroic will need fitting spheres for their honorable gratification. There will be room for all on the common field of a great and united Empire. Or possibly, by some untoward turn of events, a field may be found under the flag of a new Commonwealth.

I believe most thoughtful men in the public life of Australia are in favor of the British path of destiny. But it may be doubted whether any of the schemes for political change which from time to time have been propounded would help us much in that direction. The representation of the colonies in the Imperial Parliament, which has been more than once proposed, would be abortive from the first, and end in creating new jealousies and discontents. Any number of members for Australia that could in the nature of things be entitled to sit in the House of Commons would have no appreciable weight in the decisions of that body, while their admission would be in conflict with the principle that no member should be charged with the advocacy of special interests. This seems to me fatal to any such scheme, without touching upon the difficulty of sending properly qualified men to Westminster from the other side of the globe, and keeping them correctly informed of the progress of matters at so great a distance. The scheme for introducing into the British Cabinet a Minister in some way specially designated by the colonies would, I think, fail from kindred causes of failure, to say nothing of it being inconsistent with the free selection of colleagues by the person charged with the formation of a Government. In meeting the needs arising out of the steady and rapid growth of the colonies some organic change in the constituted form of the Imperial Government must be faced. The constitution of our fathers must be made to fit the great Empire for which it certainly was not in the first place designed. What was suitable to the time of William and Mary, and gave embodiment to the notion of Dependencies which then prevailed, is no longer applicable to the vast proportions of the Empire and the spirit of freedom which has been rooted and is actively stirring in the more distant parts. I naturally treat the whole question from an Australian standpoint, and my reasonings and suggestions can only incidentally or inferentially have any bearing upon India, or Canada, or Africa. But if we can get at a true principle in relation to Australia, its application to all, under necessary modifications, will not be involved in much uncertainty. In Australia the Liberal statesmen of England have with their own hands sown the seed of freedom and independent authority. They must have foreseen the fruit which the seed would bear. Yet very much the same routine treatment as followed upon the first introduction of Parliamentary Government twenty-seven years ago is pursued at the present day, without any apparent reference to the amazing growth of all the elements of political power which has taken place in the colonies since their emancipation from Downing Street bureaucracy. Even in the act which many persons regard as the most important in the Imperial connection—that of filling the office of Governor—it would be extremely difficult to trace any increasing anxiety, as the colonies advance in the work of self-government, to select the rep-

resentative of the Crown from men of larger constitutional knowledge and experience. But it would not be at all difficult to point out persons who have received that high appointment in the later years who were less fitted to discharge its functions than Governors in the earlier years of Responsible Government. This would hardly deserve notice if it did not lead to the popular impression—and such impressions sink deep in the popular mind, and are not easily removed—that the office is occasionally made a convenience to influential persons at the seat of the Imperial Government rather than the means of strengthening the constitutional relations of the Empire.

Before venturing upon any suggestions of my own as to changes in the Imperial connection, it does not seem out of place to glance at what would probably happen if Australia at any time in the near future separated from England; an event which, whatever surface-loyalists may say to the contrary, is unquestionably not out of the range of possibilities within the next generation. This is no imaginary ground; for there are persons in Australia, and in most of the Australian Legislatures, who avowedly or tacitly favor the idea of separation. If Australia were independent, say towards the close of the century, with five or six millions of inhabitants, she would speedily and beyond all question rise to the position of a great power. Distance from other Powers would alone be to her the element of immense strength. She has already learnt to rely upon herself for the means of armed defence. Unitedly she could pour upon any point large bodies of enthusiastic defenders, without being under the necessity of burdening herself with standing armies. She could easily create a navy adequate to her wants. Within her own shores she would possess all that is imperatively necessary to keep the machinery of civilized society going with the minimum of privation and inconvenience. In the possible case of being cut off from the rest of the world—a very remote probability—she could, better than any other country on the face of the globe, sustain herself. So much for her capabilities. In the event of her national independence, whatever form of government she assumed, she would in all moral certainty receive the cordial recognition of the great Powers. If not sympathy with new-born freedom, jealousy of England would prompt that recognition. Undoubtedly in such an event Australia would put on a new attraction to foreign nations, and possibly to England herself, so perverse is the intellect in discovering too late the value of what is last. New population and new capital, fresh streams of brain and muscle, and material power, would flow in upon her; and while she rose in the estimation of foreign nations, her own prosperous citizens would abide with her, as they do not now abide, and help to do her honor. There would be no fear for the career of Australia as an independent nation. But in my view she would miss her higher destiny, her rightful share in what may be a more glorious rule than mankind has ever yet seen.

The English people in Europe, in America, in Africa, in Asia, in Australasia, are surely destined for a mission beyond the work which has consumed the energies of nations throughout the buried centuries. If they held together in the generations before us in one world-embracing empire, maintaining and propagating the principles of justice, freedom and peace, what blessings might arise from their united power to beautify and invigorate the world! To share in the pacific grandeur of a rule transcending all other forms of dominion, and superior to all other governing powers in capability of improving the condition of mankind, would be better, nobler, more elevating for young Australia than separate national existence, though it were the freest and most prosperous. Under the flag of the United English People, the work of human progress might well go on till the poet's dream melted into the reality of the statesman's achievement—

> Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle flags were furl'd
> In the Parliament of man, the federation of the world.

To bear an honored part in a consummation so glorious, to be included in a confederation so all-powerful and so beneficent, is what my feeble voice would claim for Australia. And this amazing destiny lies clear before the English people, waiting to be entered upon, and easy of accomplishment. England, in her day of narrow purposes, has done many things more difficult than placing herself at the head of the civilized world in the present age.

But to take the colonies with her in this work of world-empire, they must be made part of England herself. The very nomenclature of colonies must be dropped out of existence. In large measure the Australian group have outgrown the condition of colonies. To all intents and purposes they are young States. They govern themselves, they are prepared to defend themselves if occasion should arise, they have led the way in political changes where England herself has followed. Why should they not be designated in future the British States of Australia? In this designation the British feeling and the Australian feeling would habitually and perpetually blend. The term colony means nothing; the term British-Australian State would mean everything. Let the Imperial Government formally invite the present colonies to enter into a federation under some such name as is here suggested, which would signify a closer and higher relationship with the parent State, and in which the sentiments of British pride and Australian patriotism would commingle in one glow of loyalty. "What signifies a name?" may be asked by men who are ever talking of the integrity of the Empire. "It is only a matter of form," said the ease-loving monarch, and evoked the memorable reply of the wiser counsellor, "Your Majesty is only a matter of form!" Momentous issues have been decided by a sentiment; feelings that live in immortal deeds have been called forth by a name. But if this be so, it is not less true that an absurd

name has the opposite effect, and puts a damp on everything. The impediments to federation, and there are impediments, would one by one give way. The union would come almost as a matter of course, though the basis of federation would probably be imperfect at the beginning. There might, for example, be conflicting tariffs left out of the provisions of agreement, to be brought into harmony afterwards. But all the more thoughtful men engaged in political life in Australia have thought out in one form or other the question of federation. As soon as we have an Australian federation in any form, let a Council of Australia, to sit in London, be created on some basis of Australian representation which would afford a fair prospect of securing Australian confidence in its proceedings. This body should be charged with all business between the Australian Governments and Her Majesty's Imperial Government, while the functions of Governor should be limited as much as possible to the class of functions which are discharged by the Sovereign in the present working of the Constitution, and to those State ceremonies which are as necessary, and have their high uses as much in Australia as in England. In treaties with foreign nations why should not Australia, so far as Australian interests may be affected, be at least consulted through her Representative Council? And why should not Englishmen in Australia be on an equal footing with Englishmen within the United Kingdom as recipients of marks of the Royal favor. It is not a question of the value of honors. If we were starting afresh, with a clear field before us, it might be fairly open to doubt whether it would be wise to originate any system of honors. But the question now is, "Why should Her Majesty's subjects in Australia be treated differently from Her Majesty's subjects at home?" and this has to be considered in view of welding together harmoniously and durably all parts of the Empire. If it be replied, as I think I have heard it stated, that there really is no difference shown in this respect at present, my reply is based on a very notable fact. In South Australia, in Victoria, in New South Wales, as in other colonies, we have men of high character and large fortune who have rendered important services to their Sovereign and country, and who deservedly enjoy the respect of their fellow citizens. In what single instance has any one of these men been thought of for the honors of the Peerage, while men, unquestionably inferior to them within the United Kingdom, not unfrequently receive that high consideration from the Crown?

I throw out these suggestions without reserve or hesitation, not as forming any matured plan, but as pointing to the direction in which well-considered changes must take place, if the "integrity of the Empire," which is so often and so lightly on men's lips, is to be preserved. And I claim to have done some little to foster a British spirit and to keep together the elements of British progress in Australia. Whatever may be thought at the present moment, the question raised will very soon present itself with an irresistible demand for solution.

One word on the subject of Australian loyalty. A few days ago I heard a gentleman publicly declare that the Australian colonies were more loyal than England herself. This may be so. I venture on no comparison of the kind. In regard to the large mass of the English people in Australia there can be no doubt of their genuine loyalty to the parent State, and their affectionate admiration for the present illustrious occupant of the Throne: and there need be no fear of their loyalty being tried by injustice and wrong on the part of the Imperial Government. But this loyalty is nourished at a great distance, and by tens of thousands daily increasing, who have never known any land but the one dear land where they dwell. It is the growth of a semi-tropical soil, alike tender and luxuriant, and a slight thing may bruise, even snap asunder, its young tendrils. The sentiment of Australian loyalty may be fairly likened to the passion of human love. It will bear the strain of a common trial, and be the stronger for the sacrifice; it may kindle into resentment at occasional coldness and disdain, and yet live on; but it will wither and die under continued slight and neglect.—SIR HENRY PARKES, M.P., in *The Nineteenth Century*.

THE GUIDE OF ISLAM.

WHO and what is the Mahdi? is a question to which no very detailed answer has been given by the English press since the figure of this "Moslem Messiah" became so suddenly prominent in the political arena through his triumph over the ill-fated army of Hicks Pasha; yet, in order justly to estimate the character and extent of the influence which such a personage may exert in the East, it is surely important clearly to understand the origin of the idea which he represents and the nature of its reception by the Moslem world. The accounts which have been given by newspaper correspondents, and which seem to have been gathered somewhat hastily by oral information, have been imperfect and contradictory; but this is not altogether due to the imperfect understanding of the subject by the questioner or to untrustworthy replies from the Moslem informant, for the number of distinct and apparently conflicting traditions which exist, both in Arab literature and in oral tradition, concerning the expected prophet, is sufficiently great to puzzle, at first, even a very diligent student of the subject. It is not until the true meaning and origin of these legends is understood, and their derivation from the ancient Iranian mythology has been traced, that the real harmony of expressions apparently irreconcilable becomes clearly comprehensible.

First, it is remarkable that the Mahdi, or "guide," whose figure has become so important in Moslem lands, and so familiar even in

the Christian West, is never mentioned in the Korân at all; and although the references to the last judgment in the Suras are numerous and detailed, the eschatology of Islam, and especially the expectations of a time of trouble and of a future prophet, are much later developments of the faith mentioned by commentators and esoteric students who lived in times when the first force and energy of the great wave of Arab conquest had died out, and the expectation of universal power had been disappointed. It is, on the other hand, a mistake to suppose that the dogmas connected with the coming of the Mahdi are of Shiah origin, and not accepted by the Sunni sects. The coming again of the twelfth Imam, who was an historic personage named El Mohdi, and who died or disappeared in the cave near Baghdad in the ninth century A.D., is indeed an important Shiah belief; but the idea of the Imam, a divine incarnation, is distinct from and opposed to the Sunni conception of a predicted "guide" or Mahdi, who is to be a mortal messenger of God, whose coming was foretold, according to the tradition, by Muhammad himself. This distinction it is most important to keep clearly in view. The Shiahs of Persia represent a population of some 15,000,000; the four great Sunni sects together include a total of 145,000,000 souls; and it is to the immense majority of the true believers, and not to the small minority of the Persian schismatics, that the Soudâni prophet consequently appeals. Impartial writers are accustomed generally to assume, first, that the Moslem creed is a very pure and elevated monotheistic faith; secondly, that the Moslem world contrasts with the West in the profoundly religious character of its society, including every class; thirdly, that a fanaticism resting solely on religious conviction is to be recognized among all Moslems, and forms a very dangerous element of Oriental politics; fourthly, that a religious sympathy exists between the faithful in all lands which may render the triumph of Islam in Western Asia a most disastrous circumstance for England in India.

As regards these beliefs I would urge that, after residing for six years in Moslem lands, after studying the religious question with special care among the peasantry, among the upper classes, and among the ruling caste, and after reading the most generally accepted authorities, I have gradually become convinced, first that there is no Moslem nation in existence among whom the faith exists untinged by traces of earlier and lower forms of superstition, and that even in the Korân itself the survival and sanction of such superstition is plainly discernible in spite of much that is noble and spiritual in thought and language. Secondly, that Moslem lands present a spectacle from a religious point of view very closely parallel to that which is usual in the Christian West, and that while there is much real piety and morality among the respectable classes, and much cynical disregard of principle among the ruling and worldly ranks, there is among the Moslem peasantry an indifference to religious dogma and a survival of pagan superstition which exceeds the prejudice and the indifference of the lower classes at home as much as the ignorance and brutality of the Fellah exceeds the condition of our English peasantry. Thirdly, as regards the fanatical spirit, it is important to recognize that massacre and outrage have never arisen in Moslem lands from the mere prompting of religious belief. The political agitator in all lands has found it possible to stir up and direct for his own purposes the fierce and untutored passions of the ignorant and impatient, but where such incitement has not occurred the Moslem lives at peace with the Christian, and the spirit of fanaticism sleeps or is kept in restraint by the ordinary deterrent considerations which are afforded by law and social order. Fourthly, as regards the unity of Islam, no observer who has dwelt among Moslems, who has been able to witness the behavior of Indian Moslem soldiers to the Egyptian Moslem Fellahin, or who has studied the history of Moslem sects, can long remain in ignorance of the fact that the name of Islam covers differences of belief and of interest as wide and deep as those which separate the Armenian from the Roman Catholic, or the Copt from the Nonconformist.

Such views do not arise from cynical disbelief in religious sincerity, but from careful study of the Korân and from much conversation with Moslems of all grades; and experience has led more than one observer to appreciate clearly that Englishmen as a rule overestimate both the purity and sublimity of the Moslem faith on the one hand, and the civilization and intelligence of the Moslem world on the other. We have to deal with a creed which was formulated by men little advanced beyond the condition of the savage, and with a population utterly deficient in education and in power of thought. If, then, we endeavor to treat such beliefs and such races as though they stood equally high in the scale of progress with the educated thought and intelligent social condition of the West, we shall commit a mistake hardly less absurd than that which would be at once recognized if a theorist were to propose the introduction of competitive examinations among the Hottentots or the Todas of India.

The mind of the great genius of Arabia was far too fully occupied with the present to allow of his giving an elaborate system of eschatology to his disciples. The end was near, the great day of judgment was at hand, and on this thought he dwells again and again; but the conception of a future time of trouble, when Islam should be oppressed and faith should fail from earth, is not one which could have prevailed in the day of victory, when the energy of the race was raised to its highest pitch by the intoxication of continual victory and the enjoyment of unhoped-for wealth, voluptuous pleasure, and glorious fame. The expectations to which we must now devote our attention are consequently part of a later development of Islam, when the first flush of conquest had faded, and when doubt had arisen and foreign influences invaded the original conceptions of the victorious faith.

The Mahdi, or "guide," as he is called in common Arabic (more correctly the Muhdi or Mohdi), has been wrongly termed the "Messiah of the Moslems;" for the true Messiah, according to Sunni belief, is "our Lord Jesus," whose coming is also among the signs of the last day. He has also been confused by recent writers with the beast and with ed Dejâl, the false Messiah; but his true character is that of a prophet like Muhammad, and bearing the same name, while his father's name should be 'Abd Allah, his family of the Koreish tribe, and the place of his appearance Arabia. The tradition is referred back to the authority of 'Abdallah Ibn Mas'ûd, and of 'Ali, the Lion of God, but it is not founded on any explicit statement in the Korân. The Soudâni prophet fails, it is true, in many respects to fulfil the traditional expectations, but at least one saving clause exists which may be quoted in his favor, in the passage wherein Muhammad declares, "God knoweth best whom he will appoint for his messenger" (Sura vi. 124).

The signs of the last days are divided into two categories, and of these the eight lesser may be said to have been nearly all fulfilled when the year 1300 of the Hejîra opened and the Mahdi first appeared. The decay of faith, the promotion of mean men to dignity, the rule of slave women over the faithful, tumults and seditions, a war between Islam and the Turks, great distress throughout the earth, and revolt in Irak and Syria are recognized by students of the Sunna as being either already evident or on the brink of fulfilment. Whether the tenth lesser sign be yet fulfilled, and whether Medina now reaches to Yahab, is a detail which may perhaps be known to some of our Arabian explorers.

The greater signs, among which the coming of the Mahdi is reckoned, are seventeen in all, and it must be confessed that some at least among these seem unlikely to be for the present literally fulfilled. The sun must rise in the west; the beast must emerge from the earth near Mecca; the walls of Stamboul must fall by miracle before an invading foe: the Messîh ed Dejâl, or "Lying Anointed One," marked KFR on his forehead, one-eyed, and riding from Irak on an ass, must lay waste the earth. The true Messiah (our Lord Jusus) must appear on the minaret at Damascus, must reign in Jerusalem, and defeat Gog and Magog, and slay ed Dejâl at the gate of Lydda. A massacre of the Jews, an invasion of Syria by the great giants (Gog and Magog), who are to drink dry the sea of Galilee, a smoke which shall fill the world, a relapse of Arabia into paganism, the discovery of hid treasures in Euphrates, the destruction of the Kaaba by negroes, beasts and stones speaking with human voices, a fire in Yemen, a man of the sons of Kahtan wielding a rod, and an icy wind from Damascus which shall sweep away the souls of all who have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, and blow to heaven the Korân itself; these are the great wonders which, together with the coming of the Mahdi, will prepare the way for the tremendous *Yôm ed Dîn*, or final day of judgment.

That some of this imagery is borrowed from the Bible, some of it from Rabbinical tradition, and some from Christianity, with which, in its heretical forms, Muhammad was well acquainted, it is impossible to doubt. Other details seem to have a Persian derivation, and this is perhaps most evident in the case of "the beast" who is to rise on Mount Safa and seal the living, to distinguish the faithful from the infidels. No doubt in some respects this expectation reminds us of the Apocalypse of St. John, but the huge monster described by the commentators recalls the righteous three-legged ass who stands in the ocean, according to the Bundahish, and which will show its neck and its enormous ears in the last days, when the evil creation is to be destroyed. The beast, according to the Sunna, will for three days show her head above earth, reaching to heaven itself. The head is that of a bull, with hog's eyes, stag's horns, the ears of the elephant, the neck of the ostrich. The body is striped like that of a tiger, the legs are like a camel's, with the tail of a ram, and the terrible voice of the ass. It will bring with it the rod of Moses and the seal of Solomon, and with the former the pious man will be marked Mûmen on the forehead, and the infidel will be sealed Kâfir with the latter, before the judgment day. The Persian monster is described as "being very righteous," and the beast of Islam will demonstrate the falseness of every other creed, after which it seems that she is once more to sink into the earth, which now rests on her back, after she has assisted the true Messiah in his conflict with the Mesîh ed Dejâl.

Such briefly are the orthodox apocalyptic expectations of the Sunni Moslems, and without dwelling further upon them or endeavoring to trace them to their origin, and to explain the apparent absurdities of their symbolism, we may now pass on to inquire how far they are believed by the Moslem world in general.

We must not forget that, as in our own land, so among the Moslems, there are many grades of education and many divergencies of belief. The Ulema who receive collegiate training in the dogmas of their religion hold views very different from those of the ignorant peasant who lives in a village without a mosque, who can neither read nor write, and indeed can probably not often repeat the Fathah or first Sûra of the Korân. I have endeavored in several publications to show how little removed from the paganism of the times of ignorance are the prayerless Arab tribes of the Syrian desert, the stone and tree-worshipping Fellahîn of Syria, and the Egyptian peasants, who yet adore the old gods of Khemi under names but little altered, and with attributes easily recognized as derived from those of the companions of Osiris. Such superstitions are condemned, it is true, by the Imams and Softas, who are better acquainted with the teaching of Muhammad, but the survival of local superstitions is far more general in Arab countries than it is in even the most remote corners of Wales, of Scotland, or of Brittany.

The educated student, that is to say the man who can write, can read the Korân, and recite

the principal portions, cannot fail to be aware that intolerance and fanatical hate of the unbeliever were never countenanced by Muhammad. He cannot but recall the words of the Korân, which declare that every nation shall be judged by God from its own book. "Whoso believeth in God and in the last day, and doeth that which is right, upon them shall no fear come, neither shall they be put to shame" (Sura v. 73). Such was the Prophet's judgment with regard to Jews, Christians, and Sabians—those, in fact, to whose sacred literature his own beliefs were so deeply indebted.

Yet in spite of the tolerance of the Korân, and the practice of the early Khalifs, it cannot be denied that fanatical feeling is strongest among the educated Moslem classes, although it may perhaps be doubted how far race hatred, and the sense of injury due to foreign oppression, may really account for a sullenness which is generally attributed to religious hate.

As regards apocalyptic expectations, even among the educated in Islam there is a divergence of opinion perhaps equal to that which is found among ourselves; and among the lower classes the knowledge of the Sunna is far too imperfect and vague to allow of their being considered very deeply impressed with such convictions. The peasantry are as a rule indifferent to religious doctrine, and far more impressed with the mysterious power of the local saint, at whose shrine they worship with sacrifices and dances, votive offerings of lamps, and fruit, and blossoms, than concerned with the tremendous imagery of the Suras and the traditional literature of the faith. In Syria I have heard the peasantry say openly that they had no hope of deliverance by any Mahdi, and if they are stirred by the news which comes from the Soûdan, it is rather because they are interested in an Arab revolt from Turkish tyranny than by reason of any very deep religious convictions as to the fulfilment of the prophecies of the Korân. The orthodox belief in a time of trouble which must precede the triumph of the Mahdi also offers a very convenient excuse for apathy even among the most pious. The appointed time will arrive, and the predestined fate of every soul will be accomplished, say these spiritless fatalists, without any action being necessary on the part of the faithful; and thus while they would flock to the standard of a victorious prophet when he approached sufficiently near, they are content to sit with folded hands so long as the power of the Christian West is evidently in the ascendant.

The danger of the Mahdi's triumph is thus political rather than purely religious, and it is the desperation which arises from the oppression of Arab races by the Turks that we have to fear rather than the fanatical zeal of united Islam. Arabia has long meditated revolt, Syria has long groaned under the rule of fierce Kurdish administrators, and in the army of the Mahdi they perceive a possible nucleus of resistance, by aid of which they may hope to shake off the hated yoke of Turkish authority.

If we may trust the latest news from Syria, it is not merely with the Mahdi that we may have to deal. Secret societies, acting in sympathy with the old party of 'Arâbi, directed, there is only too much reason to fear, by restless spirits who are not Arabs but Europeans (nay, we may even say Englishmen), are plotting in Damascus and elsewhere the ruin of Turkey and the establishment of an Arab khalifate.

It is in the ferment which may thus be created throughout the Levant that the real danger lies, and not in any deep hatred of Englishmen as Christians or of Western civilization as opposed to Islam. It is against an outbreak of the mob on the established system of society, and against the only existing elements of law and order, that the politician has to guard in treating Oriental questions, no less than in guiding the course of Western government. The Mahdi in the Soudan has personally shown himself tolerant towards Christian missionaries and captives, however brutal his wild Berbers may be in the hour of victory. As far as we are able yet to judge we may have to deal not with a blind fanatic, but with an able and calculating leader, whose warlike capabilities may be equalled by his political foresight. At present we know little, but when he has advanced nearer to civilization his success will mainly depend on the strength and wisdom of his personal character. That he is the ally, if not the nominee, of the slave-traders there is every reason to believe; that he is favorably regarded by the Meccan religious leaders (who have a special interest in slave-trading) seems to be indicated by the reported refusal of the Sherîf to denounce the Soudâni as an impostor. It is not impossible that he may yet make his way to the holy city, and set Arabia and Syria in flames before trying his strength against the Assouan fortifications. True, he is not an Arab by birth, and he is of a black hue, which might be thought unacceptable by the Semitic Moslems; but such traditional considerations have very little weight in comparison with the prestige of his victory over an English general; and not only the favoite heroes of Arab legends (Antar, and Zir, and Jandabah), but even Moses himself, according to Moslem tradition, was as black as the Berber Mahdi.

It should also not be forgotten that the traditions relating to the Mahdi represent him sometimes as arising in some remote country and not in Arabia, but that in this case he is expected to march on Mecca, when the blood of Moslems will be shed like water in the streets of the holy city. There is thus a spiritual as well as a practical reason why the Soudâni prophet should attempt to reach Arabia, and the defence of Suakim becomes consequently of primary importance.

In General Gordon we possess a representative who understands the nature of the movement as here indicated, and who knows the Arab and the negro alike. Gordon's success will be England's success; Gordon's failure (but General Gordon does not fail) would be a most serious blow to the prestige of England. All political parties are thus in agreement on

this point, that, through thick and thin, General Gordon must be supported by England.

There remains, however, a class of Moslems for which no parallel can be found in the West, namely that of the Derwish orders, to one of which the Mahdi belongs. While 'Arâbi Pasha way lying entrenched at Tell-el-Kebir, the desert slopes around his camp were thronged with these holy men, and their prophecies decided on more than one occasion the movements of the Egyptian troops. The English army at Kassassin unwittingly owed its water-supply to the religious scruples of a respected Derwîsh from Upper Egypt, and Korân-readers were found among the prisoners who fell into our hands after the first engagements. The power of the great Derwîsh societies, and the widely spreading ramifications of their organization, render them of the greatest importance on an occasion when, as in the present case, their members are instructed by an energetic and able chief. The agents who have spread the news of the Mahdi's success in Africa, in Arabia, and even as far as Euphrates, appear to be members of the Derwîsh orders, and the victories of the Mahdi seem in part at least to have been due to the blind devotion of his Derwîsh ghâzîs.

The Derwîsh orders are secret societies, with rules of initiation, oaths of obedience, mystic ceremonials and symbols, and all the paraphernalia of organizations which demand unhesitating obedience to the commands of an autocratic chief believed to act by divine inspiration. There are good reasons for supposing (though there is no time now to enter deeply into the question) that the higher grades of initiation gradually lead up to a scepticism such as is known to have distinguished the old Ismâileh sect in the early days of Islam, but the danger which arises from the action of the Derwîsh orders is all the more serious because the leaders of the societies are influenced by worldly considerations rather than by fanaticism, while they can count with certainty on the devotion of the numerous members of the lower grades whose zeal requires no stimulus beyond a simple order from the sheikh. The Mahdi is said to belong to the Kadrîyeh order, which is highly venerated in Egypt, and which preserves many curious pagan superstitions, including the worship of the gigantic shoe of their founder. They are distinguished by white banners, and are said to carry fishing-nets in procession; and with the Málawîyeh and Ahmedîyeh they are among the most powerful of the Derwîsh orders in Egypt and in Syria as well.

Such are the forces arrayed in Africa and Arabia against the *de facto* Khalif and against the Western world. It is not easy to calculate the strength of the movement or the limits of its activity, but in many respects the condition of the East is not unlike that which existed when Muhammad's victories became possible, and not unlike that of Southern Italy when Garibaldi dared to strike the blow which shattered the Neapolitan kingdom. Were England and France to hold their hand, and content themselves with action limited strictly to the extent of their own interests, it is clearly within the range of probability that Turkey might soon find itself engaged in a desperate struggle with its Arab subjects, and the Sultan involved in a rebellion directed against his strongest claim to the Khalifate, which consists in the *de facto* argument that he has possession of the two sanctuaries of Mecca and Jerusalem.

The Sultan's claims are no doubt in other respects very weak. He is not of the Koreish tribe, and not even of Arab race; but the office of the Khalif or "successor" is founded on the old patriarchal system of Arab government, which seeks not a hereditary successor so much as a strong man, and which recognizes the power of the sword, the guardianship of the two Harams, and the possession of the holy relics (the Prophet's cloak and the sword of Omar) as real claims in the pretension of the Sultan to the sacred office of Prince of the Faithful—claims equally strong with the somewhat doubtful nomination of Sultan Selîm by the last of the Abbaside family. It is remarkable that the Mahdi's denunciations seem to be directed against the Sultan and the Turks rather than against the English or the French, and it must not be forgotten that war with the Turks and the invasion of Mecca by a negro army are among the greater signs of the end which have already been enumerated. It is for this reason that it becomes as vitally important to the Sultan as to the Khedive himself that Suakim and other harbors on the western shores of the Red Sea should be most carefully guarded, to prevent the possibility of a sudden transfer of the centre of disturbance from the Soudan to the Hejâz.

The question of the effect which the Mahdi's victories may have on the minds of Indian Moslems is one which is considered of importance scarcely inferior to that of the line of conduct which it may compel us to pursue in Egypt; yet it is little more than a year since we were able to trust our Indian Moslem regiments to fight in our behalf against their co-religionists in Egypt in a war which had been publicly proclaimed as a jehâd against the infidel. It may perhaps be seen from what has been said above that the supposed religious sympathy of Moslems in different parts of the world, belonging to different races and various sects, and having conflicting interests and very different beliefs, is a sentiment of which the weakness has been proved by the failure of the Sultan's pan-Islamic schemes. The Indian Moslems are of the Shafi or broad school, while the Turks are Hanifeh and the Egyptian peasantry Maleki; and not only does this sufficiently broad distinction exist, but the best authorities (as quoted by Barth and by Herklotz) agree that the Moslem faith in India is deeply tinged with Brahminical and Buddhist ideas, which render it distinct as a system from the Islam of the Levant. It has, in fact, more in common with the Shiah tradition than with any Sunni form of orthodoxy, and the irremediable schism between Persia and the Sunni sects is too well known to need more than a passing allusion. The

Mahdi will not influence the Persian Moslems, and it is extremely doubtful whether his pretensions will excite any dangerous emotion among our Indian Moslems so long as he is known to be powerless against the strength of England in Egypt. The Indian Moslems, in short, like those of the Levant, are more keenly impressed with veneration for local deities (for such strangely composite figures, for instance, as Buddi ed Dîn) than with the apocalyptic expectations of the Korân literature. Their eyes are turned homewards rather than to the cradle of their faith, and although so large a proportion of the Mecca pilgrims are Indian, the Eastern Moslem is debarred by difference of language, of custom, and of race from any very intimate association with the pilgrims who come from Arab-speaking lands. The fellah in Egypt and the Moslem sowar in our Indian army meet as strangers, with sentiments respectively of fear and of contempt, and so do the various races who all profess Islam meet together at Mecca.

It must, however, be confessed that we are confronted by a dilemma due to the victories of the Mahdi in the Soudan which may prove more serious than even that of 1882. It is recognized by many writers that 'Arâbi carried with him the sympathy of the whole native population of Egypt, yet the triumph of 'Arâbi could not be calmly contemplated by any sober statesman. The elements of stability cannot be expected to be found in the government of Arab lands by a race which has so long been subject to foreign rule as to have lost the very tradition of power, and which fails to produce men of sufficient education and ability for the successful conduct of government. Thus, though the sentiment common among Englishmen in favor of native self-government and against foreign domination may incline us to view with favor the revolt of the Arab race against Turkish corruption and oppression, it must unfortunately be allowed by all who have studied the question on the spot that the elements of stability and order are to be found at present only on the other side, and that the attempt at self-emancipation must entail heavy responsibility on both England and France, if not on other nations.

If we are prepared to substitute for the foreign power of Turkey our own power as protectors, then no doubt we may witness with equanimity the revolt of the Arab and African races from the tyranny of Turkish misrule. We cannot, however, hope that the destruction of the power of the Porte will lead to the establishment of a purer, stronger, and more civilized *régime*, if the material of the governing class is to be sought solely among the barbarous native Moslem classes of Arab birth. Anarchy and bloodshed will be the inevitable fate of the Levantine countries when the present system is overthrown, unless protected states, or governments framed on the principles of that which has made the Lebanon prosperous and free, are substituted by the influence of the European powers immediately interested in the matter.

Prophets have arisen in every country since Islam was first promulgated, and have failed generally to produce any lasting impression; but prophets came and failed before Muhammad succeeded, and if the strong man of genius be again come to Islam, it will require something stronger than the forces at the command of General Gordon and Baker Pasha to stop the course of his triumphant advance. In the Derwîsh organization the Mahdi possesses a power which is of the highest value in spreading a knowledge of his success, and in the slave-trading interest he has a strength which will win him support along the whole line whereby the African captives are led through Mecca and the Hejâz to the north. It is not then fanaticism and religious pretensions that we have most to fear in the Mahdi, but the very human element of his influence over the wild populations of Africa, Arabia, and Syria.—Capt. C. R. Conder, R.E., in *The Fortnightly Review*.

SENILIA: PROSE POEMS BY IVAN TURGENIEF.

II.

THE WORKMAN AND THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HANDS.

Workman. Why do you come here? What do you want? You do not belong to us! Be off!

The Man with the White Hands. I do belong to you, brother.

Workman. No, indeed! You, one of us! What an idea! Look at my hands! Are they not soiled? They smell of animals and of manure: but look at yours, they are white; how can they smell?

The Man with the White Hands (*offering his hands*). There; smell them!

Workman. What the devil is this? They seem to smell of iron!

The Man with the White Hands. They do. For six years they were hung with chains.

Workman. And wherefore?

The Man with the White Hands. Because I labored for your welfare; because I longed to free you—lowly, ignorant men; because I resisted your oppressors—revolted. . . . This is why I was imprisoned!

Workman. So! Imprisoned? And who bade you revolt?

TWO YEARS AFTER.

Another Workman (*to the first*). Listen, Peter; the last summer but one since, a Man with White Hands came here; he talked with you!

The first Workman. Well! what of him?

The other Workman. Only think; he is to be hanged to-day! That is the sentence.

The first Workman. Has he revolted again?

The other Workman. Yes.

The first Workman. So! . . . I say, bro-

ther Dmitry, cannot we manage to get hold of a piece of the rope with which he will be hanged? They say that great, great luck will befall the house which possesses such a rope.

THE OTHER WORKMAN. That is true, brother Peter; we must try to do so.

April, 1878.

THE ROSE.

THE last day of August—the beginning of autumn.

The sun is sinking. An unexpected but swiftly-passing shower of rain, without thunder and lightning, has just fallen over our wide plain.

The garden before the house glowed in the red evening, and steamed with the moisture of the rain.

She sat by the table in the drawing-room, and gazed fixedly and thoughtfully through the half-opened door into the garden.

I knew what was passing in her mind; that, at this moment, after a short but painful struggle, she had yielded to a feeling which she could no longer overcome.

Suddenly, she rose, went hastily into the garden, and disappeared.

An hour elapsed—two hours; she did not return.

Then I arose, quitted the house, and went along the same path that she—I did not doubt it—had taken. Around me all was dark; the night had set in. But upon the wet sand of the path glimmered a round, red object, visible even in the darkness.

I stooped down. It was a little scarcely-blown rose. Two hours before I had noticed this same rose in her bosom.

Tenderly I raised the fallen flower from the earth and placed it on the table in the chamber, before her chair.

At last she returned, stepped lightly across the room, and seated herself by the table.

Her countenance now was paler, but more animated; her sparkling, half-closed, and contracted eyes glanced around with some slight confusion.

Suddenly, she perceived the rose; she took it up, looked at its soiled and crumpled petals, and tears shone in her eyes.

"Why do you weep?" I asked.

"For this rose. Look what has happened to it."

And then a fancy struck me that I would make a profound observation.

"Your tears will wash away these stains." I spoke with a peculiar accent.

"Tears do not cleanse, they scorch," she replied; and she turned and flung the blossom into the expiring embers of the fire.

"And fire scorches still better than tears," she exclaimed, not without pride; and her beautiful eyes yet wet with tears smiled a happy challenge.

And then I knew that she also had been scorched.

April, 1878.

ALMS.

AN infirm old man passed along a broad highway, in the neighborhood of a large town. His gait was unsteady, his wasted feet slipped and stumbled feebly and heavily, as if the movement were unusual; his clothes were tattered, and his uncovered head sank upon his breast. He was quite exhausted.

He seated himself upon a chance stone by the roadside; he bent down, and leaned back; he covered his face with both hands, and through the parted fingers tears dropped upon the dry, gray dust of the road. He was thinking of his past.

Once he was strong and rich; he had ruined his health, and had parted with his wealth to friends and foes. And he had not a morsel of bread. All had forsaken him; the friends sooner than the foes. Should he indeed humble himself so far as to ask alms? His heart was filled with bitterness. . . . He was ashamed.

And his tears fell ceaselessly, moistening the gray dust.

Suddenly he heard himself called by name: he raised his head and saw an unknown man before him.

This one's countenance was tranquil and dignified, still not severe; his eyes glittered not, but they were clear; his look was penetrating, but not forbidding.

"Thou hast given away the whole of thy fortune," he spoke in a quiet tone, "and dost thou regret that thou hast done good?"

"No, I regret it not," replied the old man sighing, "but now I must die."

"Had there been no poor upon the earth to stretch out their hands toward thee," continued the Unknown, "then wouldst thou have lacked the opportunity to bestow charity; the cause for it would have been wanting."

The old man answered not, and fell reflecting.

"Then banish pride, poor man," added the Unknown, "go, stretch out your hand, give other good men an opportunity of proving beyond a doubt that they *are* good."

The old man trembled and looked up, . . . but the Unknown had vanished. . . . In the distance he saw a traveller.

He went up to him, and extended his hand. The traveller turned away with a gloomy mien, and gave him nothing.

Another traveller followed this one—and he gave the old man a small alms.

The old man bought bread with the gift he had received, and the begged bread tasted sweet; his heart no longer felt ashamed; on the contrary, it was glorified by a quiet happiness.

May, 1878.

THE INSECT.

I DREAMT that some twenty of us sat together in a large chamber by an open window.

Women, children, old men, were of the party. All conversed upon a certain well-known theme; each talked eagerly, and scarcely listened to the remarks of the others.

Suddenly, a large insect, about two werschoks in length, flew into the room with

rustling wings; it circled around, and then settled upon the wall.

It resembled a fly or a wasp. Its body was a dirty-brown color, and its hard flat wings were of the same hue; it had cleft, hairy feet, and a head large and angular as that of a dragon-fly. Both feet and head were blood red.

This remarkable insect turned its head continually up and down, right and left, moving its feet at the same time. . . . Then, suddenly, it detached itself from the wall, flew rustling through the room, settled again, and commenced the same annoying and disgusting evolutions without stirring from the spot.

We all exclaimed with aversion, fear, and even terror. . . . No one had ever seen anything like it before, and all cried: "Drive the horrible creature out!" All waved their handkerchiefs at a safe distance—but no one would venture to approach it, . . . and whenever the insect flew about, all involuntarily retreated.

But one of us, a pale young man, looked at us with surprise. He shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and could not make out what had happened to us, and why we were so agitated. He did not see the insect, neither did he hear the evil-boding rustle of its wings.

Suddenly the insect appeared to stare at him. It soared on high, and, alighting on his head, stung him upon the brow. The young man uttered a low cry, and fell down dead.

The fearful insect flew away. . . . Then we guessed for the first time what manner of guest it had been.

May, 1878.

THE CABBAGE SOUP.

THE only son of a peasant widow woman, a youth twenty years old, and the best workman in the village, was dead.

The great lady of the village, who had heard of the widow's loss, went to pay her a visit on the day of the funeral.

She found the poor woman at home. She stood by a table in the middle of the hut, and slowly, with a regular movement of her right hand, she scooped up cabbage soup out of a sooty pot, and swallowed one spoonful after another.

The old woman's face was gloomy and bitter, her eyes were red and swollen; . . . nevertheless she held herself as calm and erect as if she were in church. "Good God!" thought the lady. "To be able to eat at such a moment! . . . How utterly without feeling these people are."

And the lady just then recollected that when she, some years ago, had lost her little daughter nine years old, she had in her sorrow even refused to rent a charming villa in the neighborhood of Petersburg, and that she had remained in town the whole summer! And this woman was eating cabbage soup.

At last the lady grew impatient. "Tatjana," she exclaimed, "for God's sake! . . . I cannot but feel astonished! . . . Did you not love your son? Is it possible that you have not lost your appetite? How can you eat cabbage soup at such a time?"

"My son Wassja is dead," said the woman in a low tone, and the pent-up tears flowed afresh down her hollow cheeks, "and now my end also is near! The head of my living body has been taken away from me! . . . But is that any reason for spoiling the soup? It is nicely salted."

The great lady merely shrugged her shoulders and went away. She can have salt cheaply.

May, 1878.

THE HAPPY LAND.

O land of happiness! O land of joy, of light, of youth, of enjoyment! Now have I seen thee—in a dream.

We were in a beautiful, richly-decked boat. Beneath the wantoning pennon, the white sail swelled like the breast of a swan.

My companions were unknown to me, but they were equally young, gay, and happy as I; my whole being felt they were so.

Still I hardly noticed them. I saw all around me only the boundless, azure-hued sea, covered with the dense golden scales of the rippling water; above my head hung just such another boundless, azure sea, and along this sea glided the joyful sun, smiling and triumphant.

From among us rose occasionally a loud, jocund laugh, like unto the laughter of gods.

And from time to time verses escaped from parted lips—verses full of heavenly beauty, inspiration, and power. . . . . The heaven above seemed to answer musically, and the surrounding sea quivered sympathetically. Then ensued a blissful repose.

Lightly tossed upon the gentle wavelets, floated the swift boat; no breeze stirred it—our own throbbing hearts directed its course. As if it were a living creature, it slid along, obedient to our wishes.

We passed islands on our voyage. Enchanted islands, gleaming with all the hues of the most precious jewels, rubies, and emeralds. Intoxicating vapors arose from the swelling shores. One of these islands covered us with a shower of white roses and May flowers, and long-pinioned, rainbow-hued birds soared out of others.

These birds flew in wide circles around our heads, the May bells and roses melted into a pearly foam, which glided by the side of our vessel.

Simultaneously with the flowers and the birds, sweet, alluring sounds penetrated toward us. . . . As if by magic, women's voices arose; and all around, heaven and earth, the waving of the swelling sail, the murmur of the current round the helm—all spoke of love, happy, blessed love.

And the loved one of each of us was present, . . . invisible and yet near. But one moment—and her eyes sparkle, her smile is there. Her hand clasps thine, and leads thee into an eternal Paradise.

O Land of Happiness! I saw thee in a dream.

June, 1878.

WHO IS THE RICHER?

WHEN the wealthy Rothschild is praised in my hearing—who, out of his enormous reve-

nues, spends thousands on the education of poor children, on the healing of the sick, and on the care of infirm old men—I feel moved, and praise him.

Still, while I am praising him, and feeling thus touched, I involuntarily think of a poor peasant family, who took an orphan—a poor relation—into their miserable, shattered hut.

"We will take Kate to live with us," said the wife; "it is true it will cost us our groschen; we shall not even have salt to flavor our soup. . . ."

"Well, we can eat it without salt," answered the peasant, her husband.

Rothschild ranks far below this peasant!

July, 1878.

OLD AGE.

THERE came sad and gloomy days.

Sickness, the misfortunes of loved ones, the chill and gloom of old age. All that thou lovedst, that was dear and precious unto thee—all is over, and has fallen into ruins. Thy path lies downward.

What is to be done? Wail? Lament? Neither the one nor the other is of any avail.

An aged, worn-out tree bears few and small leaves. Still it is verdant.

Retire into your inward life, turn round and live in your recollections; there, far in the depths of your self-concentrated soul, your early life, now accessible to you alone, will blossom afresh for you as a fresh and fragrant evergreen, with the strength and sweetness of youth.

But be wary, poor old man—gaze not into the distance!

July, 1878.

THE NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT.

TWO friends are seated together at a table, and drink tea.

Suddenly a noise arises in the street, with sounds of abuse and scornful laughter.

"They are mobbing some one!" remarks one of the friends, looking out.

"A delinquent! . . . Perhaps a murderer!" cries the other. "Listen! Whatever he may be, such an unjust proceeding should not be permitted. Come, we will rescue him."

"But it is no murderer whom they are thrashing."

"Not a murderer? Then he is a thief! Come instantly, and let us save him from the hands of the mob."

"He is not a thief either."

"Not a thief? Then he must be a cashier, a railway director, an army contractor, a Russian Mæcenas, a lawyer, a well-intentioned editor, or a public benefactor! . . . Say nothing, but come along, and we will rescue him."

"No, . . . it is a newspaper correspondent who is going to be thrashed."

"Oh, indeed! A newspaper correspondent! Now, look here, let us first finish our tea."

July, 1878.

TWO BROTHERS.

I HAD a vision.

Two angels appeared before me—two genies.

I call them genies, for both were without clothing, and long, strong wings sprang from their shoulders.

Both were youths. The one—well built, brilliant, and dark-haired. He had fiery, brown eyes, with thick eyelashes; his look was insinuating, bright, and longing; his countenance beaming and steadfast, the expression a trifle bold and insolent. The full, rosy lips quivered from time to time. The youth smiled with the air of a ruler, idly and consciously; a magnificent garland crowned his bright locks, and nearly rested upon his velvety brows. A gay leopard skin, held together by a golden arrow, hung loosely from his shoulders down to his arched hips. The plumage of his wings shimmered rosily; their extremities were brightest red, as if they had been dyed in fresh purple blood. From time to time a shiver passed through his frame, which was accompanied by a silvery sound, like the tinkle of a spring shower.

The other genie is lean, and his complexion yellow. With every breath he draws his breastbone rises visibly. His hair is scanty, light-colored, and smooth; his eyes large, round, and pale blue; his glance is restless and remarkably clear. Every feature is sharp; the small, half-open mouth is set with teeth, pointed as those of a fish. He has a narrow, eagle nose, and his projecting cheeks are covered with down. The thin lips have never—not one single time—smiled.

It is a regular-featured, fearless, pitiless countenance. (The face of the other genie, although sweet and lovable, expresses no sympathy.) From his head hang a few empty crushed ears of corn, mingled with dry blades of grass. A coarse, gray garment covers his loins; his wings, of a dull, dark blue hue, move slowly and threateningly.

Both youths appear to be inseparable companions.

Each leans upon the other's shoulder. The soft hand of the first lies like a swelling cluster of grapes upon the shoulder of the second; and this one's meagre hand rests with its bony fingers like a serpent upon the rounded breast of the first.

And I hear a voice and listen:

"Love and Hunger—two own brothers, the two foundation pillars of everything that has life—stand before thee.

"All life rouses itself to feed, and feeds itself to beget other life.

"Love and Hunger—their object is the same, the maintenance of life, one's own and others'; life's all in all."

August, 1878.

TO THE MEMORY OF J. P. W—SKAJA.

SHE laid there, dying of typhus, for two long weeks. There—in a desolate Bulgarian village, under the shelter of an old shed, which had hastily been transformed into a field hospital.

She was unconscious, and none of the surgeons paid any heed to her; only the wounded soldiers, whom she had nursed so long as her feet would carry her, stood in ranks round her infected couch, ready to bring a few drops

of water in a pot to moisten her parched lips.

She was young and fair. She had moved in the highest circles; great dignitaries inquired after her; women envied her, and men paid her court. . . . Two or three men loved her secretly and fervently. The world laughed at her; but there is a laugh sadder than tears.

Such a mild, gentle heart, and withal what strength, what self-devotion! She knew no greater happiness than to help those who required assistance; she knew no other joy, and never discovered one. She passed by every other pleasure. Long ago she had already made up her mind. The glow of an unquenchable faith took possession of her whole being, and her life was dedicated to the service of her fellow-creatures.

No one knew what imperishable treasures were buried in the most secret recesses of the depths of her soul, and now, of course, no one ever will know.

And why should they know? . . . The sacrifice is prepared, . . . the duty performed.

But it is a sorrowful reflection that not one single word of thanks fell to the lot of her corpse, though she avoided all thanks, because they made her feel ashamed.

I pray that I may not grieve her gentle shade if I venture to lay this late-blooming flower upon her grave!

September, 1878.

THE EGOIST.

He possessed every quality calculated to make him a scourge to his family.

From his birth upward he had been healthy and rich, and healthy and rich he had continued during the whole of his long life. He was guilty of no crimes, made no false steps, never made a promise that he either would not or could not fulfil, and never missed his aim.

His honesty was unimpeachable, and in proud consciousness of this honesty he reviled every one—relations, friends, acquaintances.

His honesty was capital to him, that yielded usurious profits.

Honesty gave him the right to be unmerciful, and to deny the existence of good deeds which were not quite legally drawn up. But he withheld his right hand and was merciless, and rendered no good deeds—for ostentatious benefits are no benefits.

He paid no heed to any one beyond his own exemplary self, and he was extremely angry if others were not equally anxious to take care of his worthy person.

But, withal, he did not consider himself an egoist—on the contrary, he condemned and abused egoism and egoists. Naturally! the egoism of another interfered with his own.

As he was not conscious of the slightest weakness of his own, consequently he could neither understand nor tolerate weakness in others. In short he understood nobody and nothing, for he was utterly and totally, on every side, above and below, before and behind, solely taken up by himself.

He did not even know what pardon meant. He had no opportunity of excusing anything in himself, how then could he be able to pardon others?

Before the tribunal of his own conscience, before the countenance of his own God, this prodigy of virtue boldly raised his eyes, and said in firm and clear tones: "I am indeed a worthy and a moral man."

And he will repeat these words upon his dying couch, and even then nothing will touch his stony heart—his spotless, inviolable heart.

Oh, thou cripple of a self-restrained, inflexible, cheap virtue—thou art almost more revolting than the unpainted deformity of vice!

December, 1878.

THE BANQUET OF THE DEITY.

Once it occurred to the Most High to hold a great banquet in His azure-hued halls.

As guests, all the virtues were bidden. Only virtues, . . . no men, nor yet women.

Many assembled, great and small. The small virtues were more agreeable and more lovable than the greater ones; but all appeared satisfied, and conversed politely with each other as if they were near relatives and friends.

But the Most High noticed two beautiful ladies who appeared to be unknown to each other.

So the Master of the house took the hand of one of these ladies and led her to the other.

"Charity!" He said, and pointed to the first.

"Gratitude!" He added, presenting the second.

And both virtues were unutterably astonished, for it was long since the creation of the world—and now they met for the first time.

December, 1878.

THE SPHINX.

Yellowish-gray sand, loose above, firm and grating underneath. . . . Interminable sand as far as the eye can reach.

And above the desert of sand, above the sea of dead dust, the gigantic head of a Sphinx rears itself.

And what would these large, pouting lips, these widely-distended nostrils, these oval, half-drowsy, half-watchful eyes beneath the double arch of the high brows, be saying?

Truly, they would say something! They do speak even, but only Œdipus can guess the riddle, and comprehend their dumb language.

Ha! . . . I recognize those features, . . . they are no longer Egyptian. The low, white brow, the prominent cheek-bones, the short, straight nose, the beautiful mouth lined with white teeth, the slight mustache, and the small, crisp beard upon the chin, . . . and those small eyes, set so widely apart, with the abundant hair forming a cap round the crown of the head. . . . 'Tis thou, Karp, Ssidor, Ssemjou! Peasant from Jaroslaw, from Rjäsan. Countryman, thou Russian peasant! . . . Since when hast thou perished by the Sphinx?

But perhaps thou also wilt speak? Yes, thou also art indeed a Sphinx.

Thine eyes, those colorless yet intense eyes, speak likewise. . . . And their expression also is speechless and unintelligible.

But where is thy Œdipus? . . .

Alas, unfortunately it is not sufficient that one assumes a little cap, to become thy Œdipus, oh! thou Russian Sphinx!

December, 1878.

THE NYMPHS.

I STOOD before a glorious and extensive chain of hills, which formed a half-circle; from base to summit they were clothed with young verdant forests.

Above the southern heaven was limpid azure: the sunbeams streamed from on high; and hasty streamlets, half-veiled with verdure, murmured below.

And then I recollected the ancient legend of the Greek ship which sailed upon the Ægean Sea, in the first century after the birth of Christ.

It was mid-day, and calm weather. Suddenly a voice sounded from above, overhead the steersman: "If thou sail to yonder island, call with a loud voice—'The great Pan is dead!'"

The steersman was bewildered, terrified. But when the ship reached the island he obeyed, and cried: "The great Pan is dead!"

And immediately, along the whole extent of the shore (although the island was uninhabited), as if in answer to his call, were heard loud sobs mingled with moans and lamentable cries: "He is dead, dead; the great Pan!"

I now remembered this legend, . . . and a curious idea occurred to me. What if I also were to utter a cry?

But face to face with the surrounding joy—how could I think of death there? And I cried from thence with all my might: "He has arisen from the dead; the great Pan has arisen!"

And, wonder of wonders! in answer to my cry there arose from the whole wide crescent of green hills a universal murmur, joyful laughter, and sounds of mirth. "He is arisen! Pan is arisen!" cried youthful voices. And all around me broke into happy exultation; clearer than the sun above, livelier than the brooks that murmured below the sward. Hurrying footsteps approached, and through the green thickets gleamed limbs of marble whiteness, and rosy, naked forms. These were the nymphs! Nymphs, Dryads, Bacchantes, who were hastening from the heights above down to the valley.

And they appeared at the same moment at the verges of all the forests. Their divine heads were wreathed with curling tresses, garlands and tambours were in their hands; while laughter, resounding Olympic laughter, rose and echoed around them.

In front hovered the goddess. She is fairer and statelier than all, with a quiver on her shoulder, the bow in her hand, and the silver sickle of the moon amid her tresses.

Diana—is it thou?

But suddenly the goddess remained standing motionless. The nymphs followed her example. The clear laughter died away. In indescribable terror, and with open mouths, their widely-distended eyes gazed into the distance.

I turned to follow the direction of their gaze. Beyond the meadows, on the extreme verge of the horizon, the golden cross glittered like a point of fire upon the white tower of a Christian Church. . . . The goddess had perceived this cross.

Behind me I heard a long, sobbing sigh, like the trembling of a snapped chord, and when I turned again the nymphs had vanished. The dense forest was green as before, and here and there, through the thick network of twigs, white gleams shimmered and then disappeared. Whether they were the limbs of the nymphs, or merely streaks of mist arising from the valley, I know not.

But still how I pitied the vanished goddess!

December, 1878.

THE ENEMY AND THE FRIEND.

A PRISONER, who had been condemned to life-long imprisonment, escaped from his dungeon, and took to flight.

The officers of justice pursued him, and were close upon his heels.

But he ran with all his might, and the pursuers were left behind.

Suddenly he arrived at the steep bank of a stream—a narrow but deep stream. He could not swim.

Both banks were spanned by a single rotten plank. The fugitive promptly stepped upon it. . . . It happened, however, that here, by this river, were his best friend and his bitterest foe.

The enemy said nothing, but simply crossed his arms; but on the other hand, the friend cried: "In the name of God! what are you doing? Recollect yourself, fool! Can you not see that the plank is quite decayed? It will break under your weight, and then your destruction is inevitable!"

"But there is no other way across! . . . and the pursuers, . . . can you not hear them?" groaned the unfortunate man despairingly, and he stepped upon the plank.

"I will not suffer it! No, I will not permit your ruin!" cried the eager friend, and he dragged the plank from under the fugitive's feet, who fell into the boiling waves and was drowned.

The enemy laughed complacently and departed; but the friend sat down upon the river bank and wept bitterly over his poor, poor friend.

"He would not follow my advice! He would not hear me," he whispered sadly.

"Besides," he said at last, "he would have had to languish his whole life long in a frightful dungeon. Now he is released from all his sufferings!—he is at rest. It was his fate.

"Nevertheless I am deeply grieved!—on the ground of humanity."

And the good soul sobbed, and was long inconsolable for the unhappy fate of his friend.

December, 1878.

CHRIST.

I SAW myself as a youth, a mere boy, in a lowly village church. Before the holy pictures the slender tapers glowed like red sparks.

A rainbow-tinted halo surrounded each lit

tle flame. Inside the church it was sad and gloomy, but I saw many people therein.

Nothing but brown-haired peasants' heads! To and fro they came, with an undulating movement; prostrated themselves, and then arose, just as the ripe ears of corn bow when the summer breeze stirs them like the waves.

Suddenly some one came behind me, and knelt beside me.

I did not turn round, but instantly I had a feeling that this man—was Christ.

Emotion, curiosity, and fear all took possession of me at the same moment. I turned and surveyed my neighbor.

His face was just the same as any other—a countenance like every other human face. The eyes gazed mildly and earnestly upward. The lips were closed, but not compressed; the upper lip seemed to rest upon the lower one. His beard was not long, it was divided below the chin. The hands were folded and motionless. His clothing also was similar to other people's.

"Can that be Christ?" I thought. "Such a plain, a perfectly plain man! It is impossible!"

I turned away. But scarcely had I removed my gaze from this plain man, when it again struck me that He who stood beside me was truly Christ.

Once more I looked upon Him, and again I saw the same face, that appeared to me like any other man's face—those same commonplace, though to me unknown, features.

But at last the idea was torment to me, and I collected my thoughts. And then it first dawned upon me that just such an ordinary, human face was indeed the face of Christ.

December, 1878.

THE STONE.

HAVE you ever remarked an old gray stone lying on the sea-shore at flood-tide on a spring day; the throbbing waves washing around it, caressing it, fawning on it, and clinging to it, and crowning its moss-grown head with a dazzling, pearly shower of glittering foam!

The stone remains ever the same—only its gloomy surface glitters with brighter hues.

And these hues bear witness that once in some bygone age, before the liquid granite had scarce begun to consolidate, it glowed throughout with fiery colors.

So was it also with my aged heart, when, a short while since, youthful, feminine souls encircled it on every side; under their caressing touch the long-since faded colors sparkled afresh, and glowed with their former ardor.

The waves floated back, . . . but the hues are not yet quite faded, though a piercing wind effaces them yet more and more.

May, 1879.

THE DOVES.

I STOOD upon the summit of a gently-swelling hill; before me stretched a field of rye, like a glittering sea of gold and silver. No curling waves glided over this sea: the sultry breeze stirred not—a mighty thunder-storm was approaching.

Where I stood the sun still shone hot; but there, across the field, not far distant, lay a dark blue thunder-cloud; it hung like some gigantic burden over one half of the vault of heaven.

Everything sought shelter. . . . Everything groaned beneath the evil-boding glare of the last lingering sunbeam. Not a bird is to be seen, nor utters the softest chirp, even the sparrow has hidden himself.

What an intense odor from the wormwood in the meadow! I glance up toward the gloomy thunder-cloud, . . . and disquietude takes possession of my soul. "Now haste, haste!" . . . I thought; "flash, thou golden serpent, and roll, thunder! Mount on high, and descend; discharge thy flood, grim cloud, and shorten this agonizing suspense!"

But the thunder-cloud stirred not. It weighed heavily as before upon the silent earth—it seemed to swell ever more and more, and to grow still more sombre.

All at once, a lightly-hovering object gleamed forth, a contrast against the uniform gloom of the cloud. It resembled a white kerchief or a snowball; it was a white dove; it was flying across from the village.

It flew and flew straightforward. . . . At last it vanished behind the forest.

A few moments elapsed—this same oppressive stillness yet prevailed.

There, look! Now there are two kerchiefs, two snowballs, gleaming there and flying back; two white doves, who steer homeward with a tranquil flight.

And now at last the storm broke forth—the tumult arose.

I scarce had time to gain the house. A strong wind roared and whistled; orange-hued, low-hanging clouds rushed along, as if torn to shreds; everything whirled and revolved around; a heavy shower of rain clashed and rattled down in vertical streams; the lightning blinded with its green fire; there was a scent of sulphur in the air.

Under the leaves, at the verge of the garret window, two doves sit side by side; that one, which flew to fetch its mate, and this, which perhaps has been rescued from death by the other.

Both are pluming their feathers, and nestle closely to each other.

It is well with you! And while I contemplate them, it is also well with me . . . although I am alone—alone forevermore.

May, 1879

NATURE.

I DREAMED that I stepped into a vast subterranean, highly-arched hall. A subterranean, vast light illuminated it.

In the middle of this hall was seated the majestic figure of a woman, clothed in a green robe that fell in many folds around her. Her head rested upon her hand; she seemed to be sunk in deep meditation.

Instantly I comprehended that this woman must be—Nature herself, and a sudden feeling of respectful terror stole into my awed soul.

I approached the woman, and saluting her with reverence, I cried, "Oh, Mother of us all! on what dost thou meditate? Thinkest

thou, perchance, of the future fate of humanity? or of the path along which mankind must journey in order to attain the greatest possible perfection, the highest happiness?"

The woman slowly turned her dark, threatening eyes upon me. Her lips moved, and in a tremendous, metallic voice, she replied:

"I was pondering how to bestow greater strength upon the muscles of the flea's legs, so that it may the more easily escape from its enemies. The balance betwixt attack and flight is deranged—it must be readjusted."

"What," I stammered, "is that thy only meditation? Are not we—mankind—thy best-loved and most precious children?"

The woman slightly bent her brows and replied: "All living creatures are my children; I cherish all equally, and annihilate all without distinction!"

"But Virtue—Reason—Justice!" I faltered.

"Those are human words!" replied the brazen voice. "I know neither good nor evil. Reason to me is no law! and what is Justice? I gave thee life, I take it from thee and give it unto others; worms or men—all are the same to me. . . . And thou must maintain thyself meanwhile, and leave me in peace!"

I would have replied, but the earth quaked and trembled, and I awoke.

August, 1879.

HANG HIM!

"It was in the year 1803," began my old friend, "and not long before Austerlitz. The regiment in which I was an officer was stationed in Moravia.

"We were strictly forbidden either to oppress or to annoy the inhabitants; but in spite of this they looked askance at us, although we were their allies.

"I had a comrade, a serf who had formerly belonged to my mother, called Jegor. He was an honest, quiet fellow; I had known him from youth upward, and treated him as a friend.

"One day there arose lamentations, clamor, and abuse in the house where I dwelt. Someone had robbed the mistress of two hens, and she accused my comrade of the theft. He strove to vindicate himself, and called me as witness. . . . He, Jegor Awtamonow—a thief! I assured the woman of Jegor's honesty, but she would not listen to me.

"Suddenly the trample of horses was heard in the street. It was the commander-in-chief with his staff.

"He rode at a walking pace; a corpulent, bloated man, his head was bowed, and his epaulettes hung down over his breast.

"As soon as the woman saw him, she threw herself upon her knees, her hair in disorder, before his horse; complained loudly of my comrade, and pointed with her finger at him.

"'General!' she cried; 'Justice, my lord! Help! Rescue! This soldier has plundered me!'

"Jegor stood upon the threshold of the house in a soldierly attitude, his cap in his hand. He had even expanded his chest, and placed his feet in position—exactly like a sentinel—but no sound escaped from his lips. Had the array of generals, standing close before him in the street, intimidated him? or had the danger that threatened him transformed him into stone? In short, there stood my Jegor, only his eyes moved, and he was white as chalk.

"The commander-in-chief threw an absent, surly look at him, and growled irritably, 'Well?' . . . . Jegor stood there like a statue; his teeth showed. An indifferent spectator would really have imagined that he was smiling.

"Then the commander-in-chief said shortly, 'Hang him!' spurred his horse and rode away, at a walking pace as before, and then at a quick trot; the whole staff followed him. Only one solitary adjutant turned in his saddle, and glanced carelessly at Jegor.

"It was impossible to disregard the command. Jegor was instantly seized, and led off to execution.

"At first he shrank from death; and twice he cried in agony, 'My God! Help!' After that he added to himself in an undertone, 'God is my witness, it was not I.'

"He wept bitterly when he bade adieu to me. I was in despair. 'Jegor, Jegor!' I cried, 'why did you not reply to the general?'

"'God is my witness, it was not I!' replied the poor fellow sobbing. The mistress herself was shocked. She had not in the least anticipated such a frightful issue, and she began, on her side, to howl. She begged forbearance of every one, wringing her hands; she protested that she had found her hens, that she was ready to explain all. . . .

"But naturally all this led to no result. This, my dear sir, is military form—discipline! The woman lamented terribly.

"Jegor, who had already been confessed by the priest, and who had partaken of the sacrament, turned to me: 'Tell her, one of noble birth,* not to grieve so. I have quite forgiven her.'"

My friend as he repeated these last words of his servant, whispered—"Jegoruscha, my little dove, thou righteous one!" and the tears streamed down his cheeks.

August, 1879.

"THE ROSES WERE LOVELY, THE ROSES WERE FRESH. . . ."

Somewhere and some time, long, long ago, I read a poem, and soon forgot it. Only the first stanza lingered in my memory:

"The roses were lovely, the roses were fresh. . . ."

It is winter now; the frost has covered the window-panes with rime; a solitary light burns in the gloomy chamber. I sit in a corner, and through my brain rings ever and ever:

"The roses were lovely, the roses were fresh. . . ."

I see myself standing before the low window of a Russian country house. The summer day softly sinks to rest and fades into the night; a scent of mignonette and lime blossom is

* A form of address in Russia.

wafted on the gentle breeze. A girl sits in the window seat, supported by her outstretched arm, and her head bent over one shoulder. She gazes fixedly and silently toward the sky, as if she would there mark the first glimmer of the stars. Those thoughtful eyes—how full of faith! how pathetically innocent are the half-parted, questioning lips! how calmly heaves the undeveloped bosom, as yet untouched by passion, and how pure and delicate is the outline of the youthful face! I cannot trust myself to speak to her; but how dear she is to me! how my heart beats!

"The roses were lovely, the roses were fresh. . . ."

Darker and darker it grows within the chamber. . . . The expiring taper crackles in the socket, and fleeting shadows wave on the low-browed ceiling. Beyond the walls, the frost gnashes and rages outside. . . . I can only hear the sad, dreary whisper:

"The roses were lovely, the roses were fresh. . . ."

Other pictures of the past rise before me. I hear the cheerful bustle of country family life. Two little brown-haired heads, pressing close to each other, gaze fearlessly into my face with their clear eyes; the rosy cheeks quiver with suppressed laughter; the hands are firmly entwined; the hearty childish voices ring out in loud confusion: and behind, in the old kindly chamber, young, frequently-erring fingers hasten over the keyboard of an ancient, worn-out piano, and the Lanner'schen Waltzes cannot succeed in drowning the patriarchal hum of the Ssamowar!

"The roses were lovely, the roses were fresh. . . ."

. . . . The light dies out, and all is dark. What hoarse and hollow cough was that? Curled up at my feet, shivering, and at times starting in his sleep, lies the old dog, my only companion. I am cold. . . . All are dead. . . . All dead! . . .

"The roses were lovely, the roses were fresh. . . ."

September, 1879.

A SEA VOYAGE.

ONCE I sailed in a little steamer from Hamburg to London. We two were the only passengers—I and a little monkey, a female Nisiti, that a Hamburg merchant was sending as a gift to his English partner.

The little creature was on deck, fastened by a chain to a bench; it strained at its chain, and piped complainingly like a bird.

Each time that I passed by, it stretched out its cold, black hand toward me and gazed straight at me with melancholy, almost human, eyes. I took its hand—and it ceased to pipe, and to pull its chain.

We were becalmed. The sea lay there like a motionless, leaden lake. Its extent did not appear great, for a thick fog, which veiled even the peaks of the mast, lay upon it. The sun hung like a dull red speck in this gloomy fog; toward evening, however, it shone forth, and spread a strange mysterious red over the sky.

Long, even ripples, like the folds of massive, silken stuffs, swept back from the prow of the vessel; they parted, curled, and then lay smooth, and at last vanished with a splash. The whirling foam grew into balls beneath the monotonously churning wheel; it became milky, and, lightly frothing, was scattered around; then flowed along in serpentine streaks, also to disappear, and to be swallowed up by the dense fog.

And incessantly complaining, intolerable as the monkey's squeak, sounded the tinkle of the little bell on the helm.

Here and there a seal sprang up, plunged head over heels, and then disappeared under the gently-curling plain.

The captain, a taciturn man with dark sunburned features, stood smoking his short pipe, and sullenly spitting into the motionless sea.

To all my questions he only replied by short murmurs; I was therefore, though against my will, forced to consort with my sole fellow-voyager, the monkey.

I seated myself beside it—it ceased complaining, and stretched out its hand to me.

The continual fog enveloped us in its drowsy atmosphere; together we sat there, sunk in the same unconscious brooding, like two relations.

I smile now when I think of it. . . . I felt differently then.

But we have all a mother's heart for children—and it was sweet to me to see how confidingly quiet the little creature grew, and how it clung to me, as to a friend.

November, 1879.

THE MONK.

I KNEW a monk, a hermit, a saint. He lived solely for the delight of prayer; and, intoxicated with praying, remained so long standing upon the cold pavement of the church, until his legs below the knees swelled, and became stony pillars. They lost all sense of feeling; still he stood there and prayed.

I understood him—perhaps envied him even—and he also will understand me, but he shall not break his staff upon me, for I cannot attain his joys.

He has succeeded in annihilating his detested Self; but, if I am unable to pray, it is not because of self-love.

To me, Self is perhaps even more burdensome and hateful than it was to him. He has discovered that in which he forgets himself. I also have found it—Oblivion—though not forever.

He lies not, neither do I lie.

November, 1879.

WE WILL STRUGGLE.

WHAT an insignificant trifle may often give quite a different turn to the affairs of men!

Once I went pensively along the street.

Dark forebodings filled my breast, despair took possession of my being.

I raised my head. . . . Straight before me, between two rows of poplar trees stretched the way like an arrow.

And over against the path, some ten paces distant from me, a family of sparrows were hopping about in the marsh—sprightly, merry, and full of confidence.

One in particular drew attention to himself by the fearless way in which he hopped about; he swelled out his breast, and chirped as impudently as if the devil himself could not harm him. Without doubt, some conqueror!

Meanwhile, high overhead in heaven, a hawk was wheeling, whose intention perhaps was to devour this same conqueror.

I saw this, it made me laugh, and I took courage; the gloomy thoughts vanished; I felt once more courage, enterprise, vital power.

May not also a hawk be wheeling above my head? The devil himself! . . . . We will struggle!

November, 1879.

PRAYER.

MAN may pray for anything; he prays for miracles. Every prayer is after this fashion: "Great God, grant that two and two may not make four."

And such a prayer only is a true prayer from one to another. To pray to the Anima Mundi, to the Deity, to the God of Kant and Hegel; to pray to the abstract, unsubstantial god, is impossible, not to be thought of.

But can even a personal, living, actual God cause two and two not to become four?

Every true believer is bound to answer: "Yes, He can do that!" and he is bound to bring his own mind to this conviction.

But what if his own reason contradicts such senselessness.

Then Shakespeare comes to his aid:

> "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in our philosophy. . . ." etc.

But if one, in the name of truth, contradicts him? He need only repeat the famous question: "What is truth?"

Therefore, let us drink and be merry and pray.

July, 1881.

THE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE.

IN days of doubt, in days of agonizing reflections on the fate of my Home, thou alone art my stay and my staff—oh, great, mighty, true, and free Russian tongue! If thou wert not, would it be possible not to despair at this moment over all that is happening in my home? But it cannot be possible that such a language could be given to any but to a great people.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

June, 1882.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF GAMBETTA.

THE first anniversary of the death of Gambetta should not pass unnoticed in the country for which he had so deep a respect and regard. He was in constant communication with England, following closely the career of her statesmen and watching the course of her politics with the keenest interest. Gambetta had a great admiration for the freedom of our political life, which he described as, "a peaceful arena of contradiction, of dialectics, where progress is the conquest of reason and soon becomes that of the majority." He once said to me: "I very much wish to visit England incognito, for as Gambetta I should see nothing, but have to endure the weariness of banquets and receptions. I should like to land in the north of Scotland, travel southward under an assumed name, visit your great manufacturing towns, and particularly your rural and agricultural districts, study your national characteristics, and get as much information as possible on every subject, only putting aside my incognito when I arrived in London."

Gambetta's early life was much influenced by his mother and aunt, both remarkable women, descended from a family of gentle birth. Orissa Massabie, his mother, and her two sisters, Jeanne and Armande, were very poor. Orissa married M. Gambetta to secure a home for herself and sisters; she had two children by her marriage, Bernadine, the elder, now Mdme. Leris, who has lately added the name of Gambetta to her own, and Léon Michel. The father wished him to become a priest, but the young man objected, and his mother sided with him, though her own brother was a priest. He went to Paris at eighteen to study law; his lame aunt Jeanne accompanied him, and gave up everything to become his housekeeper, companion, and counsellor. She had a keen woman's instinct which told her who were Gambetta's friends and who were his foes; often to his annoyance she would deny admittance to visitors whose expression she disliked. The young meridional Republican flung himself earnestly into the intellectual and political movement going on around him, specially distinguishing himself among his companions by his extraordinary eloquence. During his lifetime detractors unable to deny him the gift of eloquence hoped to lessen him as a statesman by exaggerating him as an orator; but Gambetta never regarded eloquence as other than a means to an end. "I appreciate eloquence at its just value," he once said to me; "words are little as compared with deeds; I do not believe in power which is only revealed in words." Eloquent he undoubtedly was by nature and temperament, but also by careful training and study. No diffidence ever tempered the passionate energy and robust sincerity which burst forth on almost every occasion; his ardent impetuosity and glowing enthusiasm were so communicative that he poured into the hearts of his listeners something of his own passionate transport; often the opposition, carried away by the torrent of his eloquence, rose like one man, giving full expression to their admiration of the orator, though they were bitterly opposed to the statesman. In all his speeches Gambetta took the highest point of view from whence he could survey the question at issue in all its bearings, impatient to reach some principle of morality, liberty, right, or justice. He never lingered over details; figures and statistics do not encumber his speeches; they would have impeded his progress. Patriot-

ism, liberty of suffrage, education, absolute right to opinion—these were subjects his noble eloquence loved to clothe in majestic amplitude of speech. Dignity was a signal quality of his eloquence. "Populo" was an epithet he liked to give himself, and certainly he never forgot, or wished others to forget, that he was one of the people, though he raised himself above them by his genius and cultivation, belonging thus to the "aristocracy of the best." From the people he took much of the color and individuality of his language. Who shall say that any orator of this century excelled the power of Gambetta to stir patriotic passion, awaken enthusiasm for liberty, or rouse in men's hearts that love of freedom which makes them free? Gambetta objected to being styled only a Republican. "It never occurred," he said, "to the men of the Convention even to call themselves Republicans—they call themselves patriots. All the men of to-day should remember this."

Gambetta can hardly be said to have prepared his speeches. He modified the order and even the general plan of his argument to suit the occasion, but when he expected some important debate he so far prepared himself by reviewing in his memory or re-reading all the documents relating to the question; he then gained complete mastery over the subject by discussing it with friends, answering their objections, seizing upon and assimilating their suggestions. His powerful memory gave him so fast a hold upon the past that it seemed to endow him with an almost prophetic insight into the future; he foresaw what his adversaries would say, and spread his toils accordingly. There was a great deal of strategy about Gambetta, though he trusted to the inspiration of the moment to shape and color the material he had in his mind. I have often heard his friends regret that he had not made in the tribune speeches he had poured forth to them in the privacy of conversation. Even a few days before his death, excited by remarks in the papers, which he insisted on reading to the last, he raised himself up in his bed, and, to a friend who had watched him through the night, delivered one of his most impressive and comprehensive speeches on the present and future policy of his country. Driving one day with a young deputy from Paris to Versailles, he said, "Do not speak to me: I have a long and important speech to make, which I have not even had time to think over." The silence, therefore, remained unbroken, and on looking round his friend saw that he was not deep in thought, but fast asleep, nor did he wake till they reached Versailles; he laughed and shrugged his shoulders when reminded of the speech he had intended to prepare, and which he made that afternoon as brilliant and finished as though he had taken voluminous notes and committed them to memory. The only adversary Gambetta really enjoyed fighting was the Duc de Broglie. "The ablest plotter in existence: a Machiavelli for scheming, it is a pleasure to wrestle with him: he is supple and escapes one's grasp, he glides away and slips back; he is a cat. With Fourtou it is quite another matter; he hides behind every hair of his beard." But, though great as an orator, Gambetta was essentially a statesman. France during the past year has had but too much reason to regret her leader. Nothing could better have revealed the place Gambetta held in his country than the series of unfortunate mistakes and difficulties which France has plunged into since his death. Gambetta alone could temper and restrain the Republic, which felt in him her founder and leader.

Possessed in a supreme degree of governmental instinct and political foresight, he knew better than any one how to work the machinery of the State: master of every department, he saw how the whole might be made to work harmoniously, but the inefficiency of the only men he could get to act with him, and the secret enmity of M. Grévy, made the odds too great against him. His opponents bitterly accused him of aiming at dictatorship. On my remarking to him that he was accused of desiring his own aggrandizement, that he wished to reign, "What a miserable ambition that would be!" he answered; "I have seen all the littleness of so-called greatness. I will be otherwise great." He disliked being called Opportunist; but Burke's notion of political method is not a bad definition of Opportunism, and one which Gambetta would surely not have disclaimed. Circumstances give in reality to every political principle its distinguishing color and discriminating effect; the circumstances are what render every civil and political scheme beneficial or obnoxious to mankind. Every problem, for Gambetta, allowed of a positive solution, not necessarily an absolute solution, but the best under the circumstances. I remember hearing a friend who had just come from him thus describe the manner in which Gambetta had that morning received disastrous political news. For a minute he appeared fury-possessed—beat the table with his fist, shouting fierce denunciations against the folly of his party and the treachery of his foes; then as suddenly he became quite calm, walked to the window, remaining there some time softly drumming the pane. When he turned round the storm was over; he was quite composed; he had seen a way out of the difficulty. Good-humored magnanimity was a great characteristic of Gambetta's; he never showed bitter rancor or personal resentment. "I have no time for ill-will," he would say; and when pressed to refute or resent calumny he merely shrugged his shoulders, saying, with serene contempt, "Le silence suffit." But generous as he was to his enemies, and quick to forget offence, the attitude of France toward him latterly, the ingratitude and desertion of so many, wounded him deeply. The morning of his death he said to a friend, Mr. E., "I begin to grow weary of struggling." Some of this weariness came over him after his defeat on the question of the *scrutin de liste*, when in vain he protested against the accusations of the Chambers, and appealed to their gratitude and their conscience in a speech of pathetic grandeur, in

which he unrolled before them their future and his past.

After his mother's death in July, Gambetta grew more silent, and sometimes showed signs of melancholy, so contrary to his powerfully joyous nature—perhaps, also, a physical foreshadowing of death already hung over him, checking his overflowing hopefulness and hilarity—his joyousness came fitfully and seemed to sit superficially upon him. One day, in August, 1882, a friend went to breakfast with him in his poor and comfortless home, in the Rue St. Didier. Gambetta talked earnestly and eloquently, and after the déjeuner, as was his wont, flung himself on a low couch. As he sometimes snatched a few minutes' sleep in the day, his friend, seeing him lying back very still, thought he was sleeping, and, taking up a newspaper, went to the window, when, stealing another glance at Gambetta, he saw two big tears roll down his face. Knowing Gambetta's courage and manly endurance, with mingled pain and surprise he went up to him, and said, "You must not grieve unreasonably; the thought of your mother ought to be a tender recollection, and not a bitter sorrow; besides, you have work to do, you are not at liberty to yield to grief." Then Gambetta turning his face away, said, "Oh, my friend, these private and public sorrows are at times more than I can bear." Then looking up his eyes rested on a beautiful picture by Henner, given to him by the ladies of Alsace, representing a young peasant girl beneath which was written "Alsace." "You are right," he said, pointing to the picture; "there is my duty," and he added, "un devoir qui console de tout." Undoubtedly that was his dream, but he had the fine judgment and the good taste rarely in private or public to touch upon this delicate subject; he knew too well that the *Revanche* could only be obtained by the regeneration of France, by patience and self-control. "For the sake of our dignity," he exclaimed, "let us never speak of regaining Alsace and Lorraine, but let it be understood that it is ever in our thoughts." Mdme. Leris, his sister, told me how passionately warm were his family affections. During his last illness he sent his father the little money there was in the house, a few hundred francs, "to buy himself," he said, "a New Year's present." When Gambetta seemed a little better, and not till then, would he allow his friends to write to his father. "Spare him as much anxiety as possible; write him a reassuring letter."

I once asked Gambetta what quality he most admired. "Moral courage," he replied; "for with moral courage a man will *dare* to do right—even though it be against his interest," he added, smiling. At the meeting of the Chamber in January, 1882, which was a scene of meaningless uproar and confusion, he said to me on coming out, "Well, this is not an impressive scene; they behave like a heap of unruly schoolboys." On my asking him if he did not feel profound contempt for these men who required to be pulled by strings like puppets. "You must not think," he said, "that I despise men. I am not cynical. I recognize the greatness, the high intelligence, the devotion of men; it is only for certain individuals that I feel contempt." "I wish I had known you when your future was as yet uncertain," I once said to him. "When I was unknown. . . . Well, I am just the same; I have not changed at all; the times, the course of events, people have changed, but I remain the same, notwithstanding all accusations to the contrary."

In January, 1880, speaking of Ireland, he said: "She has many imaginary woes, but she has also real grievances, and there lies her force." "What would you do for Ireland now?" I asked. "Well, since the country is on fire you must send for the pompiers. Nothing can be done till the flames are extinguished. How could you build in a conflagration? You should only be careful not to add fuel to the fire, which it seems to me you are doing." Of free trade he said: "That *would* be the key to the prosperity of France, but I shall never live to see it; all that I can hope for are good commercial treaties. You English are great free-traders, but unfortunately we are not."

I asked him whether he considered England very much in advance of France. He replied: "About ten years' difference, not more: *but* there is one thing you will have in England long before us—woman's suffrage;" "Do you approve?" I asked. "For England, yes; *but* here in France, no; because with you there is greater independence of thought. You are Protestants; the women of England are better educated—I speak chiefly of the people. Our women of the same class have little or no instruction, and what would render female suffrage impossible is their religion; it would certainly be petticoats voting, but the petticoats worn by men—that is to say, the priests." Gambetta was well versed in the history of the Popes. When at last he went to Rome he made a collection of the photographs of all the cardinals, he knew their names, characteristics, and histories, and picked out the photograph of Cardinal Pecci, saying, "That is the man who will be Pope." After his death among his most private papers was found, neatly folded and wrapped in tissue paper, the faded red silk cap of a cardinal. I once said to Gambetta, "If you had been Pope what wonderful reforms you would have made in the Church; you would have revolutionized Roman Catholicism." "Oh, no," he replied; "that would be quite impossible, for the Pope can reform nothing. If I were Pope and attempted reforms I should die a very sudden death, and a wiser Pope would succeed me."

Gambetta greatly delighted in sunshine and flowers; no heat seemed too great for him. He would walk out in the full noonday *sun* of August through the burning streets, and not understand any one's finding it too hot. On a friend's declaring that the heat was unendurable, "Do not say one word against it," he cried; "I will not allow any one to speak disrespectfully of the sun." Though he enjoyed hot weather, he always, on sultry days, had a fan put by his plate at dinner. He dearly loved flowers. On one occasion, visit-

ing the cemetery of Père Lachaise, he could not resist gathering the flowers he saw, though it was against the regulations, and making a big nosegay. "I know it is very wrong," he said, laughing; "but when I see flowers I cannot withstand the temptation; I *must* pick them." Gambetta was able to enjoy without having the slightest desire to possess. He could delight in Nature without owning fine parks; in art, without longing to cover his own walls with costly paintings; in literature, without coveting priceless copies in faultless bindings. His thirst for knowledge was insatiable; every new book that appeared passed through Gambetta's hands. He saw all the reviews and his rooms were littered with the newspapers of the day. The leading foreign newspapers he had translated for him. He enjoyed nothing better than visiting exhibitions and galleries of pictures: he prided himself on his knowledge of art, and boasted of having been the first to appreciate the great French painter Millet. He often expressed a desire to have his portrait painted by Meissonier, but he could never afford the time. He hoped to found in Paris a museum and institution answering to our South Kensington Museum. He did not at all care for music. At a friend's house where he sometimes spent the evening, as soon as music commenced he went into an adjoining room and played at billiards; he liked sitting with his friends talking till early dawn; when toward 3 A.M. their conversational power seemed to flag, Gambetta would exclaim, "Is it possible that you are already sleepy? On ne sait plus causer aujourd' hui," and reluctantly he would rise, saying, "Well, I suppose I must go; five hours' rest and then to work again."

Now the work is over, and the long rest has come. Speaking of his own career, Gambetta might have said with Burke, "I can shut the book; I might wish to read a page or two more, but this is enough for my measure; I have not lived in vain." But we who sorrow at his death may wish that the book had not been closed so soon; for Gambetta's great achievements during the past gave promise of great achievements for the future, not merely in the remote possibility of restoring to France her lost provinces, but as a leader of Democracy in Europe, and one who had made liberty more of a fact and less of a name, created the established Republic out of what had seemed but a revolutionary dream, and to whom looked, not France alone, but all nations eager for social progress and free political institutions.—AN ENGLISH LADY, in *Pall Mall Gazette.*

DREAM UPON THE UNIVERSE.

I HAD been reading an excellent description of Krüger's upon the old vulgar error which regards the space from one earth and sun to another as empty. Our sun, together with all its planets, fills only the 31,419,460,000,000th part of the whole space between itself and the next solar body. Gracious heavens! thought I, in what an unfathomable abyss of emptiness were this universe swallowed up, and lost, if all were void and utter vacuity except the few shining points of dust which we call a planetary system! To conceive of our earthly ocean as the abode of death, and essentially incapable of life, and of its populous islands as being no greater than snail-shells, would be a far less error in proportion to the compass of our planet than that which attributes emptiness to the great mundane spaces; and the error would be far less if the marine animals were to ascribe life and fulness exclusively to the sea, and to regard the atmospheric ocean above them as empty and untenanted. According to Herschel, the most remote of the galaxies which the telescope discovers lie at such a distance from us that their light, which reaches us at this day, must have set out on its journey two millions of years ago; and thus, by optical laws, it is possible that whole squadrons of the starry hosts may be now reaching us with their beams, which have themselves perished ages ago. Upon this scale of computation for the dimensions of the world, what heights and depths and breadths must there be in this universe—in comparison of which the positive universe would be itself a nihility were it crossed, pierced, and belted about by so illimitable a wilderness of nothing! But is it possible that any man can for a moment overlook those vast forces which must pervade these imaginary deserts with eternal surges of flux and reflux, to make the very paths to those distant starry coasts voyageable to our eyes? Can you lock up in a sun or in its planets their reciprocal forces of attraction? Does not the light stream through the immeasurable spaces between our earth and the nebula which is furthest removed from us? And in this stream of light there is as ample an existence of the positive, and as much a home for the abode of a spiritual world, as there is a dwelling-place for thy own spirit in the substance of the brain. To these and similar reflections succeeded the following dream:—

Methought my body sank down in ruins, and my inner form stepped out apparelled in light; and by my side there stood another form which resembled my own, except that it did not shine like mine, but lightened unceasingly. "Two thoughts," said the Form, "are the wings with which I move: the thought of *Here* and the thought of *There.* And, behold! I am yonder," pointing to a distant world. "Come, then, and wait on me with thy thoughts and with thy flight, that I may show to thee the universe under a veil." And I flew along with the Form. In a moment our earth fell back, behind our consuming light, into an abyss of distance; a faint gleam only was reflected from the summit of the Cordilleras, and a few moments more reduced the sun to a little star, and soon there remained nothing visible of our system except a comet, which was travelling from our sun with angelic speed in the direction of Sirius. Our flight now carried us so rapidly through the flocks of solar bodies—flocks past counting unless to their heavenly Shepherd—that scarcely could they expand themselves

before us into the magnitude of moons, before they sank behind us into pale nebular gleams; and their planetary earths could not reveal themselves for a moment to the transcendent rapidity of our course. At length Sirius and all the brotherhood of our constellations and the galaxy of our heavens stood far below our feet as a little nebula amongst other yet more distant nebulæ. Thus we flew on through the starry wildernesses; one heaven after another unfurled its immeasurable banners before us, and then rolled up behind us; galaxy behind galaxy towered up into solemn altitudes before which the spirit shuddered; and they stood in long array through which the Infinite Being might pass in progress. Sometimes the form that lightened would out-fly my weary thoughts; and then it would be seen far off before me like a corruscation among the stars, till suddenly I thought again to myself the thoughts of *There*, and then I was at its side. But, as we were thus swallowed up by one abyss of stars after another, and the heavens above our eyes were not emptier; neither were the heavens below them fuller, and as suns without intermission fell into the solar ocean like water-spouts of a storm which fall into the ocean of waters; then at length the human heart within me was overburdened and weary and yearned after some narrow cell or quiet oratory in this metropolitan cathedral of the universe. And I said to the Form at my side, "Oh, Spirit! has then this universe no end?" and the Form answered, and said, "Lo! it has no beginning."

Suddenly, however, the heavens above us appeared to be emptied, and not a star was seen to twinkle in the mighty abyss; no gleam of light to break the unity of the infinite darkness. The starry hosts behind us had all contracted into an obscure nebula; and, at length, *that* also had vanished. And I thought to myself, "At last the universe has ended," and I trembled at the thought of the illimitable dungeon of pure, pure darkness which here began to imprison the creation; I shuddered at the dead sea of nothing, in whose unfathomable zone of blackness the jewel of the glittering universe seemed to be set and buried forever; and through the night in which we moved I saw the Form which still lightened as before, but left all around it unilluminated. Then the Form said to me in my anguish—"Oh! creature of little faith! Look up! the most ancient light is coming!" I looked, and in a moment came a twilight—in the twinkling of an eye a galaxy—and then with a choral burst rushed in all the company of stars. For centuries gray with age, for millennia hoary with antiquity, had the starry light been on its road to us; and, at length, out of heights inaccessible to thought, it had reached us. Now, then, as through some renovated century, we flew through new cycles of heavens. At length again came a starless interval; and far longer it endured, before the beams of a starry host again had reached us.

As we thus advanced forever through an interchange of nights and solar heavens, and as the interval grew still longer and longer before the last heaven we had quitted contracted to a point, all at once we issued suddenly from the middle of thickest night into an aurora borealis, the herald of an expiring world, and we found throughout this cycle of solar systems that a day of judgment had indeed arrived. The suns had sickened, and the planets were heaving, rocking, yawning in convulsions. The subterraneous waters of the great deeps were breaking up, and lightnings that were ten diameters of a world in length ran along, from east to west, from Zenith to Nadir; and here and there, where a sun should have been, we saw instead, through the misty vapor, a gloomy, ashen, leaden corpse of a solar body that sucked in flames from the perishing world, but gave out neither light nor heat; and as I saw, through a vista that had no end, mountain towering above mountain, and piled up with what seemed glittering snow from the conflict of solar planetary bodies; then my spirit bent under the load of the universe, and I said to the Form, "Rest, rest, and lead me no farther; I am too solitary in the creation itself, and in its deserts yet more so; the full world is great, but the empty world is greater, and with the universe increase its Zaarahs."

Then the Form touched me like the flowing of a breath, and spoke more gently than before: "In the presence of God there is no emptiness; above, below, between, and round about the stars, in the darkness and in the light, dwelleth the true and very Universe, the sum and foundation of all that is. But thy spirit can bear only earthly images of the unearthly; now, then, I cleanse thy sight with euphrasy; look forth, and behold the images." Immediately my eyes were opened, and I looked, and I saw, as it were, an interminable sea of light—sea immeasurable, sea unfathomable, sea without a shore. All spaces between all heavens were filled with happiest light; and there was a thundering of floods; and there were seas above the seas, and seas below the seas; and I saw all the trackless regions that we had voyaged over; and my eye comprehended the farthest and the nearest; and darkness had become light, and the light darkness; for the deserts and wastes of the creation were now filled with the sea of light, and in this sea the suns floated like ash-gray blossoms, and the planets like black grains of seed. Then my heart comprehended that immortality dwelled in the spaces between the worlds, and death only amongst the worlds. Upon all the suns there walked upright shadows in the form of men; but they were glorified when they quitted these perishable worlds, and when they sank into the sea of light; and the murky planets, I perceived, were but cradles for the infant spirits of the universe of light. In the Zaarahs of the creation I saw—I heard—I felt—the glittering—the echoing—the breathing of life and creative power. The suns were but as spinning-wheels, the planets no more than weavers' shuttles, in relation to the infinite web which composes the veil of Isis ["I am whatsoever is—whatsoever has been—whatsoever shall be; and the veil which is over my counte-

nance no mortal hand has ever raised."]; which veil is hung over the whole creation, and lengthens as any finite being attempts to raise it. And in sight of this immeasurability of life, no sadness could endure, but only joy that knew no limit, and happy prayers.

But in the midst of this great vision of the universe the Form that lightened eternally had become invisible, or had vanished to its home in the unseen world of spirits. I was left alone in the centre of a universe of life, and I yearned after some sympathizing being. Suddenly from the starry deeps there came floating through the ocean of light a planetary body, and upon it there stood a woman whose face was as the face of a Madonna, and by her side there stood a Child, whose countenance varied not, neither was it magnified as he drew nearer. This child was a King, for I saw that he had a crown upon his head, but the crown was a crown of thorns. Then also I perceived that the planetary body was our unhappy earth, and, as the earth drew near, this Child, who had come forth from the starry deeps to comfort me, threw upon me a look of gentlest pity and of unutterable love, so that in my heart I had a sudden rapture of joy such as passes all understanding, and I awoke in the tumult of my happiness.

I awoke: but my happiness survived my dream; and I exclaimed: Oh! how beautiful is death, seeing that we die in a world of life and of creation without end! and I blessed God for my life upon earth, but much more for the life in those unseen depths of the universe which are emptied of all but the Supreme Reality, and where no earthly life nor perishable hope can enter.—*De Quincey's translation from Richter.*

THE BRAHMO SOMAJ MOVEMENT IN INDIA.

THE history of India has always had an intellectual and religious interest for Western nations. Its modern developments are watched. Attention has been drawn of late to the Brahmo Somaj movement, and theories propounded about it. I feel men ought to have definite notions of the Brahmo Somaj. Some look upon it as a form of covert Unitarian Christianity. Others look upon it as a mere revival of esoteric Hinduism. Others, again, class it as a passing phase of Deism, Rationalism, indefinite strivings of the Hindu intellect to find a rest-house between absolute doubt and the fulness of Revelation. There is enough of Christianity in the Brahmo Somaj to give color to the one supposition; and there is enough of Hinduism in it to favor the second; while the rational and philosophical basis of the movement may well ally it to the intellectual strivings of the day; yet to a careful observer the Brahmo Somaj is sufficiently distinct from each of the three.

The Brahmo Somaj professes to be a new departure in religion. It calls itself the New Dispensation resulting from the intercourse of Christianity and Hinduism with the free religious inquiry of the age. It is deeply indebted and intimately related to Christianity and Hinduism; the science and philosophy of the age have profoundly influenced it. But in its essence it is equally independent of all three. It stands on the laws of its own development. It looks back upon a marvellous originating Providence as its real source. It earnestly seeks for the light of the counsel of the Spirit to find its present guidance; and prayerfully waits upon God for its future triumph.

The Brahmo Somaj has a social mission. It slowly and steadily reforms the complicated structure of Hindu society. It has abolished the undoubted evils of caste, without disturbing its moral, religious, and personal control.* It has raised the woman, and means to raise her higher and higher, in intellect, in character, influence, and position. Twenty-five years ago the average Bengali woman could not read a single sentence, or dictate a simple letter. To-day there are more than half a dozen vernacular journals in Bombay and Bengal for Hindu ladies only, to which they contribute articles on every subject, writing both prose and poetry that would do credit to their educated sisters in England or America. The Brahmo Somaj has purified the marriage customs of India. It has raised the standard of marriageable age of men and women, thus practically dealing its death-blow to the pernicious system of early marriage, at once the cause of physical and moral degeneracy in the Hindu community of the day. Irrational and polytheistic observances have been expurgated from the modern marriage ritual, introducing such improvements as the altered conditions and the spirit of the times require. The Brahmo Somaj has organized itself to fight with such vices as intemperance and self-indulgence, in certain forms, coming from contact with foreign civilization. It has, by the publication of cheap newspapers and tracts, tried to act upon the mind of the masses, and stimulate thought in those ranks of the community, such as laborers, women, and petty shopkeepers, who have been hitherto impenetrable to every influence of enlightenment. It has attempted to remodel and redirect the administration of charity. Hindu charity is almost so entirely impulsive, and English charity so coldly scientific, that the Brahmo Somaj has found it necessary to form a combination of the two, administering its charity both according to personal and social needs. The social and moral reforms of the Brahmo Somaj have extended its influence where its mere theological principles could not reach. But the religion of the Brahmo Somaj has also penetrated far and deep in India. Nay, its social mission is in detail and in conception governed by its religion. And that is how the

* It has to be remembered that caste has always conserved morality in men and women who accepted its rule. Caste has protected the purity of the Aryan blood in India. Caste has centralized learning, preserved the Scriptures, distributed the occupations of life, and stratified society according to intelligence and character. Men who superficially view its evils lose sight of its good.

reforms find favor in Hindu society.* The religion of the Brahmo Somaj is most simple and essential in its basis. It consists of the fundamental instincts of man's mind about God and man. It is the underlying substance of all religions. Divinity is our father and mother. Humanity is our brother and sister. There is accountability for all human conduct. The future life is our eternal certainty. Spiritual exercise brings spiritual light. But though the basis of the religion of the Brahmo Somaj be so simple, its developments aim to reach every height and depth of human spirituality. In the first place, the religion of the Brahmo Somaj is the religion of insight. It not only re-interprets, but reconstructs the past. The radical problems of human faith remain the same in all ages, but the solutions differ. There is, for instance, the great subject of Divine nature and its relations with ourselves. The subject was approached and elucidated in the past. Illustrations abound in all religions. The light thrown over that sublime theme was symbolized, embodied, and figuratively set forth. All such light to reach the earth must refract through human faculties, feelings, convictions. But these continually change, advance, and re-embody. The forms and systems of one age become too narrow and unintelligible for another. Form affects substance. And hence a dim obscurity suffuses the masterpieces of spiritual delineation of apostolic times. Critical and historical research in trying to remove that obscurity, makes it intense and hopeless. Obstinate, unreasoning, defiant faith, accepting things as it finds them, perplexes the problem, and sometimes deters the candid. Nations seem to be fast losing hold of the saintly, apostolical past, or maintaining but a mechanical, mimetic loyalty to it. The religion of the present seemingly cannot reconcile itself with the past. It takes the form of eccentric individualism, heartless agnosticism, or hard doubt.

Yet there is a reconciliation somewhere. By what process can it come? The answer of the Brahmo Somaj is, it can come by spiritual insight. Spirit only can comprehend and interpret spirit; neither sense, nor intellect, nor formalism can. That was the genius of ancient India. The Hindus can be differentiated from other peoples by their profound vision of spiritual realities. In the mature and advanced state of his life, after he had gone through the period of tutelage, and the period of household life, in the third stage of his earthly career, the Hindu of former days retired from the world. This was the ancient Vedic law of life, of which the faint remnants can still be seen. The honored sage always taught the withdrawal of religious men from secular surroundings. Some withdrew early, some withdrew late, but every true devotee had to withdraw from home life into the forest. The soul, emancipated from its material environment by continued devotions and austere disciplines, penetrated into the Divine. "As the arrow penetrates its mark, and, thus penetrating, abides in the target, so the soul penetrates into Brahma, and abides in him." Thus soaring above earthly shadows and delusions, the devotee is absorbed in sympathy with the Absolute. He acquires a higher consciousness than that of the Intellect. His humanity becomes divinely inspired, and co-extensive with what is deepest and highest in the religious experience of mankind. He participates in the eternal perfections of God. Embosomed in wisdom, man's soul reflects upon or comprehends the operations of the past, re-interprets them, and reconstructs them. The present lends the forms, the past lends the spirit, and the reconciliation of apparently incongruous principles in faith and philosophy is effected. The exercise of this transcendental thought in the absorbed consciousness of union with God gave rise to the celebrated Hindu cult known as *Yoga*. The degeneracy of this philosophy has led to the physical monstrosities and absurd asceticisms with which modern India is full. The *Fakeer*, the *Sanyasee*, the *Sadhn*, in one word the Hindu anchorite, who surrounds himself with burning coals in the Indian summer, or stands neck-deep in icy-cold water in winter, who suspends his arm in the air till it becomes as dry as a stick, or makes his nails grow through the flesh of his hand, is only an imitation of the *Yoga* who, in search of divine wisdom, heeded not whether his flesh withered into decay. Buddha was the type of such austere devotions. Edwin Arnold says:

> "Moon after moon our Lord sate in the wood,
> So meditating that he forgot
> Oftentimes the hour of food, rising from thoughts
> Prolonged beyond the sunrise and the moon,
> To see his bowl unfilled, and eat perforce
> Of wild fruit fallen from the boughs o'erhead,
> Shaken to earth by chattering ape, or plucked
> By purple parokeet. Therefore his grace
> Faded; his body, worn by stress of soul,
> Lost day by day the marks thirty-and-two,
> Which testify the Buddha. Scarce that leaf,
> Fluttering so dry and withered to his feet
> From off the sal-branch, bore less likeness
> Of spring's soft greenery than he of him
> Who was the princely flower of all his land.
> And once at such a time the o'erwrought Prince
> Fell to the earth in deadly swoon, all spent,
> Even as one slain, who hath no longer breath,
> Nor any stir of blood; so wan was he,
> So motionless."

In other countries such disciplines and devotions are not unknown; but in India they culminated under the Yoga philosophy, whose object it always was to find insight into God, self, and all the universe. As much as the limits of the age will permit, the Brahmo Somaj has attempted to comprehend spiritual realities through the medium of Yoga culture. The result of this has been the discovery of a reconciliation of Hindu, Christian, and other forms of piety in the simple substance of catholic spirituality. And the disciples of the Brahmo Somaj maintain that the lustre of all previous revelations enlightens the New Dispensation, but that its special light of guidance comes from the spirit and reason of a living, presiding Providence. And they further maintain that all Divine dispensations are destined in future to find a reconciliation

* It must be borne in mind that no reform disconnected with religion finds any acceptance, far less any permanence, in India. All ethics, all economics, all æsthetics, are religions in that country.

in a similar culture to what makes up the history of their development.

But Hinduism prescribes another order of spiritual culture. This is known as *Bhakti*. It lies in the intense exercise of the religious emotions. It is the religion of the great Puranas. It is the mystical, poetic piety of Hafez and Persia. The emotions perfected give spiritual fulness. It is something like the Pauline doctrine of love being the fulfilment of the law. No doctrine, no truth, no principle of character can influence man without fervid, overflowing devotions. "The superiority that has no superior," says Emerson, "the redeemer and instructor of souls, as it is their primal essence, is love." This gives faith; this gives wisdom; this gives purity of life; joy here, peace hereafter. In every part of India this religion finds enthusiastic acceptance among thousands of men and women. It forms the life-blood of Vaishnavaism. These Vaishnavas are the tenderest and most devoted of all the sects. They abound in every province; they produce repeated revivals. In fact, such sentimentalism more or less largely enters into the tenets and practices of every sect. The Sikhs of the Punjab, a manly, martial, unidolatrous sect, have adopted it. And the Kukas, who are Puritans among the Sikhs, indulge in a violent practice of it. The Shaktas of Bengal, who worship the Mother-goddess Durga, have accepted its spirit. And the Shaivas of the Mahratta country are to some extent leavened by it through the influence of their popular teacher Tuka Ram. The religion of Bhakti, like Yoga, has, however, degenerated. Even amidst the idolatrous degeneracy, nevertheless there is an unmistakable hint about the future. The religious reformation of India is only possible through an intense development of popular emotions.

The Brahmo Somaj has, therefore, for the last fifteen years bent its endeavors in that direction. The intense prayerfulness of the Brahmo Somaj is the secret of its influence in India. Devotional festivals have been instituted, lasting sometimes for more than twelve hours, during which the assembled worshippers engage themselves in various forms of spiritual exercise—singing, praying, meditating, adoring, preaching, teaching, listening, or studying. Choral services with rapturous zeal, and floral decorations with candles, incense, and ceremonies, have been introduced. But neither flower, nor incense, nor candle, nor ceremony forms an essential part of the service. The feelings are appealed to, the imagination is stimulated, the best associations of the past are recalled. And where thought, meditation, and teaching fail, the emotions easily triumph. The heart being melted by representations of God's love, melts the whole being. Hence prayer in the Brahmo Somaj is the essence of every law of progress. In its devotional fervor the differences of opinion and usage, race and tradition, dissolve. All piety is found to be undenominational. The scriptures of all countries are found to contain truth. The prophets of all nations are discovered to have a providential power to teach and reform. Science supplements faith, and conflicts are reconciled. The devotional culture of the Brahmo Somaj therefore leads to a unity with all religious dispensations in the world. Its order of service is independent, but bears a resemblance to the devoutest worship of all churches both in the East and West. It is often asked whether the Brahmo Somaj has a large numerical following. The question may be confidently answered in the affirmative. But it is necessary to say that in India, the numerical following of any particular movement that grows by natural laws amongst the people is never recorded in a register. Sympathy measures success. Yet the fact that there are more than one hundred places connected with the Brahmo Somaj, more than a dozen journals in English and the vernaculars, colleges and schools, both male and female, may give some idea of the extent of its influence. A great many of the sanctuaries have been built by the people of the localities where they stand, sometimes at considerable expense. It is known that India is divided in great provinces, the people of which are in many cases entirely different in customs, ideas, and language. In point of fact, they may be considered different races of men, though all go by the general name of Hindus. In almost each one of these provinces, and by almost each of these races, a Brahmo Somaj has been established. The services are conducted in the vernacular of the place, and the ministers are its residents. So the whole movement of the Brahmo Somaj is a great and universal upheaval of the national mind rising to kindred aspirations, under the influence of kindred convictions. National vitality in India has always been the result of the rise of new religions. And it may be predicted that the New Dispensation of the Brahmo Somaj shall, in the course of time, restore to the country and its people some of the moral and spiritual greatness which belonged for so many ages to the abode of the early Aryans.

To the peculiar culture prescribed by primitive Hinduism the Brahmo Somaj adds the faith, repentance, and prayer of Christianity. The Brahmo Somaj has no theology yet, but the spirituality of all religions finds in it a fruitful soil. Nay, more, it is the practical morality of Christendom that has most profoundly permeated the Brahmo Somaj. One of its great objects is the absolute reconciliation of religion and morality. The Brahmo Somaj attracts the respect of its avowed opponents by the strictness of its ethical teachings. A sincere Brahmo is credited with scrupulous veracity, unblemished honesty, faultless purity of private life, chastity and temperance of every kind. It is in this high ethical ideal that the influence of the religion of Christ is most eminently discernible in the Brahmo Somaj. Unfortunately, in no country than in India does the gross anomaly of religious sentiment with personal impurity exist more largely. The Brahmo Somaj for the last twenty-five years has systematically struggled to root out this general evil. These struggles consist of religious ordinances and

disciplines as well as social reforms and stringent moral restrictions. The standards of personal life have come to take a very high place. And the leaders and missionaries of the movement have pledged themselves to accept those rigid and apostolical ideals. Not resting contented with great moral principles, the Brahmo Somaj has been training up individuals to incarnate those principles in their daily and domestic life.

And, lastly, with this spiritual and moral regimen the Brahmo Somaj combines scientific method and exactitude. It believes in the divine regularity and inviolability of Law. To it no Providence is without Law, and no Law without Providence. The most deeply apostolical faith, dependence, and self-renunciation, prayer, inspiration, and the miracles of God's revealed purpose, the Brahmo Somaj reconciles with the sure, slow-acting, eternal laws of things and thoughts. The dispensations of tribal and universal religion, the rise and influence of prophets, the communication and combination of scriptures, the conviction, repentance, and atonement of sins, are all the cadences of the perpetual harmony of laws. Philosophy is as sacred as faith. Morality is as sacred as religion. Spirituality evidences itself in the highest and most unselfish works of human good. Contrasting the simplicity and poverty of the Brahmo Somaj when it was founded by Ram Mohun Roy with the influence and spiritual wealth of the New Dispensation at the present day, well might one quote the prophecy of Emerson: "There will be a new church founded on moral science, at first cold and naked, a babe in the manger again, the algebra and mathematics of ethical law, the church of men to come, without shawms, or psaltery, or sackbut; but it will have heaven and earth for its beams and rafters, science for symbol and illustration; it will fast enough gather beauty, music, picture, poetry. The nameless Thought, the nameless Power, the Superpersonal Heart—it shall repose upon that."—P. C. MOZOOMDAR, in *The Christian Union*.

CALCUTTA, January, 1884.

EXPLORATIONS IN GREENLAND.

THIRD (AND CONCLUDING) PAPER.

THE ascent of Kelertingouit was a complete success. The day was cloudless, and the summit proved to be loftier than anything in its neighborhood, and was well isolated from the surrounding peaks. As I cast my eye down the ridge up which we had come, my followers were seen as little black dots scattered over it at intervals, some regarding their poor feet, and some pretending to be much interested in the landscape, in the manner of people who are very tired. The bearer of the theodolite-legs was the most advanced of them, and when he arrived I fixed and levelled the instrument in order to sweep the horizon. It was soon evident that I was more elevated than anything within a great distance, with the exception of two sharp, glacier-clad peaks lying on the northern side of the Umenak Fiord, and these two mountains, which are between 7000 and 8000 feet high, are the loftiest I have been able to find in North Greenland.

Kelertingouit was 6800 feet high, and there was a grand and most interesting view from its summit in all directions. Southwards it commanded the whole breadth of the Noursoak Peninsula, and extended over the Waigat Strait to the lofty island of Disco; westwards it embraced the western part of the Noursoak Peninsula, with Davis' Straits beyond; northwards it passed right over the Umenak Fiord (some 30 miles wide) to the Black Hook Peninsula; to the north-east it was occupied by the fiord, with its many imposing islands and islets, surrounded by innumerable icebergs streaming away from the inland-ice; and in the east, extending from north-east to south-east, over well-nigh 90° of the horizon, there was the inland-ice itself—presenting the characteristic features which have been mentioned in the earlier papers. The southern part of the view of the inland-ice, as seen from Kelertingouit, overlapped the northern part of it as seen on former occasions, whilst northwards it extended to at least 71° 15′ N. lat., so I had now viewed the section of the interior between 68° 30′ and 71° 15′, equal to 190 English miles, and had everywhere found a straight, unbroken crest of snow-covered ice, concealing the land so absolutely that not a single crag appeared above its surface.

The height of this straight, unbroken crest of snow was now the object of attention—the principle object for which the ascent was made. On bringing the theodolite to bear upon it, I found that it *appeared* to be slightly depressed below my station; but, as it was distant more than 100 miles,* it was only lower *in appearance* and not in reality. On the assumption that it was no more than 100 miles distant, after making allowance for refraction and curvature of the earth, its height was found to be *considerably in excess of* 10,000 *feet*.

The reader is now in possession of the reasons for saying it was certain that Baron Nordenskiöld would be disappointed if he should take the direction indicated in his programme, and why his statements regarding the interior of this part of Greenland caused both surprise and concern. A journey made across the frozen interior would no doubt be accounted a remarkable achievement, but there is every reason to believe that it would be barren in results. For, althought the interior has not been seen from the outskirts over its entire

* As some readers may not readily credit the possibility of seeing to so considerable a distance, I may mention that a few days previous to the ascent of this mountain, when upon the summit of Hare Island (1800 feet), about sixty miles to the west, *at midnight*, I recognized in the north the mountain near Upernivik called Sanderson's Hope, and to the S.E. the mountains at the extreme southern end of the Waigat Strait—the former being 150 miles and the latter above 110 miles distant from me. This, with one exception, is the greatest distance at which I have recognized objects during mountain expeditions, the one exception being the Pacific Ocean seen from a height of 18,000 feet on Chimborazo.

length and breadth, it has been viewed to a sufficient extent, and has been examined with sufficient precision, to render it a matter of all but absolute certainty that the whole of the interior from north to south, and east to west, is entirely enveloped in snow and ice. Almost all that can be learned by traversing this frigid waste can be learned, with greater ease and at infinitely less cost, by continuing its inspection from the mountains on the outskirts, and this is the course which has the greatest attractions for future explorers.

Though the veritable interior of Greenland is likely to yield very little of interest to the explorer, the case is far different with the fringe of land bordering the coast. The changes which have occurred both in the elevation of the country and in its climate, are amongst the most remarkable which can be quoted from any part of the world, and the people by whom it is inhabited have many points of interest about them. I propose to devote the remainder of the space at my disposal to these three topics, taking first the comparatively recent great upheaval of the land.

Earthquakes and active volcanoes are unknown in Greenland, yet the country presents evidences that it has been the scene of tremendous convulsions. Besides the small areas of erupted rock which may have made its appearance through rifts or fissures, there are widespread districts composed of volcanic rocks, with thicknesses of thousands of feet. The island of Disco, which measures more than sixty miles over in every direction, is mainly composed of them, and they are here 3000 to 4000 feet thick. The mainland on the opposite side of the Waigat Strait is also principally composed of them, and they attain there a much greater height and thickness, rising to the very summit of the mountain Kelertingouit (6800), which is the greatest height at which they have been observed in Greenland. In this district the volcanic rocks stretch more than 100 miles east and west, and considerably more than that distance north and south. They have not the appearance of having welled out of a crater, or some vast rift in the surface of the earth, but rather suggest having been violently upheaved or punched upwards; possibly during a somewhat similar convulsion of nature to that which occurred in 1883 in the Straits of Sunda, when the island of Krakatoa was shattered to pieces, and large areas round about it were suddenly upheaved or depressed. But such a convulsion, if it occurred, must have been on a vastly more important scale than the eruption of Krakatoa. The area concerned is many times greater, and the cliffs are prodigious—on Disco often rising more than 1500 feet in single clear precipices, and at the northern end of the Waigat attaining perhaps their greatest development, where, on the mountain Karkarsoak the seaward face, nearly 4000 feet high, is mainly composed of one great cliff, little removed from perpendicularity.

Whether this great development of volcanic matter made its appearance at one bound, or at successive periods, or whether it has been subjected to alternate upheavals and depressions, are questions which are likely to exercise the ingenuity of geologists for some time to come. There is evidence on the lower slopes of Kelertingouit, touching the Umenak Fiord, that at that part upheaval has occurred during a quite recent period; for there, at a place called Pattorfik, there is a considerable shell deposit, rising from a few feet above the sea to more than a hundred feet above the sea, where thousands upon thousands of marine shells * of a dozen or more species, are lying on the surface, or are imbedded in a conglomerate of pebbles and sandy detritus, and beginning to form a rock of extraordinary hardness. This deposit appears to have been formed at the end of a fiord (which has become dry land), in the same manner as deposits of a similar nature are now being created at the end of fiords in the neighborhood of the inland-ice. The engraving at the head of this paper represents a small fragment from this interesting spot.

This place has been visited by various travellers, amongst others by Baron Nordenskiöld, who termed the matrix of the deposit, "a somewhat hardened basalt sand in course of transformation to basalt tufa." As there may be considerable difference of opinion on this matter, I referred a specimen to Prof. T. G. Bonney, F.R.S., who has examined it microscopically, and has favored me with the following note:—

"This rock is composed of various mineral and organic fragments imbedded in an earthy matrix. The mineral fragments consist of quartz and felspar—sometimes in association—of a greenish mineral, in part at least hornblende (not common), of a minutely crystallized basalt (rare), and of a few grains of a dark brown glass, probably related to the last named. The organic fragments are, I believe, in all cases bits of shells of mollusks. The earthy matrix is too decomposed to allow me to decide upon its origin. It may either be decomposed felspar or the detritus of a basalt. The grayish or greenish aspect of the rock would not be unfavorable to the latter view. From certain minute peculiarities I believe that the quartz and the felspar are to a large extent derived from a granite or granitoid gneiss. Volcanic dust may partly make up the matrix, but the rock is not in any proper sense of the word a tuff."

About a hundred miles to the south of Pattorfik I obtained a better proof of upheaval by finding at a distance of several miles inland, at a height of 550 feet above the sea, shells of the following species:—*Yoldia, hyperborea*, L.; *Y. glacialis*, Gray; *Tellina tenera* (?) *T. proxima*, Brown; *Nucula nitida*, Sowerby; *N. tenuis*, Gray; *Saxicava rugosa*, L.; *Astarte*, sp. The foregoing two instances, and especially the latter, afford strong testimony, and they are supported and confirmed by other evidence. All the highest summits I have climbed in North Greenland are composed of rocks of volcanic origin, and they are everywhere, almost up to their highest points, sprinkled with a large diversity of drifted rocks. To the general reader it would be tedious to enumerate instances in the detail, which will be done ultimately, and I therefore quote only one example, namely, the summit of Hare Island. This island lies to the north of Disco Island, and is about seven miles long, with small cliffs by the shore, crowned by a

* *Cardium Islandicum, C. Grœnlandicum, Pecten Islandicus*, and several species of *Astarte* were in greatest numbers.

slightly undulating top, almost a moor, favorable for the retention of detritus, as it is little liable to denudation. The whole of this top (the summit of which is 1800 feet above the sea) is covered with drifted rocks, in size from small pebbles up to boulders containing several cubic yards, which have settled down, with their largest diameters approximately horizontal, and are in many places so well fitted into each other that they almost look as if placed by the hand of man. This is only one example out of many which might be quoted. The general features of the land; the existence of marine shells at considerable elevations above the sea; and the vast quantity of drifted matter, appearing in some places just like a sea bottom;* all lead to the conclusion that great and widespread upheaval has occurred, and that it took place (geologically speaking) at no very remote date, as the shells are all of an arctic type, and mostly, if not entirely, still live in the Greenland seas.

It is curious to find, in the heart of this region of volcanic rocks, in an arctic country and in an arctic cold, the fossil remains of a flora totally distinct from that now living there, and one which implies the existence at an earlier period of a very temperate climate at the least. Fossilized wood, leaves, flowers, and fruits have been found at various parts of the volcanic region of North Greenland, in more than a dozen places, and have been referred to various periods —those which have been assigned to the Tertiary period alone amounting to about 137 species, and the major part of these have come from one place, called Atanekerdluk, situated on the western slopes of a mountain facing the Waigat Strait.

My attention was first directed to this subject by noticing in McClintock's book, "The Voyage of the *Fox*," p. 26, a reference to a "fossil forest," and it appeared that Mr. Olrik (who was referred to in the first paper) had given Sir Leopold some specimens from the above-mentioned place. "I came away," said he, "enriched by some fossils from the fossil forest of Atanekerdluk." On inquiry of Mr. Olrik, I learned the situation of this locality, and that he had obtained at various times through the natives a considerable number of specimens from it, many of which had been sent to Copenhagen; but he had not, I believe, actually been upon the spot whence the specimens were taken. By his advice, before proceeding there, I went to the settlements of Ritenbenk and Sakkak, to obtain local guidance and assistance, and on arrival at the spot was accompanied by fourteen natives engaged to collect, besides my own regular party. From a little shelf on the slope, about 400 feet long, and out of Strata amounting to scarcely more than three feet in thickness, I obtained no less than seventy-three species, including oaks, poplars, chestnuts, planes, sequoias, magnolia, and many others. By the instrumentality of Mr. R. H. Scott, F.R.S.,* the first set of these specimens was secured for the British Museum by means of grants from the British Association and the Royal Society, and the whole were sent for examination and description to the late Prof. O. Heer, of Zurich, who had also examined most of the specimens previously brought from this locality, and I take the following extracts from his observations upon them.†

"The collection contains seventy-three species from this locality, of which twenty-five are new. Of these latter five are found in the Miocene Flora of Europe, viz., *Poacites Mengeanus*, *Smilax grandifolia*, *Quercus Laharpii*, *Corylus insignis*, and *Sassafras Ferretianum*. Of these the *Smilax* and *Sassafras* present points of peculiar interest. The *Smilax grandifolia* represents the *S. Mauritania* of the present Mediterranean flora, and at the lower Miocene epoch was distributed over the whole of Europe. It is found in Italy, Switzerland and Germany up to the coasts of the Baltic, and we now know that it occurred even in Greenland, hanging probably in festoons from the trees. The *Sassafras* has hitherto only been found at a few localities, which are, however, so far apart that it is very probable that the plant ranged over a large part of Europe.... As interesting new species we have to notice a *Viburnum* (*V. Whymperi*) resembling the *V. Lantana* of Europe and the *V. dentatum* of America; and *Aralia* with leathery leaves; a *Cornus;* an *Ilex* with very large leaves; two *Rhus;* a *Sorbus;* a *Nyssa*, and two *Pterospermites*. . . . The collection gives us also much information about species already known. It contains many fine leaves of *McClintockia*, which extend our knowledge of this remarkable genus. . . The oaks appear very frequently at Atanekerdluk. To the eight species which we knew formerly, a new one (*Quercus Laharpii*, Gaud.) has been added, while among the former ones we obtained more perfect leaves of *Q. Lyellii*, and *Q. Platania*. The same is the case with *Juglans*, *Planera*, and two remarkable ferns (*Hemitelites Torelli* and *Woodwardites*), differing very widely from all species both of the temperate and frigid zones. . . . The discovery of the fruit and flowers of the chestnut prove to us that the deposits of Atanekerdluk were formed at different seasons; in spring when the chestnut is in flower, as well as in autumn. The discovery of the fruit of *Menyanthes* is a further confirmation of a species founded only on the leaves."

To discover such an assortment as this in an arctic climate is in itself sufficiently remarkable, and it is the more so to find it within an area measuring less than 200 feet in length, 10 feet in width, and a depth of 3 feet 8 inches. Within this space thousands of specimens of seventy-three species were obtained.‡ In his valuable paper, Prof. Heer speaks with admiration of the "densely packed" masses of leaves; but the collection as it reached his hands conveyed little idea of the wonderful profusion seen on the spot, which gave the impression of a most luxuriant growth of vegetation, of numerous species in close contiguity, and of an immense accumulation of fallen leaves, twigs, and branches.

As a rule, there were only *impressions* of the leaves. The original tissues had disappeared, though in some cases the tissues remained, and even cones and stems were found with their structure only slightly fossilized. Those nearest the surface were in a hardened, reddish clay. These masses did not split easily, and they suffered little in transporta-

* Dredgings executed in the neighborhood of grounded icebergs on the Greenland coast for the sake of the matter which was being deposited by them, brought up precisely such an assortment of rocks as were collected on the summit of Hare Island, and at other places.

* Who had intended to have travelled in N. Greenland and had obtained a grant from the British Association in 1866 for the exploration of the plant beds; but, being prevented from going, and learning of my intended journey, most handsomely afforded me valuable assistance and information.

† Paper read to the Royal Society, March 11, 1869.

‡ The whole were taken out either by my assistants working under my eye, or with my own hands. They were all collected *in situ*, and there was no admixture of dubious specimens brought in by natives without knowing whence they came. It is not as a rule advisable to employ natives to collect fossils without superintending their operations, as they are very apt to mix specimens coming from different strata, and thereby produce confusions leading to totally erroneous conclusions.

tion, and the larger part of those which arrived unbroken in Europe were of this nature; but the lower strata, composed of grayish shales, were by far the most prolific, and, when cleared of the superincumbent rubbish, presented a most charming spectacle of myriads of leaves lying closely one over another, as perfect in nervation and contour as when they had first fallen to the ground.* These shales, unhappily, were exceedingly tender and brittle, and they suffered greatly in transit, and through the frequent packing and repacking, so that few reached Europe intact.†

The deposit at Atanekerdluk is by far the richest which has been discovered in Greenland, either in species or specimens; but I have myself (in 1867 and 1872) collected fossil leaves belonging to various periods at ten other localities, either upon the mainland, Hare Island, or Disco Island, and there is little doubt that many others will be found ultimately. The greatest success obtained in 1867 was the discovery of a Magnolia cone on Disco Island, and this afforded much satisfaction to Professor Heer, who had previously observed in specimens which had been sent to him some fragmentary leaves which he referred to Magnolia.‡ An engraving from this specimen, which is now exhibited in the British Museum, is given of the natural size. In the same neighborhood, in 1872, I obtained large quantities of fossilized wood. The stems and trunks which are found in this condition greatly exceed in dimensions anything now growing in the country. There is now, indeed, scarcely anything in North Greenland worthy of being called a tree—the nearest approach to one being the dwarf-birch, which creeps along the ground, and seldom grows as high as a man. The largest living wood is hardly ever more than 2 *inches* in diameter, while complete fossil stems have been found exceeding 2 *feet* in diameter, and isolated fragments are occasionally met with, which have apparently belonged to more considerable trunks. The largest fossil stem I have actually brought home, belonging to a coniferous tree, is figured herewith on the scale of 3¼ inches to a foot, and an interesting contrast is afforded by the annexed specimen of living wood (the largest I have actually seen growing) which is engraved upon the same scale as the other fragment.

Considerable differences of opinion have been expressed regarding the period to which Prof. Heer has referred this fossil flora, and some as an easy way of accounting for its presence in latitude 70°, in so arctic a land, have suggested that it was floated to its present position from more genial climes—a conjecture that no one would entertain who had seen it on the spot. The evidence is already overwhelming that, in the past, vegetation flourished there of a character now unknown in the country and that there was a dense and luxuriant forest growth which extended over nearly a hundred miles, reckoning from north to south; and from information I have received, I have little doubt that this area will be extended at no remote date.

The Greenlanders deserve more space than can be allotted to their consideration. They have their peculiarities, but when these are mastered there are few people amongst whom it is so easy and pleasant to travel. A single person can trust himself amongst them, unarmed, without apprehension. There is probably no country in the world more free from deeds of violence than Greenland. Murder is practically unknown there, and order is maintained, or rather maintains itself, without the assistance of a single soldier, policeman, or magistrate.

Their treatment of the Greenlanders has for many years past redounded to the credit of the Danes. The native population, which a century ago numbered about 5000, now exceeds 10,000. It was stated long since that the majority of the natives could read and write, and from personal observation I should say that the proportion of those who can read is larger than in the British Islands, In some way or other the Danes have succeeded in making school-life attractive, and though the small natives delight in making dirt-pies as much as other children, they display a greater love for school than is commonly found in more civilized regions. Some other branches of civilization which have been introduced are perhaps less generally beneficial. The vices of snuffing and smoking are largely indulged in, and "the skilling (farthing) cigar" has become an institution amongst the urchins. I heard in Disco Bay of one child, aged two years, who enjoyed a short pipe—but it should be said that *she* was accounted precocious.

Many of the good effects which are now visible should doubtless be attributed to the seed sown a century ago by the Egedes. The house which was tenanted at Claushavn by Hans Egede Saabye (grandson of the first Egede,) which was referred to in his "Extracts from a Journal," is still standing—a queer, little, incommodious dwelling, into which it is difficult to understand how he stowed away his wife and family. In his time frauds were systematically practised upon the natives; but at the present it would be difficult to point to any country where trade is more honorably conducted.

The list of the goods which are supposed to be obtainable at the stores is very comprehensive, embracing everything that the heart can desire between gunpowder and lavender-water, and, as the selling prices are extremely moderate, it seems at first sight that a traveller would find this a cheap country. It is as well to point out that a great many of the articles set forth exist only in *the list*, and that all eatables very commonly run short in

* *Sequoia Langsdorfii*, Brongn., was the most abundant species both at Atanekerdluk and at other places, and was found at the former in almost every slab of considerable size.

† It was necessary to carry them 1174 feet down the hillside, then they were re-packed and transported in a boat to Ritenbenk; there transferred to a blubber-sloop and taken to Godhavn; then sent by a brig to Copenhagen; thence by steamer to London, where they were again re-packed, and then dispatched by steamer and rail to Zurich.

‡ The specific name was given by Prof. Heer in compliment to Admiral Sir E. A. Inglefield, F.R.S.; who, I am informed, was the first to bring specimens from Atanekerdluk to England.

the summer months just before the arrival of the annual ships. I came once to a settlement where nothing whatever eatable could be obtained, and where scarcely anything was left in the store except china-buttons, fish-hooks, and lucifer matches; and, as I was very short of food at the time, the problem presented itself, Which of these three articles is the most nutritious?

The arrival of the annual ships is eagerly looked for, and is usually the most important event of the year. In the northern settlements, Godhavn, the capital, is generally the first place to receive news from Europe, after having been cut off from civilization for seven months. On the extremity of the promontory within which the harbor lies, there is a signal-house and look-out station, a quaint little building, supported internally at the angles by large bones of whales; and many wistful glances are cast from it down Davis' Straits in the spring for the first ship, bringing news from home and food for the hungry. Jens is perhaps most eager for that half cask of rum which was ordered twelve months ago; Hans considers his sixty pounds of tobacco the most important of earthly considerations; but all devour the news, to find whether the loved ones at home are well, and above all to learn, Is there Peace, or is there War?—EDWARD WHYMPER, in *Good Words*.

THE BRUTES ON THEIR MASTER.

No one seemed disposed to break the silence: the Fox surveyed their confusion with a malicious smile.

"After all," he continued carelessly, the company still remaining mute, "I don't know that it matters much to me. The conditions of my own life will not be materially affected, whatever course you take."

"Not affected!" struck in the Dog quickly. "Oh, come, that is a little too much. Why, surely, if you could induce us to act on your advice, you would——"

"Allow me to finish, if you please," interrupted the other, with a touch of irritation. "I should, even in that case, find it just as hard a matter to live; I should be shot and trapped instead of hunted, that is all. Nay, I might, perhaps, be worse off, as some people would consider it, than I am now. For I am told, and I see no particular reason to doubt it, that if it had not suited Man to preserve us for the purposes of sport our race would long since have become extinct. By detaching the Horse and Dog from Man, and thus rendering the fox-hunt an impossibility, we should in fact be removing the main factor in our perpetuation."

"Why are you trying to do it then?" inquired the Cat lazily, opening one eye to watch the effect of his question.

"Why?" echoed the Fox, with impatience. "Because I hate to see people being made fools of, as you are; and because I would rather take my chance of fighting for existence under some additional disadvantages than see the simplicity of worthy animals abused by a hypocritical oppressor."

"Ha!" muttered the Cat. "A disinterested Fox! I appreciate your motives. And," added he, dreamily, "I will not mention the word 'chickens.'"

"With your antecedents you will exercise a wise discretion in not doing so," said the Fox tartly; "and let me tell you, my friend, that it is a matter of perfect indifference to me whether you appreciate my motives or not. My appeal is made to animals, not only of a superior intelligence to yours, but of a far higher morality than you have ever shown yourself capable of conceiving."

The Cat returned no answer to this taunt. He was asleep.

After a short pause, during which the Dog appeared lost in painful reflection, the Fox, in a still more insinuating tone, resumed.

"It is," he said, "precisely because I entertain so sincere a respect for that combination of moral and intellectual qualities which I find in you, and in our friend, the Horse, here, that I have thought it worth my while to lay these proposals of mine before you. It needs nothing less than that combination of qualities to enable you to be of any real service to us. We are all of us, as I hold, either persecuted or exploited or in some way or other ill-used by Man. To every one of us he plays the part either of open enemy or designing patron or treacherous comrade, as the case may be. But some among us, as, for instance, that poor silly thing there," with a sidelong glance of contempt at the Sheep hard by, "are both morally and mentally too weak to offer any resistance. Others, though not wanting in intelligence, strength, or courage, are unfortunately so situated as to be unable to render any effective help to the common cause. Others, again, though intellectually well fitted to devise a plan of revolt, and even to direct its execution, have not been fortunate enough for some reason or other"—here the Fox coughed with an air of constraint—"to win the confidence of their fellow brutes. The Dog and the Horse, however, fulfil all the conditions required in leaders of a movement of emancipation. They have wit enough to see through Man's pretences to virtue, moral sense enough to be disgusted at his baseness, and more power of annoying and injuring him than all the rest of us put together. What say you, then? Will you join in the league of the lower animals, as my lord calls us, against him?"

"Not I!" replied the Dog promptly, all his doubts dispersed at once by the mere shock of the proposal. "Not I! He's far too good."

"Nor I," said the Horse, though with less enthusiasm. "He's much too strong."

"Too strong!" echoed the Dog reproachfully. "Is *that* all? I thought you loved him as I do."

The Horse looked mildly at him for a moment before replying.

"I never said I did not," he added presently. "But perhaps I see more of his strength than you do."

"I have more respect for your objection at

any rate than for his," said the Fox in a slightly contemptuous tone, "but there is nothing in it. You don't suppose that I advocate anything like open resistance to our tyrant. I quite admit that he is too strong to allow any chance of success for *that*. No, what I mean is that Man is dependent upon you for a vast number of willingly rendered services; that he relies and has to rely in a hundred matters on the unforced zeal and docility of the Horse, and that were he suddenly to lose the benefit of these qualities and find himself unable to get any more out of the Horse than he could wring from him by absolute physical compulsion incessantly applied, he would find the situation intolerable."

"So should we, I expect," said the Horse dryly.

"No doubt it would be disagreeable to you for a time," admitted the Fox. "But with your well-known fortitude you could surely tire him out. Besides, you continually have not only his comfort at your disposal but his life in your power. Think of the number of necks you might break by concerted action in a single day."

"You don't tell me what I am to do, however," said the Dog. "For what services, pray, is Man so dependent upon me? I should think he could make a shift to do without hunting, and he seems to like shooting best without me. What could *I* do to injure him?"

"This is mere affectation," sneered the Fox. "You know as well as I do that you are as necessary to Man in one way as the Horse is in another. He wants toys no less than tools, and you are toys to which he has become so accustomed that he could not do without you. Affection he calls his feeling for you, and you no doubt are weak enough to believe him. But anyhow you have grown into a habit with him, and it would throw the whole human race into selfish consternation to learn some fine morning that no dog would ever again lick man's hand."

There was a diabolical twinkle in the Fox's eye as he uttered these words, but his tact told him the next moment that he had gone too far. The last suggestion seemed to fall upon the Dog like a blow. He winced and rose instantly to his feet.

"I will wish you good-night," he said coldly. "It is no use my staying here any longer. Nothing in the world should induce me to do what you ask."

"Sit down again, pray," said the Fox earnestly, "and listen to me. I don't expect you to do what I am asking you as long as your feelings towards Man remain what they are. But surely I have already said enough to show you how misplaced is your regard for him. What! not when I mention that ugly word again?"

The Dog shuddered slightly but remained silent.

"Not when I mention vivisec——"

"No," said the Dog, in a tone almost of irritation. "I wish to hear no more about that. It ought to be enough for you to know that it doesn't in any degree alter my feelings towards Man."

"Oh, that's impossible," replied the Fox coolly. "Or at least if it is possible, you must be in one sense as great an impostor as he is. What is the good of Man's having elevated your moral nature as he pretends to have done? What is the use of his having developed all the virtues in you if you can't feel now that your patron's vile heartlessness and hypocrisy deprive him of all title to respect? Why, even that wretched rabbit there, who cowers down when I merely mention his name, even he has conscience enough to appreciate the villany of vivisection, if he has not sufficient force of character to condemn it. His brother was netted along with several friends and sold to a vivisector. He witnessed the whole performance in the person of one of his friends before fortunately making his own escape. Hi! Bunny! tell us what you think of cutting rabbits up alive."

The Rabbit glanced timidly round him as though afraid of being overheard, and then replied, in a hurried, trembling whisper:

"I don't know. Don't ask me. It's bad—very bad. But—but my mother's hind legs were broken with a shot yesterday, and she has just crawled home. She's lying over there behind the hedge. I'm not sure shooting ain't worse than the other."

"You're a fool," said the Fox, somewhat disconcerted at this display of independent judgment on the Rabbit's part. "The sportsman kills outright a dozen times for once that he wounds. But the very object of the other wretch is to keep his victim alive as long as he can. Besides, that isn't the worst part of the matter by any means. Who cares what happens to us,—you, Bunny, I mean, and me? Man has never pretended to be *our* friend; he dislikes me and he despises you. If he ever condescends to do anything but shoot you it is only to put you into a hutch as a toy for his children. You rank merely as a larger sort of guinea pig or white mouse: while as for me"—continued the Fox significantly—"well, he has never tried to make a friend of *me*—not *much*. And between ourselves he is not far wrong. Anyhow he is welcome to vivisect me, when he can take me alive and persuade me to lie down quietly on the operating table, without trying a previous experiment in vivisection on my own account." And here Reynard bared his formidable rows of teeth in an extremely sinister grin. "To cut up a fox or a rabbit may be as cruel as you please, but you can't exactly call it base. Even to operate on a cat," added the Fox, evidently not sorry to deal a side blow at his satirical companion, "even to operate on a cat, domestic animal as he is called, appears to me to be much the same thing."

"What's that you're saying?" asked the Cat drowsily.

"I was saying," repeated the Fox in his blandest tones, "that though they call you a domestic animal, I don't believe that you feel any particular affection towards Man, at least in a disinterested way; and that as he is probably conscious of that, he is more or less justified in treating you like one of us. What do you think about it yourself?"

"What do I think about what?" asked the Cat, with as much impatience as he was capable of showing.

"Well, do you feel particularly disgusted at the thought of Man's putting one of your species to a cruel death?"

"I should feel particularly disgusted at the thought of Man's putting *me* to a cruel death," was the reply.

"But more so at its being done by Man than by your natural enemy, the Dog?"

"Not a bit more," said the Cat calmly. "Why should I?"

"Precisely the answer I expected," said the Fox with a chuckle. "Then if you feel no deeper sense of injury, no keener throb of pain at being tortured by Man than by the Dog, you must be in reality as far apart from Man as we are, and he is under no obligation to treat you otherwise than as one of us. What do you say to that?"

"Nothing," said the Cat, upon whom a fresh "exposition of sleep" was rapidly gaining. "Nothing. The question has no interest for me."

"Exactly. Then you may go to sleep again. Man, I say, might have destroyed or tortured us all—foxes, rabbits, sheep, even cats, without proving anything more than the hardness of his heart—without exhibiting himself, I mean, as an ungrateful and treacherous villain. But the Dog, his comrade for a thousand years, the friend of his fireside, the companion of his walks, the guardian of his flocks, the sentry in his house, nay, the very saviour of his life on the snow-field or in the flood, the animal whom he boasts of having raised almost to equality with himself—that Man should torture *him!* By Heaven!" cried the Fox in a well-simulated outburst of honest indignation. "It is infamous!"

There was another silence, broken only by the low purring of the Cat. Upon the more intelligent members of the assembly this last stroke of the Fox's had not been without its effect. The Dog in particular, in spite of the firmness with which he had proclaimed his fidelity to Man, was evidently a prey to very strong emotions of doubt and pain.

"I do not believe," he said at last, "that Man often does torture the Dog in this way."

"Not so often as the rabbit, it is true; but why? Because the rabbit is cheaper, no other reason. In the same way, no doubt, it would cost a man less to cut up children of his own begetting than to have to buy other people's; but I don't think the economy would be regarded in that case as a sufficient excuse. That Man should ever have vivisected the Dog at all is enough in itself to brand him as the vilest creature in the creation."

"I don't know," said the Horse thoughtfully, "that one is quite justified in saying that of the whole race. There are brutes of course among——"

"There are what?" interrupted the Fox sharply.

"I—I—mean," said the Horse, a little confused, "I mean what they themselves call 'brutes.'"

"Ay," said the Fox, in a tone of profound bitterness. "I know what you mean. And it shows how completely domestication has alienated your sympathies from your own people, that you have picked up the very cant of insult from our common oppressor. It is we who should rather stigmatize unusual cruelty or treachery among members of the brute creation, by applying to its author the name of 'man.' But we cannot hope to rival him in that respect. A tiger would gladly make a mouthful of a young chamois, if luck threw one in his way. But to prop up the corpse of the nursing mother in order that the hungry unweaned younglings may be lured within reach of the hunter—*that* is a thoroughly 'human' performance, is it not?"

"Well, call them what you will," said the Horse, "all men are not as cruel as some men. *I* know that from experience, sweet as well as bitter."

"Ah," struck in the Dog eagerly, "then you are *not* altogether the unwilling slave of Man. You too delight, or you have delighted, as I do in his company and service."

A light gleamed for a moment in the dim patient eyes of the Horse, and his nostril dilated and quivered. "I did delight in it," he said proudly, "I am a thoroughbred, and great things were expected of me once. When I was two years old I carried everything before me. Yes, I have known what it is to win the admiration of thousands; and, what is better, to be loved and cherished by a few. Women have kissed my face and plaited this ragged mane of mine in ribbons, but that was long ago, before I broke down. My life is very different now."

"How do you live now, then?" asked the Dog.

The Horse paused a moment before replying. "I thought you knew," he answered, with an air of simple dignity very impressive to witness. "I draw a cab."

"Great heavens!" cried the Fox, who was perfectly well aware of the fact, in a tone of wrathful astonishment. "And you defend this race! What black, what base ingratitude! Your owner, I suppose, had won thousands by you, and could not spare a few pounds a year to secure a comfortable retirement for one who had done so much for him. I ask you, is there any act of meanness which——"

"Steady, steady!" interrupted the Horse, "not so fast, please! My owner fully intended to provide for me for life, and actually did so for a year or two, but, unfortunately for me, luck went against him on the turf, and—well, to cut a long story short, I passed to the assignees in bankruptcy. But I believe he was really sorry to part with me, and his daughter cried bitterly when she came to bid me good-by."

"Much good that was," said the Fox contemptuously. "But, however, I am not concerned either with the cruelties of ignorant men or with the heartlessness of the luxurious and self-indulgent classes. What they may do is of little consequence. It is not their doings which have caused our friend here"—glancing at the Dog—"to doubt whether he

has not been mistaken in Man. It is the conduct of those who profess to be the most enlightened and humane among their species. You know what his master is, don't you?" he continued, turning from the Dog, who was becoming painfully agitated, to the rest of the company. "He is a well-known vivisector."

"He is—he is one of the kindest and most benevolent of human beings," interrupted the Dog hastily. "He is beloved by all who know him."

"Except rabbits, I presume," interjected the Fox dryly. "How many scores do they tell me that he 'used up' in the course of last year? He must be a delightful person to live with, especially if one happened to be taken ill of some interesting disease."

"He nursed me through the distemper as a puppy," said the Dog, with feeling. "All through one night he sat up, giving me egg and port wine every two hours. I should have died if it hadn't been for him. It was only his great skill that saved me."

"Dear me! how good of him!" said the Fox. "Probably yours *was* an interesting case, then, and I have no doubt he learned much from it. He did not pull you through altogether though, it seems," and the speaker glanced significantly at one of his companion's twitching fore-legs.

"No," said the Dog quietly. "The distemper has left chorea behind it. It was impossible to save me from that."

"*How do you know that?*" asked the Fox, almost in a whisper, and eyeing the other with a devilish leer.

The Dog looked at him for a moment, with nothing save pure astonishment in his limpid hazel eyes—"What on earth do you mean?" inquired he.

"Oh, nothing," said Reynard carelessly. "If you see no cause for suspicion it may be all right; only a scientific man like your master might have wanted to study chorea, and so have allowed——"

"Stop!" growled the Dog fiercely. "Drop that, or you and I will fall out."

"Don't lose your temper, my precious innocent," said the Fox sweetly. "My suggestion seems a very reasonable one to me. I start with the assumption that your master would not scruple to vivisect you if the supply of rabbits failed."

"Me! his own dog?" said the Dog, with a horror and contempt which checked further utterance.

"No! not his own dog?" inquired the Fox with affected surprise. "He draws the line there, does he? Then the greater scoundrel he to vivisect other people's dogs. The meanest of the lost curs whom he picks up for torture has probably had some one who loved him. . . . I assume of course that he would *not* mind vivisecting other people's dogs. Would he?"

The Dog returned no answer. He did not feel as sure as he would have liked to feel that his master *would* mind vivisecting other people's dogs; and the Fox's criticism on that act seemed to him to throw an entirely new light upon it. Reynard perceived the impression he had made, and lost no time in following up his advantage.

"What business have you," he went on, "to think only of yourself, and of your own selfish interests? You might as well be a cat, for all that I can see. If you had been elevated as much as that humbug Man pretends to have raised you, you would think of the race at large, as he does, and not of the individual."

"As he does?" said the Horse. "Oh, but that's all nonsense. Do you believe it?"

"Not I," replied the Fox disdainfully, "I am using Man's own cant, that is all. But our friend here swallows it all most trustfully, I feel sure, don't you? You believe that Man burns with disinterested zeal for the welfare of his race, and that he tortures Bunny and Pussy there in spirit of pure humanity?—eh?"

"I don't believe—I know it," said the Dog confidently. "I know, at any rate, that my master is incapable of inflicting pain, except with a benevolent object. I have heard him say that by the sufferings of a few he hopes to alleviate the agony of thousands."

"Oh, of course!" assented the Fox ironically. "But thousands of whom? Dogs, cats, rabbits, horses—or men?"

"Not of men only," said the Dog, with eagerness. "We lower animals are as much interested, so Man says, in the progress of scientific research as himself; and, if we are called upon to suffer, it is for the alleviation of our own——"

"Fudge!" cried the Fox in a tone of the bitterest contempt. "Don't attempt to pass off that sickening stuff upon us. Do you suppose for a moment that men would experiment on living animals for the benefit of dogs and horses alone?"

The Dog did not suppose so for a moment, and was too honest to pretend that he did.

"Man is careful enough not to hurt his own precious skin in these investigations of his," continued the Fox.

"I beg your pardon," said the Dog quickly. "Some men have sacrificed their own lives to their experiments."

"Well, let them stick to that, then," replied the Fox, "and we won't complain of them. But *you* know well enough that that is not the usual way of it. You know that what the vivisector mostly does is to torture scores and hundreds of those wretched rabbits for no other object than to prolong the life or relieve the pains of the race of beings who shoot away Bunny's legs and leave him to die by inches in a hole. Bunny is vastly interested in that object, isn't he? Don't tell me that the men who sport and the men who torture are different classes. I know they are; but I know, too, that the men who torture pretend to be the best, and boast that mankind are gradually being raised—raised, if you please—from the level of the hunter up to their own. That, to my mind," continued the Fox, shaking his head solemnly, "is the shocking part of it. But it makes your course all the clearer for you domestic animals, as you call yourselves; and I say that a very heavy

responsibility rests upon you. You have deserted your own kith and kin, and thrown in your lot with Man; and I hold that, unless you are as bad as he is, you ought to cast him off without hesitation now you have found out what he is. Yes," said the Fox, collecting his force for a last effort; "if you find that, as he approaches what he believes to be his highest development, he becomes more hard-hearted, more treacherous and hypocritical, more destitute of ordinary fidelity to his brute comrades than he was in his lower stages—I say it is time for you to give him up as a bad job. He can't complain if you do. He boasts of having taught you the virtues, and he must expect you to judge him by his own teachings. Come, for the last time, domestic animals, will you abandon Man as unworthy of your society and service; or, rather, will you, Dog and Horse, do so? for to you," turning to the Cat, "I know it is vain to appeal."

"Quite so," said the Cat, "and therefore you need not have waked me with your gabble. What on earth has man's unworthiness got to do with the matter? All I want to know is whether I can better myself by leaving him, and I am pretty sure I can't. Man has cream and cold fish, and soft hearth-rugs, and delightfully padded easy chairs. I know nothing pleasanter to rub one's side against than the leg of his trousers. Sometimes, it is true, in the fine spring weather I have rambled in the woods, before the young birds can fly, and thought it would be pleasant to live out of doors and provide for oneself. But when the winter has set in severely I was always glad to get back to the fire; and for an indoors cat," he added reflectively, "of course the winter is all the better for being severe, because then the robbins are not afraid to come on the window-sill."

"Ugh!" said the Fox, turning from him with disgust to the Horse; "is there anything better to be hoped from you?"

"Not a bit," said the Horse cheerily. "I have heard nothing from you that I didn't know before. I have never had any very extravagant opinion of Man's virtues. He is rough and selfish, and loses his temper about trifles, but there is good in the fellow at bottom. I don't mind working with him and for him to a reasonable extent, and I certainly prefer his society—if you will excuse my frankness—to yours or that of any other of the lower animals."

"Mean-spirited wretch!" muttered the Fox. "You, a thoroughbred! However, I expected," he continued, addressing the Dog, "that you would be the only one capable of appreciating my appeal. *You* see what Man is from the moral point of view and you——"

"And I love and reverence him," said the Dog stoutly, "as much as ever. Who am I to judge him—I, the creature of his hand? He has made me what I am, and all I have is his. He is greater, stronger, wiser, than I, and I *must* suppose him to be in all things better too. If anything done by him seems to me harsh and cruel, I will believe that it only seems so because his ways are beyond the compass of my weak mind to comprehend."

"Whew!" whistled the Fox in unconcealed astonishment, as the Dog and Horse walked away together. "He didn't pick up *that* language from his scientific master, I'll be bound. But after all, I needn't be surprised at his merely talking so: when they tell you the story that one of those fools actually raised his head from the operating table to lick his master's torturing hand. That kind runs easily to religion. And to think that just when Man has succeeded in creating the religious instinct in his dog, he is losing it himself."

Chuckling hugely at the reflection, the Fox looked round for some one to share his amusement, when his eye fell on the features of the sleeping Cat.

"Ah," he said to himself, after a moment's thought, "it is convenient to be wicked, but it is a misfortune to be altogether without moral sense. Unless you understand the difference between good and evil you will miss half the joke of life."—H. D. Traill, in *The Nineteenth Century.*

THE MILK IN THE COCOANUT.

For many centuries the occult problem how to account for the milk in the cocoanut has awakened the profoundest interest alike of ingenious infancy and of maturer scientific age. Though it cannot be truthfully affirmed of it, as of the cosmogony or creation of the world, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," that it "has puzzled the philosophers of all ages" (for Sanchoniathon was certainly ignorant of the very existence of that delicious juice, and Manetho doubtless went to his grave without ever having tasted it fresh from the nut under a tropical veranda), yet it may be safely asserted that for the last three hundred years the philosopher who has not at some time or other of his life meditated upon that abstruse question is unworthy of such an exalted name. The cosmogony and the milk in the cocoanut are, however, a great deal closer together in thought than Sanchoniathon or Manetho, or the rogue who quoted them so glibly, is ever at all likely, in his wildest moments, to have imagined.

The cocoanut, in fact, is a subject well deserving of the most sympathetic treatment at the gentle hands of grateful humanity. No other plant is useful to us in so many diverse and remarkable manners. It has been truly said of that friend of man, the domestic pig, that he is all good, from the end of his snout to the tip of his tail; but even the pig, though he furnishes us with so many necessaries or luxuries—from tooth-brushes to sausages, from ham to lard, from pepsine wine to pork pies—does not nearly approach, in the multiplicity and variety of his virtues, the all-sufficing and world-supplying cocoanut. A Chinese proverb says that there are as many useful properties in the cocoanut palm as there are days in the year; and a Polynesian saying tells us that the man who plants a cocoanut plants meat and drink, hearth and home,

vessels and clothing, for himself and his children after him. Like the great Mr. Whiteley, the invaluable palm-tree might modestly advertise itself as a universal provider. The solid part of the nut supplies food almost alone to thousands of people daily, and the milk serves them for drink, thus acting as an efficient filter to the water absorbed by the roots in the most polluted or malarious regions. If you tap the flower stalk you get a sweet juice, which can be boiled down into the peculiar sugar called (in the charming dialect of commerce) jaggery; or it can be fermented into a very nasty spirit known as palm-wine, toddy, or arrack; or it can be mixed with bitter herbs and roots to make that delectable compound "native beer." If you squeeze the dry nut you get cocoanut oil, which is as good as lard for frying when fresh, and is "an excellent substitute for butter at breakfast," on tropical tables. Under the mysterious name of copra (which most of us have seen with awe described in the market reports as "firm" or "weak" "receding" or "steady") it forms the main or only export of many Oceanic islands, and is largely imported into this realm of England, where the thicker portion is called stearine, and used for making sundry candles with fanciful names, while the clear oil is employed for burning in ordinary lamps. In the process of purification, it yields glycerine; and it enters largely into the manufacture of most better-class soaps. The fibre that surrounds the nut makes up the other mysterious article of commerce known as coir, which is twisted into stout ropes, or woven into cocoanut matting and ordinary door-mats. Brushes and brooms are also made of it, and it is used, not always in the most honest fashion, in place of real horse-hair, in stuffing cushions. The shell, cut in half, supplies good cups, and is artistically carved by the Polynesians, Japanese, Hindoos, and other benighted heathen, who have not yet learnt the true methods of civilized machine-made shoddy manufacture. The leaves serve as excellent thatch; on the flat blades, prepared like papyrus, the most famous Buddhist manuscripts are written; the long mid-ribs or branches (strictly speaking, the leaf-stalks), answer admirably for rafters, posts, or fencing; the fibrous sheath at the base is a remarkable natural imitation of cloth, employed for strainers, wrappers, and native hats; while the trunk, or stem, passes in carpentry under the name of porcupine wood, and produces beautiful effects as a wonderfully colored cabinet-maker's material. These are only a few selected instances out of the innumerable uses of the cocoanut palm.

Apart even from the manifold merits of the tree that bears it, the milk itself has many and great claims to our respect and esteem, as everybody who has ever drunk it in its native surroundings will enthusiastically admit. In England, to be sure, the white milk in the dry nuts is a very poor stuff, sickly, and strong-flavored, and rather indigestible. But in the tropics, cocoanut milk, or, as we oftener call it there, cocoanut water, is a very different and vastly superior sort of beverage. At eleven o'clock every morning, when you are hot and tired with the day's work, your black servant, clad from head to foot in his cool clean white linen suit, brings you in a tall soda glass full of a clear, light, crystal liquid, temptingly displayed against the yellow background of a chased Benares brass-work tray. The lump of ice bobs enticingly up and down in the centre of the tumbler, or clinks musically against the edge of the glass as he carries it along. You take the cool cup thankfully and swallow it down at one long draught; fresh as a May morning, pure as an English hillside spring, delicate as—well, as cocoanut water. None but itself can be its parallel. It is certainly the most delicious, dainty, transparent, crystal drink ever invented. How did it get there and what is it for?

In the early green stage at which cocoanuts are generally picked for household use in the tropics the shell hasn't yet solidified into a hard stony coat, but still remains quite soft enough to be readily cut through with a sharp table knife—just like walnuts picked for pickling. If you cut one across while it is in this unsophisticated state, it is easy enough to see the arrangement of the interior, and the part borne by the milk in the development and growth of the mature nut. The ordinary tropical way of opening cocoanuts for table, indeed, is by cutting off the top of the shell and rind in successive slices, at the end where the three pores are situated, until you reach the level of the water, which fills up the whole interior. The nutty part around the inside of the shell is then extremely soft and jelly-like, so that it can be readily eaten with a spoon: but as a matter of fact very few people ever do eat the flesh at all. After their first few months in the tropics, they lose the taste for this comparatively indigestible part, and confine themselves entirely (like patients at a German spa) to drinking the water. A young cocoanut is thus seen to consist, first of a green outer skin, then of a fibrous coat, which afterwards becomes the hair, and next of a harder shell which finally gets quite woody; while inside all comes the actual seed or unripe nut itself. The office of the cocoanut water is the deposition of the nutty part around the side of the shell; it is, so to speak, the mother liquid, from which the harder eatable portion is afterwards derived. This state is not uncommon in embryo seeds. In a very young pea, for example, the inside is quite watery, and only the outer skin is at all solid, as we have all observed when green peas first come into season. But the special peculiarity of the cocoanut consists in the fact that this liquid condition of the interior continues even after the nut is ripe, and that is the really curious point about the milk in the cocoanut which does actually need accounting for.

In order to understand it one ought to examine a cocoanut in the act of budding, and to do this it is by no means necessary to visit the West Indies or the Pacific Islands; all you need to do is to ask a Covent Garden fruit salesman to get you a few "growers." On the voyage to England, a certain number of

precocious cocoanuts, stimulated by the congenial warmth and damp of most shipholds, usually begin to sprout before their time; and these waste nuts are sold by the dealers at a low rate to East End children and inquiring botanists. An examination of a "grower" very soon convinces one what is the use of the milk in the cocoanut.

It must be duly borne in mind, to begin with, that the prime end and object of the nut is not to be eaten raw by the ingenious monkey, or to be converted by lordly man into cocoanut biscuits, or cocoa nut pudding, but simply and solely to reproduce the cocoanut palm in sufficient numbers to future generations. For this purpose the nut has slowly acquired by natural selection a number of protective defences against its numerous enemies, which serve to guard it admirably in the native state from almost all possible animal depredators. First of all, the actual nut or seed itself consists of a tiny embryo plant, placed just inside the softest of the three pores or pits at the end of the shell, and surrounded by a vast quantity of nutritious pulp, destined to feed and support it during its earliest unprotected days, if not otherwise diverted by man or monkey. But as whatever feeds a young plant will also feed an animal, and as many animals betray a felonious desire to appropriate to their own wicked ends the food-stuffs laid up by the palm for the use of its own seedling, the cocoanut has been compelled to inclose this particularly large and rich kernel in a very solid and defensive shell. And, once more, since the palm grows at a very great height from the ground—I have seen them up to ninety feet in favorable circumstances—this shell stands a very good chance of getting broken in tumbling to the earth, so that it has been necessary to surround it with a mass of soft and yielding fibrous material, which breaks its fall, and acts as a buffer to it when it comes in contact with the soil beneath. So many protections has the cocoanut gradually devised for itself by the continuous survival of the best adapted among numberless and endless spontaneous variations of all its kind in past time.

Now, when the cocoanut has actually reached the ground at last, and proceeds to sprout in the spot where chance (perhaps in the bodily shape of a disappointed monkey) has chosen to cast it, these numerous safeguards and solid envelopes naturally begin to prove decided nuisances to the embryo within. It starts under the great disadvantage of being hermetically sealed within a solid wooden shell, so that no water can possibly get at it to aid it as most other seeds are aided in the process of germination. Fancy yourself a seed-pea, anxious to sprout, but coated all round with a hard covering of impermeable sealing-wax, and you will be in a position faintly to appreciate the unfortunate predicament of a grower cocoanut. Natural selection, however,—that *deus ex machina* of modern science, which can perform such endless wonders, if only you give it time enough to work in and variations enough to work upon—natural selection has come to the rescue of the unhappy plant by leaving it a little hole at the top of the shell, out of which it can push its feathery green head without difficulty. Everybody knows that if you look at the sharp end of a cocoanut you will see three little brown pits or depressions on its surface. Most people also know that two of these are firmly stopped up (for a reason to which I shall presently recur), but that the third one is only closed by a slight film or very thin shell, which can be easily bored through with a pocket-knife, so as to let the milk run off before cracking the shell. So much we have all learnt during our ardent pursuit of natural knowledge on half-holidays in early life. But we probably then failed to observe that just opposite this soft hole lies a small roundish knob, embedded in the pulp or eatable portion, which knob is in fact the embryo palm or seedling, for whose ultimate benefit the whole arrangement (in brown and green) has been invented. That is very much the way with man: he notices what concerns his own appetite, and omits all the really important parts of the whole subject. *We* think the use of the hole is to let out the milk; but the nut knows that its real object is to let out the seedling. The knob grows out at last into the young plantlet, and it is by means of the soft hole that it makes its escape through the shell to the air and the sunshine which it seeks without.

This brings us really down at last to the true *raison d'être* for the milk in the cocoanut. As the seed or kernel cannot easily get at much water from outside, it has a good supply of water laid up for it ready beforehand within its own encircling shell. The mother liquid from which the pulp or nutty part has been deposited remains in the centre, as the milk, till the tiny embryo begins to sprout. As soon as it does so, the little knob which was at first so very small enlarges rapidly and absorbs the water, till it grows out into a big spongy cellular mass, which at last almost fills up the entire shell. At the same time, its other end pushes its way out through the soft hole, and then gives birth to a growing bud at the top—the future stem and leaves—and to a number of long threads beneath—the future roots. Meanwhile, the spongy mass inside begins gradually to absorb all the nutty part, using up its oils and starches for the purpose of feeding the young plant above, until it is of an age to expand its leaves to the open tropical sunlight and shift for itself in the struggle for life. It seems at first sight very hard to understand how any tissue so solid as the pulp of cocoanut can be thus softened and absorbed without any visible cause; but in the subtle chemistry of living vegetation such a transformation is comparatively simple and easy to perform. Nature sometimes works much greater miracles than this in the same way: for example, what is called vegetable ivory, a substance so solid that it can be carved or turned only with great difficulty, is really the kernel of another palm-nut, allied to the cocoa-palm, and its very stony particles are all similarly absorbed during germination by the dissolving power of the young seedling.

Why, however, has the cocoanut three pores at the top instead of one, and why are two out of the three so carefully and firmly sealed up? The explanation of this strange peculiarity is only to be found in the ancestral history of the cocoanut kind. Most nuts, indeed, start in their earlier stage as if they meant to produce two or more seeds each; but as they ripen, all the seeds except one become abortive. The almond, for example, has in the flower two seeds or kernels to each nut; but in the ripe state there is generally only one, though occasionally we find an almond with two—a philipœna, as we commonly call it—just to keep in memory the original arrangement of its earlier ancestors. The reason for this is that plants whose fruits have no special protection for their seeds are obliged to produce a great many of them at once, in order that one seed in a thousand may finally survive the onslaughts of their Argus-eyed enemies; but when they learn to protect themselves by hard coverings from birds and beasts, they can dispense with some of these supernumerary seeds, and put more nutriment into each one of those that they still retain. Compare, for example, the innumerable small round seedlets of the poppy-head with the solitary large and richly stored seed of the walnut, or the tiny black specks of mustard and cress with the single compact and well-filled seed of the filbert and the acorn. To the very end, however, most nuts begin in the flower as if they meant to produce a whole capsuleful of small unstored and unprotected seeds, like their original ancestors; it is only at the last moment that they recollect themselves, suppress all their ovules except one, and store that one with all the best and oiliest food-stuffs at their disposal. The nuts, in fact, have learned by long experience that it is better to be the only son and heir of a wealthy house, set up in life with a good capital to begin upon, than to be one of a poor family of thirteen needy and unprovided children.

Now, the cocoanuts are descended from a great tribe—the palms and lilies—which have as their main distinguishing peculiarity the arrangement of parts in their flowers and fruits by threes each. For example, in the most typical flowers of this great group, there are three green outer calyx-pieces, three bright-colored petals, three long outer stamens, three short inner stamens, three valves to the capsule, and three seeds or three rows of seeds in each fruit. Many palms still keep pretty well to this primitive arrangement, but a few of them which have specially protected or highly developed fruits or nuts have lost in their later stages the threefold disposition in the fruit, and possess only one seed, often a very large one. There is no better and more typical nut in the whole world than a cocoanut—that is to say, from our present point of view at least, though the fear of that awful person, the botanical Smelfungus, compels me to add that this is not quite technically true. Smelfungus, indeed, would insist upon it that the cocoanut is not a nut at all, and would thrill us with the delightful information, innocently conveyed in that delicious dialect of which he is so great a master, that it is really "a drupaceous fruit with a fibrous mesocarp." Still, in spite of Smelfungus with his nice hair-splitting distinctions, it remains true that humanity at large will still call a nut a nut, and that the cocoanut is the highest known development of the peculiar nutty tactics. It has the largest and most richly-stored seed of any known plant; and this seed is surrounded by one of the hardest and most unmanageable of any known shells. Hence the cocoanut has readily been able to dispense with the three kernels which each nut used in its earlier and less developed days to produce. But though the palm has thus taken to reducing the number of its seeds in each fruit to the lowest possible point consistent with its continued existence at all, it still goes on retaining many signs of its ancient threefold arrangement. The ancestral and most deeply ingrained habits persist in the earlier stages; it is only in the mature form that the later acquired habits begin fully to predominate. Even so our own boys pass through an essentially savage childhood of ogres and fairies, bows and arrows, sugar-plums and barbaric nursery tales, as well as a romantic boyhood of mediæval chivalry and adventure, before they steady down into that crowning glory of our race, the solid, sober, matter-of-fact, commercial British Philistine. Hence the cocoanut in its unstripped state is roughly triangular in form, its angles answering to the separate three fruits of simpler palms; and it has three pits or weak places in the shell, through which the embryos of the three original kernels used to force their way out. But as only one of them is now needed, that one alone is left soft; the other two, which would be merely a source of weakness to the plant if unprotected, are covered in the existing nut by harder shell. Doubtless they serve in part to deceive the too inquisitive monkey or other enemy, who probably concludes that if one of the pits is hard and impermeable, the other two are so likewise.

Though I have now, I hope, satisfactorily accounted for the milk in the cocoanut, and incidentally for some other matters in its economy as well, I am loath to leave the young seedling whom I have brought so far on his way, to the tender mercies of the winds and storms and tropical animals, some of whom are extremely fond of his juicy and delicate shoots. Indeed, the growing point or bud of most palms is a very pleasant succulent vegetable, and one kind—the West Indian mountain cabbage—deserves a better and more justly descriptive name, for it is really much more like seakale or asparagus. I shall try to follow our young seedling on in life, therefore, so as to give, while I am about it, a fairly comprehensive and complete biography of a single flourishing cocoanut palm.

Beginning, then, with the fall of the nut from the parent-tree, the troubles of the future palm confront it at once in the shape of the nut-eating crab. This evil-disposed crustacean is common around the sea-coast of the eastern tropical islands, which is also the region mainly affected by the cocoanut palm; for cocoanuts are essentially shore-loving trees

and thrive best in the immediate neighborhood of the sea. Among the fallen nuts, the clumsy-looking thief of a crab (his appropriate Latin name is *Birgus latro*) makes great and dreaded havoc. To assist him in his unlawful object he has developed a pair of front legs, with specially strong and heavy claws, supplemented by a last or tail-end pair armed only with very narrow and slender pincers. He subsists entirely upon a cocoanut diet. Setting to work upon a big fallen nut—with the husk on, cocoanuts measure in the raw state about twelve inches the long way—he tears off all the coarse fibre bit by bit, and gets down at last to the hard shell. Then he hammers away with his heavy claw on the softest eye-hole till he has pounded an opening right through it. This done he twists round his body so as to turn his back upon the cocoanut he is operating upon (crabs are never famous either for good manners or gracefulness) and proceeds awkwardly but effectually to extract all the white kernel or pulp through the breach with his narrow pair of hind pincers. Like man, too, the robber-crab knows the value of the outer husk as well as of the eatable nut itself, for he collects the fibre in surprising quantities to line his burrow and lies upon it, the clumsy sybarite, for a luxurious couch. Alas, however, for the helplessness of crabs and the rapacity and cunning of all-appropriating man! The spoil-sport Malay digs up the nest for the sake of the fibre it contains, which spares him the trouble of picking junk on his own account, and then he eats the industrious crab who has laid it all up, while he melts down the great lump of fat under the robber's capacious tail, and sometimes gets from it as much as a good quart of what may be practically considered as limpid cocoanut oil. *Sic vos non vobis* is certainly the melancholy refrain of all natural history. The cocoanut palm intends the oil for the nourishment of its own seedling; the crab feloniously appropriates it and stores it up under his capacious tail, for future personal use; the Malay steals it again from the thief for his own purposes; and ten to one the Dutch or English merchant beguiles it from him with sized calico or poisoned rum, and transmits it to Europe, where it serves to lighten our nights and assist at our matutinal tub, to point a moral and adorn the present tale.

If, however, our cocoanut is lucky enough to escape the robber-crabs, the pigs, and the monkeys, as well as to avoid falling into the hands of man, and being converted into the copra of commerce, or sold from a costermonger's barrow in the chilly streets of ungenial London at a penny a slice, it may very probably succeed in germinating after the fashion I have already described, and pushing up its head through the surrounding foliage to the sunlight above. As a rule, the cocoanut has been dropped by its mother tree on the sandy soil of a sea-beach; and this is the spot it best loves, and where it grows to the stateliest height. Sometimes, however, it falls into the sea itself, and then the loose husk buoys it up, so that it floats away bravely till it is cast by the waves upon some distant coral reefs or desert island. It is this power of floating and surviving a long voyage that has dispersed the cocoanut so widely among oceanic islands, where so few plants are generally to be found. Indeed on many atolls or isolated reefs (for example, on Keeling Island) it is the only tree or shrub that grows in any quantity, and on it the pigs, the poultry, the ducks and the land-crabs of the place entirely subsist. In any case, wherever it happens to strike, the young cocoanut sends up at first a fine rosette of big spreading leaves, not raised as afterwards on a tall stem, but springing direct from the ground in a wide circle, something like a very big and graceful fern. In this early stage nothing can be more beautiful or more essentially tropical in appearance than a plantation of young cocoanuts. Their long feathery leaves spreading out in great clumps from the buried stock, and waving with lithe motion before the strong sea-breeze of the Indies, are the very embodiment of those deceptive ideal tropics which, alas, are to be found in actual reality nowhere on earth save in the artificial palm houses at Kew, and the Casino Gardens at too entrancing Monte Carlo.

For the first two or three years the young palms must be well watered, and the soil around them opened; after which the tall graceful stem begins to rise rapidly into the open air. In this condition it may be literally said to make the tropics—those fallacious tropics, I mean, of painters and poets, of Enoch Arden and of Locksley Hall. You may observe that whenever an artist wants to make a tropical picture, he puts a group of cocoanut palms in the foreground, as much as to say, "You see there's no deception; these are the genuine unadulterated tropics." But as to painting the tropics without the palms, he might just as well think of painting the desert without the camels. At eight or ten years old the tree flowers, bearing blossoms of the ordinary palm type, degraded likenesses of the lilies and yuccas, greenish and inconspicuous, but visited by insects for the sake of their pollen. The flower, however, is fertilized by the wind, which carries the pollen grains from one bunch of blossoms to another. Then the nuts gradually swell out to an enormous size, and ripen very slowly, even under the brilliant tropical sun. (I will admit that the tropics are hot, though in other respects I hold them to be arrant impostors, like that precocious American youth who announced on his tenth birthday that in his opinion life wasn't all that it was cracked up to be.) But the worst thing about the cocoanut palm, the missionaries always say, is the fatal fact that when once fairly started, it goes on bearing fruit uninterruptedly for forty years. This is very immoral and wrong of the ill-conditioned tree, because it encourages the idyllic Polynesian to lie under the palms all day long, cooling his limbs in the sea occasionally, sporting with Amaryllis in the shade, or with the tangles of Neæra's hair, and waiting for the nuts to drop down in due time, when he ought (according to European notions) to

be killing himself with hard work under a blazing sky, raising cotton, sugar, indigo, and coffee, for the immediate benefit of the white merchant, and the ultimate advantage of the British public. It doesn't enforce habits of steady industry and perseverance, the good missionaries say; it doesn't induce the native to feel that burning desire for Manchester piece-goods and the other blessings of civilization which ought properly to accompany the propagation of the missionary in foreign parts. You stick your nut in the sand; you sit by a few years and watch it growing; you pick up the ripe fruits as they fall from the tree; and you sell them at last for illimitable red cloth to the Manchester piece-goods merchant. Nothing could be more simple or more satisfactory. And yet it is difficult to see the precise moral distinction between the owner of a cocoanut grove in the South Sea Islands and the owner of a coal-mine or a big estate in commercial England. Each lounges decorously through life after his own fashion; only the one lounges in a Russia leather chair at a club in Pall Mall, while the other lounges in a nice soft dustheap beside a rolling surf in Tahiti or the Hawaiian archipelago.

Curiously enough, at a little distance from the sandy levels or alluvial flats of the seashore, the sea-loving cocoanut will not bring its nuts to perfection. It will grow, indeed, but it will not thrive or fruit in due season. On the coast-line of Southern India, immense groves of cocoanuts fringe the shore for miles and miles together; and in some parts, as in Travancore, they form the chief agricultural staple of the whole country. "The State has hence facetiously been called Coconutcore," says its historian; which charmingly illustrates the true Anglo-Indian notion of what constitutes facetiousness, and ought to strike the last nail into the coffin of a competitive examination system. A good tree in full bearing should produce 120 cocoanuts in a season; so that a very small grove is quite sufficient to maintain a respectable family in decency and comfort. Ah, what a mistake the English climate made when it left off its primitive warmth of the tertiary period, and got chilled by the ice and snow of the Glacial epoch down to its present misty and dreary wheat-growing condition. If it were not for that, those odious habits of steady industry and perseverance might never have been developed in ourselves at all, and we might be lazily picking copra off our own cocoa-palms, to this day, to export in return for the piece-goods of some Arctic Manchester situated somewhere about the north of Spitzbergen or the New Siberian Islands.

Even as things stand at the present day, however, it is wonderful how much use we modern Englishmen now make in our own houses of this far Eastern nut, whose very name still bears upon its face the impress of its originally savage origin. From morning to night we never leave off being indebted to it. We wash with it as old brown Windsor or glycerine soap the moment we leave our beds. We walk across our passages on the mats made from its fibre. We sweep our rooms with its brushes, and wipe our feet on it as we enter our doors. As rope, it ties up our trunks and packages; in the hands of the housemaid it scrubs our floors; or else, woven into coarse cloth, it acts as a covering for bales and furniture sent by rail or steamboat. The confectioner undermines our digestion in early life with cocoanut candy; the cook tempts us later on with cocoanut cake; and Messrs. Huntley and Palmer cordially invite us to complete the ruin with cocoanut biscuits. We anoint our chapped hands with one of its preparations after washing; and grease the wheels of our carriages with another to make them run smoothly. Finally we use the oil to burn in our reading lamps, and light ourselves at last to bed with stearine candles. Altogether, an amateur census of a single small English cottage results in the startling discovery that it contains twenty-seven distinct articles which owe their origin in one way or another to the cocoanut palm. And yet we affect in our black ingratitude to despise the question of the milk in the cocoanut. —*Cornhill Magazine.*

ROUGH NOTES OF A NATURALIST'S VISIT TO EGYPT.

WINTER pursued us through the south of Europe, and our last view of Italy was of the old gneissose mountains behind Cape Spartivento, and the more recent cone of Ætna, mantled in snow and capped with driving clouds. The cutting Tramontane—which had caused us to wear winter wraps in Naples, and had more sharply assailed us on the top of Vesuvius—followed us across the Mediterranean, with the addition of occasional rainsqualls, giving to the "Great Sea" the aspect of the North Atlantic in winter. But New Year's Day brought a change for the better, and after we had passed Candia we entered on a more genial climate, with mild southerly breezes and fleecy clouds floating in clear blue sky. In the two past days, even in our good steamer La Seyne, we could in some degree sympathize with the sufferings of St. Paul and his companions in their long winter voyage, though our north-easter was no doubt but a faint representation of his fourteen days of "Euroaquilo." To-day we can imagine the pleasures of summer on the sunny sea, celebrated by so many poetic voyagers—the beautiful but capricious sea which has borne the barks of sailors of many lands ever since the Phœnicians and the old Pelasgi—"sons of Poseidon"—first launched their boats upon it.

And now Alexandria appears before us, its buildings and groves of palms seeming to float on the sea with no appreciable foundation of land. Its site was well chosen by the engineers of Alexander, westward of the driftage of Nile mud, which has blocked so many other harbors on this coast, in shelter of a natural breakwater projecting from the ridge of sand and soft limestone which here fringes the Delta and Lake Mareotis, near the quarries of a soft but useful building stone,

and conveniently placed for tapping the great western branch of the Nile. These natural advantages would have made it a greater and more prosperous city than it has been but for the interference of human passions, aggravated in intensity by the fact that it has always of necessity been a meeting-place of diverse and incongruous national elements. The last example is seen in the ruins of the great square, now being laboriously removed. Alexandria, from its maritime position, is an exception to the proverbial dryness of the Egyptian climate. Its streets were wet and muddy on the morning of our arrival, and rain fell heavily all the forenoon. The vegetation and the atmosphere were, however, those of a warmer climate than that of any part of Europe.

Alexandria and its people have much of an Old World aspect, but strangely mingled with what is new; and though a modern city in comparison with some others in Egypt, it is historically old. Yet to the geologist its site, and the delta on the margin of which it stands, are but of yesterday, and the stone, of which the mole and the houses are mostly built, is also of comparatively modern date. Except the shafts of columns and masses of stone brought down from Upper Egypt, there is nothing here so old as the London clay. The soft limestone and indurated sand of the vicinity of the city are of late tertiary age, probably a little older than the advent of man. The mud of the Delta stretching southward of the city is most likely a deposit of the historical human period.

Let us inquire what this modern date really means, and what is implied in the often-quoted statements of Herodotus, that Egypt is "the gift of the Nile," and that the Delta is younger than the Egyptian people. The Delta is a triangular plain, having its apex at Cairo, where the narrow valley of the Nile begins to widen out into the Delta, and its base on the Mediterranean. The distance from the base to the apex of the triangle is a little more than a hundred miles, and the length of the base about a hundred and fifty miles. The one side is formed by the Libyan desert and the eastern side by the Arabian desert, both dry and sandy, a little higher than the level of the Delta, and based on somewhat older formations. The Delta being composed of Nile mud brought down by the river, must occupy what once was a bay of the Mediterranean Sea, into the head of which at Cairo the Nile began to pour its muddy deposits. It must have been a shallow bay, with a sandy bottom, for on its seaward margin there are belts of limestone composed of fragments of shells and of sea-sand, which must have been thrown up before there was any delta. Farther, in various parts of the Delta, there are sandbanks, which are portions of the old sea-bottom projecting above the alluvial deposit, and which are now often occupied by the towns and mud villages of the people. Had the Nile begun to pour its waters into a deep bay, there might have been no Delta, or only one of very small dimensions. The way was prepared for this wonderful deposit by previous geological processes of a somewhat remarkable character. Before noticing them, and remarking on their dates, it may be well to premise that the borings hitherto made in the Nile sediment give it a depth of about sixty feet; and, according to Fegari Bey, works of man are found to only about half that depth, though at the estimated rate of deposit of one-twentieth of an inch annually, this would give a great historical antiquity to man in Egypt, and would still leave a vast period of accumulation before his arrival. There is, however, good reason to suppose that, though the estimate above stated may be near the truth for modern times, it cannot represent sufficiently that of the earlier history of the river. It applies also to the valley above the Delta, rather than to the Delta itself. So far as the latter is concerned, the frequency of bare patches of sand seems to imply that the original surface was somewhat uneven, and that in most places the alluvial deposit is not very deep.

These points being understood, two questions present themselves—When did the Nile begin to deposit sediment in the Delta? and in what condition did it find the area for such deposit? Neglecting for the present previous changes of bed, the period immediately preceding the introduction of man on the earth, that usually known as the glacial or pleistocene age terminated in the northern hemisphere with a great and very general submergence of the land. At this time the greater part of Northern Africa was probably under the sea, and the portions out of water must have had a very moist and cool climate compared with that which they experience at present. This submergence was succeeded by what Lyell has termed the "second continental period" of the later tertiary age. In this the Mediterranean was smaller than at present, and what is now the Delta was probably an arid region, with a narrow belt of verdure along the Nile of that time, which may have occupied a continuation of its present channel across the area of the Delta. This old channel, which may have been excavated as early as the pleocene period, may yet be discovered by boring, and in the operations of this kind, which I am informed are at present in progress, under the auspices of the British Government, I hope an attempt will be made to find it.

This second continental period was that of palæocosmic, or "palæolithic" man, and it not unlikely coincides with the antediluvian period of history. If man had made his way into Egypt at that time he probably existed under conditions somewhat different from those of the present day, for there was no Delta, unless in a district now submerged. The second continental period was closed by a new submergence, apparently of a very limited duration, though of great extent and locally of some violence. Considerations that are daily growing in cogency tend to identify this submergence with the historical deluge, which, as Lenormant has so well shown, is an event that enters into the authentic his-

tory of all the leading races of men, and is no longer to be regarded as pre-historic in any sense. The re-emergence of the land after this event left the Mediterranean with nearly its present limits, and what is now the Delta became eventually a shallow bay, full of sandbanks, and ready to receive the deposits which the Nile began anew to pour down from its distant sources in the mountains of interior Africa, and to distribute in its annual inundations. No theory of these deposits can stand for a moment which does not recognize the old excavations of the Nile valley and the remarkable preparations made for the formation of the Delta.

Now arises the question of historic date, with reference to the time when the formation of the Delta began, and the time when postdiluvian man appeared to take possession of it. Whatever Egyptologists may make of muddled and uncertain lists of Egyptian kings, many of them evidently unhistorical, or contemporary heads of local tribes, the history of Egypt as a nation must begin after the deluge. Anything previous must relate to antediluvian times. We may also assume, on the evidence so ably summed up by Rawlinson of the convergence of the history of all the ancient nations to a point about 3000 years B.C., that the dispersion of men after the great flood is an event that occurred somewhat less than 5000 years ago. The early colonists who at that time made their way to the Nile valley must have found its conditions approximately similar to those that exist now, except in regard to the extent and level of the Delta. But we know from the marks left by the inundations of that early time that they were higher than at present, whether because of a greater supply of water or because of the bed of the river not being so deeply cut or completely levelled as it afterwards became. We also know from the monuments that the early settlements of the Egyptians were on the Upper and Middle Nile, not on the Delta; that the earlier kings were much occupied with works of embankment and drainage; that the Delta, probably because of its lower level and less extent, was less important than at present. As their history advances we find their capital moving from Upper Egypt to Memphis, and finally to cities far north on the Delta.

All this corresponds with the conclusion deducible from the physical conditions that the process of natural warping by which the Delta was formed began in the early human period, and was proceeding rapidly during the earlier portion of the Egyptian monarchy. It was, however, retarded and brought nearly to a close long before the Christian era by the less amount of the inundation covering the now higher surface, and by the impossibility of pushing the deposit farther to the north in the face of the Mediterranean currents and an increasing depth of water. So it was that Lower Egypt at least was the gift of the Nile, and that in early times the gift was growing in magnitude as the population increased to receive it. The early Egyptians who seized upon this rich and promising inheritance were not barbarians. They were industrious and skilful tillers of the soil, and they carried with them from their primitive homes the arts of antediluvian times, and more especially those of irrigation and construction in brick and stone, which they began from the first to carry into practice in the valley of the great African river. They must have been the better able to do this because of their comparative isolation. Commerce had scarcely begun in the Mediterranean, the interior of Africa was for the most part an unoccupied solitude, the Libyan and Arabian deserts were barriers on the right hand and on the left, and the Isthmus of Suez, if it existed at all as continuous land, was much narrower than at present. In these circumstances the Egyptians must have multiplied rapidly in their valley so productive of food, while they had no inducement to emigrate or to engage in foreign wars, and no man's hand was against them. Thus they began to execute great public works at a very early period, and attained to the standing of a numerous and cultivated people at a time when, as we can gather from the early history of the Asiatic nations, they were comparatively unconsolidated.

To a traveller from the West the general physical aspect of the Delta, though with differences in detail, recalls the great alluvial plain of the Red River as it appears in Minnesota and Manitoba. The differences in climate, in the arboreal vegetation, in the habitations of the people, and in the people themselves, are most striking. The people impress a stranger favorably. Tall in stature, strong of limb, active in gait, industrious in their tillage of the soil, and withal cheerful in aspect, and with well-developed heads, one wonders by what strange combinations of historical circumstances such a people should have been trodden under foot by inferior races of men, and should now be doomed to abject poverty and oppression in a land teeming with all the elements of wealth, and in which the agriculturists, instead of inhabiting comfortable homes, herd together in groups of mud cabins, destitute apparently of every comfort. It is a sad story, but the result is that the fellaheen of to-day are doomed to labor for others rather than for themselves, and to be "servants of servants." May the time soon come when, under higher religious education and political influences, they may devolop fully the powers inherent in them, and Egypt may again rise to a high place among the nations of the earth. Something has already been done in this direction by our own Government, so strangely placed in the position of guiding this long-neglected country; but much more remains to be done, and the elevation of the people is that which alone can give a stable basis for future prosperity.—PRINCIPAL DAWSON, of Montreal, in *The Leisure Hour*.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THERE is for many reasons something peculiarly touching in the confession of faith with which Sir Joshua Reynolds closes his last dis-

course to the students of the Royal Academy. The occasion is the annual distribution of prizes in December of the year 1790, and he is speaking of the great genius whom he so little resembled and so much admired. "It will not," he says, "I hope, be thought presumptuous in me to appear in the train, I cannot say of his imitators, but of his admirers. I have taken another course—one more suited to my abilities and to the taste of the times in which I live. Yet however unequal I feel myself to that attempt, were I now to begin the world again, I would tread in the steps of that great master: to kiss the hem of his garment, to catch the slightest of his perfections, would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man. I feel a self-congratulation in knowing myself capable of such sensations as he intended to excite. I reflect, not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this academy, and from this place, might be the name of MICHAEL ANGELO."

These eloquent sentences were, indeed, the last public utterance of their author. Within fourteen months of the time of their delivery Reynolds died peacefully at his house in Leicester Square, congratulating himself, as Burke tells us, on "a happy conclusion of a happy life." And even at this date his career as a painter was already at an end. He had entirely lost the sight of one of his eyes, and could no longer work at his easel. In the January of the same year, writing to Sheridan, who had asked to be allowed to purchase the beautiful picture of *St. Cecilia* which now hangs at Burlington House, Reynolds had himself announced the termination of his life's labors. "It is with great regret," he says, "that I part with the best picture I ever painted, for tho' I have every year hoped to paint better and better, and may truly say *Nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum*, it has not been always the case. However, there is now an end of the pursuit: the race is over whether it is won or lost."

In one sense Reynolds must have well known that the race had been won. As he observed to Malone, he had painted "two generations of the beauties of England," and painted them in such a way that we think of them now chiefly in connection with his name. In portraiture, which was indeed the only branch of art that had any real vitality during the time in which he lived, he was without a rival either in England or on the Continent, and yet in thinking of his great fame and in acknowledging the admirable beauty of his pictures, it is impossible not to be reminded of these words of his in which he has set down for us, not indeed an image of what he was, but a record of what he had wished to be. In common with every artist of fine temper, Reynolds' vision of beauty far transcended the limits of his own accomplishment; the inherent capabilities of his genius are fully measured in the works that he actually produced, and there is no evidence in them that he could under any conditions have found better occupation for the resources that were at his command: and yet there is a certain pathos in the thought that while he was busy in registering the individual features of the men and women of his own generation, he was at the same time dreaming of the great imaginative art of Florence. When we have learned to love the work of a great man, we are curious to know what it was that he himself most deeply loved and reverenced, and in this sense Sir Joshua's passionate eulogy of Michael Angelo is deeply interesting to us. Nor was the special tendency of his ambition wholly without influence upon his own practice. I do not now speak of the deliberate attempts at ideal composition for which he occasionally deserted his work in portraiture. These experiments, indeed, in so far as they may be judged by the higher standard to which they affect to conform, are rather to be counted among the failures of his art. They serve for the most part only to mark the essential limitations of his genius, not to express its resources, and they prove to us that in the course which he had marked out for himself his instinct was just and true. It is in his practice as a portrait painter that the happy influence of his finely cultivated taste most conspicuously displays itself. There is in all his work a certain modesty of temper as of a mind ever deeply conscious of a style greater than his own. If he is more constantly fascinating as a painter than even the greatest of his contemporaries, it is because he had in him more of the spirit of the student. "I know no man," said Johnson, "who passed through life with more observation than Reynolds," and the remark applies as much to the things of art as to the facts of life itself. With Reynolds the assurance of the master never bordered on impertinence. He was searching always and to the end, and even those melancholy experiments with pigments and colors which have served to hasten the ruin of many of his pictures, are but the outward sign of a higher intellectual curiosity which is of the very essence of his genius. To the close of his long career his painting preserved the interesting characteristics that in the work of other men belong only to the season of youth and progress: he is little of a mannerist, because he has none of the settled confidence of style which begets mannerism: with each new subject he is moved to new effort and experiment; and though the measure of his success is not always the same, even his failures are not the failures of audacity or self-assurance.

It was not then without profit that Reynolds reverenced and studied the great masters of an earlier time. Though he possessed none of the gifts which allowed him to enter into their ideal world, he caught something of their spirit, and his constant respect for their greater achievements served always to ennoble his own practice. Nor did this contact with the art of the past weaken or impede the exercise of his own individuality. There is a prevalent notion that great originality does not demand the support of learning, and it is doubtless true that the spectacle of brilliant

genius emerging from a background of ignorance, has a vulgar glamour and attractiveness. But the only kind of originality, worth the name, is that which eagerly appropriates all that can be learned, and still preserves its own identity. The sort of genius that cannot endure the test of study borders closely upon charlatanism and upon this truth Reynolds himself was constantly insisting. "He appears not to have had the least conception," he says, still speaking of Michael Angelo, "that his art was to be acquired by any other means than great labor; and yet he, of all men that ever lived, might make the greatest pretensions to the efficacy of native genius and inspiration." And in the belief which he here expresses, we may find the secret of Reynolds' own success. That he, too, possesses his own share of native inspiration is shown clearly enough in the course of his practice as a painter. When we think of the art which he most loved, how modest by comparison seems the scope of his own achievement! If he had suffered himself to be led by his ambition, he would indeed have been the mere product of learning and pedantry, and his art would have gone the way of so many other experiments in the grand style, which found their grave in the eighteenth century. For a real revival of the imaginative art which had flowered in Italy the time was not ripe, nor were the men ready, and it was, therefore, with the native prudence of true genius that Reynolds, though he cherished, even to the last, the thought of Florence and its traditions, accepted for himself a humbler function, and was content to labor in another field. And so it happens that in his own portrait, painted for the Royal Academy, although he has introduced the bust of Michael Angelo to record his devotion to that master, the picture in itself reminds us, not of the art of Italy, but rather of the principles and style of the school of Rembrandt.

From the qualities of temperament that make themselves apparent in his work, we may partly understand how it was that Reynolds was so much beloved as a man. Even without the recorded opinion of his contemporaries, we should be prepared upon the evidence of his paintings alone to meet in their author a mind at once simple and sympathetic, gentle and sincere. There must have been something of the heart of a child in one who could so win upon children as to wrest from them the secret of their unconscious grace and beauty; something also of the tenderness of a woman, in a painter who could induce the mothers of children to confide to him those unconstrained and exquisite images of maternal fondness that are the peculiar property of his art. We must go back to the time when this one human relationship was deeply and constantly studied under the influence of religious impulse and tradition, to find a match for the sentiment that inspires these designs of Reynolds—for in this respect no one of his contemporaries was in any sort his equal. To the portraiture of Gainsborough we may perhaps turn with greater confidence for an exact reflex of the social life of his time. His women have often, it may be allowed, a superior distinction and style. They own the external charm that belongs to the manners, the costume, and the character of their epoch, whereas in the art of Reynolds we are constantly tempted to forget differences of rank and station in the enjoyment of a deeper and broader humanity. No portrait painter before his time had taken so wide a range; he painted all classes, and all with equal sympathy, and this same quiet liberality of appreciation which animates his art entered in equal measure into his life, endearing him to men of varying intellectual gifts and of widely divergent character and occupation. The well-known sentence of Johnson's, that he was "the most invulnerable man he knew; whom, if he should quarrel with him he should find the most difficulty how to abuse," implies in itself only a negative judgment, and might aptly fit a nature that was capable of inspiring no real affection. But Johnson found warmer terms in which to describe his friend. In the summer of 1764, when Reynolds had been ill, he addressed him in words that he would not have used to a man he did not love, though the form in which he expresses himself may seem to us now somewhat ponderously polite. "Having had no particular account of your disorder," he writes, "I know not in what state it has left you. If the amusement of my company can exhilarate the languor of a slow recovery, I will not delay a day to come to you; for I know not how I can so effectually promote my own pleasure as by pleasing you, or my own interest by preserving you, in whom, if I should lose you, I should lose about the only man whom I call a friend." On another occasion, referring to his own melancholy, he lets fall an observation that throws a pleasant light upon the character of the painter. "Some men," he says, "and very thinking men too, have not these vexing thoughts. Sir Joshua Reynolds is the same all the year round." Even the occasional differences between the two friends have a touch of kindliness; and once when Johnson's rudeness had called forth Reynolds' dignity, the former grew suddenly humble, and with as near an approach to a blush as Boswell could bring himself to record, said, "Nay, don't be angry, I did not mean to offend you." The last vision we get of this happy friendship is Johnson's dying request that Reynolds would forgive him thirty pounds which he had borrowed of him, as he wished to leave the money to a poor family.

The faithful Boswell lived to witness and to describe the last illness of Sir Joshua, himself. The man who in his years of health and labor had been "the same all the year round" was not always proof against melancholy. "He broods," writes Boswell, "over the dismal apprehension of becoming quite blind. He has been kept so low as to diet that he is quite relaxed and desponding," and then he adds, "He who used to be looked upon as perhaps the most happy man in the world is now as I tell you." Within a few hours of his death, which took place shortly after this letter was written, Edmund Burke thus describes the character

of his old friend—"His talents of every kind powerful from nature, and not meanly cultivated by letters, his social virtues in all the relations and all the habitudes of life, rendered him the centre of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies which will be dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy, too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere, general, and unmixed sorrow.—'*Hail and Farewell.*'" And in this same memorandum Burke aptly illustrates the source of that superior power in the portraiture of Reynolds to which reference has already been made. "He communicated to that description of the art in which English artists are the most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity derived from the higher branches, which even those who professed them in a superior manner did not always preserve when they delineated individual nature. . . . In painting portraits he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend to it from a higher sphere."

It is curious to reflect that a man who lived to win the esteem and respect of the greatest of his contemporaries was at one time destined to fill a very humble sphere in life. Yet so it was. In the year 1740 Joshua, as his father expresses it, was "drawing near to seventeen" and it was therefore urgently necessary that he should make choice of a career. The elder Reynolds was himself a clergyman and the head-master of the grammar-school at Plympton, but he seems also to have dabbled a little in medicine, and to this cause is doubtless to be ascribed the idea which he had of apprenticing his son to an apothecary. Joshua had already made some boyish experiments in design, which had attracted the favorable notice of a local artist. His own inclinations were therefore, we may assume, pretty clearly established, yet he told his father at the time that "he would rather be an apothecary than an *ordinary* painter, but if he could be bound to an eminent master he should choose the latter." The "eminent master" made his appearance in the person of Thomas Hudson, a native of Devonshire, who since the retirement of his master, Jonathan Richardson, occupied the foremost place among the portrait painters of his time. Hudson has received less than justice at the hands of the biographers of Reynolds. He was an artist of considerable power, possessed of a solid simplicity of taste, and working with a sound tradition of executive style. When the younger painter left his studio, he could have little to unlearn, for Hudson's manner had in it nothing of artifice or pretence, and in the earlier portraits of Reynolds' which reveal the influence of his master's teaching, there may be found a certain quality of directness and sincerity that give them a peculiar charm and attraction. In this class may be particularly noticed among the works exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, the youthful portrait of Lady Elizabeth Montagu, the half-length of the Countess of Essex, and the graceful composition of Lady Cathcart and her child. But the last-named picture also serves to remind us that at this time the talent of the painter was being moulded by other and larger influences. The form of the design is in some sense a reminiscence of the manner of Andrea del Sarto, and we are recalled to the fact that at the date of its execution Reynolds had but lately returned from a two years' sojourn in Italy. Although there is no sign as yet of that richness of coloring which he afterwards acquired, the spirit of the great masters is already at work in the young man's mind. He is beginning to paint portraits with a sense that the world possessed the record of an art that owned a higher function than portraiture, and this conviction was destined to exert a lasting control over the exercise of his own genius.

It speaks strongly for the good sense that lay at the root of Reynolds' character that, with the fruit of his Italian studies fresh in his recollection, he did not then attempt to do what he afterwards regretted he had not done. Standing at this time on the threshold of his artistic career, he might, to use his own words, have sought "to follow in the footsteps of Michael Angelo," and if he had so chosen the world would have lost a great portrait painter, and gained nothing in exchange. A glance at the so-called imaginative art of his contemporaries can leave us in no doubt on this head; for the invention of the eighteenth century, so far as it expressed itself in art, was barren and logical, destitute in almost equal measure of the vivid charm of natural beauty, and of the impress of its author's individuality. In such a season of vague generalization wherein a cold and abstract formalism was made to do duty for the passionate impulse of genuine imagination, the practice of portraiture afforded the only safe anchorage to an artist of veracity and power; and Reynolds' undisputed supremacy over all other painters of his generation was due, not merely to a right understanding of his own capabilities, but also to a keen perception of the genius of his age. He lived to witness among his own countrymen the shipwreck of Barry's high ambition, who nearly thirty years afterwards returned from Italy determined to rival the correctness of the antique, and the excellence of the Renaissance. Nor was the failure which Barry's career served to illustrate merely local. If Reynolds had looked abroad he could not have discovered anything to shake his resolution or to encourage the pursuit of higher aims. He stands out as one of the few English artists who enjoy a European reputation, but it may be doubted whether it is always sufficiently realized either in England or abroad, that in his painting we have absolutely the most complete and masterly achievement of the age in which he lived. In France there was certainly no one fit to rank as his rival. Watteau, the genius of an earlier generation, had died two years before Reynolds was born, and Prud'hon's activity as an artist scarcely commenced before the close of the century. There was nothing surely in the art of

Boucher, with its enfeebled transcript of the weaker side of Rubens and its simpering indelicacy that was meant to do duty for refinement, nothing again in the prettiness of Greuze, in which the innocence of youth is supposed to express itself by a precocious mimicry of the ways of passion, that deserves to be set beside such a picture of all the varied aspects of the social life of his time as presents itself to us in the collected work of Reynolds. These men—and their names are the most eminent among his contemporaries in France,—possessed an undoubted mastery over the technical resources of their art, and it is very noteworthy in the case of Greuze, that when he is seen at his best, as he may be seen in the Museum at Montpellier, it is as a painter of simple portraits that he most readily commands our respect. But his naturalism, such as it was, did not avail to found a tradition or to avert the pedantic and paralyzing revival of classicism that came with the advent of David and the Empire. There was, in short, no artistic individuality on the Continent that could be said to compete with Reynolds in his generation, and if he failed to give to his painting the wider scope that he desired for it, his failure was no more than that of others who had not the splendid excuse which his actual accomplishment in the realm of portraiture has left in vindication of his fame. It may, indeed, be allowed, that the fancy and grace of Boucher is better than the colossal dulness of Barry, just as the academic gravity of David surpasses the bourgeois invention of Benjamin West. But in the presence of a painter like Reynolds, we feel that we are on higher and surer ground than any of these men could hold, and at a season when all art that professed to be led by imagination was either vacuous or trivial, we are forced to the conclusion, that in limiting his energies to the profession of portraiture, Reynolds judged wisely, both for his own sake and for ours.

It is impossible to survey such a series of portraits as that which has been brought together at the Grosvenor Gallery, without becoming keenly interested in the personality not merely of the artist, but of his sitters. Painting makes delightful biography, it takes up each individual life at the happiest moments, touching lightly upon human imperfections and revealing to us, with a force that literature cannot match, the vivid image of men and women as they appear to one another. In the presence of this company of wits and scholars, of famous statesmen and still more famous beauties, of mothers with their children, and of children grown to be mothers, it seems almost as though, by some process of magic, the society of the last century had been suddenly reconstituted in its original form.

Behind the frames from which these living faces smile and gaze at one another lurks a whole library of history and scandal, with its record of ambition and happiness, and disappointment, but in the ideal world to which the artist has conveyed them, there resides some power of enchantment that keeps malice dumb and stills the gossiping tongues. It is only the sweeter side of life that his painting consents to keep for us; and as we watch its onward movement clearly mirrored in the different phases of his art, we are half cheated into the belief that there never could have been a society so pure and gracious as that amidst which he lived. There is in all this something of the sweetness and gentleness of his own temper. The grave simplicity of Reynolds' character finds its reflex in his art, and he was led as by the force of instinct to choose the fairer and finer aspects of the life of his time. "I hope, my dear," said Blake, in his old age, to a young lady who was sitting beside him, "that God will make the world as beautiful to you as it has always been to me," and there is something in the sentiment that Reynolds might have echoed, for, he too, according to his own ideal, had been constantly on the alert to discover and record the beauty that surrounded him. And in this he often went far beyond the conventional limits of mere portraiture, attracted not merely by individual faces, but by the simple and happy relationships that underlie the fabric of even the most complex social life. If it were only for his love of children, and his power of interpreting the fascination of childish beauty, he would still amply deserve the fame that he has won. In a certain sense Reynolds may be said to rank as the inventor of this particular department of portraiture. Others indeed, and amongst them men more highly gifted than he, had painted the likenesses of children, but not with his peculiar appreciation of their charm. In the scheme of his art they occupy a little world of their own, where the finely marked individuality of childish character is made the subject of separate and subtle analysis. Mr. F. G. Stephens has devoted a very interesting essay to the consideration of Sir Joshua's child portraits, and it is surprising to find from the exhaustive list that he has made of the different subjects, how large a share of Sir Joshua's artistic energy was expended upon the painting of children. Throughout the whole of his long career, these little people exercised a constant fascination over his genius, and although his success with them is not always the same, he was continually discovering some new form in which to acknowledge the sovereignty of their empire. One of the very last pictures upon which he was engaged at the time when failing eyesight put a sudden end to his labors, was the delightful composition of little Miss Frances Harris with a dog; and we know by his own confession that he considered the picture of *The Strawberry Girl* one of the few really original works he could claim to have produced. Sometimes indeed, as in the *Felina*, and again in the *Muscipula*, he was betrayed by the research of a certain kind of elfish expression into an exaggeration of sentiment that is not wholly agreeable. But when he was better inspired, as in the picture of little Miss Cholmondeley carrying her dog across the brook; the result is absolutely simple and unaffected. The little maiden is here wholly intent upon her task, and unconscious of the presence of

the painter; nothing could be more delicately rendered than the expression of the drooping eyelids and half-open mouth, as she puts forth all her strength to support the weight that strains upon her slender arms; nothing again more quietly humorous in its effect than the contrast between the child's evident anxiety and the snug contentment imaged upon the face of the pampered favorite, who takes as his right the luxury which he enjoys. Reynolds must have been keenly appreciative of the tacit alliance existing between young children and dumb animals. It was doubtless in some degree for the benefit of his youthful sitters that he kept these studio pets upon the premises, and it is extraordinary to note the varied ingenuity with which he brings them into the scheme of his composition. The same dog will occur again and again in his pictures, but always with some new motive and suggestion, and when the biography of one of these creatures is complete, another takes its place, and is installed as the painter's resident assistant. They were as invaluable to Reynolds as his "drapery men," in their own way, and when we think how happily by their aid he was enabled to enliven the decorous dulness of the portrait painter's labors, it seems wonderful that his successors in the art have not more often enlisted the services of such admirable helpers. Some of these dogs of Reynolds' must have formed, during the term of their service, quite a distinguished circle of acquaintances. The first of the race that we meet with in his paintings is the Italian greyhound in the picture of Lady Cathcart and her child, possibly a companion of the painter's foreign travels, but not as it would seem destined long to survive the hardships of an English climate, for we do not recall an instance of his re-appearance as a sitter. He was quickly supplanted by an impudent little Scotch terrier, who very appropriately makes his *début* with Mrs. Abington in the year 1764, and is a constant attendant for some time to come. His features may be recognized in the portrait of Miss Lister of the same year, and again in the group of Lady Spencer and her daughter of the year 1769, and in the half-length of Miss Vansittart painted in 1773. The larger and more dignified animal who figures in the portrait of Miss Harris was evidently the favorite of later life. He may be identified with the dog accompanying the shepherd boy in the design for one of the windows at New College, and he also plays a prominent part in the composition of Master Philip Yorke, who stands gazing at a robin that has perched upon his arm.

But Reynolds had another secret of giving interest and vivacity to the portraits of children—he painted them with their mothers. It seems indeed a common expedient enough, and it is strange how rarely we encounter these family groups among the portraits of the present day. Strange, because the society of our own time does not account itself less domesticated than that of the eighteenth century, and because, if the fact were only known and recognized, the association surely adds much to the beauty of the result. Certainly the women of Reynolds' painting never look so charming as when they are with their children. Compare for instance, in the exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, the full-length portrait of Elizabeth Gunning posed in the conscious character of a reigning beauty, with the beautiful and fascinating picture of Lavinia, Countess Spencer, with her little son beside her; or with the group that is here reproduced of Georgiana Spencer and her daughter. The series of portraits that have been brought together from Chatsworth and Althorp, of which this is one of the most delightful examples, form by themselves quite a complete family history, and we are reminded in looking at them of Reynolds' boast that he had painted two generations of English beauties. The little girl in our engraving, who stands on the table held in her mother's arms, had little consciousness then that she would one day be known as the "famous" Duchess of Devonshire, and the painter himself, perhaps, did not suspect that seventeen years later he would meet her again with her own child upon her knee, and make out of the picture that presented itself to him a composition destined, it may be, to be as famous as the duchess herself. It is very interesting to mark the gradual transition of Reynolds' style between the one portrait and the other. Much had been added in the interval, a richer and more brilliant system of coloring, greater ease in composition, and a quicker power to seize and register those spontaneous and momentary truths of gesture and expression which are of the very essence of the highest artistic achievement. In all these attributes of his art, Reynolds was constantly advancing even to the very close of his career, but in some of his later portraits, though not especially in this, we miss something of that directness and simplicity in perception, and something also of the clearness and sharpness of definition which gives the charm of perfect sincerity to his work of the time when he first painted the duchess as a child. The tendency towards a certain vagueness of individualization which proved absolutely fatal to the ideal and inventive painting of the eighteenth century, a tendency showing itself not merely in the chosen type of character, but in the execution of every detail and accessory of the design, was not always or wholly excluded even from the safer realm of portraiture, and although Reynolds' so-called poetical compositions fail chiefly because they are in essence only portraits in masquerade, yet by a process of apparent contradiction the one element of weakness in his work in portraiture arises from the occasional temptation to generalize upon concrete facts, and thus to leave the personal identity of his subject imperfectly expressed.

It so happens that the series of portraits from Althorp, comprises some of the finest specimens of Reynolds' work at the most interesting periods of his career. Later in date than the picture just mentioned, but still belonging to a time when his resources as a colorist had not yet been fully developed, comes the full-length of the young Lord Althorp, painted in 1776. He it was who formed

the famous library at Althorp, and became the first president of the Roxburghe Club. A few years later he was to marry the beautiful Lavinia Bingham, whose well-known portrait, with the face half shadowed by a broad-brimmed hat, belonging to the year 1782, marks a further advance in the painter's command of his resources. Then follows the head of the same lady painted shortly after her marriage, and then two years later she appears in the picture to which reference has already been made, with another young Lord Althorp at her knee. Here the painter is in the plenitude of his powers, and it may be doubted whether, so far as color is concerned, his work was at any other period so rich and splendid. It was the year of the *Tragic Muse*, which despite the counter-attraction of much else that we have learned to know and admire, still stands out as in some sense the capital achievement of his life. The coloring of the work of this period is Reynolds' sufficient vindication for all those luckless experiments and failures in the use of his material upon which perhaps too much stress has been laid. For in whatever way the result has been accomplished, it is unquestionably true that he here approaches nearer to the mellow splendor of the Venetian painters than any other artist of his time, either in England or abroad. Gainsborough, indeed, was a gifted colorist, but even on this ground he cannot claim the variety or solidity of Reynolds' palette. Certain effects he produced in color, may, perhaps, be cited as showing a stronger originality, but with Reynolds at his best we forget whether the result is new or old, derived or invented, in the satisfied enjoyment of its beauty. And if Gainsborough was not the equal of Sir Joshua as a colorist, he was certainly far below him in that fineness of perception and grave tenderness of sentiment by which portraiture at its happiest moments claims the support of imagination. In the picture of Mrs. Sheridan, rightly esteemed by Reynolds himself to be one of the greatest of his works, we may see how much of poetry and beauty may enter into the faithful rendering of an individual face and form; we may find too in the contemporary record of her character enough to account for the degree in which the painter was here inspired by his subject. "Her exquisite and delicate loveliness," write the authors of Sir Joshua's life, "all the more fascinating for the tender sadness which seemed, as a contemporary describes it, to project over her the shadow of an early death; her sweet voice and the pathetic expression of her singing; the timid and touching grace of her air and deportment had won universal admiration for Eliza Ann Linley." Sir Joshua first met her shortly after the romantic marriage with Sheridan, at the musical parties given by his friend Mr. Coote, and he commenced the picture just before the dramatist won his fame by the production of *The Rivals*. She had a way, as we are told, of "gathering little children about her, and singing them childish songs with such a playfulness of manner, and such a sweetness of look and voice as was quite enchanting," and it may have been that Sir Joshua had seen her so employed, and that in painting his *St. Cecilia* he was merely reproducing a lovely reality. If it were so it would take nothing from the praise that is due to its author; for to recreate a reality so delicate and refined, and to endow the mimic features with the charm that belonged to them in actual life implies in the mind of the painter qualities akin to those he seeks to represent. When portraiture reaches to such a level as this it is hard to beat, and in the presence of a work so subtly reflective of all that is loveliest in nature, we are made to feel that only the highest order of imaginative art can claim to share its throne.

Even those who were most cruelly hostile to the course which Reynolds had adopted in his art, came at last to a conviction of his greatness. At one time the ill-fated Barry had been foremost in attack, and if we can forget his own failure, and remember only the high ambition with which he had set out upon his career, we may partly understand how it was that he so bitterly resented Reynolds' success. And yet Barry lived to recant, and when the great portrait painter was gone, he grew eloquent in his praises. Alluding to the closing sentences of Sir Joshua's last discourse, which have already been quoted, he declared that "nothing would be more unjust than to take this passage too literally: it is the natural language of a mind full of generous heat, making but little account of what it had attained to, and rapidly in progress to something further." Perhaps Barry was right; and yet we cannot but reflect that the feeling of reverence for the great masters of ideal design, which Reynolds cherished throughout his life, must have given a bitter sting to the earlier invective of the hot-headed Irishman. Reynolds cannot but have been reminded that in spite of the eminence to which he had risen, his own ideal had not been perfectly realized. Great as he was, he had meant to be something greater, something different; and though he might find in Barry's failure the best vindication of the more modest scope of his own practice, he did not, as we have seen from his own confession, part from the dreams of his youth without a pang of regret. In another view of the matter, this antagonism between these two men may be said to represent a conflict that is almost as old as art itself, and is likely to continue as long as art endures. Barry was indeed, in his own practice, but a poor champion of the enlarged views of art which he professed, while Reynolds was an accomplished master; but the ideas of which they may be taken to have been two exponents are radically and permanently divided. Between those who are content with the beauty that nature offers, and those who only use the forms and colors of reality to shape a vision of their own, there can never be an absolute agreement, for although both may seek and find the truth, yet truth like art is many-sided and refuses to yield itself absolutely to any sect or creed. To quote the words of Reynolds himself, whose survey of

the varied aims and possibilities of painting stretched far beyond the limits of his own accomplishment: "The art which we profess has beauty for its object: this it is our business to discover and express; but the beauty of which we are in quest is general and intellectual: it is an idea that subsists only in the mind; the sight never beheld it, nor has the hand expressed it: it is an idea residing in the breast of the artist which he is always laboring to impart, and which he dies at last without imparting."—J. COMYNS CARR, in *The English Illustrated Magazine.*

THE NEW SCHOOL OF AMERICAN FICTION.

THERE has lately sprung up on the other side of the Atlantic a remarkable growth of novel-literature; intensely modern, intensely self-conscious, but full of cleverness withal, and quite unique in flavor. It has many admirers, many imitators, and its prophets and elders assure us, that not only is it the fiction of the future, but the only fiction, indeed, which can be *warranted genuine.*

"The art of fiction," says Mr. Howells, in his startling little article on Mr. Henry James, "has in fact become a finer art in our day than it was with Dickens and Thackeray, and we could not now suffer the confidential attitude of the latter, nor the mannerism of the former, any more than we could endure the prolixity of Richardson, or the coarseness of Fielding. These great men are of the past, they and their methods and interests. The new school derives from Hawthorne and George Eliot rather than from any other, but it studies human nature much more in its wonted aspects, and finds its ethical and dramatic examples in the operation of lighter, but not really less vital motives."

Such a flourish of trumpets, coming as it does from one of the leaders of the new school, is in itself of no little significance. It tells us at once what value the artist has attached to his work, where he has aimed, and by what standard he wishes to be judged. We propose to examine the claims of the writers who, they tell us, have raised fiction to such a pitch of artistic perfection.

The names of Mr. Henry James, jr., and Mr. W. D. Howells, naturally occur to us in considering the question. The author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's" by her story "Through one Administration," and Mr. Crawfurd by his "Dr. Claudius" and "Mr. Isaacs," may be considered to have enrolled themselves members of the new school of fiction. The work of the vast crowd of lesser disciples is to be met throughout the American literature of today, and is, in its own way, exceedingly instructive.

In an article published some time ago in the "XIXth Century" Mr. Ruskin complained that the persons of George Eliot's novels suggested nothing so much as the sweepings of a Pentonville omnibus. What would he have said of a literature which, if the expression be allowed us, occupies itself so largely with the Pentonville omnibus of the soul?

Nothing is too trivial, too sordid, or too far-fetched to engage the attention of these "fine art" writers. "The new school finds its ethical and dramatic examples in the operation of lighter but nor really less vital motives," says Mr. Howells, who, no doubt, is proud of the fact that in his "Chance Acquaintance" he has managed to fill a whole volume with the tepid and protracted flirtation of a commonplace young woman, and a worse than commonplace young man;—a flirtation which leads up to nothing, signifies nothing, which as far as we can see is utterly devoid of interest and destruction.

The method of the new school is no doubt the reaction from the obviousness of such a writer as Dickens, whose influence was at one time so largely felt in America; now each man would outdo his neighbor in subtlety; would prove that he is quite different to Peter Bell; that a primrose by the river's brim means so infinitely more than a primrose to his finer perception.

Perhaps the first note of the new music was struck when Mr. James produced his "Roderick Hudson." It is undoubtedly a remarkable book, though few of its readers may be disposed to agree with a friend of ours who divided the world into people who had read it and people who had not.

In "Roderick Hudson" we are presented with a deep though less obvious truth, so interwoven with the story as to be identical with it—of course the true artistic method. The fine perception, the skilful wielding of language, the many qualities which have won for Mr. James his position as novelist, are all apparent in this book; but those other qualities which have made his subsequent work in so many respects a failure, are not wanting even here, in his greatest and most individual production. Some people are inclined to quarrel with him for the fragmentary nature of his stories, but whatever unity or completeness a work of art possesses, such lie deeper than its outward shape; what may fairly be complained of is that intense self-consciousness, that offensive attitude of critic and observer, above all that aggressive contemplation of the primrose which pervades his work. He never leaves us alone for an instant; he is forever labelling, explaining, writing; in vulgar phrase, he is too clever by half. And this perpetual cleverness defeats its own ends; it is wearisome and confusing for all its brilliancy. With the flash of gems in our eyes, and the smell of lamp-oil in our nostrils, it is impossible to give an undivided attention to the most important matter on hand. For a time, certainly, the intellect is stimulated, the interest awakened; but the emotions are rarely stirred. And with regard to such a production as a story, is not much, very much to be learned from the emotions. We devour, breathless, whole pages of that "old-fashioned" and "intolerable" writer—William Makepeace Thackeray—without pausing to trouble our minds about ethics or æsthetics. It is not till later perhaps that shape and meaning grow upon our senses; that truth flashes up at us from the wonderful pages. We must stand back from the large and crowded canvas ere we can fully realize the splendor of the composition, the skilful mass-

ing of light and shade; perhaps indeed we never realize it at all, and are only vaguely conscious that it is a great work of art, a fragment of the eternal truth that we are contemplating.

Might not a novel of Thackeray's and a story of Mr. James' be respectively compared to a painting of Rembrandt's and a study of Mr. Alma Tadema's?

Those who have read Mr. James' story of "Benvolio" will remember with pleasure that clever little study in surface emotions. Benvolio is a "complex" young man who, according to his mood, is poet or man of the world. But he vibrates between two loves, each of which appeals to a different side of his nature. One of the heroines, discovering the state of affairs, succeeds in banishing her rival to distant climes, only to find herself completely deserted by Benvolio, for whom her charm had been the charm of difference—a relative not a positive attraction. Nothing could be more perfect of its kind than this little sketch, either as regards conception or treatment.

Our complex modern world is full of such fine problems, and Mr. James is the writer best fitted to interpret them. But is it of such stuff that a great literature is made?

In his attempts at larger novels the weakness, not of the writer, but of his method, is plainly shown. "I find," says Mr. Howells, "in the 'Portrait of a Lady' an amount of analysis which I should call superabundance if it were not such good literature." Did Thackeray superabundantl yanalyze Beatrix Esmond? Yet most of us feel that we know her better than we do Isabel Archer; and own to far greater intimacy with Colonel Esmond than with Ralph Touchett. "The genius of Mr. James," goes on the authority before quoted, "is a metaphysical genius working to æsthetic results."

Perhaps; but must not the greatest æsthetic as a matter of course embrace ethical results? This, Mr. James seems instinctively to have recognized in "Roderick Hudson," but the work by which he is best known, which has made him the centre of a crowd of disciples—his entire latter work—seems to be that of a very clever man exerting himself in the wrong direction. He is losing his sense of proportion; where he would be subtle he is often merely futile. Certainly he makes us see a great many things, but we should see them better if we could feel them as well. But if such things can be said of Mr. Henry James who is an artist, what can we say of his followers who have not all this distinction? What is his futility, his triviality, his want of human red blood to theirs?

Of these followers Mr. Howells naturally claims our first attention; he enjoys not only an American but a European reputation, and perhaps his work should be classed rather as a development than an imitation of that of Mr. Henry James.

Mr. Howells is a person of considerable shrewdness and some humor, who has taken to writing novels; he believes moreover that there is one infallible recipe for novel-making, and that he and Mr. James and M. Daudet have got hold of it.

No one can deny that up to a certain point he is highly realistic; that he is in any sense real is another matter. If we compare Henry James' books to paintings by Alma Cadema, so may we compare those of Howells to a photograph from life. There are all the familiar details; the table, the picture in its frame, the very orange lying cleft on the casual plate. We ourselves, to be sure, are a little self-conscious in our attitudes, a little stiffly posed; but then there were those uncomfortable head-rests, and the photographer made us put our hands on the silly ornamental columns he brought with him. We are like and yet strangely unlike ourselves. And the novels of Mr. Howells are just so many photographs where no artistic hand has grouped the figures, only posed them very stiffly before his lens. There seems to be quite a remarkable want of unity underlying his work; no doubt he is shrewd enough, funny enough at times, but he drives us out continually in that Pentonville omnibus of his which he, apparently, mistakes for an altogether different conveyance.

> "Greift nur hinein ins volle Menschenleben,
> Ein jeder lebt—nicht vielen ist's bekannt;
> Und wo's Ihr's packt da ist's interessant."—

says one who is greater than Mr. James and Mr. Howells put together. And Mr. Howells himself says with no little complacency, "Ah poor real life which I love, can I make others share the delight I find in thy foolish, insipid face?"

"To plunge into the full human life," is not for Mr. Howells, and truly the face which he shows us is foolish and insipid, though a good many people appear to find delight in it.

In the "Lady of the Aroostook," one of the longest of his novels, we are introduced to a monosyllabic young woman from the country who is wooed throughout the book by an irresolute young man; he has been a great flirt in his time, the author tells us. The course of true love runs sufficiently smoothly, and hero and heroine are duly married at the close of the story, by which time we know about as much of the latter as if she had in reality been our very silent fellow-passenger on board the Aroostook. The story has neither shape nor meaning; it is only very occasionally amusing; it is trivial and insipid besides violating all laws of artistic proportion; and the same remarks apply to "A Chance Acquaintance." Throughout the whole of the "Lady of the Aroostook," the heroine rarely says much more than yes, or no; but each monosyllable is generally followed by an elaborate statement of the varying shades of emotion it produces in the hero. This is no doubt a pleasing exhibition of subtlety and ingenuity on the part of the writer, but it might also strike some people as a trick, and a trick of the very cheapest.

In "A Foregone Conclusion" a conception of some strength has been hopelessly spoiled by vulgarity of treatment. Mr. Howells has evidently given much thought to his Italian monk, who falls in love with the fair Ameri-

can; but he takes us too much into his workshop secrets; allows the smell of the lamp to pervade the whole production. The figures labelled Florida, Kitty, Lydia; the other figures of intolerable snobs labelled Terris and Staniford;—no doubt they are to be admired as the outcome of the orthodox system of novel-writing, but we should be sorry to think that they would go down to posterity either in England or America as types of nineteenth-century young men and young women.

To many, these remarks may seem like the traditional breaking of a butterfly on a wheel. But the writers quoted have taken so high a stand, their admirers and disciples claim for them so high and important a position, that we are judging them as they and their followers would be judged. Regarded from another standpoint, Mr. James is a man of a very high order of ability, who has produced impressive work; and Mr. Howells is a person of shrewdness, with a good deal of literary knack. But what we wish to consider is the general tendency of their work, and we unhesitatingly pronounce that tendency a bad one.

In the first place, the moral standard of the new school is a low one. It is with the selfish record of selfish people that these writers chiefly occupy themselves. There is never a spark of ideality (Mr. James used to give us occasional flashes), the whole thing is of the earth, earthy. Take what is perhaps Mr. Howells' best work, "A Modern Instance"; can anything be less ennobling than that minute and skilful study of such a scamp and snob as Bartley Hubbard, such a woman of commonness as Marcia Gaylord?

And we protest against the artificiality, the self-consciousness, the *pose* of the novels of the new school. Are people in real life perpetually on the *qui vive* to observe the precise shade and meaning of one another's smiles, to attach precisely the right interpretation to one another's monosyllables? Some of us take a certain melancholy pleasure in reflecting that we live in a morbid and complex age; but do the most complex of us sit tense, weighing our neighbor's turn of head, noting the minute changes in his complexion? Is our every word and look fraught with deep though subtle meaning? Those who have read the "Lady of the Aroostook" will remember, no doubt, the consternation of its sub-hero Dunham when he observes Lydia to blush faintly on bowing to him at dinner. He concludes at once that she is in love with him, and proceeds to act on the conclusion.

> "Girls blush sometimes because they are alive,
> Half wishing they were dead to save the shame."

says Mrs. Browning, but apparently that well-poised being the American girl never blushes without due cause. We all know how, in the hands of a master, detail can be used to broaden, not confuse effect; but it is a dangerous tool in the hands of persons of less correct instincts. It is all very well not to overlook the primrose, but roses make a better bouquet after all.

"The new school finds its ethical and dramatic examples in the operation of lighter but not really less vital motives." Among these half-hearted young men, these monosyllabic young women, these trivial ideal-less persons of the new fiction, are we ever shown the "operation of motives" "vital" as those which worked in the hearts of Maggie Tulliver, of Lydgate, of Colonel Esmond, even of old Mr. Osborne? In the whole range of the fashionable novel-literature do we ever come across a group of persons acting on one another to such tragic end, pointing so awfully yet unobtrusively to the irony of fate, as those composed respectively of Amelia, George Osborne, Dobbin and Becky; the Casaubons and the Lydgates?

The clever study of Marcia Gaylord is tragic enough for all its moral squalor and inartistic unreserve. But do we feel her tragedy as we feel that of Beatrix Esmond with its awful inevitability, its great unpreached moral lesson? The men and women of Thackeray and George Eliot are neither for to-day, nor to-morrow; they are for all time. But it is not so with the people of the new novels. They are for us, who have just experienced that interesting little emotion, or tossed about with that pretty little passion.

For all their cosmopolitanism, it is an eminently provincial note which the new musicians have struck.

Shall we be allowed, without exciting ridicule, to say that what is wanting to these novels is a touch of the infinite? For all the fragmentary endings, they are so terribly finite. And in this finiteness lies the germ of decay. This is the heaviest charge we make against the new literature; it is a literature of decay.

In work of imaginative literature, when analysis supersedes narration; when the artist turns aside from the universal and simple to the particular and rococo; when he stands by us throughout to point out the mysteries of his work; then, indeed, however good in its way that work may be, it inevitably contains within itself the germs of decay.

In Mr. Howells' article we hear the death-knell of the modern novel.

"Will the reader be content to accept a novel which is an analytic study rather than a story?" We answer emphatically, no. The first function of the novel is pleasurably to engage the attention. Its truths must be conveyed to us by means not only of the intellect but the emotions. There are certain finer ethical points which can be understood emotionally as they never could be understood intellectually.

The skilful manipulation of emotional and intellectual machinery, so that one shall help and perfect the other, is the highest triumph of the novelist's art.

But, perhaps, in spite of Mr. Howells, the novel is not dead or dying after all. Perhaps we are worthy of a better, fuller fiction than this self-conscious, half-hearted literature with its want of simplicity and moral greatness.

Perhaps after all we are not doomed to go down to posterity as skilful hands have depicted us in these small-beer chronicles of the soul.—*Temple Bar.*

THE CONGREGATIONAL CREED.

I.

THE Commission appointed under the direction of the National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States, "to prepare, in the form of a creed or catechism, or both, a simple, clear, and comprehensive exposition of the truths of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, for the instruction and edification of our churches," herewith submit to the churches the following

STATEMENT OF DOCTRINE:

I. We believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible;

And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, who is of one substance with the Father; by whom all things were made;

And in the Holy Spirit, the Lord and Giver of life, who is sent from the Father and Son, and who together with the Father and Son is worshipped and glorified.

II. We believe that the providence of God, by which he executes his eternal purposes in the government of the world, is in and over all events; yet so that the freedom and responsibility of man are not impaired, and sin is the act of the creature alone.

III. We believe that man was made in the image of God, that he might know, love, and obey God, and enjoy him forever; that our first parents by disobedience fell under the righteous condemnation of God; and that all men are so alienated from God that there is no salvation from the guilt and power of sin except through God's redeeming grace.

IV. We believe that God would have all men return to him; that to this end he has made himself known, not only through the works of nature, the course of his providence, and the consciences of men, but also through supernatural revelations made especially to a chosen people, and above all, when the fulness of time was come, through Jesus Christ his Son.

V. We believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are the record of God's revelation of himself in the work of redemption; that they were written by men under the special guidance of the Holy Spirit; that they are able to make wise unto salvation; and that they constitute the authoritative standard by which religious teaching and human conduct are to be regulated and judged.

VI. We believe that the love of God to sinful men has found its highest expression in the redemptive work of his Son; who became man, uniting his divine nature with our human nature in one person; who was tempted like other men, yet without sin; who by his humiliation, his holy obedience, his sufferings, his death on the cross, and his resurrection, became a perfect Redeemer; whose sacrifice of himself for the sins of the world declares the righteousness of God, and is the sole and sufficient ground of forgiveness and of reconciliation with him.

VII. We believe that Jesus Christ, after he had risen from the dead, ascended into heaven, where, as the one mediator between God and man, he carries forward his work of saving men; that he sends the Holy Spirit to convict them of sin, and to lead them to repentance and faith; and that those who through renewing grace turn to righteousness, and trust in Jesus Christ as their Redeemer, receive for his sake the forgiveness of their sins, and are made the children of God.

VIII. We believe that those who are thus regenerated and justified, grow in sanctified character through fellowship with Christ, the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and obedience to the truth; that a holy life is the fruit and evidence of saving faith; and that the believer's hope of continuance in such a life is in the preserving grace of God.

IX. We believe that Jesus Christ came to establish among men the kingdom of God, the reign of truth and love, righteousness and peace; that to Jesus Christ, the Head of this kingdom, Christians are directly responsible in faith and conduct; and that to him all have immediate access without mediatorial or priestly intervention.

X. We believe that the Church of Christ, invisible and spiritual, comprises all true believers, whose duty it is to associate themselves in churches, for the maintenance of worship, for the promotion of spiritual growth and fellowship, and for the conversion of men; that these churches, under the guidance of the Holy Scriptures and in fellowship with one another, may determine—each for itself—their organization, statements of belief, and forms of worship, may appoint and set apart their own ministers, and should cooperate in the work which Christ has committed to them for the furtherance of the gospel throughout the world.

XI. We believe in the observance of the Lord's Day, as a day of holy rest and worship; in the ministry of the word; and in the two sacraments, which Christ has appointed for his church: Baptism, to be administered to believers and their children, as the sign of cleansing from sin, of union to Christ, and of the impartation of the Holy Spirit; and the Lord's Supper, as a symbol of his atoning death, a seal of its efficacy, and a means whereby he confirms and strengthens the spiritual union and communion of believers with himself.

XII. We believe in the ultimate prevalence of the kingdom of Christ over all the earth; in the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; in the resurrection of the dead; and in a final judgment, the issues of which are everlasting punishment and everlasting life.

II.

The Commission also submit for the use of the churches in the admission of members, the following

CONFESSION OF FAITH:

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people."

"Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father, which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father, which is in heaven."

"For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

Dearly beloved, called of God to be his children through Jesus Christ our Lord, you are here, that, in the presence of God and his people, you may enter into the fellowship and communion of his Church. You do truly repent of your sins; you heartily receive Jesus Christ as your crucified Saviour and risen Lord; you consecrate yourself unto God and your life to his service; you accept his Word as your law, and his Spirit as your Comforter and Guide; and trusting in his grace to confirm and strengthen you in all goodness, you promise to do God's holy will, and to walk with this Church in the truth and peace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Accepting, according to the measure of your understanding of it, the system of Christian truth held by the churches of our faith and order, and by this church into whose fellowship you now enter, you join with ancient saints, with the Church throughout the world, and with us, your fellow-believers, in humbly and heartily confessing your faith in the Gospel, saying:

I BELIEVE in God the FATHER, Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth. And in JESUS CHRIST, his only Son, our Lord; who was conceived by the HOLY GHOST, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven; and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the HOLY GHOST; the holy catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

(Then should baptism be administered to those who have not been baptized. Then should those rise who would unite with the Church by letter. To them the minister should say:

Confessing the Lord whom we unitedly worship, you do now renew your self-consecration, and join with us cordially in this, our Christian faith and covenant.)

(The members of the Church present should rise.)

We welcome you into our fellowship. We promise to watch over you with Christian love. God grant that, loving and being loved, serving and being served, blessing and being blessed, we may be prepared, while we dwell together on earth, for the perfect communion of the saints in heaven.

"Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen."

(Jude 24-25 is proposed as an alternative benediction.)

On this result, reached after full and prolonged deliberation, the Commission invoke the kindly consideration of their brethren, and the blessing of Almighty God.

NEW YORK, December 19, 1883.

Rev. JULIUS H. SEELYE, D.D., Amherst, Mass.
Rev. CHARLES M. MEAD, D.D., Andover, Mass.
Rev. HENRY M. DEXTER, D.D., Boston, Mass.
Rev. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, D.D., Cambridge, Mass.
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Rev. SAMUEL P. LEEDS, D.D., Hanover, N. H.
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Rev. RICHARD CORDLEY, D.D., Emporia, Kan.
Rev. GEORGE MOORE, D.D., Oakland, Cal.

The Christian Union.

A SERBIAN POET.

ON the 22d July last there took place in the Austrian empire a noteworthy event, which was known to hardly anybody in England, but which stirred the hearts of those rising nations of South-Eastern Europe, who are vaguely known to us by the generic name of the Southern Slavs. On that day the ashes of Branko Radichevich, a poet, whose name is still a household word amongst the Serbian people, were solemnly removed from Vienna, thirty years after his decease, and reinterred in his native land amidst enthusiastic manifestations, by the Slavonic patriots who assembled at Karlovtsi to pay this tribute to his memory, of their veneration and lasting gratitude for the work which he had done.

Beyond a brief paragraph which was published in a weekly literary journal no account of this national Serbian celebration of Radichevich's memory appears to have found its way into any English paper. Now, however, that the public have been made aware, by the Croatian risings which began in August last, and have since recurred at intervals, that a chronic insurrectionary movement, which may eventually come to be of European importance, exists in one, if not more, of the Austrian provinces peopled by the Serbo-Croatian nationality, in whose poetic literature the name of Radichevich stands pre-eminent, a suitable opportunity seems to present itself for offering for consideration some particulars respecting both the life of the great Ser-

bian poet and the nationality with whose progress his work is inseparably connected.

The accounts of the rising in Croatia, which have appeared in the newspapers, have been such as to convey to people in England a very indistinct idea of what has been really going forward there. Telegraphic and other reports from Vienna and Pesth, and from "own correspondents" of English journals, have transmitted the most bewildering statements, according to which a great part of "Hungary" has appeared to be overrun by bands of turbulent peasants and other "rioters," who have been represented as occupying themselves in simultaneously pulling down or defacing the royal Hungarian insignia, attacking and pillaging the Jews and the landlords indiscriminately, marching about the country "singing the songs of 1848 and proclaiming Communistic sentiments," and putting into practice their alleged Communistic or Socialistic principles by appropriating whatever they could lay their hands on. A distinguished French writer, M. Victor Tissot, has well given to his book of travels in the Magyar country the appropriate title of "*Unknown* Hungary." For Hungary and the adjoining Slavonic countries are so little known to us, that, notwithstanding the great political changes which have taken place in Eastern Europe since the time of the historian Gibbon, his words respecting Albania—"a country within sight of Italy, and yet less known than the interior of America," are hardly less applicable now than when he wrote, not only to the lands bordering on the eastern shores of the Adriatic, but to those further north, on the Danube. It is therefore all the more necessary that it should be explained that the disturbances in the kingdom of Hungary and its dependencies have arisen from two separate movements, which are entirely distinct from each other, although it may suit the convenience of certain interested politicians in the Austrian empire, and of some of the correspondents of English newspapers, to purposely confuse one movement with the other.

The two movements, then, are, first, the anti-Semetic agitation of the Magyars, the principal non-Slavonic nationality in the kingdom of Hungary, against the Jews; second, the political and nationalist insurrection on the part of the Serbo-Croatian nationality in Croatia against the Magyars, who are the ruling race in the eastern or Hungarian half of the Austrian empire, which includes, besides the purely Magyar region, Croatia and other Slav provinces. The first of these movements is a social rather than a political difficulty, arising from the antipathy which is felt by the Magyars towards the Jews, and which is a development of the mania known as the *Juden-hetze*, or *Jew-baiting*, which has already disgraced civilization in Germany, Russia, and other countries; and the outrages in which it has found vent in Hungary appear to be mostly confined to the central portion of the kingdom, which is almost exclusively peopled by the Magyars. The Croatian insurrection, which broke out in August last, on the other hand, was not directed, like the other agitation against some scattered members of a race of friendless aliens like the Jews, universally despised and hated for their extortionate usurious practices. It was a political rising of a part of a subject Slav nationality against their foreign Magyar masters, who grind them down with heavy taxation, and seek to denationalize them by forcing the use of the Magyar language upon their country to the exclusion of the Serbo-Croatian, the native tongue of the population of Croatia and other Slav provinces in the south of Austria-Hungary.

The journalistic expression above quoted, "singing the songs of 1848," coupled with the words "and proclaiming Communistic sentiments," doubtless had reference to the political events which took place in Austria in that eventful year, but which had nothing whatever to do with Communism or Socialism, any more than had the recent risings. This is an instance of the manner in which ignorance and prejudice are apt to misrepresent facts by the use of terms which are irrelevant and misleading. It is a matter of history that when, in 1848, the Hungarian insurrection (*i.e.*, of the Magyars) broke out against the old traditional Austrian system of government, under which the German element in the empire was supreme and despotized over the Magyars and all the other nationalities subject to the house of Habsburg, the Slavs in the Austrian provinces of Croatia, Slavonia, and the Banat of Temesvar, which had for a long time been dependencies of Hungary, took up arms on behalf of the imperial dynasty against the insurgent Magyars. But after the Magyar insurrection was suppressed by the intervention of Russia, in 1849, and the German ascendency over Hungary was restored in the Austrian empire, the Yugo-Slav subjects of the House of Habsburg were repaid for their support, by ingratitude. Croatia, Slavonia, and the Hungarian littoral (*i.e.*, Dalmatia, etc.) were formed into a so-called kingdom as part of the empire; but, as M. Louis Léger, the distinguished French historian and authority on Slavonic affairs, writes, in his "Histoire de l'Autriche Hongrie" p. 536, "they fell from the Magyar yoke under the German ferule" of Austria. This Teutonic supremacy over the various nationalities of the empire continued until 1867, when the Magyars succeeded in establishing their present autonomy, mainly through the efforts of their great compatriot, Francis Déák.

By the celebrated *Ausgleich* or Compromise of that year, the Austrian empire was divided into two parts, viz., Cis-Leithania, under the rule of the German element; and Trans-Leithania, under the ascendency of the Magyars. Croatia and Slavonia, which were included in the latter half, have since been allowed a special minister to represent them at Pesth. But the Hungarian government has evinced an increasing tendency to Magyarize these Slav provinces. The Serbs of Hungary have been especially subjected to political persecution; and their patriotic countryman, Dr. Mi-

letich, member of parliament and editor of the Serbian Nationalist journal, the *Zastava* (i.e., *Standard*) of Novi-Sad (German, *Neusatz*), has broken down under the weight of Magyar tyranny. The recent affair of the setting up of the Hungarian insignia upon the government buildings in Croatia, in alleged violation of the constitutional law, and their consequent defacement or destruction by the excited people, is now too well known to the public to be here gone into. It has yet to be seen however, whether the present insurrectionary movement will subside and prove to have been a merely local outbreak, or whether it will yet develop into a general attempt on the part of the Southern Slavs to shake themselves free of foreign domination, and to realize their dream of a free Yugo-Slav federation.

The poet Branko Radichevich, although a Serb by nationality, was legally a subject of Austria, as he was a native of the province of Slavonia, which, although peopled by Serbs, is still politically separated from its proper fatherland, the present kingdom of Serbia, and is to this day part of what, to adopt an Italian expression, may be called "*Serbia Irredenta.*" Radichevich was born on the 27th of March, 1824, at Brod, on the Save. His baptismal name was Alexije (the Serbicised form of the Greek Alexis), in place of which he adopted the synonymous Serbian equivalent "Branko" (either name signifying "a defender"). He was educated from 1830 to 1832 at the Serbian school at Zemun (German, *Semlin*), near the confluence of the Danube and the Save, and during the next three years at the German school there. He was afterwards sent to Karlovtsi (German, *Karlowitz*), on the Danube, near Petrovaradin (German, *Peterwardein*), the historical scene of the assembling of the warriors of the First Crusade by Peter the Hermit. He completed his studies at the gymnasium at Karlovtsi in 1843, and afterwards attended lectures on philosophy at Temesvar, in the Banat. After residing at Karlovtsi, Vienna, Zemun, and Belgrade, he commenced studying law at the Austrian capital; but in 1850 he relinquished this pursuit for the study of medicine, with which he occupied himself at the university of Vienna, until his death, from consumption, took place, on the 30th of June, 1853, and prevented not only the completion of this course of study, but also the full development of the poetic genius for which his name is now celebrated in the literature of the Serbian nation.

So little is generally known in this country concerning the extensive and copious literatures of the Slavonic nations, with regard to whom the temporary interest excited in England by the political events of 1876–1878 appears to have now almost died away, that to explain the importance of the brief literary career of Radichevich it is necessary to refer first to the work of his great predecessor and master Karajich, as well as to that of the equally eminent philologist Danichich. Vouk Stephanovich Karajich, commonly known amongst his Serbian countrymen as "Vouk," (equivalent to the German *Wolfgang*), according to their familiar custom of using the Christian name in speaking of their great men, was born in 1787. This patriot-poet of a nation which is imbued with the poetic instinct worked in the earlier part of his life in the cause of his country's freedom, as secretary to several Serbian chiefs, in the revolution which took place at the beginning of this century, and which eventually led to the restoration of Serbia to her ancient position as a free European state, after more than four centuries of Turkish thraldom. After 1813, the year of the downfall and flight of the illustrious dictator of Serbia, Kara-George, whose arduous task of establishing the independence of Serbia was subsequently undertaken by Milosh Obrenovich, the founder of the present royal dynasty, Karajich devoted himself to the work of compiling and publishing collections of the ballads, songs, proverbs, and folk-tales of Serbia, and writing a grammar of the language, into which he translated the New Testament. A portion of his collection of national songs ("Srpske Narodne Pjesme") was translated and made accessible to English readers by Sir John Bowring in a volume entitled "Servian Popular Poetry" in 1827. Vouk's great achievement was the introduction into the national literature of the use of the popular language, which, in the face of great opposition, he succeeded in making classical, in place of the various and arbitrary methods of writing which had hitherto been used by the learned in Serbia and other Slav countries. Karajich altered the mode of spelling, which had been contrary to the spirit of the language, and he set the example of writing Serbian as actually spoken by the people instead of as invented by the literary men of his time, who would not condescend to write according to the common speech of the country, and styled themselves "Slaviano Serbski litteratori." Against these he declared war. He reformed the Serbian alphabet and orthography, and eliminated foreign elements from the language, which he simplified and systematized; and he settled its form much in the same manner as Dante fixed the form of the Italian language, and Luther that of the German tongue. Many other Serbian writers supported Karajich in his linguistic reforms, and carried on his work after his death, which occurred in 1864. Among these were Juro Danichich, and Novakovich, two of the most eminent of modern grammarians of Serbia.

Branko Radichevich, whilst at Vienna, became acquainted with Vouk, and also with Danichich, who was at that time himself a student. This acquaintance had an important influence upon the development of Branko's great poetical talent. It was Karajich and Danichich who created the modern literary language, but it was Radichevich who actually introduced and used it in literature, and who, by employing it as the vehicle of his national poetry, ensured its success. The three may therefore be jointly considered the reformers and creators of modern Serbian literature. Branko left only one volume of poems, but they are said to be the best in the

Serbian language, and have been repeatedly published. He is probably the most generally read poet of Serbia. He elevated the national taste by abandoning the pseudo-classical style which had been dominant in Serbian literature, and by taking as his model the popular ballads. His poetry is chiefly lyrical, but there are some short epics among his works, and his greatest wish was to visit Kóssovopolje, the scene of the fatal battle fought on the 15th June, 1389, which resulted in the subversion of the ancient Serbian kingdom by the Turks. "I will write an epic," he used to say, "but not before seeing Kóssovo; our Serbian epos must be what the Greek is; all our customs, etc., must be interwoven in it." But he died before he could carry out this purpose.

The best of Branko's poems is his *Jachki rastanak* ("the Students' Parting"), which possesses poetical beauties of the highest order, and in which he describes, in a lively and skilful manner, student life and society. Although he did not in his poetry appeal to his countrymen's aspirations for freedom from the Austrian yoke, and for national unity, in the manner in which Arndt aroused the enthusiasm of the German people for the independence of their fatherland, Radichevich chose such subjects as the *Haiduk* or brigand-patriot of the old days of Turkish tyranny; and in the "Students' Parting" he proclaims the idea of the unity of all the Serbs, at a time when no one thought of advocating it in literature. In his private character Radichevich was friendly, cheerful, and modest. The career of this laborious student and poet, whose productions led his countrymen to form many expectations for his future, was cut short by his untimely death, from consumption, in his twenty-ninth year. He died at Vienna on the 30th of June, 1853, and was buried in St. Mark's cemetery. On his monument were inscribed these words from his "Students' Parting:" "Much wished, much begun, the hour of death frustrated all."

Branko Radichevich had expressed a wish to be buried in his native province, Slavonia, at Strazhilovo, near Karlovtsi, where he had spent some of his happiest days; but it was not until thirty years after his death that his ashes were transferred from Vienna to their final resting-place amongst his Serbian country-men. In 1877 a Mr. Stephen V. Popovich proposed that they should be transferred before the twenty-fifth anniversary of Branko's death, which would recur in the following year. With the co-operation of Mr. Zmaj J. Jovanovich a committee for the purpose was formed at Karlovtsi. But the time was not opportune. The committee, composed chiefly of members of the "Zora," or Students' Society, was at length in a position, this year, to arrange for the removal of the poet's mortal remains; and the event accordingly took place on the 22d of July, 1883. Deputations from all parts of Serbia, free and still enslaved, assembled and participated in this national, solemn celebration of Radichevich's memory. The fact that such enthusiastic and sympathetic homage was rendered by the Serbian people in general to the memory of Radichevich, who, as before pointed out, was not a subject, nor even a native, of the kingdom of Serbia, but of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, suggests the inquiry, what are the reasons for the profound sympathy existing between the subjects of two such different states?

It must be observed that the three Southern branches of the great Slav race, known by the general term of Yugo-(southern) Slavs, are the Slovenes, or Wends, the Serbo-Croats, and the Bulgarians. Of these, the Serbo-Croat or Serbian nationality, to which our poet Branko belonged, and which is one of the most important branches of the Slav family, consists of about eight and a half millions of people, comprising the Serbs and Croats. The language of these two peoples is practically identical. Almost the only difference between them is in their religion and their alphabet; the Serbs to the east being for the most part "Pravoslav," or Orthodox, and using the Cyrillic characters; while the Croats, westwards of them, are mostly Roman Catholics, and use the Latin alphabet.

Of these 8,500,000 of Serbo-Croats about 3,000,000 inhabit the Turkish Empire (*i.e.*, in Bosnia and Herzegovina, Stara (old) Serbia, and northern Macedonia); about 3,500,000 dwell within the Austrian Empire; and about 2,000,000 form the populations of the Kingdom of Serbia and the Principality of Montenegro. The districts of Austria inhabited by the Serb nationality are—the province of Slavonia, the Banat of Temesvar, southern Hungary, Croatia, southern Istria, and Dalmatia. (The "occupied" Serb provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina are here considered as still nominally subject to Turkey, as they legally are.)

Under the existing dual system of government established in the Austrian Empire by the *Ausgleich* or Compromise of 1867, by which the monarchy was divided into "Cis-Leithania," and "Trans-Leithania," which are respectively dominated by the Germans and the Magyars, the numerous other nationalities under the sway of the Habsburgs are necessarily subject to the supremacy of one or the other of those two ruling elements, according to whether they inhabit the half of the empire governed by the Germans, from Vienna, or the other half, governed by the Magyars, from Pesth. The Croats, it is true, have been allowed by Austria a certain measure of autonomy. The fact of their being Roman Catholics may perhaps account partly for greater favor being shown to them than to their Orthodox Serb fellow-subjects in Slavonia and the neighboring districts in the south of Hungary.

But both the Croats and the Serbs in Austria must feel the contrast between their own subordinate condition and that of their fellow-countrymen in the independent native Serb states on the other side of the Save, namely Free Serbia and Montenegro. Though an artificial political frontier line separates the Serbs of Austria from their free brethren, it cannot limit the current of national sympathy

which exists between them. It is, then, this bond of a common nationality which connected Radichevich with the whole Serbian family and which, moreover, must sooner or later bring about the political union of all those members of the nation which are under foreign rule, 6,500,000 in number, with the other 2,000,000 of Serbs in the free states, whose capitals are Belgrade and Cettinje. For the present, of course, the realization of Serbian National Unity is prevented by the debasing dominion of the Ottoman power, and by the denationalizing rule of Austria, over "*Serbia irredenta*," as the unification of Italy was hindered in former days.

In Austria-Hungary the subordinate position of the Serb population of Croatia and Slavonia is aggravated by the national antipathy existing between them and the Magyars, the present ruling race in the Trans-Leithanian or Hungarian half of the empire, within which division these provinces fall; but the Croatian insurrection which recently broke out showed how strong is the Nationalist feeling against oppression by the Magyars, who pursue the unfortunate policy of repressing the aspirations of their Slav fellow subjects, just as the German rulers of the empire formerly despotized over the Magyars until *they* obtained autonomy in 1867.

The sentiment of Serbian nationality is strong also in Dalmatia and other provinces within the Cis-Leithanian or "German" half of the monarchy. The Crivoshian Serbs of the Bocche of Cattaro, in Dalmatia—who in 1869 heroically and successfully resisted the powerful Austrian forces sent against them to forcibly carry out an unjust law of conscription, and who in 1881–82 again withstood, for months, the attempts of the Austrians to force them to render military service—still cherish the desire for political reunion with the kindred state of Montenegro, with which their country was incorporated (but only for a short time), *by British aid*, in 1813. In Bosnia and Herzegovina also—the government of which is administered by Austria, for the Sultan, in a truly Austrian-German fashion peculiarly exasperating to the Slav inhabitants—the latter would not, in the event of a favorable opportunity arising, fail to renew the struggle for national freedom which they made at the time of the "occupation" in 1878, and again on the occasion of the introduction of the conscription into these provinces and Dalmatia in 1881–82. Indeed, rumors have been current during the recent Croatian risings that revolutionary attempts had taken place in Bosnia also; but the facts are of course hushed up or withheld from being made known to Europe, by the Austrian authorities, for obvious reasons.

Other signs are not wanting to indicate that the monopoly of power in the Austrian Empire, enjoyed by the Germans and Magyars, cannot last. The Slovenes or Wends, that South-Slavonic nation, 1,250,000 in number inhabiting the Austrian provinces of Carniola, Carinthia, southern Styria, and northern Istria, and whose political centre is Ljubljana (in German, *Laibach*), are endeavoring to assert the political rights of their small but ancient nationality.

In the south-east of the empire the Roumanians or Wallachs, in Transylvania and southern Bukovina, aspire to political unification with their brethren in the independent kingdom of Roumania. In the south-west the aspirations of the Italians of the Trentino for the liberation of "Italia Irredenta" are well known. In the north of the monarchy there are four Slav nationalities, namely, the Czechs (in Bohemia and Moravia), the Slovaks (in north Hungary), the Poles (in western Galicia), and the Ruthenians, Russniaks, or Malorussians (in eastern Galicia and in northern Bukovina). Of these, the Czechs, an important and progressive people, are gradually breaking down the supremacy of the German element, and striving to establish the federal autonomy of a Czech kingdom of Bohemia, which would probably be enlarged, by the adhesion of the Slovaks, into a Slav state of about 7,000,000 inhabitants. The Poles, it is unnecessary to say, aspire to freedom in a revived kingdom of Poland. The Ruthenians have a tendency to unite with their Malorussian compatriots in the Ukraine, within the Russian frontier. Moreover, it is not impossible that European events may bring about the absorption of the German provinces into their neighboring fatherland, the present empire of Germany. The Magyar or Hungarian nationality, as may be inferred from the preceding ethnographical details, is very far from occupying the entire area of the kingdom of Hungary, much less that of the Trans-Leithanian half of the empire, which comprises that kingdom and other districts, and in which the Magyars are the dominant element.

The Magyars are one of the two or three nationalities of the patchwork Austro-Hungarian monarchy which are complete in themselves, and not separated fragments of the nationalities which exist as independent nations outside the Austrian frontiers. They are about 5,700,000 in number.

The Slovenes and the Slovaks are perhaps the only other peoples of the Austrian empire which are found in their entirety within its borders. But the Slovenes, though a complete and compact Slav nationality, have tendencies towards federation, though perhaps not towards fusion, with the "Great Serbia" of the future, and must look for help to Belgrade, not to Vienna or Pesth: while the truest interests of the Slovaks, in north Hungary, lie in connecting themselves with their kinsmen, the Czechs, whose future ideal kingdom of Bohemia, is probably destined to extend itself beyond the present northern frontiers of the Austrian empire, so as to include the 60,000 Czechs in Prussian Silesia.

The Magyar or true Hungarian region is situated in the very heart of the Austro-Hungarian empire, and is surrounded by all the other nationalities under the sway of the Habsburgs. There is no other neighboring state to which the Magyars can be attracted by the magnetic force of Nationality, for the reasons above indicated. In this respect,

then, they differ from all the other peoples of Austria, every one of whom has a natural tendency to break away from the foreign thraldom of Vienna and Pesth, and to unite itself with other members of the same nationality or race.

If, therefore, the German and other non-Magyar elements of the Habsburg monarchy ultimately carry into effect their centrifugal tendencies, the present Austrian Empire will of necessity be dissolved, and new *national states* will occupy its place. The Habsburgs must then identify themselves with the Magyar nationality, as Kings of Hungary, if they are to continue to wield a sceptre. Pesth, therefore, and not Vienna, is their future true centre of gravity. But, even as kings of a loyal Magyar nation, they may find their political existence threatened by the waves of Slavonic progress, which are even now slowly but surely advancing both on the northern and the southern borders of Hungary. The Czechs and other Slavs on the north, and the southern Slavs, now mistrusted and repressed by Austria, will one day, when they have succeeded in establishing the strong Slavonic States or Confederations which they aspire to form, be powerful neighbors, who might be useful allies, but will be made enemies if the present hostile Austro-Hungarian policy is continued. But the Habsburgs and their Magyar subjects are threatened by a real, though little suspected danger, in the secret intrigues of another Power, whose aims are inimical to the interests of Magyars and Slavs alike. That Power is the German empire of Prince Bismarck; a military despotism which does not represent nor satisfy the truer and nobler aspirations of the German nation itself, which it cripples and dwarfs. The German *Reich*, though generally regarded as the firmest ally of Austria, is in reality using her as a mask or stalking-horse to conceal the secret prosecution of ulterior designs of German encroachment in the Balkan Peninsula. Austria is in reality being employed as a means of pushing forward the German *Drang nach Osten* in the direction of Constantinople.

It is therefore to the real interests of the Magyars and of their Habsburg rulers, to forget their differences with the Slavs, and instead of repressing the national aspirations of the latter, to conciliate their friendship, and to prepare the way for a defensive alliance between the future and rightful possessors of the Danubian and Balkan lands, that is to say, *the peoples who themselves inhabit them*—Magyars, Roumans, Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Bulgars, Albanians, and Greeks. If these nationalities could obtain their just rights, the present Roumanian State would be so expanded as to contain all the Roumanians still outside its borders. The Kingdom of Serbia, and the Principality of Montenegro would be enlarged by the annexation of all the Serb provinces yet under foreign yoke; and, with the Bulgarian State, increased by the incorporation of the Bulgarians south of the Balkans, would probably join with the Slovenes and Croats in a Yugo-Slavonic Confederation. Greece must sooner or later obtain the northern Hellenic territories to which she is entitled, and thus be extended to her full limits; and the Albanians would probably consent to autonomy in federation with the Hellenic State.

A pacific alliance of these four governments—Magyar, Roumanian, Yugo-Slav, and Greek, in a Balkanic League or Confederation, similar to that of Switzerland, would afford the best means of mutual defence against encroachments southwards on the part of either the German or the Russian empire. In the present state of Central Europe, when the existing Austro-German military alliance is lauded as the best guarantee for European peace, and the clamors of nationalities for their rights are stifled by foreign bayonets, it will probably be considered Utopian to anticipate such a Balkanic Confederation as that above indicated. But such ideas, founded as they are upon a personal knowledge of what are the most cherished aspirations of the sincerest patriots in the countries of South-Eastern Europe, must ultimately be realized.

In the meanwhile the Austrian government will pursue the wisest policy if it accords to the Serbo-Croatian and every other nationality within the empire, autonomous rights, equal to those now monopolized by its Germans and Magyars. By thus conciliating the Slavs and Roumans, and by adopting the principle of Federation throughout the empire, the causes of discontent and of open rupture between its various component parts would be lessened, and the way would be prepared for the gradual and peaceful development of the new political state-systems, which, by the working out of the principle of Nationality, are certain to ultimately supersede the existing Austro-Hungarian Monarchy.—ALFRED L. HARDY, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

SCIENCE NOTES.

PERMANENT INKS.

INK-MAKING has now become quite a high chemical art, and there are so many kinds of ink in the market that a choice is rather puzzling.

It is very desirable that manufacturers should state the composition of their inks—*i.e.*, of the coloring matter they contain. This might be done without betraying any trade secrets. We could then choose our ink according to its purpose.

For documents of a permanent character, and subject to the possibility of intentional obliteration, the ink should contain more than one kind of coloring matter; as, for example, the old tanno-gallate of iron plus indigo or aniline black, and perhaps a little copper salt. No single chemical agent could bleach all of these, and neither paper nor parchment can stand a series of chemical solvents.

The aniline inks, now largely used, are of very questionable durability. It is uncertain whether they can endure the action of time alone. Supplemented with the old-fashioned

iron salt, which has proved its durability, they are safe.

It should always be understood that the indelibility of any ink largely depends upon the nature of the surface to which it is applied. The more absorbent the paper, the more difficult is its removal, as it penetrates below the surface of such paper. If the paper is highly glazed, by covering it with any kind of varnishing material the possibility of removing the whole surface, varnish, ink, and all, is increased.

GNATS, SWALLOWS, AND SPARROWS.

DR. LEONARD STEJNEGER has published in *Naturen* a report of his six months' observations on the plants and animals of the coast of Kamschatka and some of the islands of the western group of the Aleutian Archipelago.

He tells us that mosquito-like gnats, with malignant propensities, swarm there in such numbers that the pursuits of the field naturalist become almost impracticable.

This accords with my own experience in Arctic Norway. One of my fellow-travellers, a sturdy Uhlan officer, who had ridden unscathed through France during the war, was unhorsed by mosquitoes on the cliffs of the North Cape. Describing his struggles with them he said, "I did breeve mosquitoes, I did spit zem out of my mouf."

My explanation (published in 1877) is that the prevalence of such a horrible abundance of these bloodthirsty little brutes in these regions is due to the absence of their natural moderators, the swallows, which do not travel so far north. I saw no swallows where the mosquitoes were most abundant, and Stejneger describes a great variety of birds, but no swallows.

The rustic respect for martins and swallows is as well founded as the rustic hatred of those feathered vermin, the sparrows.

Since I wrote the note in this magazine of December, 1881, on these mischievous brutes, I have heard more of the results of the absurd cockney newspaper cry that was raised on their behalf a few years ago.

They were carried over to the United States and reared with the aid of cages suspended to the trees for their protection. Now their true character is understood. They have already become public suburban nuisances, not only on account of their own depredation, but by their vicious attacks on innocent warblers, which they have driven away in accordance with that ancient record of their propensities, the story of "Who Killed Cock Robin."

THE MIGRATION OF FISHES.

THE Suez Canal has not only supplied a highway for human passengers but is also being used for emigration purposes by some enterprising individuals of lower organization.

Dr. C. Keller finds that eleven species of Mediterranean animals, hitherto unknown foreigners to the Red Sea, have penetrated as far as Suez with fair prospects of successful colonization, and that twenty-five species of Red Sea aborigines are proceeding to the Mediterranean, but as yet have only reached about half-way.

As the zoology of the Indian Ocean differs considerably from that of the Mediterranean, some interesting, and possibly useful, results may follow the introduction of foreign species, to the latter, by bringing them within reach of European fishermen and European markets.

The like will probably occur when the Panama Canal is opened. A commingling of Atlantic and Pacific species will take place, of species that cannot at present undertake the journey round Cape Horn or through the Straits of Magellan, but that any of these will ever cross the Atlantic and give us the benefit of their powers of rapid increase is very doubtful.

When we read of the many fishes unknown to us that are familiar dishes on the tables of our American cousins, it becomes evident that the deep water of mid-ocean presents an inseparable barrier to the migration of most fishes. It is probable that those which, like the salmon, cod, etc., are common to both sides of the Atlantic, have worked their way round coast-wise, and not at all by crossing the deep sea.

They are hardy, cold-water fishes that prosper in high latitudes, and thus are enabled to follow the course by which the Bjorn Heriolfson, Leif, Thorwald, and Thorfin successively travelled to America in the eleventh century, rather than by that of Columbus.

The Norsemen crept across, *vid* Iceland and Greenland, to Labrador, and the Labrador salmon may have done the same, as there are fjords and breeding rivers in Iceland and Greenland. The fact that salmon are *to be* found all along these coasts is very suggestive of such migration.

As regards cod fish that feed on the sea bottom wherever the depth is not excessive, their route across from the Continent of Europe to Scotland, the Faroe Islands, Iceland, Greenland, the Doggerbank, and Newfoundland, is provided by that pavement of the ocean bottom which, as I have endeavored to show (see "The Great Ice Age," etc., in "Science in Short Chapters"), has been laid down by the out-floating glaciers of the Glacial epoch, and is still subject to further deposition and shallowing by the melting of icebergs and consequent deposition of the débris they contain.

WATERPROOFING AND PETRIFACTION.

IT is probable that many thoughtful people have been puzzled by the so-called "waterproof" fabrics, that display no kind of varnish or oiling or india-rubber preparation, but are like ordinary cloth with pores through which air and light pass freely.

The secret of the preparation consists in saturating the tubular fibres of the material with an insoluble compound to which water does not readily adhere.

Acetate of alumina (mismamed "liquid alumina"), prepared by adding a solution of alum

to a solution of acetate of lead, appears to be the best compound hitherto used for the purpose. When the two solutions are thus mixed, the sulphuric acid of the alum goes over to the lead, forming insoluble sulphate of lead, and the acetic acid leaves the lead to form asoluble acetate of alumina.

The fabric to be waterproofed is soaked in this solution, then dried without being wrung.

The Belgian War Department has conducted a number of experiments on fabrics thus prepared, and finds that they allow the perspiration to pass off freely, and that the fibres are not injured nor the color destroyed. From the known properties of alumina in fixing and brightening colors I should expect that in some cases this treatment would improve the color and increase its permanency.

It has also been proved that, after washing and rinsing soldiers' clothes that have been soiled by constant wear, the waterproof properties remain.

I have little doubt that this is due to the decomposition of the acetate by the organic matter of the fibres, and a chemical, or pseudo-chemical, adhesion of very finely divided precipitated alumina to the material, rendering each individual fibre of itself impervious to water, and sufficiently repellent to prevent the water from passing through the interstices between the fibres.

This method of waterproofing may be therefore fairly compared with some kinds of petrifaction of organic substances. I do not mean those which are merely stiffened by a deposited coating of carbonate of lime, as by the "petrifying wells" shown to tourists, but refer to the cases of true petrifaction which occur by the substitution of mineral matter for organic matter.

THE RESURRECTION OF ANIMALCULES.

Mr. Jabez Hogg has communicated to the *Times* an account of some experiments he made by placing a few grains of dust from a garden walk in a shallow glass cell and filling this with a little filtered water, which presently displayed signs of active life when examined under a microscope. In ten or fifteen minutes two or three "perfectly formed rotifers were seen darting about; in another two minutes others were observed attached to the side of the cell, and with expanded rotating discs, actively feeding." These increased and multiplied until at the end of thirty days there were twenty all in a healthy condition. Then the water was allowed to evaporate, "and nothing apparently remained but a thin layer of dry dust. A portion of this scraped off was examined under a high power, but without finding a living animalcule." The cell was then wrapped up in tissue paper and excluded from light in a cabinet for thirty days more. Then water added, and presently "rotifers" of the same species reappeared. This was frequently repeated with like results.

Mr. Hogg describes this as "A Case of Evolution." I think it would be more correctly designated *A Case of Hatching*. Leeuwenhoek, who is quoted by Mr. Hogg, made similar observations in 1702, and Professor Owen observed the apparent revivification of "wheel animalcules" after having been kept four years in dry sand.

Nevertheless, it is very doubtful whether these or any other mature animals can survive such desiccation, but their eggs may, and, like the eggs and germs of a multitude of other animals and vegetables, doubtless do thus survive.

The only difficulty in adopting this explanation of Mr. Hogg's observations is that the "rotifera," properly so called, are rather too high in the scale of animal life to germinate so rapidly; but, as Rymer Jones says, this class of animals "was until very recently confounded with the chaotic assemblage of minute creatures to which the name of *Infusorial Animalcules* was indiscriminately applied."

This name of rotifera or wheel-bearers is very deceptive, inasmuch as many species of microscopic creatures of much lower organization than those *now* technically classed as rotifera are also wheel-bearers—*i.e.*, they have mouths fringed with *cilia*, or minute lashes that move in such succession as to give the whole ring the appearance of rotation.

That some of these lower creatures should rise from the dead in the manner described, is no more then might be expected from an *à priori* study of their structure and habits. The bodies of the mature animals contain visible ova which are liberated by the death of the parent, and thus their drying and dying, as in the case of Mr. Hogg's specimens, would be a very favorable condition for the production of a family.

ALGIN.

This name has been given by Mr. C. C. Stanford to a kind of jelly he has extracted from sea-weed by first macerating and washing it in cold water to rot and remove the useless material, then bleaching with chlorinated lime water, and finally dissolving out the algin by means of carbonate of soda. From the "tangle weed" (*laminaria*) as much as 35 per cent. of the jelly is thus obtainable, and 10 per cent. of cellulose suitable for paper-making.

This jelly, when dry, resembles gum, but can be obtained in thin transparent flexible sheets. Many uses are suggested, such as mixing with starch as a stiffener of fabrics, or alone as a dressing material, or as a mordant. Also for food, for preventing boiler incrustations, for insulating electrical apparatus, and for replacing horn in the manufacture of various moulded articles. The purest form of algin is obtained by precipitating the carbonate of soda solution by mineral acid. This dries to a hard horny substance.

Some of my readers will probably remember that about thirty years ago a great deal was spoken and written, and a little was done in order to introduce "Carragreen" or "Irish Moss" as an article of food. I have frequently eaten a preparation of this sea-weed in the form of blanc mange at the house of the late George Combe, in Edinburgh, where it formed a common element of the family light supper.

It was very good and we deemed it nutritious, but it had a slight savor of the sea, or rather of the *dulse* which was sold and eaten in the streets of Glasgow, and of which, in the pursuit of knowledge, I once purchased and partly consumed a bawbee's worth.

The basis of this blancmange was evidently the same as Mr. Stanford's "algin," and its digestibility without discomfort by Mr. Combe, then a delicate invalid, as well as by others, supports Mr. Stanford's anticipations of its usefulness for food, and removes any grounds for fearing to test it practically. The *alaria esculenta*, another kind of sea-weed, has for ages been used as an article of food in Iceland, Denmark, and the Faroe Islands, and even the coarsest and most abundant of our common sea-weeds, the *fucus vesiculosus* or "bladder-wrack"—that slippery brown and greenish vegetation that crackles under our feet, and may be had in wagon loads for the mere trouble of gathering on nearly all parts of our coast—is used in Gothland, under the name of Swine Tang, for feeding pigs. The Icelanders gather the dulse and pack it in barrels, and when thus preserved and softened by a sort of ensilage, they eat it with fish and butter, or by boiling in milk with rye flour.

That very costly Celestial luxury, the edible bird's nest, seems to be neither more nor less than fully purified algin. As the price of the best quality in Canton is 3500 dollars per pecul, or £5. 18*s*. 1½*d*. per lb., and the estimated annual value of its exports from the Indian Archipelago amount to about a quarter of a million sterling, there is room for business in this article of food, provided Mr. Stanford can successfully emulate the swallow of Java in its preparation, and convince our epicures of its merits.

It must be quite worthy of the attention of such firms as Messrs. Fortnum & Mason, Crosse & Blackwell, etc., who already supply "laver" as an epicurean adjunct to roast mutton; this sea-weed, according to Dr. Edward Smith (*see* Treatise on Foods in "International Scientific Series"), "may be eaten on bread, after thoroughly warming it with a few teaspoonfuls of hock in a saucepan, and flavoring it with a little lemon juice."

It is not so generally known that some of the other proposed uses of algin have been also anticipated by the Chinese. The *fucus tenax*, a small sea-weed, is made the basis of an excellent glue and varnish. Dr. Greville says that about 27,000 lbs. of it are annually imported to Canton, where it sells at from 6*d*. to 8*d*. per lb. It is chiefly employed in the manufacture of lanterns, to varnish and strengthen the paper and increase its transparency; also as a dressing to silks and gauze. It is possibly an ingredient in some of the Japanese varnishes, the composition of which is still a secret.

Altogether the prospect of a revival of sea-weed industry in this country is good. I say "revival" because it was once the raw material of a great chemical industry—viz., the manufacture of soda for soap making. Modern chemistry has taught us how to obtain this important alkali from common salt, and has thus ejected sea-weed from its original industrial eminence. It will be something like poetical justice if it now restores it to a still higher place by showing us how to prepare and utilize its algin.

THE HEATING OF SOILS BY RAIN.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Leicester asking for further explanation of my January note on this subject. His main question is whether in the wetting of soils there is any distinct chemical action between the water and the mineral and organic matter of which the soil is composed, and, if not, whence comes the heat?

My reply is that such chemical action may occur, especially with the organic constituents, but the action referred to is independent of this. It is simply due to the adhesion of the liquid to the solid, which adhesion is accompanied by more or less condensation.

The modern theoretical conception of such action is that an attractive energy operates between the two bodies effecting their close contact; that the motion generated by this force is arrested when the contact is completed and this arrested mechanical or molar motion (*i.e.*, motion of mass) is converted into molecular motion or heat; the whole action being analogous to what occurs when gravitation acts instead of adhesion, and the *fall of* a body is arrested, and heat generated by the consequent collision.

The reality of adhesive energy may easily be demonstrated by simply bringing the bottom of a balanced scale-pan in contact with water (greasiness having been removed by cleaning with soda or other alkali), and then gradually pouring shot into the other scale. A considerable force—measured by the weight of the shots—will be required to detach the scale from the water, and even then *it will* be the *cohesion* of the water itself, not the *adhesion* of the scale to the water, that yields, as will be proved by the lifting of some of the water by the scale, and the fracture of the neck of water at some distance from the solid surface.

The adhesion of a gas to a solid is strikingly shown by blackening a card or piece of *metal* by holding it over a candle-flame; then (when cooled) immersing the blackened substance in water. The film of air will remain under water in spite of its ordinary buoyancy, and the card or metal will come out quite dry.

Air being absolutely opaque and a perfect reflector of light when viewed with sufficient obliquity through a medium denser than itself, this film when thus viewed under water appears like polished silver, and the soot below it is perfectly invisible through it.

This is an experiment that I devised many years ago for illustrating the optical phenomena of total reflection to my classes in Birmingham. When I have more note-space than at present I will show my readers how by its means to imitate the mirage of the desert and other allied phenomena.—W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

TEACHING OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The document here presented occupies five of the 120 leaves of a manuscript found in the Library of the Monastery of the Most Holy Sepulchre in Constantinople, by Philotheos Bryennios, now Metropolitan of Nicomedia. Besides the Διδαχή, the manuscript contains the complete text of the two Epistles of Clement of Rome, the Epistle of Barnabas, the Epistles of Ignatius and of Mary of Cassobelæ, and Chrysostom's Synopsis of the books of the Old and New Testaments.

As the text of the Διδαχή was first published only a few months ago, it has not yet received such examination at the hands of scholars as is necessary in order to determine its genuineness. The manuscript bears the signature of "Leon, notary and sinner," who declares that he completed the transcription in the month of June, 6564, corresponding to A.D. 1056. From the entire absence of reference to doctrinal matters, the specific teachings of heretics, and the hierarchical constitution of the Church, it is inferred that the original, of which the Bryennios manuscript is a copy, dates from a period not later than the first half of the second century of the Christian era.

Several ancient writers make mention of a composition bearing the title of Διδαχή, or Διδαχαί τῶν Ἀποστόλων. Thus Eusebius (d. 340) speaks of a book called "Teachings (διδαχαί) of the Apostles;" Athanasius (d. 373) enumerates among works suitable for the instruction of catechumens one called "Teaching (διδαχή) of the Apostles;" and Nicephorus, Patriarch of Constantinople (d. 828), mentions a work bearing this title, and even gives the number of lines in the manuscript as 200. In the manuscript found by Bryennios the Διδαχή is comprised in 208 lines. Finally, Clemens Alexandrinus (d. 220), in the first of his "Stromata," seems to quote the Teaching as "Scripture." He writes as follows: Οὗτος . . . κλέπτης ὑπὸ τῆς Γραφῆς εἴρηται· φησὶ γοῦν· υἱέ, μὴ γίνου ψεύστης· ὀδηγεῖ γὰρ τὸ ψεῦσμα πρὸς τὴν κλοπήν, i.e., "Such a one . . . is called *in the Scripture* a thief. For it saith: Son, be not a liar, for a lie leadeth to theft." This would seem to be a quotation from Chapter III. of the "Teaching."

For the rest, the "Teaching" has no bearing upon any of the points contested among the several divisions of the Christian Church, save one—the mode of baptizing. Further, it would seem to give *negative* evidence against the historic claims of Episcopacy.

20 Lafayette Place, New York, April 2, 1884. J. F.

ΔΙΔΑΧΗ ΤΩΝ ΔΩΔΕΚΑ ΑΠΟΣΤΟΛΩΝ.

ΔΙΔΑΧΗ ΚΥΡΙΟΥ ΔΙΑ ΤΩΝ ΔΩΔΕΚΑ ΑΠΟΣΤΟΛΩΝ ΤΟΙΣ ΕΘΝΕΣΙΝ.

Κεφ. α'. Ὁδοὶ δύο εἰσί, μία τῆς ζωῆς καὶ μία τοῦ θανάτου, διαφορὰ δὲ πολλὴ μεταξὺ τῶν δύο ὁδῶν. Ἡ μὲν οὖν ὁδός τῆς ζωῆς ἐστιν αὕτη· πρῶτον, ἀγαπήσεις τὸν Θεὸν τὸν ποιήσαντά σε· δεύτερον, τὸν πλησίον σου ὡς σεαυτόν· πάντα δὲ ὅσα ἐὰν θελήσῃς μὴ γίνεσθαί σοι, καὶ σὺ ἄλλῳ μὴ ποίει. Τούτων δὲ τῶν λόγων ἡ διδαχή ἐστιν αὕτη· Εὐλογεῖτε τοὺς καταρωμένους ὑμῖν καὶ προσεύχεσθε ὑπὲρ τῶν ἐχθρῶν ὑμῶν, νηστεύετε δὲ ὑπὲρ τῶν διωκόντων ὑμᾶς· ποία γὰρ χάρις, ἐὰν ἀγαπᾶτε τοὺς ἀγαπῶντας ὑμᾶς; οὐχὶ καὶ τὰ ἔθνη τὸ αὐτὸ ποιοῦσιν; ὑμεῖς δὲ ἀγαπᾶτε τοὺς μισοῦντας ὑμᾶς καὶ οὐχ ἕξετε ἐχθρόν. Ἀπέχου τῶν σαρκικῶν καὶ κοσμικῶν ἐπιθυμιῶν. Ἐάν τις σοι δῷ ῥάπισμα εἰς τὴν δεξιὰν σιαγόνα, στρέψον αὐτῷ καὶ τὴν ἄλλην, καὶ ἔσῃ τέλειος· ἐὰν ἀγγαρεύσῃ σέ τις μίλιον ἕν, ὕπαγε μετ' αὐτοῦ δύο· ἐὰν ἄρῃ τις τὸ ἱμάτιον σου, δὸς αὐτῷ καὶ τὸν χιτῶνα· ἐὰν λάβῃ τις ἀπὸ σοῦ τὸ σόν, μὴ ἀπαίτει· οὐδὲ γὰρ δύνασαι. Παντὶ τῷ αἰτοῦντί σε δίδου καὶ μὴ ἀπαίτει· πᾶσι γὰρ θέλει δίδοσθαι ὁ πατὴρ ἐκ τῶν ἰδίων χαρισμάτων. Μακάριος ὁ διδοὺς κατὰ τὴν ἐντολήν· ἀθῷος γὰρ ἐστιν· οὐαὶ τῷ λαμβάνοντι· εἰ μὲν γὰρ χρείαν ἔχων λαμβάνει τις, ἀθῷος ἔσται· ὁ δὲ μὴ χρείαν ἔχων δώσει δίκην,

TEACHING OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

TEACHING OF THE LORD THROUGH THE TWELVE APOSTLES TO THE NATIONS.

I.—There are two ways, one of life and one of death, and the difference is great between the two ways. Now the way of life is this: first, thou shalt love God who made thee; second, thy neighbor as thyself; and whatsoever thou wouldst not have befall thee, do not thou to another. Of these words the teaching is this: bless them that curse you and pray for your enemies; and fast for them that persecute you; for what favor is it if you love them that love you? Do not even the heathen the same? But you, love them that hate you, and you shall not have an enemy. Refrain from carnal and worldly desires. If one give thee a blow on the right cheek, turn to him the other also, and thou wilt be perfect. If one constrain thee to go one mile, go with him two. If one take thy cloak, give him also thy coat. If one take from thee what is thine, demand it not back, for neither canst thou. To every one that asketh thee give, and demand not back, for to all the Father would give of his own graces. Blessed is he that giveth according to the commandment, for he is guiltless. Woe to him that taketh: for if one that is in need taketh, he shall be guiltless; but he that is not in need shall

ἱνατί ἔλαβε καὶ εἰς τί, ἐν συνοχῇ δὲ γενόμενος ἐξετασθήσεται περὶ ὧν ἔπραξε, καὶ οὐκ ἐξελεύσεται ἐκεῖθεν μέχρις οὗ ἀποδῷ τὸν ἔσχατον κοδράντην. Ἀλλὰ καὶ περὶ τούτου δὴ εἴρηται· Ἱδρωσάτω ἡ ἐλεημοσύνη σου εἰς τὰς χεῖράς σου, μέχρις ἂν γνῷς τίνι δῷς.

Κεφ. β'. Δευτέρα δὲ ἐντολὴ τῆς διδαχῆς· Οὐ φονεύσεις, οὐ μοιχεύσεις, οὐ παιδοφθορήσεις, οὐ πορνεύσεις, οὐ κλέψεις, οὐ μαγεύσεις, οὐ φαρμακεύσεις, οὐ φονεύσεις τέκνον ἐν φθορᾷ οὐδὲ γεννηθέν ἀποκτενεῖς. Οὐκ ἐπιθυμήσεις τὰ τοῦ πλησίον, οὐκ ἐπιορκήσεις, οὐ ψευδομαρτυρήσεις, οὐ κακολογήσεις, οὐ μνησικακήσεις. Οὐκ ἔσῃ διγνώμων οὐδὲ δίγλωσσος· παγὶς γὰρ θανάτου ἡ διγλωσσία. Οὐκ ἔσται ὁ λόγος σου ψευδής, οὐ κενός, ἀλλὰ μεμεστωμένος πράξει. Οὐκ ἔσῃ πλεονέκτης οὐδὲ ἅρπαξ οὐδὲ ὑποκριτὴς οὐδὲ κακοήθης οὐδὲ ὑπερήφανος. Οὐ λήψῃ βουλὴν πονηρὰν κατὰ τοῦ πλησίον σου. Οὐ μισήσεις πάντα ἄνθρωπον, ἀλλὰ οὓς μὲν ἐλέγξεις, περὶ δὲ ὧν προσεύξῃ, οὓς δὲ ἀγαπήσεις ὑπὲρ τὴν ψυχήν σου.

Κεφ. γ'. Τέκνον μου, φεῦγε ἀπὸ παντὸς πονηροῦ καὶ ἀπὸ παντὸς ὁμοίου αὐτοῦ· Μὴ γίνου ὀργίλος· ὁδηγεῖ γὰρ ἡ ὀργὴ πρὸς τὸν φόνον· μηδὲ ζηλωτὴς μηδὲ ἐριστικὸς μηδὲ θυμικός· ἐκ γὰρ τούτων ἁπάντων φόνοι γεννῶνται. Τέκνον μου, μὴ γίνου ἐπιθυμητής· ὁδηγεῖ γὰρ ἡ ἐπιθυμία πρὸς τὴν πορνείαν· μηδὲ αἰσχρολόγος μηδὲ ὑψηλόφθαλμος· ἐκ γὰρ τούτων ἁπάντων μοιχεῖαι γεννῶνται. Τέκνον μου, μὴ γίνου οἰωνοσκόπος· ἐπειδὴ ὁδηγεῖ εἰς τὴν εἰδωλολατρείαν· μηδὲ ἐπαοιδὸς μηδὲ μαθηματικὸς μηδὲ περικαθαίρων, μηδὲ θέλε αὐτὰ βλέπειν· ἐκ γὰρ τούτων ἁπάντων εἰδωλολατρεία γεννᾶται. Τέκνον μου, μὴ γίνου ψεύστης· ἐπειδὴ ὁδηγεῖ τὸ ψεῦσμα εἰς τὴν κλοπήν· μηδὲ φιλάργυρος μηδὲ κενόδοξος· ἐκ γὰρ τούτων ἁπάντων κλοπαὶ γεννῶνται. Τέκνον μου, μὴ γίνου γόγγυσος· ἐπειδὴ ὁδηγεῖ εἰς τὴν βλασφημίαν· μηδὲ αὐθάδης μηδὲ πονηρόφρων· ἐκ γὰρ τούτων ἁπάντων βλασφημίαι γεννῶνται. Ἴσθι δὲ πραΰς, ἐπεὶ οἱ πραεῖς κληρονομήσουσι τὴν γῆν. Γίνου μακροθυμος καὶ ἐλεήμων καὶ ἄκακος καὶ ἡσύχιος καὶ ἀγαθὸς καὶ τρέμων τοὺς λόγους διὰ παντός, οὓς ἤκουσας. Οὐκ ὑφώσεις σεαυτὸν οὐδὲ δώσεις τῇ ψυχῇ σου θράσος. Οὐ κολληθήσεται ἡ ψυχή σου μετὰ ὑψηλῶν, ἀλλὰ μετὰ δικαίων καὶ

give account wherefore he took and whereunto; and being in durance shall be questioned touching what he did, and he shall not go out thence until he give back the last farthing. Concerning this too it hath been said: let thy alms sweat in thy hands till thou know to whom to give.

II.—And the second commandment of the teaching is: thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not commit adultery; thou shalt not seduce boys; thou shalt not be a fornicator; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not use magic art; thou shalt not practise sorcery; thou shalt not kill a child in the womb* nor slay it after it is brought forth. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods; thou shalt not forswear thee; thou shalt not bear false witness; thou shalt not be a slanderer; thou shalt not bear malice. Thou shalt not be double-minded nor double-tongued, for a snare of death is the double tongue. Thy speech shall not be lying nor vain, but filled with doing. Thou shalt not be avaricious, nor grasping, nor a hypocrite, nor malicious, nor arrogant. Thou shalt not take evil counsel against thy neighbor. Thou shalt not hate any man, but some thou shalt reprove, for some thou shalt pray, and some thou shalt love above thy life.

III.—My child, flee from all wickedness and from everything like it. Be not prone to anger, for anger leadeth to murder: nor envious, nor quarrelsome, nor passionate, for of all these are murders begotten. My child, be not lustful, for lust leadeth to fornication; nor foul-mouthed, nor superciliousꝉ, for of all these are adulteries begotten. My child, be not an observer of omens, for it leadeth to idolatry; nor practise enchantments; nor be an astrologer; nor use lustrations; nor wish to see these things, for of these is begotten idolatry. My child, be not a liar, for lying leads to theft; nor a miser; nor vain-glorious, for of all these are begotten thefts. My child, be not a grumbler, for it leads to calumny; nor self-willed; nor evil-minded; for of all these are calumnies begotten. But be meek, for the meek shall inherit the earth. Be long-suffering, and merciful, and guileless and gentle, and good, ever reverencing the words which thou hast heard. Thou shalt not exalt thyself nor suffer thy soul to be over-bold. Thy soul

*Ἐν φθορᾷ of the text is possibly a copyist's error for ἐν ὑστέρᾳ.

†Ὑψηλόφθαλμοι. Probably an error of the copyist.

ταπεινῶν ἀναστραφήσῃ. Τὰ συμβαίνοντά σοι ἐνεργήματα ὡς ἀγαθὰ προσδέξῃ, εἰδὼς ὅτι ἄτερ Θεοῦ οὐδὲν γίνεται.

shall not cleave to the high, but with the righteous and the lowly shalt thou converse. The happenings that befall thee accept as good, knowing that without God nothing occurs.

Κεφ. δ'. Τέκνον μου, τοῦ λαλοῦντός σοι τὸν λόγον τοῦ Θεοῦ μνησθήσῃ νυκτὸς καὶ ἡμέρας, τιμήσεις δὲ αὐτὸν ὡς Κύριον· ὁθεν γὰρ ἡ κυριότης λαλεῖται, ἐκεῖ Κύριός ἐστιν. Ἐκζητήσεις δὲ καθ' ἡμέραν τὰ πρόσωπα τῶν ἁγίων, ἵνα ἐπαναπαύῃ ταῖς λόγοις αὐτῶν. Οὐ ποθήσεις σχίσμα, εἰρηνεύσεις δὲ μαχομένους· κρινεῖς δικαίως, οὐ λήψῃ πρόσωπον ἐλέγξαι ἐπὶ παραπτώμασιν. Οὐ διψυχήσεις, πότερον ἔσται ἢ οὔ. Μὴ γίνου πρὸς μὲν τὸ λαβεῖν ἐκτείνων τὰς χεῖρας, πρὸς δὲ τὸ δοῦναι συσπῶν· ἐὰν ἔχῃς, διὰ τῶν χειρῶν σου δώσεις λύτρωσιν ἁμαρτιῶν σου. Οὐ διστάσεις δοῦναι οὐδὲ διδοὺς γογγύσεις· γνώσῃ γὰρ τίς ἐστιν ὁ τοῦ μισθοῦ καλὸς ἀνταποδότης. Οὐκ ἀποστραφήσῃ τὸν ἐνδεόμενον, συγκοινωνήσεις δὲ πάντα τῷ ἀδελφῷ σου καὶ οὐκ ἐρεῖς ἴδια εἶναι· εἰ γὰρ ἐν τῷ ἀθανάτῳ κοινωνοί ἐστε, πόσῳ μᾶλλον ἐν τοῖς θνητοῖς; Οὐκ ἀρεῖς τὴν χεῖρά σου ἀπὸ τοῦ υἱοῦ σου ἢ ἀπὸ τῆς θυγατρός σου, ἀλλὰ ἀπὸ νεότητος διδάξεις τὸν φόβον τοῦ Θεοῦ. Οὐκ ἐπιτάξεις δούλῳ σου ἢ παιδίσκῃ, τοῖς ἐπὶ τὸν αὐτὸν Θεὸν ἐλπίζουσιν, ἐν πικρίᾳ σου, μήποτε οὐ μὴ φοβηθήσονται τὸν ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροις Θεόν· οὐ γὰρ ἔρχεται κατὰ πρόσωπον καλέσαι, ἀλλ' ἐφ' οὓς τὸ πνεῦμα ἡτοίμασεν. Ὑμεῖς δὲ οἱ δοῦλοι ὑποταγήσεσθε τοῖς κυρίοις ὑμῶν ὡς τύπῳ Θεοῦ ἐν αἰσχύνῃ καὶ φόβῳ. Μισήσεις πᾶσαν ὑπόκρισιν καὶ πᾶν ὃ μὴ ἀρεστὸν τῷ Κυρίῳ. Οὐ μὴ ἐγκαταλίπῃς ἐντολὰς Κυρίου, φυλάξεις δὲ ἃ παρέλαβες, μήτε προστιθεὶς μήτε ἀφαιρῶν. Ἐν ἐκκλησίᾳ ἐξομολογήσῃ τὰ παραπτώματά σου, καὶ οὐ προσελεύσῃ ἐπὶ προσευχήν σου ἐν συνειδήσει πονηρᾷ. Αὕτη ἐστὶν ἡ ὁδὸς τῆς ζωῆς.

IV.—My child, thou shalt night and day remember him who speaks to thee the word of God; thou shalt honor him as the Lord, for whence the word of the Lord is spoken, there the Lord is. And thou shalt daily seek the countenances of the saints that thou mayest be refreshed by their discourses. Thou shalt not desire variance, but shalt pacify them that are at strife; thou shalt judge justly, shalt not regard the person in reproving for transgressions. Thou shalt not be of two minds whether it shall be or not. Be not one who holds the hands open to receive but clinched toward giving: if aught thou hast, by thy hands thou shalt make atonement for thy sins. Thou shalt not hesitate to give, nor giving shalt murmur, for thou shalt know who is the good giver-back of the recompense. Thou shalt not turn thy face away from the needy, but shalt share all things with thy brother, and shalt not say they are thine own; for if you are partners in what is imperishable, how much rather in things perishable? Thou shalt not take thy hand off thy son or off thy daughter, but from youth shalt inculcate the fear of God. Thou shalt not in thy bitterness give commands to thy slave or hand-maid who hope in the same God, lest perchance they should not fear God who is over both: for he cometh not to call men according to persons, but to call those whom the spirit hath made ready. And you, slaves, shall be subject to your masters as to God's image, in modesty and fear. Thou shalt hate all hypocrisy and whatever is not pleasing to the Lord. Thou shalt not forsake the Lord's commandments, but shalt observe what thou hast received, neither adding nor taking away. In the congregation thou shalt confess thy transgressions, and shalt not come forward to thy prayer with a bad conscience. This is the way of life.

Κεφ. ε'. Ἡ δὲ τοῦ θανάτου ὁδός ἐστιν αὕτη· πρῶτον πάντων πονηρά ἐστι καὶ κατάρας μεστή· φόνοι, μοιχεῖαι, ἐπιθυμίαι, πορνεῖαι, κλοπαί, εἰδωλολατρεῖαι, μαγεῖαι, φαρμακεῖαι, ἁρπαγαί, ψευδομαρτυρίαι, ὑποκρίσεις, διπλοκαρδία, δόλος, ὑπερηφανία, κακία, αὐθάδεια, πλεονεξία,

V.—But this is the way of death: first of all, it is evil and full of curse; murders, adulteries, lusts, fornications, thefts, idolatries, magic arts, sorceries, robberies, false testimonies, hypocrisies, duplicity, guile, arrogance, depravity, wilfulness, avarice, foul speech, envy, over-boldness,

αἰσχρολογία, ζηλοτυπία, θρασύτης, ὕψος, ἀλαζονεία· διῶκται ἀγαθῶν, μισοῦντες ἀλήθειαν, ἀγαπῶντες ψεῦδος, οὐ γινώσκοντες μισθὸν δικαιοσύνης, οὐ κολλώμενοι ἀγαθῷ οὐδὲ κρίσει δικαίᾳ, ἀγρυπνοῦντες οὐκ εἰς τὸ ἀγαθόν, ἀλλ' εἰς τὸ πονηρόν· ὧν μακρὰν πραΰτης καὶ ὑπομονή, μάταια ἀγαπῶντες, διώκοντες ἀνταπόδομα, οὐκ ἐλεοῦντες πτωχόν, οὐ πονοῦντες ἐπὶ καταπονουμένῳ, οὐ γινώσκοντες τὸν ποιήσαντα αὐτούς, φονεῖς τέκνων, φθορεῖς πλάσματος Θεοῦ, ἀποστρεφόμενοι τὸν ἐνδεόμενον, καταπονοῦντες τὸν θλιβόμενον, πλουσίων παράκλητοι, πενήτων ἄνομοι κριταί, πανθαμάρτητοι· ῥυσθείητε, τέκνα, ἀπὸ τούτων ἁπάντων.

loftiness, boastfulness; persecutors of the good, hating truth, loving falsehood, knowing not the reward of righteousness, not cleaving to what is good nor to just judgment, intent not upon good but upon evil: to whom meekness and patience are foreign; loving vanities, seeking recompense, not compassionating the poor, not caring for him who is in distress, not knowing him that made them; murderers of children, defacers of God's image, turning away from the needy, oppressing the afflicted; advocates of the rich, arbitrary judges of the poor, offenders in every way: may you be saved, children, from all these.

Κεφ. ϛ'. Ὅρα μή τις σε πλανήσῃ ἀπὸ ταύτης τῆς ὁδοῦ τῆς διδαχῆς, ἐπεὶ παρεκτὸς Θεοῦ σε διδάσκει. Εἰ μὲν γὰρ δύνασαι βαστάσαι ὅλον τὸν ζυγὸν τοῦ Κυρίου, τέλειος ἔσῃ· εἰ δ' οὐ δύνασαι, ὃ δυνῃ τοῦτο ποίει. Περὶ δὲ τῆς βρώσεως, ὃ δύνασαι βάσταζον· ἀπὸ δὲ τοῦ εἰδωλοθύτου λίαν πρόσεχε· λατρεία γάρ ἐστι θεῶν νεκρῶν.

VI.—See that none lead thee astray from this way of teaching, for he teaches thee without God. For if thou canst bear the whole yoke of the Lord, thou shalt be perfect: but if thou canst not, what thou canst that do. And as to food, bear what thou canst, but strictly abstain from what is offered to idols, for it is worship of dead gods.

Κεφ. ζ'. Περὶ δὲ τοῦ βαπτίσματος, οὕτω βαπτίσατε· ταῦτα πάντα προειπόντες, βαπτίσατε εἰς τὸ ὄνομα τοῦ Πατρὸς καὶ τοῦ Υἱοῦ καὶ τοῦ ἁγίου Πνεύματος ἐν ὕδατι ζῶντι. Ἐὰν δὲ μὴ ἔχῃς ὕδωρ ζῶν, εἰς ἄλλο ὕδωρ βάπτισον· εἰ δ' οὐ δύνασαι ἐν ψυχρῷ, ἐν θερμῷ. Ἐὰν δὲ ἀμφότερα μὴ ἔχῃς, ἔκχεον εἰς τὴν κεφαλὴν τρὶς ὕδωρ εἰς ὄνομα Πατρὸς καὶ Υἱοῦ καὶ ἁγίου Πνεύματος. Πρὸ δὲ τοῦ βαπτίσματος προνηστευσάτω ὁ βαπτιζόμενος καὶ εἴ τινες ἄλλοι δύνανται· κελεύσεις δὲ νηστεῦσαι τὸν βαπτιζόμενον πρὸ μιᾶς ἢ δύο.

VII. And touching baptism, thus baptize: having first declared all these things, baptize in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, in living water. But if thou have not living water, baptize in other water; and if thou canst not in cold, then in warm. But if thou have neither, pour on the head water thrice in the name of Father and Son and Holy Spirit. Before baptism let the baptizer and the baptized fast, and any others who can; but thou shalt bid the baptized to fast one or two days before.

Κεφ. η'. Αἱ δὲ νηστεῖαι ὑμῶν μὴ ἔστωσαν μετὰ τῶν ὑποκριτῶν· νηστεύουσι γὰρ δευτέρα σαββάτων καὶ πέμπτῃ· ὑμεῖς δὲ νηστεύσατε τετράδα καὶ παρασκευήν. Μηδὲ προσεύχεσθε ὡς οἱ ὑποκριταί, ἀλλ' ὡς ἐκέλευσεν ὁ Κύριος ἐν τῷ εὐαγγελίῳ αὐτοῦ, οὕτω προσεύχεσθε· Πάτερ ἡμῶν ὁ ἐν τῷ οὐρανῷ, ἁγιασθήτω τὸ ὄνομά σου, ἐλθέτω ἡ βασιλεία σου, γενηθήτω τὸ θέλημά σου ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ καὶ ἐπὶ γῆς· τὸν ἄρτον ἡμῶν τὸν ἐπιούσιον δὸς ἡμῖν σήμερον καὶ ἄφες ἡμῖν τὴν ὀφειλὴν ἡμῶν ὡς καὶ ἡμεῖς ἀφίεμεν τοῖς ὀφειλέταις ἡμῶν, καὶ μὴ εἰσενέγκῃς ἡμᾶς εἰς πειρασμόν, ἀλλὰ ῥῦσαι ἡμᾶς ἀπὸ τοῦ πονηροῦ· ὅτι σοῦ ἐστιν ἡ δύναμις καὶ ἡ δόξα εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. Τρὶς τῆς ἡμέρας οὕτω προσεύχεσθε.

VIII.—And let not your fasts be with the hypocrites, for they fast on the second day of the week and the fifth, but do you fast on the fourth and on the friday. Nor pray after the manner of the hypocrites, but as the Lord has enjoined in his gospel, thus pray: Our Father in heaven, hallowed be thy name: thy kingdom come; thy will be done as in heaven so on earth; our daily bread give us to-day; and forgive us our debt as we forgive our debtors; and bring us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one; for thine is power, and glory forever. Thrice a day pray thus.

Κεφ. θ'. Περὶ δὲ τῆς εὐχαριστίας, οὕτως

IX.—And concerning the eucharist, thus

εὐχαριστήσατε· πρῶτον περὶ τοῦ ποτη-
ρίου· Εὐχαριστοῦμέν σοι, Πάτερ ἡμῶν,
ὑπὲρ τῆς ἁγίας ἀμπέλου Δαβὶδ τοῦ παιδός
σου, ἧς ἐγνώρισας ἡμῖν διὰ Ἰησοῦ τοῦ παι-
δός σου· σοὶ ἡ δόξα εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. Περὶ
δὲ τοῦ κλάσματος· Εὐχαριστοῦμέν σοι,
Πάτερ ἡμῶν, ὑπὲρ τῆς ζωῆς καὶ γνώσεως,
ἧς ἐγνώρισας ἡμῖν διὰ Ἰησοῦ τοῦ παιδός
σου· σοὶ ἡ δόξα εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. Ὥσπερ
ἦν τοῦτο κλάσμα διεσκορπισμένον ἐπάνω
τῶν ὀρέων καὶ συναχθὲν ἐγένετο ἕν, οὕτω
συναχθήτω σου ἡ ἐκκλησία ἀπὸ τῶν περά-
των τῆς γῆς εἰς τὴν σὴν βασιλείαν· ὅτι σοῦ
ἐστιν ἡ δόξα καὶ ἡ δύναμις διὰ Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. Μηδεὶς δὲ φαγέτω
μηδὲ πιέτω ἀπὸ τῆς εὐχαριστίας ὑμῶν, ἀλλ'
οἱ βαπτισθέντες εἰς ὄνομα Κυρίου· καὶ
γὰρ περὶ τούτου εἴρηκεν ὁ Κύριος· Μὴ
δῶτε τὸ ἅγιον τοῖς κυσί.

Κεφ. ι'. Μετὰ δὲ τὸ ἐμπλησθῆναι οὕτως
εὐχαριστήσατε· Εὐχαριστοῦμέν σοι, Πά-
τερ ἅγιε, ὑπὲρ τοῦ ἁγίου ὀνόματός σου, οὗ
κατεσκήνωσας ἐν ταῖς καρδίαις ἡμῶν, καὶ
ὑπὲρ τῆς γνώσεως καὶ πίστεως καὶ ἀθανα-
σίας ἧς ἐγνώρισας ἡμῖν διὰ Ἰησοῦ τοῦ παι-
δός σου· σοὶ ἡ δόξα εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. Σύ,
δέσποτα παντοκράτορ, ἔκτισας τὰ πάντα
ἕνεκεν τοῦ ὀνόματός σου, τροφήν τε καὶ
ποτὸν ἔδωκας τοῖς ἀνθρώποις εἰς ἀπόλαυ-
σιν ἵνα σοι εὐχαριστήσωσιν, ἡμῖν δὲ ἐχαρί-
σω πνευματικὴν τροφὴν καὶ ποτὸν καὶ
ζωὴν αἰώνιον διὰ τοῦ παιδός σου. Πρὸ
πάντων εὐχαριστοῦμέν σοι ὅτι δυνατὸς εἶ·
σοὶ ἡ δόξα εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. Μνήσθητι,
Κύριε, τῆς ἐκκλησίας σου ῥύσασθαι αὐτὴν
ἀπὸ παντὸς πονηροῦ καὶ τελειῶσαι αὐτὴν
ἐν τῇ ἀγάπῃ σου, καὶ σύναξον αὐτὴν ἀπὸ
τῶν τεσσάρων ἀνέμων, τὴν ἁγιασθεῖσαν
εἰς τὴν σὴν βασιλείαν, ἣν ἡτοίμασας αὐτῇ·
ὅτι σοῦ ἐστιν ἡ δύναμις καὶ ἡ δόξα εἰς τοὺς
αἰῶνας. Ἐλθέτω χάρις καὶ παρελθέτω ὁ
κόσμος οὗτος. Ὡσαννὰ τῷ υἱῷ Δαβίδ. Εἴ
τις ἅγιός ἐστιν, ἐρχέσθω· εἴ τις οὐκ ἔστι,
μετανοείτω· μαραναθά. Ἀμήν. Τοῖς δὲ
προφήταις ἐπιτρέπετε εὐχαριστεῖν ὅσα θέ-
λουσιν.

Κεφ. ια'. Ὃς ἂν οὖν ἐλθὼν διδάξῃ ὑμᾶς
ταῦτα πάντα, τὰ προειρημένα, δέξασθε
αὐτόν· ἐὰν δὲ αὐτὸς ὁ διδάσκων στραφεὶς
διδάσκῃ ἄλλην διδαχὴν εἰς τὸ καταλῦσαι,
μὴ αὐτοῦ ἀκούσητε· εἰς δὲ τὸ προσθεῖναι
δικαιοσύνην καὶ γνῶσιν Κυρίου, δέξασθε
αὐτὸν ὡς Κύριον. Περὶ δὲ τῶν ἀποστό-
λων καὶ προφητῶν κατὰ τὸ δόγμα τοῦ
εὐαγγελίου, οὕτω ποιήσατε. Πᾶς δὲ ἀπό-
στολος ἐρχόμενος πρὸς ὑμᾶς δεχθήτω ὡς
Κύριος· οὐ μενεῖ δὲ ἡμέραν μίαν· ἐὰν δὲ ᾖ
χρεία, καὶ τὴν ἄλλην· τρεῖς δὲ ἐὰν μείνῃ,

give thanks. First as to the cup: We give thee thanks, our Father, for the holy vine of David thy servant, which thou hast made known to us through Jesus thy servant; to thee be glory forever. As to the broken bread: We give thee thanks, our Father, for the life and the knowledge which thou hast made known to us through Jesus thy servant: to thee be glory forever. As this broken bread was scattered over the hills, and having been gathered became one, so may thy congregation be gathered from the ends of the earth into thy kingdom; for thine is glory and power forever through Jesus Christ. And let none eat or drink of your eucharist, save those baptized in the name of the Lord, for of this the Lord said, Give not what is holy to dogs.

X.—And when you are filled give thanks thus: We give thee thanks, holy Father, for thy holy name which thou hast caused to dwell in our hearts, and for the knowledge, and faith and immortality which thou hast made known to us through Jesus thy servant; to thee be glory forever. Thou, Almighty Master, didst make all things for thy name's sake; both food and drink thou hast given to men for enjoyment, that they might give thanks to to thee; and on us thou hast bestowed spiritual food and drink and life everlasting, through thy servant. Above all we thank thee that thou art powerful; to thee be glory forever. Remember, Lord, thy congregation to deliver it from all evil and to make it perfect in thy love, and gather it from the four winds, sanctified, into thy kingdom which thou hast prepared for it; for thine is power and glory forever. May grace come and this world pass away. Hosanna to the son of David. If one is holy, let him come; if not, let him repent. Maranatha, Amen. But permit the prophets to give thanks as much as they will.

XI.—Whoever cometh and teacheth you all this aforesaid, receive him. But if the teacher himself, turning aside, teach other doctrine unto destruction, give not ear to him; but if unto the promotion of righteousness and knowledge of the Lord, receive him as the Lord. And with regard to apostles and prophets, do with them according to the ordinance of the Gospel. Let every apostle who cometh to you be received as the Lord. He shall not overstay one day, though, if need be, the next;

ψευδοπροφήτης ἐστίν. Ἐξερχόμενος δὲ ὁ ἀπόστολος μηδὲν λαμβανέτω εἰμὴ ἄρτον ἕως οὗ αὐλισθῇ· ἐὰν δὲ ἀργύριον αἰτῇ, ψευδοπροφήτης ἐστί. Καὶ πάντα προφήτην λαλοῦντα ἐν πνεύματι οὐ πειράσετε οὐδὲ διακρινεῖτε· πᾶσα γὰρ ἁμαρτία ἀφεθήσεται, αὕτη δὲ ἡ ἁμαρτία οὐκ ἀφεθήσεται. Οὐ πᾶς δὲ ὁ λαλῶν ἐν πνεύματι προφήτης ἐστίν, ἀλλ' ἐὰν ἔχῃ τοὺς τρόπους Κυρίου. Ἀπὸ οὖν τῶν τρόπων γνωσθήσεται ὁ ψευδοπροφήτης καὶ ὁ προφήτης. Καὶ πᾶς προφήτης ὁριζων τράπεζαν ἐν πνεύματι, οὐ φάγεται ἀπ' αὐτῆς, εἰδὲ μήγε ψευδοπροφήτης ἐστί· πᾶς δὲ προφήτης διδάσκων τὴν ἀληθειαν, εἰ ἃ διδάσκει οὐ ποιεῖ, ψευδοπροφήτης ἐστί. Πᾶς δὲ προφήτης δεδοκιμασμένος, ἀληθινός, ποιῶν εἰς μυστήριον κοσμικὸν ἐκκλησίας, μὴ διδάσκων δὲ ποιεῖν ὅσα αὐτὸς ποιεῖ, οὐ κριθήσεται ἐφ' ὑμῶν· μετὰ Θεοῦ γὰρ ἔχει τὴν κρίσιν· ὡσαύτως γὰρ ἐπείησαν καὶ οἱ ἀρχαῖοι προρήται. Ὃς δ' ἂν εἴπῃ ἐν πνεύματι· Δός μοι ἀργύρια ἢ ἕτερά τινα, οὐκ ἀκούσεσθε αὐτοῦ· ἐὰν δὲ περὶ ἄλλων ὑστερούντων εἴπῃ δοῦναι, μηδεὶς αὐτὸν κρινέτω.

but if he remain three days he is a false prophet. And let not the apostle, on departing, take aught save bread till he come to a stopping place; and if he ask money he is a false prophet; and the prophet that speaketh in the spirit you shall not question nor judge, for every offence shall be forgiven, but this offence shall not be forgiven. Not every one that speaketh in the spirit is a prophet, unless he have the ways of the Lord. By their ways then shall the false prophet and the prophet be known. And no prophet who in the spirit appointeth a feast eateth thereof, unless he be a false prophet; and any prophet, who teacheth the truth, if what he teacheth he do not, is a false prophet. But no prophet approved, true, working for the world's mystery of the church, but not teaching to do what things he doeth, shall be judged by you, for with God he hath judgment: for so too did the prophets of old. And whoso saith, in the spirit, give me moneys or other things, you shall not hearken to him; but if for others in straits he say give, let no one judge him.

Κεφ. ιβ'. Πᾶς δὲ ὁ ἐρχόμενος ἐν ὀνόματι Κυρίου δεχθήτω, ἔπειτα δὲ δοκιμάσαντες αὐτὸν γνώσεσθε· σύνεσιν γὰρ ἕξετε δεξιὰν καὶ ἀριστεράν. Εἰμὲν παρόδιός ἐστιν ὁ ἐρχόμενος, βοηθεῖτε αὐτῷ ὅσον δύνασθε· οὐ μενεῖ δὲ πρὸς ὑμᾶς εἰ μὴ δύο ἢ τρεῖς ἡμέρας, ἐὰν ᾖ ἀνάγκη. Εἰ δὲ θέλει πρὸς ὑμᾶς καθῆσαι, τεχνίτης ὤν, ἐργαζέσθω καὶ φαγέτω· εἰ δὲ οὐκ ἔχει τέχνην, κατὰ τὴν σύνεσιν ὑμῶν προνοήσατε, πῶς μὴ ἀργὸς μεθ' ὑμῶν ζήσεται χριστιανός. Εἰ δ' οὐ θέλει οὕτω ποιεῖν, χριστέμπορός ἐστι· προσέχετε ἀπὸ τῶν τοιούτων.

XII.—Let every one that cometh in the name of the Lord be received, and then by testing you shall know him, for you shall have understanding right and left. If he that cometh be a wayfarer, help him as much as you may: he shall not tarry with you save two or three days if need be. But if he would abide among you, being an artisan, let him labor and eat; but if he have no trade provide according to your judgment, that no idler may live as a Christian among you. If he will not act thus, he is a trafficker in Christ. Beware of such.

Κεφ. ιγ'. Πᾶς δὲ προφήτης ἀληθινός, θέλων καθῆσαι πρὸς ὑμᾶς, ἄξιός ἐστι τῆς τροφῆς αὐτοῦ. Ὡσαύτως διδάσκαλος ἀληθινός ἐστιν ἄξιος καὶ αὐτός, ὥσπερ ὁ ἐργάτης, τῆς τροφῆς αὐτοῦ. Πᾶσαν οὖν ἀπαρχὴν γεννημάτων ληνοῦ καὶ ἅλωνος, βοῶν τε καὶ προβάτων λαβὼν δώσεις τοῖς προφήταις· αὐτοὶ γάρ εἰσιν οἱ ἀρχιερεῖς ὑμῶν. Ἐὰν δὲ μὴ ἔχητε προφήτην, δότε τοῖς πτωχοῖς. Ἐὰν σιτίαν ποιῇς, τὴν ἀπαρχὴν λαβὼν δὸς κατὰ τὴν ἐντολήν. Ὡσαύτως κεράμιον οἴνου ἢ ἐλαίου ἀνοίξας, τὴν ἀπαρχὴν λαβὼν δὸς τοῖς προφήταις· ἀργυρίου δὲ καὶ ἱματισμοῦ καὶ παντὸς κτήματος λαβὼν τὴν ἀπαρχὴν ὡς ἂν σοι δόξῃ, δὸς κατὰ τὴν ἐντολήν.

XIII.—Every true prophet that would abide with you is worthy of his sustenance. Similarly, a true teacher also, like the workman, is worthy of his sustenance. Every first-fruit, therefore, of the wine-press and the threshing-floor and of oxen and sheep thou shalt take and give to the prophets, for they are your high-priests. But if you have no prophet, give to the poor. If thou make a baking, take the first-fruit and give according to the commandment. In like manner, on opening a jar of wine or oil, take the first-fruit and give to the prophets; and of money, and raiment, and of every possession take the first-fruit, as may seem right to thee, and give according to the commandment.

Κεφ. ιδ'. Κατὰ κυριακὴν δὲ Κυρίου συ-

XIV.—Coming together on the Lord's

ναχθέντες κλάσατε ἄρτον καὶ εὐχαριστήσατε προεξομολογησάμενοι τὰ παραπτώματα ὑμῶν, ὅπως καθαρὰ ἡ θυσία ὑμῶν ᾖ.
Πᾶς δὲ ἔχων τὴν ἀμφιβολίαν μετὰ τοῦ ἑταίρου αὐτοῦ μὴ συνελθέτω ὑμῖν, ἕως οὗ διαλλαγῶσιν, ἵνα μὴ κοινωθῇ ἡ θυσία ὑμῶν· αὕτη γάρ ἐστιν ἡ ῥηθεῖσα ὑπὸ Κυρίου· Ἐν παντὶ τόπῳ καὶ χρόνῳ προσφέρειν μοι θυσίαν καθαράν· ὅτι βασιλεὺς μέγας εἰμί, λέγει Κύριος, καὶ τὸ ὄνομά μου θαυμαστὸν ἐν τοῖς ἔθνεσι.

day break bread and give thanks, confessing your transgressions that your sacrifice may be pure. And let no one who has a dispute with his fellow approach with you until they be reconciled, lest your sacrifice be profaned, for this is the sacrifice spoken of by the Lord: In every place and time bring to me a clean sacrifice, for I am a great King saith the Lord, and my name is wonderful among the nations.

Κεφ. ιε'. Χειροτονήσατε οὖν ἑαυτοῖς ἐπισκόπους καὶ διακόνους ἀξίους τοῦ Κυρίου, ἄνδρας πραεῖς καὶ ἀφιλαργύρους καὶ ἀληθεῖς καὶ δεδοκιμασμένους· ὑμῖν γὰρ λειτουργοῦσι καὶ αὐτοὶ τὴν λειτουργίαν τῶν προφητῶν καὶ διδασκάλων. Μὴ οὖν ὑπερίδητε αὐτούς· αὐτοὶ γὰρ εἰσιν οἱ τετιμημένοι ὑμῶν μετὰ τῶν προφητῶν καὶ διδασκάλων.

XV.—Choose for yourselves bishops and deacons worthy of the Lord, men meek and not avaricious, and true and proved, for they too perform for you the functions of prophets and teachers. Therefore despise them not, for they are the ones among you honored with the prophets and the teachers.

Ἐλέγχετε δὲ ἀλλήλους μὴ ἐν ὀργῇ, ἀλλ' ἐν εἰρήνῃ, ὡς ἔχετε ἐν τῷ εὐαγγελίῳ· καὶ παντὶ ἀστοχοῦντι κατὰ τοῦ ἑτέρου μηδεὶς λαλείτω μηδὲ παρ' ὑμῶν ἀκουέτω, ἕως οὗ μετανοήσῃ. Τὰς δὲ εὐχὰς ὑμῶν καὶ τὰς ἐλεημοσύνας καὶ πάσας τὰς πράξεις οὕτω ποιήσατε, ὡς ἔχετε ἐν τῷ εὐαγγελίῳ τοῦ Κυρίου ἡμῶν.

Reprove one another not in wrath but in peace, as you have it in the Gospel. And whoever commits offence against another, let none speak to him, nor let him be a listener among you till he repent. But all your prayers and all your acts so perform as you have it in the Gospel of our Lord.

Κεφ. ις'. Γρηγορεῖτε ὑπὲρ τῆς ζωῆς ὑμῶν· οἱ λύχνοι ὑμῶν μὴ σβεσθήτωσαν, καὶ αἱ ὀσφύες ὑμῶν μὴ ἐκλυέσθωσαν, ἀλλὰ γίνεσθε ἕτοιμοι· οὐ γὰρ οἴδατε τὴν ὥραν, ἐν ᾗ ὁ Κύριος ἡμῶν ἔρχεται. Πυκνῶς δὲ συναχθήσεσθε ζητοῦντες τὰ ἀνήκοντα ταῖς ψυχαῖς ὑμῶν· οὐ γὰρ ὠφελήσει ὑμᾶς ὁ πᾶς χρόνος τῆς πίστεως ὑμῶν, ἐὰν μὴ ἐν τῷ ἐσχάτῳ καιρῷ τελειωθῆτε. Ἐν γὰρ ταῖς ἐσχάταις ἡμέραις πληθυνθήσονται οἱ ψευδοπροφῆται καὶ οἱ φθορεῖς καὶ στραφήσονται τὰ πρόβατα εἰς λύκους καὶ ἡ ἀγάπη στραφήσεται εἰς μῖσος· αὐξανούσης γὰρ τῆς ἀνομίας, μισήσουσιν ἀλλήλους καὶ διώξουσι καὶ παραδώσουσι, καὶ τότε φανήσεται ὁ κοσμοπλάνος ὡς υἱὸς Θεοῦ καὶ ποιήσει σημεῖα καὶ τέρατα, καὶ ἡ γῆ παραδοθήσεται εἰς χεῖρας αὐτοῦ, καὶ ποιήσει ἀθέμιτα, ἃ οὐδέποτε γέγονεν ἐξ αἰῶνος. Τότε ἥξει ἡ κτίσις τῶν ἀνθρώπων εἰς τὴν πύρωσιν τῆς δοκιμασίας καὶ σκανδαλισθήσονται πολλοὶ καὶ ἀπολοῦνται, οἱ δὲ ὑπομείναντες ἐν τῇ πίστει αὐτῶν σωθήσονται ὑπ' αὐτοῦ τοῦ καταθέματος. Καὶ τότε φανήσεται τὰ σημεῖα τῆς ἀληθείας· πρῶτον, σημεῖον ἐκπετάσεως ἐν οὐρανῷ, εἶτα σημεῖον φωνῆς σάλπιγγος καὶ τὸ τρίτον ἀνάστασις νεκρῶν· οὐ πάντων δέ, ἀλλ' ὡς ἐρρέθη· Ἥξει ὁ Κύριος καὶ πάντες οἱ ἅγιοι μετ' αὐτοῦ. Τότε ὄψεται ὁ κόσμος τὸν Κύριον ἐρχόμενον ἐπάνω τῶν νεφελῶν τοῦ οὐρανοῦ.

XVI.—Watch for your life's sake. Let not your lamps go out, nor your loins be ungirt, but be ready, for you know not the hour in which our Lord cometh. Assemble oft, seeking the things pertaining to your souls, for the whole time of your faith will not avail you unless you be perfected in the last time. For in the last days false prophets and corrupters shall be multiplied, and the sheep shall be turned into wolves, and love shall be turned into hate; for as lawlessness waxeth men will hate one another, persecute and betray, and then will appear the world-seducer, like the son of God, and he will do signs and miracles, and the earth will be given into his hands, and he will do iniquities that have never been done from the beginning. Then the human creation shall come into the firing of trial, and many shall be made to stumble and shall perish, but they that abide in their faith shall be saved from this curse. And then shall appear the signs of the truth: first the sign of an opening in the sky; then the sign of a trumpet's voice; and third a resurrection of the dead, not of all, but as it hath been said: The Lord will come and all the saints with him. Then will the world see the Lord coming upon the clouds of heaven.

THE SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN.

"About a quarter-past four he (Mr. Hane) went towards the inn, and looked round to see whether the atmosphere would afford him a free prospect towards the south-west, when he observed at a very great distance, towards Achtermannshohe, a human figure of a monstrous size. His hat having been almost carried away by a violent gust of wind, he suddenly raised his hand to his head to protect his hat, and the colossal figure did the same. He immediately made another movement by bending his body—an action which was repeated, by the spectral figure. Mr. Hane was desirous of making further experiments, but the figure disappeared. He remained, however, in the same position, expecting its return, and in a few minutes it again made its appearance on the Achtermannshohe, when it mimicked his gestures as before." Then he called the landlord, and two mimicking figures were seen.

With the above quotation from Brewster's "Natural Magic," W. Mattieu Williams introduces an account of a similar phenomenon observed by him from the top of Arthur's Seat, a hill in the vicinity of Edinburgh. When I was a student in Edinburgh, he writes, residing in the old town near the college, one part of my physical discipline was to climb Arthur's Seat, daily, from the steep side, opposite the end of Rankeillor Street, run down the easy slope towards Holyrood, and then walk back to my lodgings. On one of these occasions I saw the spectre of the Brocken, which was doubly interesting, as Professor Jamieson, whose class in Natural History I was attending, had recently described it. I wrote an account of it and sent it to him, but he never replied, and took no notice of it. He was very old then, and rather morose; probably regarded my letter as a student's hoax. The chief point of my letter was an original explanation of the magnified dimensions of the figure, which I still believe to be correct, though during all the years that have intervened I have not seen offered by anybody else. The phantom appeared, as it always appears at the Brocken, when the sun was very near the horizon. The weather was very remarkable and unusual. A ground fog enveloped the whole of Edinburgh and the country around. I should not have climbed the hills at all through such a mist, but for my resolution to take the prescribed daily exercise in all weathers. On reaching the summit I was surprised to find myself above the fog, with a perfectly clear sky overhead, and a magnificent ocean of white cloud billows stretching away below to the horizon seawards. The surface of the mist immediately below was ragged and ill-defined, and presently a thin waif of it rose and enveloped me. A gigantic figure was instantly projected upon it, or rather in it. It vanished and reappeared several times with the fluctuations of the level of the mist. On observing it carefully my first impression of its gigantic dimensions was greatly modified. It was only an *elongated* representation of myself; there was no lateral magnifying. The legs were greatly exaggerated, producing an absurd effect when I lifted one of them. There was no perceptible magnifying of the head. Further scrutiny revealed the contradictory fact that although the figure was absurdly elongated it was little or no taller than myself, the head being about horizontally opposite to my own, and the feet actually touching my feet. It was simply a shadow projected *through* the mist, thus having horizontal as well as vertical dimensions, and was magnified nearly in the same manner as though it had been thrown upon a screen inclined considerably from the vertical. I was looking through this shadow; the shadow of my legs was comparable to that which is projected on the pavement by a gas light, as I was looking *down* upon this part, and thus had a view of the length of the through projection; but when looking point-blank at the shadow of my head this through-projection was foreshortened to zero, and I only saw that part of the shadow as though it were thrown on a vertical screen. Directly I understood this the apparent magnitude of the phantom was curiously diminished. Some years afterwards, I again climbed the hill, and after waiting about an hour had another view of the same phantom under exactly the same conditions, but more flickering and less distinct.

I have no doubt that it may be frequently seen from Arthur's Seat; more so than from the Brocken, as sea-fogs frequently sweep across Edinburgh, and seldom rise far above the summit of this isolated hill. The conditions demanded are an otherwise clear sky, a little after sunrise or before sunset, and the mist reaching the summit and rising somewhat above it; to any height from two or three hundred feet to that of the spectator. From the ragged irregularities of the surface of such a mist these conditions must be frequently fulfilled. The reason why the spectral visitor is nevertheless unknown, is simply that visitors do not ascend in such weather, and nobody, not even a shepherd, has any business to transact on the bare rock of the summit.

GENERAL GORDON.

In ancient times a prophet cried: "Run ye to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem, and see now, and know, and seek in the broad places thereof, if ye can find a man." Hebrew scholars might probably give to the words a different interpretation from that which strikes the ordinary reader. To the plain English mind it seems that in those times such a thing as a *man* must have been very scarce in Jerusalem. And he is still very scarce in these modern days. For by the word *man*, emphatically used, is surely meant much more than an animal with two legs and two arms, a creature that can chatter and can laugh. What lifts the ideal man above the brute creation is not his upright form, however noble, nor yet his gift of speech, nor even reason—for scintillations of this last are evident in the noblest beasts. When we speak of a man in the highest sense we mean a soul to whom a world is open transcending sight and sound. We mean one who "endures as seeing Him who is invisible;" we mean a spirit to whom "the inspiration of the Almighty has given wisdom;" we mean one who in his grasp of eternal ideas is independent of pain or gratification, of praise or slander, of all accidents of life or death, because he is filled with a sense of a divine mission and serves his own generation by the will of God.

In this sense a man is as uncommon now as in the days of Jeremiah. But the English people have found one; their race has produced him; and no better proof of its divinely inspired vitality could be given. We speak, of course, of Charles George Gordon—"Chinese Gordon," as he is called—Crimean Gordon, as he once was; African Gordon, as he afterwards became—the friend and champion of the oppressed, the conqueror and ruler of the oppressor over half the world, from the farthest East to Central Africa. The ignorant who hear so much talk of Gordon sometimes ask what has he done? It would be a much more significant question to ask what he has been, and what he is. For this, more than anything else, is his contribution to the glory of God and the salvation of the world,—the living truth he embodies in himself, that character is greater than gold, or cunning, or expediency, or intrigue; ay, mightier than bayonets, or eighty-ton guns. Yet it is true that men for the most part can only recognize character by what it achieves; and it is by Gordon's deeds and endurance that we know what he is. It will be desirable, therefore, to sketch in the briefest possible manner the outline of his career before we make further comment upon the lessons embodied in his person.

General Gordon was born at Woolwich, in January, 1833. His father was an officer in the Royal Artillery. Of his education and the particular influences brought to bear upon him in his childhood, little, if any, information has been made public. But all we know about him would suggest that from early life he must have been impressed with the strong, divine rule in which the world is held, and against which human self-will and passion beat themselves in vain. Yet this solemn sense of eternal order seems from his earliest days to have been combined with that sort of universal love manifested in the humanity of Christ. His story reads like that of one who has long felt himself an offering for the salvation of the world. It is not for us to reconcile spiritual characteristics of this kind with the sanguinary calling of a soldier. It is enough here to recognize the fact that, not in Gordon's case only, but in that of Colonel Gardiner, of Sir Henry Havelock, and of many others, the most earnest religion has been united with a paradoxical devotion to the profession of war. The subject of the present notice has in later years been far more of a philanthropist, a statesman, a reformer of abuses, than a soldier; but at any rate, in the outset of life he received a commission in the Royal Engineers, and in the end of 1854 he joined the army before Sebastopol. In a very few months he so far distinguished himself as to attract the attention of many amongst his superiors. After assisting to lay down the new frontier line, consequent on the Treaty of Paris, he served for some time in China. He was present at the surrender of Pekin; and afterwards made an adventurous journey far across the Celestial Empire towards the frontiers of Asiatic Russia. Meanwhile, what is known as the Taeping Rebellion was slowly eating away the resources and the organization of Southern China. The decrepit Imperial Government despaired of stopping the movement; and at length besought the assistance of their military invaders from Europe.

In 1863, on the recommendation of the British ambassador, an army, formerly commanded by an American adventurer, was placed under Major Gordon. He held this command for a little over a year; and in the course of that time the rebellion, which had distracted China for some years previously, was completely subdued. The internal politics of that vast empire are too obscure for the judgment of any but a few experts, and it is mainly the confidence inspired by the character of the man, which constrains us to believe that the rebellion must have threatened a moral disorder and a social chaos even worse than the corrupt and effete rule of the Imperial court. At any rate, in this campaign it was much more the ascendancy of Gordon's person, than any brilliant strategy, which accomplished the triumph. He not only trained and disciplined his soldiers, but seemed to transfer his own spirit to them. He deliberately exposed himself to the hottest of the fight; and when leading the way against the enemy, he carried neither sword nor pistol, but only a little cane to direct his men. We shall leave our readers to determine for themselves the question suggested by his singular immunity from injury, but certain it is that he was only once wounded, while he was never defeated. The Chinese came to regard his little cane as a magic wand; and they supposed his person to be guarded by some sacred spell. The impres-

sion he left on the leading men in China has never been effaced. To this day his memory is cherished as that of a heaven-sent hero; and if he had died then, there is little doubt that thousands would have worshipped at his shrine. One of the chief reasons for the impression that he made was his indisputable and manifest purity of purpose. Mercenary and cunning as the Chinese often are, they can appreciate unselfish uprightness, because they are human. The proverb about "doing in Rome as Rome does," is often cruelly abused. Leaders of men often fail because they think the degradation of those around them unworthy of high-principled devotion. Such has never been Gordon's plan. Amongst Oriental liars and cringing African slaves, he has always held that truth, straightforwardness, and manliness were not only a sacred duty, but the highest policy.

Gordon did not enrich himself by his Chinese services. In 1865 he returned to England, and spent some six years in his native land. In 1872 he met Nubar Pacha in Constantinople; and, owing to this acquaintance, he was in 1873 appointed to the government of a district in the Soudan under the Khedive of Egypt. His object in accepting this service is not altogether clear. He confesses as much himself in the letters that have been published by Mr. Birkbeck Hill. He had too much individuality of character to be content with ordinary employment. His faith in Divine Providence is so strong, that any obvious opening for useful activity is readily accepted by him as an indication of a Divine decree. He had hopes also, which, alas, were far from being entirely fulfilled, that he might help the miserable inhabitants of this district a few more steps onward in the path of progress. The work expected from him was the organization of a district lying along the upper reaches of the Nile, north of the Lake Albert Nyanza. He was to establish an efficient system of government, and to arrange for the collection of an adequate tribute.

These two objects had, in the mind of Gordon, a relative importance the reverse of that which they had in the mind of the Khedive. An efficient government meant, for Gordon, just government; and the establishment of this was of far more consequence than the collection of taxes. But order always brings with it some increase of revenue: and thus the new Governor was able to a considerable extent to fulfil both expectations. Any attempt to describe the details of his operations would be futile; for this we must refer readers to his own letters, or to the various biographical sketches called forth by the general interest in his extraordinary career. Ignorant at first of the Arabic language, often absolutely alone, without any one to interpret, for long periods bereft of all European assistance, he succeeded, by strength of will, graciousness of manner, fairness and conciliation, in obtaining the friendship of hostile tribes, in circumventing the slave-dealers, and in establishing a strong chain of posts along the part of the river under his charge. He was unable to reach the Lake Albert Nyanza, but when political events led to his return in 1879, the peace, order, and confidence he had established promised a much better fate for the inhabitants of his district than seems likely now to be realized. Our purpose in this brief sketch is not so much to narrate events as to enforce the lessons that are taught by such a life.

And, first of all, what strikes us in reading his own letters is the profound possession of his whole being with the sense of Divine direction and inspiration. It is very possible that some points in Gordon's religious opinions would repel others who are no less animated by faith in the common Lord; and it is of course understood that in calling attention to the most noticeable features of his character, our purpose is to illustrate the man, and not to discuss or to endorse his ideas. This remark is rendered necessary most of all perhaps by Gordon's strong belief in the determination of everything by a Divine predestination. "No comfort," he says, "is equal to that which he has, who has God for his stay; who believes, not in words, but in fact, that *all things* are ordained to happen, and must happen. He who has this has already died, and is free from the annoyances of this life." This frame of mind is so habitual that it is close to the surface of consciousness even in his lighter moments, and amongst his most trivial annoyances. Not only when he loses companions in fight, or when threatened with illness, does he take comfort in the sense of Divine ordination; but even when put out of temper by the carelessness of servants. A German follower dropped one of his valued rifles into deep water. "You are a born idiot of three years old!" shouts Gordon. "How dare you touch my rifle?" "However," he adds, in his account of the occurrence, "as it was ordained to be lost, I soon got over it." This feeling of an all-embracing predestination is somewhat strangely accompanied by a grim humor that perpetually contrasts the pettiness of man with the grandeur of the Supreme Power around and above him. One stormy evening he noticed a poor black woman struggling through the wind and rain, and sent a man to conduct her into a hut. "Next morning," he says, "passing through the gateway, I saw your and my sister lying dead in a pool of mud. Her black brothers had been passing and passing, and had taken no notice of her. So I went and ordered her to be buried and went on. In the midst of the high grass was a baby about a year or so old, left by itself. It had been out all night in the rain, and had been left by its mother—children are always a nuisance. I carried it in, and seeing the corpse was not moved, I sent again about it, and went with the men to have it buried. To my surprise and astonishment she was alive. After considerable trouble I got the black brothers to lift her out of the mud, poured some brandy down her throat and got her into a hut with a fire, having the mud washed out of her sightless eyes. She was not more than sixteen years

of age. There she now lies. I cannot help hoping she is floating down with the tide to her haven of rest. I dare say you will see—in fact, sure you will see—your black sister some day, and she will tell you about it, and how Infinite Wisdom directed the whole affair. I know this is a tough morsel to believe; but it is true."

Notwithstanding Gordon's strong faith in predestination he has quite as earnest a faith in the power of prayer; and this again he applies to the most ordinary events of life. Struggling to drag some boats called nuggars up the rapids, he writes, "Your brother prays the nuggars up, as he used to do the troops when they wavered in the breaches in China; but often and often the ropes break, and it is all to be done over again. However, I feel sure that we shall have fully made known to us the mystery of these matters."

The unconventional character of his religion is apparent on every page of his letters. He is deeply impressed with the feeling that the worldly favor now shown toward the outward forms of Christianity endangers its original purity and power. Especially he is revolted by the idolatry of respectability, and reputation, and comfort, too often characteristic of outwardly flourishing churches. "I will tell you a story," he says, "of eighteen hundred and forty-eight years ago. There was a workman of Bethlehem who did not agree with the great teachers of an old religion, who answered them roughly, and who did not conform to their views, or pay them the attention to which they were accustomed. He was always in the slums with very dubious characters. This annoyed the church class. 'Why do you frequent those slums?' He said, 'These slums need me to go to them; for they are sick at heart, and I bear them good news. I tell them they are worth something, in spite of their ill deeds. I tell them their God is a merciful God, and that He has worked out their salvation for them, not for their merits.' . . . . His strong rebukes were against the white-robed, clean, respectable people who thought they were everything that was good because they had prayer-meetings and sacrifices, and washed their hands before eating. Well, you know this story. The *good people* could not bear the home thrusts they received, and so they murdered him."

It is remarkable that while thus firm in his own faith, he is strongly impressed with the reality of some spiritual power in the most opposite, the most incongruous, and even the most degraded forms of religion. Thus, shortly before a disaster that happened to a small troop of his followers, he had seen native magicians performing their spells against him; afterwards he writes concerning this incantation that, "somehow from the earnestness they showed he had some thought of misgiving on account of them." "These prayers," he adds, "were earnest prayers for celestial aid, in which the Prayer knew he would need help from some unknown power to avert danger. That the native knows not the true God is true; but God knows him, and moved him to pray, and answered his prayer. 'The horse is prepared for the day of battle, but the victory is of the Lord.'" These extracts are quite sufficient to prove the remarks with which we set out, that the chief interest of Gordon's career lies in the evidence it affords of the supremacy of moral and spiritual character over all other human capabilities and gifts.

In the difficult and perplexing work on which he is now engaged it is impossible he should escape criticism, and he would be the last to claim infallibility. But some misjudgments have arisen from a misunderstanding of the scope of his commission. He has gone, not so much to carry out an English policy, but rather to restore to the inhabitants of the Soudan an opportunity for deciding their own policy for themselves. Under these circumstances it would have been impossible for him to carry out a law against slavery which does not come into operation till 1889. The mere fact of the surrender of the Soudan by Egypt necessarily abrogates that law. And all that Gordon has done is to admit this. But to suppose that he has in the least degree relaxed his hatred to slavery would be to do him a grave injustice. His firm conviction is that the only way to put down African slavery is to stop the traffic in slaves. If the vast interior were guarded against men-stealers, and if the ports on the Red Sea were sealed against them, the institution would perish of inanition. To effect the former General Gordon proposes himself to go to the Congo district. The latter work he leaves to the British navy.—HENRY C. EWART, in *The Sunday Magazine.*

HEALTH AND ITS GENERAL CONDITIONS.

A BROAD and scientific view of life is that which regards it as being composed, in its physical aspects at least, of a series of actions or functions more or less defined in their nature. These functions, as the physiologist terms them, are discharged, each, by a special organ or series of organs; and health may therefore be viewed as the result of the harmonious working of all the organs of which the body is composed.

Disturbances of health arise whenever the natural equilibrium maintained between the functions of the body is disturbed. For example, a broken bone being an infringement of the functions of a limb, is a disturbance of health equally with the fever which runs riot through the blood, and produces a general disturbance of the whole system. An aching tooth equally with brain disorder constitutes a disturbance of health. We may therefore define health as the perfect pleasurable or painless discharge of all the functions through which life is maintained.

Doubtless this bodily equilibrium of which we have spoken is subject to many and varied causes of disturbance. Life is after all a highly complex series of actions. involving

equally complicated conditions for their due performance. Like all other living beings, man is dependent upon his surroundings for the necessities of life. These surroundings, whilst ministering to his wants, may under certain circumstances become sources of disease. Thus we are dependent, like all other animal forms, upon a supply of pure air, and this condition of our lives may through impurities prove a source of serious disease. The water we drink, equally a necessity of life with air, is likewise liable to cause disease, when either as regards quantity or quality it is not supplied in the requisite conditions. Man is likewise in the matter of foods dependent upon his surroundings, and numerous diseases are traceable both to a lack of necessary foods and to over-indulgence in special kinds of nourishment. The diseases known to physicians as those of over-nutrition belong to the latter class; and there are likewise many ailments due to under-nutrition which also receive the attention of medical science.

In addition to these outward sources of health-disturbance, which constitute the disease of mankind, there are other and more subtle and internal causes which complicate the problems of human happiness. Thus, for example, each individual inherits from his parents, and through them from his more remote ancestors, a certain physical constitution. This constitution, whilst no doubt liable to modifications, yet determines wholly or in greater part the physical life of the being possessing it. We frequently speak of persons as suffering from inherited weakness, and this inherited weakness becomes the "transmitted disease" of the physician. Each individual therefore, may be viewed as deriving his chances of health, or the reverse, from a double source—namely, from the constitution he has inherited and from the surroundings which make up the life he lives and pursues. It is the aim and object of sanitary science to deal as clearly and definitely as possible with both sources of health and disease. In the first instance, Hygiene, or the science of health, devotes attention to the surroundings amid which our lives are passed. It seeks to provide us with the necessary conditions of life in a pure condition. It would have us breathe pure air, consume pure food, avoid excess of work, strike the golden mean in recreation, and harbor and conserve the powers of old age, so as to prolong the period of life and secure a painless death. In the second aspect of its teachings, this important branch of human knowledge would teach us that with an inherited constitution of healthy kind we should take every means of preserving its well-being; and when on the other hand an enfeebled and physically weak frame has fallen to our lot, the teachings of health-science are cheering in the extreme.

Even when an individual has been born into the world, handicapped, so to speak, in the struggle for existence by physical infirmity and inherited disease, health-science is found to convey the cheering assurance that it is possible, even under such circumstances, to prolong life, and secure a measure of that full happiness which the possession of health can alone bestow.

In illustration of this latter remark, we might cite the case of a person born into the world with a consumptive taint, or suffering from inherited tendencies to such diseases as gout, rheumatism, insanity, etc. Vital statistics prove beyond doubt, in the case of the consumptive individual, that if his life be passed under the guidance of health laws, if he is warmly clad, provided with sufficient nourishment, made to live in a pure atmosphere, and excess of work avoided, he may attain the age of thirty-six years without developing the disease under which he labors, and once past that period, may reasonably hope to attain old age.

In the case of the subject who inherits gout, a similar attention to the special conditions of healthy living suited to his case may insure great or complete freedom from the malady of his parent. Strict attention to dietary, the avoidance of all stimulants, and the participation in active, well-regulated exercise, form conditions which in a marked degree, if pursued conscientiously during youth, will ward off the tendency to develop the disease in question. In the case of an inherited tendency to mental disorders, mysterious and subtle as such tendency appears to be, it has been shown that strict attention to the education and upbringing of the child, a judicious system of education, the curbing of the passions, and the control of emotions added to ordinary care in the selection of food and the physical necessities of life, may again insure the prolongation of life, and its freedom from one of the most terrible afflictions which can beset the human race.

These considerations in reality constitute veritable triumphs of health-science; they show us that in his war against disease and death, man finds literally a saving knowledge in observance of the laws which science has deduced for the wise regulation of his life. It is ignorance or neglect of this great teaching which sends thousands of our fellow-mortals to an early grave, and which destroys hopes, ambitions, and opportunities that may contain in themselves the promise of high excellence in every department of human effort.

The one great truth which health-reformers are never weary of proclaiming, because they know it is so true, consists in the declaration that the vast majority of the diseases which affect and afflict humanity are really of *preventable* nature. Until this truth has been thoroughly driven home, and accepted alike by individuals and nations, no real progress in sanitary science can be expected or attained. To realize fully the immense power which the practical application of this thought places in our hands, we may briefly consider the causes of certain diseases, which in themselves though powerful and widespread, are nevertheless of *preventable* kind. Amongst these diseases, those popularly known as infectious fevers, and scientifically as zymotic diseases, stand out most prominently.

We shall hereafter discuss the nature and

origin, as far as these have been traced, of those ailments. Suffice it for the present to say, that science has demonstrated in a very clear fashion the possibilities of our escape from those physical terrors by attention to the conditions to which they owe their spread.

Typhoid fever, also known as enteric and gastric fever, is thus known to be produced, and its germs to breed, amongst the insanitary conditions represented by foul drains and collections of filth wherever found. Experience amply proves that by attention to those labors which have for their object the secure trapping of drains, flushing of sewers, and abolition of all filth-heaps, the chances of this fever being produced are greatly decreased. It has also been shown that even where this fever has obtained a hold, attention to drains and like conditions has resulted in the decrease of the epidemic. Again, typhus fever is notoriously a disease affecting the over-crowded, squalid, and miserable slums of our great cities. Unlike typhoid fever, which equally affects the palace of the prince and the cottage of the peasant, typhus fever is rarely found except in the courts and alleys of our great cities. We know that the germs of this fever, which in past days constituted the "Plague" and the "Jail Fever" of John Howard's time, breed and propagate amongst the foul air which accumulates in the ill-ventilated dwellings of the poor. Attention to ventilation, personal cleanliness, and the removal of all conditions which militate against the ordinary health of crowded populations, remove the liability to epidemics of this fever. Again, the disease known as ague has almost altogether disappeared from this and other countries through the improved drainage of the land; though it still occasionally lingers in the neighborhood of swamps and in other situations which are wet and damp, and which favor the decay of vegetable matter.

Man holds in his own hands the power both of largely increasing and decreasing his chances of early death, and nowhere is this fact better exemplified than in the lessened mortality which follows even moderate attention to the laws of health; the words of Dr. Farre deserve to be emblazoned in every household in respect of their pungent utterance concerning the good which mankind is able to effect by even slight attention to sanitary requirements. "The hygienic problem," says Dr. Farre, "is how to free the English people from hereditary disease . . . and to develop in the mass the athletical, intellectual, æsthetical, moral, and religious qualities which have already distinguished some of the breed. There is a divine image in the future, to which the nation must aspire. The first step towards it is to improve the health of the present age; and improvement, if as persistently pursued as it is in the cultivation of inferior species, will be felt by their children and their children's children. A slight development for the better in each generation, implies progress in the geometrical progression which yields results in an indefinite time, that if suddenly manifested would appear miraculous."

In 1872, Mr. Simon told us that the deaths occurring in Great Britain were more numerous by a third than they would have been, had the existing knowledge of disease and its causes been perfectly applied. He added that the number of deaths in England and Wales which might reasonably be ascribed to causes of a truly preventable nature, number about one hundred and twenty thousand. Each of those deaths represents in addition a number of other cases in which the effects of preventable disease were more or less distinctly found.

Such an account of a mortality, the greater part of which is unquestionably preventable, may well startle the most phlegmatic amongst us into activity in the direction of health-reform. In order that the nation at large may participate in this all-important work, it is necessary that education in health-science should find a place in the future training of the young as well as in the practice of the old. And if there is one consideration which more than another should be prominently kept in view, it is that which urges that the duty of acquiring information in the art of living healthily and well is an individual duty. It is only through individual effort that anything like national interest in health-science can be fostered. There is no royal road to art which places length of days within the right hand of a nation, any more than there exists an easy pathway to full and perfect knowledge in any other branch of inquiry. It is the duty of each individual, as a matter of self-interest, if on no higher grounds, to conserve health; and the knowledge which places within the grasp of each man and woman the power of avoiding disease and prolonging life, is one after all which must in time repay a thousandfold the labor expended in its study. It is with a desire of assisting in some measure the advance of this all-important work, that the present series of articles has been undertaken; and we shall endeavor throughout these papers to present to our readers plain, practical, and readily understood details connected with the great principles that regulate the prevention of disease both in the person and in the home.—DR. ANDREW WILSON, in *Chambers's Journal.*

INDIA, HER WHEAT AND HER RAILWAYS.

THE real foundations of our power in India do not rest on the interested approval of the noisy few. They rest on justice, on the contentment of the millions who may not always be silent and quiescent, and on their feeling that, in spite of the selfish clamor of those who profess to be their guardians and representatives, they may place implicit trust in the equal justice of our Government, and in its watchful care of the interests of the masses of the people.—SIR J. STRACHEY.

IT will hardly be disputed by the most British of English officials that our greatest dependency ought to be so organized as to promote, as far as possible, the prosperity of her people, and not with a view to the advantage of English civil servants or merchants. Few

will now dispute the statement that India has benefited by her connection with England, though there are many who doubt whether England has derived great good from that connection, regard being had to the wars and complications resulting from our Eastern possessions. But some ways of assisting India involve direct and important benefits to the mother country, and it is to one of these that I wish to draw attention.

India is said to be a land of puzzles and paradoxes. But perhaps there is no greater puzzle than the conduct of her public works. They are divided into "non-productive," the cost of which is defrayed out of revenue, and "productive," for which money can be borrowed. There is another set called "protective," as to which what are known as the "famine taxes" may be applied. The idea of course is that, unless a work may be expected pretty soon to produce a revenue, it should be paid for out of current revenue. Here at home we adopt no such distinction. We do not tax the people to pay for a permanent work; we borrow and repay by instalments spread over a term of years. No one would dream of asking Parliament to impose an income tax to pay for any great work, however important. But in India there is no Parliament. The people are poor, but we tax their salt in order to pay for these non-productive works.* In other words, the cost of these works amounts to almost exactly the same sum as that of the revenue raised from salt. But for this mode of payment we might just about dispense with the salt tax. The excuses are that Government is afraid of borrowing, and that the best check on officers is the knowledge that such works must be paid for out of the yearly budget. I shall hope to show that India can well afford to pay for all works worth making by means of borrowed money, and it is surely the duty of Government to select the works necessary to be made, and to refuse any demand for what is not necessary. It is absurd to say that because our officers may be careless, we will tax our people, year by year, in order to put a check on their proceedings. Such an argument is all very well where there is no true representation, but it would not live for a day in the light of a free discussion in a real Parliament.†

Sir J. Strachey, in his recent work on "Public Works in India," has denounced all these distinctions between one class of works and another, and he sums up the whole matter thus (p. 423):—

> It may perhaps appear incredible, but it is true, that under the existing rules, strictly applied, the East Indian Railway would have been proscribed; and the construction of the Ganges Canal would have been impossible.

The distinction would not perhaps be so mischievous were the Government endowed with courage as to works which are admitted to be productive. In that case we should be moving on rapidly with such works. The fact is, however, far otherwise. A similar excess of caution afflicts them even as to works paid for out of borrowed money. The question is not merely whether the works are likely to be of great public utility and are urgently needed, but a hard and fast line has been adopted by reason of the decision of a Committee of the House in 1878, to the effect that no more than 2,500,000*l.* shall be borrowed on account of these works in any one year. It is not easy to conceive a more unreasonable resolution.* Circumstances are constantly changing, but the rule does not change. No matter what the causes of the demand for such works may be; no matter how certain it may be that they will show a good return, the rule blocks the way, and important works must be delayed, not by reason of the condition of the money market, or of the credit of India, but by reason of a vague fear of over-borrowing which laid hold of a committee some five years ago. The figures given by Mr. Cross on the 22d of August last show how little real cause there is for this fear. The uncovered debt of India is only 66,000,000*l.*, and the public works pay a handsome interest, not merely on the amount of their cost, but on the amount of that cost when augmented by the loss incurred through the guarantee of interest on capital, before railways had so far developed as to pay their interest. Nor is this all, for it is notorious that the interest was at first guaranteed at a high rate, and that the railways first made were far too costly, so that the traffic has sufficed to pay interest, not merely on a heavy loss of interest, but also on the amount of a needless and extreme outlay. Railways or canals now made on economical principles may be expected very quickly to produce a profit so considerable as to relieve the Government from loss on any reasonable guarantee, and to remunerate shareholders for their risk.†

* See "Life of Lord Lawrence," vol. ii. p. 525. "India is really a poor country. The actual condition of the masses of the people is a bare, I might say, a miserable existence. We, its rulers, are at our wits' end to increase the amount of taxation to devise new sources of revenue." Cf. Lord Ripon in Council, Sept. 1, 1882, to Secretary of State (C. 3507, p. 11): "The poverty of the people of India is a fact which is notorious, and, indeed, has been so frequently discussed, that it is unnecessary that we should on the present occasion dwell on it at any length."

† The author of "Indian Wheat *v.* American Protection" (a paper quoted with approval by Sir E. Baring in his last Financial Statement), who has lived long in India and conducted a large business there, greatly doubts whether there is any true economy in Indian administration, even as regards works paid for out of revenue. "The powers of all authorities," he says, "concerned to spend or to waste the ordinary revenues on non-productive works are complete." . . . "During my whole residence in India nothing has impressed me more than the needless waste of the public revenues. It is not so much that there are any large items on which the public expenditure is notably extravagant, as it is that there is a general leakage all round. Money is laid out on buildings that for the present might well be done without; 1,000,000*l.* goes yearly in unproductive military works alone; no one is found strong enough to deal with the exhaustive military charges, both in India and at home," etc.

* I am quite aware that more than 2,500,000*l.* is spent in one way or another yearly in the construction of railways. But the surplus is not paid for out of borrowed money. For instance, in the current year, 1883-84, 1,800,000*l.* is taken from the loan for productive works. This, with a balance of 590,000*l.* unspent from the previous year, gives about 2,390,000*l.* for this year from borrowed money. For "non-productive" railways paid for out of revenue 510,000*l.* is allotted, and for "protective" 1,000,000*l.* also paid for from revenue. (See Col. Stanton's Report, 1883, p. 87.)

† Cf. Sir John Strachey, as quoted in "Life of Lord Lawrence," vol. ii. p. 545. "The policy of constructing railways and irrigation canals on a vast scale through the direct agency of the State, and of raising for this purpose by loan

It is very satisfactory to find, from his recent remarks, that Mr. Cross desires further inquiry as to the Resolution of 1878, with a view, it would seem, to the removal of this obstacle from the path of the Government, and it is hardly conceivable that any committee would now recommend a policy so full of danger to the future of India. Much has happened since 1878, and it will be my first object to show from what has been done how much more may be expected to be done, when once the Government can act freely, and deal with the facts as they stand, unaffected by resolutions which were never sound in principle, and are now peculiarly absurd and reactionary.

The history of the trade in Indian wheat will afford an excellent illustration alike of the productive power of India, and of the influence of facilities for the transit of produce on the condition of the people. Not that this is by any means the only illustration. In a remarkable passage of his budget speech, Mr. Cross alluded to the case of rice, and to the fact that in districts where carriage is difficult and dear the grain cannot be sold far from home, so that a great crop is of no benefit to the people. But the case of wheat is more striking and interesting to us Western people, as the conditions surrounding its production affect so many of our own agriculturists.

Soon after the annexation of the Punjab, and before even roads were general, a remarkable illustration occurred of the effect of great production without sufficient means of carriage. The country did not at first prosper as was expected, and the biographer of Lord Lawrence states the cause as follows:—

> There were three rich harvests after annexation. The soldiers of the Khalsa betook themselves to the plough or the spade; and agriculture, encouraged by the lowered land tax, and by the peace and security of the country, spread over tracts which had never before been broken up. There was thus a glut of agricultural produce in the markets, while there was as yet no ready means of disposing of it. The cultivators found difficulty in paying even the reduced land tax. A cry arose for further remissions . . . . and it was a cry not raised in vain.*

Dr. Hunter also puts the case very strongly ("Indian Empire," p. 466):—

> Within the last twenty years, the cultivators have learnt for the first time the real value of their produce. In the old days . . . the slightest failure meant local distress; while a bumper harvest so depreciated the value of grain, that part of the crops was often left unreaped to rot in the fields. In 1780 and 1751 a suspension of revenue had to be granted to the district of Sylhet because the harvest was so bountiful that it would not pay the cost of carriage to market and consequently farmers had no means of raising money.†

A few years ago no one thought much of Indian wheat as an article of commerce. The trade may be said to have commenced in 1873, when the export duty ceased. Great reductions in freight have recently occurred; and railways, however gradually, have approached some of the great wheat-growing districts. The progress of the trade has been truly astonishing. The figures are as follows:—

Amount and Value of Indian Wheat Exported.

	cwts.	£
1873 . . .	394,010	167,690
1878 . . .	6,373,168	2,873,765
1879 . . .	1,056,720	520,138
1880 . . .	2,201,515	1,124,267
1881 . . .	7,444,375	3,277,942
1882 . . .	19,901,005	8,869,562
1883 (6 months) .	15,714,982	6,613,432

It is important to note how much of this wheat was exported to parts of Europe other than the United Kingdom. For instance, France took in

	cwts.
1878–79 . . .	11,012
1881–82 . . .	5,308,000
1882–83 . . .	3,567,712

Belgium also takes much Indian wheat, and the exports from India to that country have advanced from about 1200*l.* in 1878, to 2,000,000*l.* in 1882–83. Nor must it be forgotten that an export of one article often leads to increased trade in other articles, as has been especially noted in this Belgian trade.* Even to Gibraltar India sent last year 200,000*l.* worth of wheat. All these facts indicate an expansion to which it would be difficult to find a parallel in the history of our commerce. It is more like a transaction in the great West than in the stagnant East.

It is perfectly clear that the wheat is to be had in great quantities. The only question is, Can we get it cheap enough to pay for the carriage to the coast and the freight by sea, and also to leave a sufficient profit to the importer? The answer depends entirely on the condition of the internal charges. It is said that every twenty miles of carriage by bullock-cart adds one shilling a quarter to the cost of the wheat at the coast; and it is therefore clear that wheat cannot come from any great distance without the aid of cheap carriage by land or water. It is equally clear that the natives cannot provide this cheap carriage without our sanction and assistance. We do not allow the native princes to borrow money, even for public works, without our consent. The Nizam, for instance, cannot make a railway without our consent. He has ample revenues, but he must get leave from the Secretary of State before he can pledge them for this useful purpose. The machinery of government is entirely under our control,

whatever sums were required, and which could not be supplied from the ordinary revenues, was a policy which was first set in motion by Lord Lawrence. . . . This policy has already given to the people of India increased wealth, increased national prosperity, and increased protection against the calamities of famine, to an extent hardly possible to estimate or exaggerate, and it has already led to a very large reduction in the public burdens, and will, if wise counsels prevail, give us in the future the certain assurance of financial prosperity." See also Mr. Cross's Budget Speech.

* "Life of Lord Lawrence," vol. i. p. 304.

† In the next page of this work we find the following statement in illustration of the progress of "local trade":—"Dongargáon now forms the principal market for grain on the fertile plateau of Chatisgarh, which is perhaps destined to become a regular source of wheat supply to England. Twenty years ago it was a petty hamlet of about twenty houses. . . . In 1862 the agent of a Nágpur firm settled here and began to make purchases of grain. The number of houses has now (1877) risen to 2000. . . . In the busy season the total concourse daily present in the bázár is estimated at 100,000. All this has arisen in consequence of the appearance of the railway.

* See Mr. O'Conor's Report on Seaborne Trade, 1883, p. 18.

and the natives must look to us if any great work has to be accomplished. The poor cultivators may know that they require this assistance; but they are powerless. They have no representation and no effectual way of appealing to Parliament. Our Government is a despotism, and on Parliament rests the responsibility of appointing a capable Minister, and of insisting that his work shall be done with a due regard to the interests of a vast population.

There has recently been much discussion as to the actual first cost of growing wheat in India. The whole subject is ably handled in a letter, dated the 17th of October, 1883, from the Bombay Chamber of Commerce to the Secretary of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway Company. Reference is there made to the statement of the author of "Indian Wheat *v.* American Protection" to the effect that wheat can or could be grown at Bilaspur, in the Central Provinces, at from 6*s.* to 7*s.* a quarter. This is disputed by the Chief Commissioner of the Provinces in a letter to the Government, dated the 21st of July, 1883, where he points out that wheat is often sold below its real value at Bilaspur by reason of the want of carriage. "Silver must be acquired somehow" by the ryot, and therefore he sells his crop very low. The Commissioner thinks we must put the first cost in districts "near the railway" at 11*s.* 8*d.* a quarter, not much less than the first cost in the great North-West of America.* The truth seems to be that the price in ordinary times depends on situation.† Near the railway a man can get double what he can get further off, quite apart from the question of the labor bestowed on the cultivation. The result of that labor depends therefore, as I have said, on events not under the control of the poor ryot.

It seems to be impossible to say what the price of wheat would be were there abundant means of carriage, because the surplus in good years was enormous even as long ago as 1877. Writing in 1876-77, the Commissioner of the same Provinces says: "A run of a few good seasons, is as much dreaded by the agriculturist as a failure of the crops, for his produce is then a drug in the market, and he must sell at any price for money to pay the rent of his land." This passage is quoted by the railway company in their letter of the 4th of June, 1883, to the Secretary of State in illustration of the needs of India. It seems to show that all elaborate calculations as to cost and price are of little use so long as carriage remains so incomplete; but it brings out strongly the hardships imposed on the poor cultivator by the present state of things.

The Chamber and the railway company dispute as to how far the high cost of the wheat at the coast arises from the up-country charges before the wheat gets to the railway, and how far from the heavy railway rates. Probably the charges are too heavy in both directions, and will be reduced as the trade develops.

What I think is clear is that labor is far cheaper in India than in America, and that wheat can be raised in India at a prime cost so low that, given a moderate rate of carriage to the coast, the Indian cultivator will be able to compete in Europe with the farmer of America or Canada.

It is now admitted that the quality of Indian wheat is excellent,* apart from defects of handling, which are diminishing, and we have, therefore, only to deal with the element of cost. Even if the first cost be low, the trade may be stifled by excessive charges. As things now stand, even a slight fall of price in London seriously affects the trade in India. So the cost of carriage by sea and land becomes a question of vital consequence.

The tendency of freights by sea has recently been in favor of the trade both as regards India and America. Sir E. Baring (Financial Statement, 1883, p. 33) gives the charge from Karrachee to London as 1*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.* per ton, and from San Francisco to England as 3*l.* 3*s.* 11*d.* The present rates are about 1*l.* 10*s.* and 1*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* respectively. So California and Western India are about on a par. Sir E. Baring thinks New York has an advantage of about 25*s.* a ton over Karrachee, 21*s.* over Bombay, and 28*s.* over Calcutta. The present rates give New York an advantage of about 14*s.* a ton over Karrachee, and the same over Bombay, and 1*l.* 1*s.* over Calcutta. Eastern India is, therefore, better off than when Sir E. Baring wrote a few months ago, and freights are declining.

Taken as a whole, we may expect further reductions in charges by sea, and we may trust to competition amongst ship owners to give us the smallest possible freight. But the outlook as to railway rates is not so satisfactory. There is here no proper competition for the most part, and the machinery for securing changes of rate or other reforms is very complicated. So it comes about that, even where railways now exist, the cost per ton per mile is shown by Sir E. Baring and others to be almost double in India what it is in America.† Sir E. Baring gives the following re-

* I have recently seen an estimate of first cost in the Great West much lower than 11*s.* 8*d.* But the distance thence to the coast is of course very great.

† See Mr. O'Conor's Report on Seaborne Trade, p. 82. "Prices have doubled with the construction of the railroad."

* See McDougall's Report to Secretary of State, dated Dec., 1882, p. 33. "These wheats afford a larger margin of profit both to the miller and baker than any other."

† In "Indian Wheat *v.* American Protection," p. 20, it is said: "Summing up the whole fact, it appears that every 300 miles of railway carriage at the present high rates adds an extra charge of one shilling a quarter in excess of what the charge would be if the wheat were carried on an American line."

As a contrast to the condition of things in India, the same writer gives the following extract from *The Scientific American* of Dec. 9, 1882:—"In 1878 the difference between the average price of wheat throughout Iowa and in New York is given by a Western writer as over sixty-five cents per bushel (21·72 shillings per quarter). By 1880 this difference had been reduced to a fraction under forty cents (13·37 shillings per quarter).

It is interesting here also to note the inequalities of rate in different parts of India according to the existence or absence of competition. For instance, from Jubbulpore goods can go either to Bombay or Calcutta. So the rate to Bombay is 5·70 pies per ton per mile, but from Khangaum (341 miles) the rate is 9·42 pies, and from Nagpore, on which at present the Central Provinces so much depend, the rate is 6·28 for 530 miles. Again, there are two routes from Delhi to the coast—the one by Rajpootana to Bombay, 888 miles, and the other by the Sind line to Karrachee, 1169 miles. By the former the

markable comparison in his recent Budget statement (p. 34):—

> Mr. Leyland told the Royal Commission on Agriculture that the custom is to take the wheat at Chicago and deliver at Liverpool at a through-rate including everything. This rate in 1881 averaged 1*l.* 11*s.* 1*d.* per ton. . . . Turning to India, we find that the rate charged in March, 1883, by the East India Railway from Delhi to Howrah, a distance of 954 miles, is equal to 1*l.* 11*s.* 5*d.* per ton. From Lahore to Karrachee, a distance of 821 miles, the rate is equal to 1*l.* 18*s.* 11*d.* per ton. From Delhi to Bombay, a distance of 889 miles, the rate until very recently was equal to 1*l.* 17*s.* 5*d.* per ton. . . . It costs considerably more to carry a ton of wheat 616 miles over the Great Indian Peninsular Railway than it does to carry the same quantity 960 over the American lines.

It seems, therefore, to come to this, that the Indian grower has everything in his favor which nature can give him, and that he is only hindered by the absence of cheap carriage by rail where there is a railway, and by the entire absence of carriage where there is no railway or canal. The American has covered his country with railways which carry goods at rates which seem to our eyes absurdly low, but we allow the poor ryots of India to wait long while we make up our minds what shall be done.

America has 50,000,000 of people and 100,000 miles of railway. India has about 250,000,000 and about 10,000 miles of railway, of which only 862 are laid with a double line.

It is said that we cannot compare America and India. It may be so, but we can, at any rate, contrast them. The poorer the cultivator of India may be, the more important it is to him to find a ready market for his surplus produce. He cannot afford to throw away that surplus for want of carriage any more than can the American. The difference is that the latter takes care not to settle where there is not ample means of carriage; but the ryot cannot change his abode at will, and depends on the goodwill of an assembly sitting 6000 miles away for the means of removing and disposing of his crops.

There is yet another difference. The American, confident in the future, pushes forward the railway into the wilderness, certain that the unoccupied land will be settled, and that he will get his reward in the increased value of this land as well as in traffic on his railway. We are not asked to do anything of the kind. We are only asked to place a railway in the midst of a teeming population, so as to enable the people to make the best of their soil and its products. It has been already proved to be a safe venture, and the demand for its extension seems, therefore, most reasonable.

But if encouragement be needed, it is well to consider what has been done on the other side of the Atlantic. Before the railway came to Illinois it was little more than a prairie. In a very few years its produce doubled, and now it stands as one of the first producing States of the Union, and can point to Chicago as an evidence of its progress. It is difficult to imagine what would have been its present condition had not the railway come to its aid. Missouri had much facility of water carriage, but its progress was very slow until railways traversed it. Nebraska, now a most flourishing young State, has been created by the railway. Its vast agricultural wealth must have been locked up indefinitely but for the locomotive. The same remark applies to Kansas, now advancing with rapid strides. Shareholders may grumble at competition in America, and bondholders may tremble, but the producer flourishes in low rates of carriage, and no economical facts are so wonderful as those presented by the progress of the United States since the development of the railway system.* The experience of Canada is hardly less remarkable, for I am informed by Mr. Macpherson, of Ottawa, that during last year 25,000,000 acres of land will have been allotted by the Dominion Government to settlers or companies. The great temptation to those who settle in that severe climate is the excellence of the wheat lands, but it is obvious that without cheap carriage no such settlement would be possible, for the produce would be unsaleable.

And the American takes care to adapt his railway rates to the needs of the trade. He has not to ask the leave of the Secretary of State before making a reduction. Take the case of the New York Central Line. Mr. Poor tells us that the saving to the producer and consumer in a single year from the reductions of freight made between 1869 and 1879 amounted to 7,300,000*l.* He adds that, but for this change, every bushel of grain sent east from Chicago would have involved a loss to the producer. At the same time the railway earned by freight in 1879 3,600,000*l.* against 2,800,000*l.* in 1869. But the charge per ton from Chicago to New York had been reduced more than 3*l.* Such facts ought to encourage even the directors of the Great Indian Peninsula, not to speak of the Secretary of State.†

Two main questions of fact have to be considered. (1) What is the area of the wheat-

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rate is 4·95 pies, and by the latter 4·68 per ton per mile. Railways can do wonders when compelled, but can quickly close their eyes if not so forced.

The reduction of rates made by the Sind Railway seems to have had important results, for while the exports of wheat from Calcutta fell 33 per cent. last year, and from Bombay 31 per cent., the export from Karrachee increased 48 per cent. The figures are:—

Exports from Karrachee.		
1880–81	1881–82	1882–83
cwts.	cwts.	cwts.
169,000	1,852,000	2,739,000

* Yet another illustration from "The Railroad and the Farmer" in the *American Agricultural Review* for August, 1882. Speaking of Oregon, the writer says: "Our export of wheat to Europe had hardly begun ten years ago *for lack of cheap transportation to the ship.* . . . Before the advent of any railroads the nominal price of farm land was from $5 to $10 per acre, yet its average productiveness was from twenty-five to thirty bushels of wheat per acre." . . . "When railroads were built, or since 1873, improved farm lands sell readily at from $10 to $100 per acre. Wheat has become the principal product. The export of wheat and flour, mostly to Europe, has risen from zero to about 5,000,000 bushels per annum, with regular yearly increase." Writing in 1880, Mr. E. Atkinson of Boston says, in his paper on "The Railroads of the United States and their Effects on Farming and Production": "The only problem that now greatly affects the material welfare of humanity is the problem of distribution. Had one been asked only ten years since, 'Can 150 million bushels of grain be moved from the prairies of the West 5000 miles in a single season, to feed the suffering millions of Europe, and prevent almost a famine amongst the nations?' he who had answered, 'Yes, it is only necessary to apply the inventions already made to accomplish that,' would have been deemed a visionary. It has been accomplished."

† See Poor, as quoted by Mr. E. Atkinson in "The Railroads of the U. S.," p. 99.

fields of India, and (2) How far are the existing railways sufficient to bring down the produce to the sea?

(1) The amount of land capable of bearing fairly good crops of wheat is not known accurately. Much land is not used for this purpose for want of means of transport of the crop when grown. For instance, in the Punjab alone there are said to be 9,000,000 acres of land available, but not now devoted to the cultivation of wheat. In 1879 Dr. Forbes Watson estimated the total production of wheat in India at 40,000,000 quarters, which would imply an area of about 80,000,000 acres. More recently the Indian Government has estimated the area under wheat-cultivation at about 20,000,000 acres, which would yield at a low estimate 25 or 26 million quarters of wheat. Of course better cultivation would greatly increase this yield, and nothing would so directly encourage a better system as a regular market and higher prices. What is known amounts to this, that India has under wheat an area more than seven times as large as that which we possess at home, although many districts are as yet far from good markets.

Probably India could supply all we need, had she due facilities of transport.

To quote the letter of the Bombay Chamber of Commerce, already mentioned (p. 7)—

> The Chamber broadly asserts that India is capable of supplying not only the wants of the United Kingdom, but of producing an unlimited supply; that it is simply a question of finding a market for the producer, and that markets will be erected by making branches of railways into the producing districts, and by cheapening railway communication with the coast.

One very important consideration is that wheat is grown largely for sale in India rather than for consumption. The people at large consume rice and millet rather than wheat, so that a great area may be available for wheat-growing when a market is found, which may not at present be devoted to that crop. Then the Bombay Chamber of Commerce confirm the estimate of the present yield of wheat in India as 6¼ millions of tons, but they think that this might easily be doubled, and that of this a large part would be available for export, "it being a well-known fact that the consumption of wheat in India is not large, the bulk of the inhabitants subsisting on cheaper staples" (p. 4). This statement is confirmed by Dr. Hunter,* who says: "Taking India as a whole, it may be broadly affirmed that the staple food-grain is neither rice nor wheat, but millet." In the Punjab 54 per cent. of the food-grain area is under wheat, and in the North-West 57 per cent., but in the rest of India almost all is under millet or rice. In the Central Provinces there is a great district not now devoted to wheat which could be so used. Dr. Hunter gives 27 per cent. of the food-grain area there as being under wheat, but estimates made on high authority point to a possible growth in these provinces which to the English mind is overwhelming. It is estimated that the proposed direct line from Calcutta to Rajnandgaon will bring, within a few years' time, 5000 tons a day on an average for export, or say 6,600,000 quarters a year, and a well-known M.P., largely interested in Indian commerce, writes me that he believes this district will bring at least 10,000,000 quarters a year to Europe.* With such possibilities or probabilities before us, it is quite impossible to speak with precision as to the area available for wheat. But it is certain that this area is very large, and that it will receive an almost indefinite expansion, if we choose to provide means of carriage at moderate rates.†

(2) A glance at the Railway Map of India will show how great are the gaps in the system.

It may be said generally that while Bengal, the North-West, the Punjab, and Bombay are fairly supplied with trunk lines, the east centre of the country, comprising some of the best parts of the Central Provinces, is miserably furnished even with these. A new line is proposed to run from Nagpur on the Great Indian Peninsula, by way of Bilaspur, to join the East Indian at Sitarampur;‡ but very high authorities predict that any such line will increase the block on the East Indian, already often intolerable, and a direct line from Howrah to the great wheat district of the Mahanudy, already mentioned, seems to be imperatively required. This might be so made as to be one step towards a tolerably direct route from Calcutta to Madras. It is almost incredible that to go by land from one of these cities to the other, a traveller is compelled to cross India almost to Bombay, and thence to make a new departure.

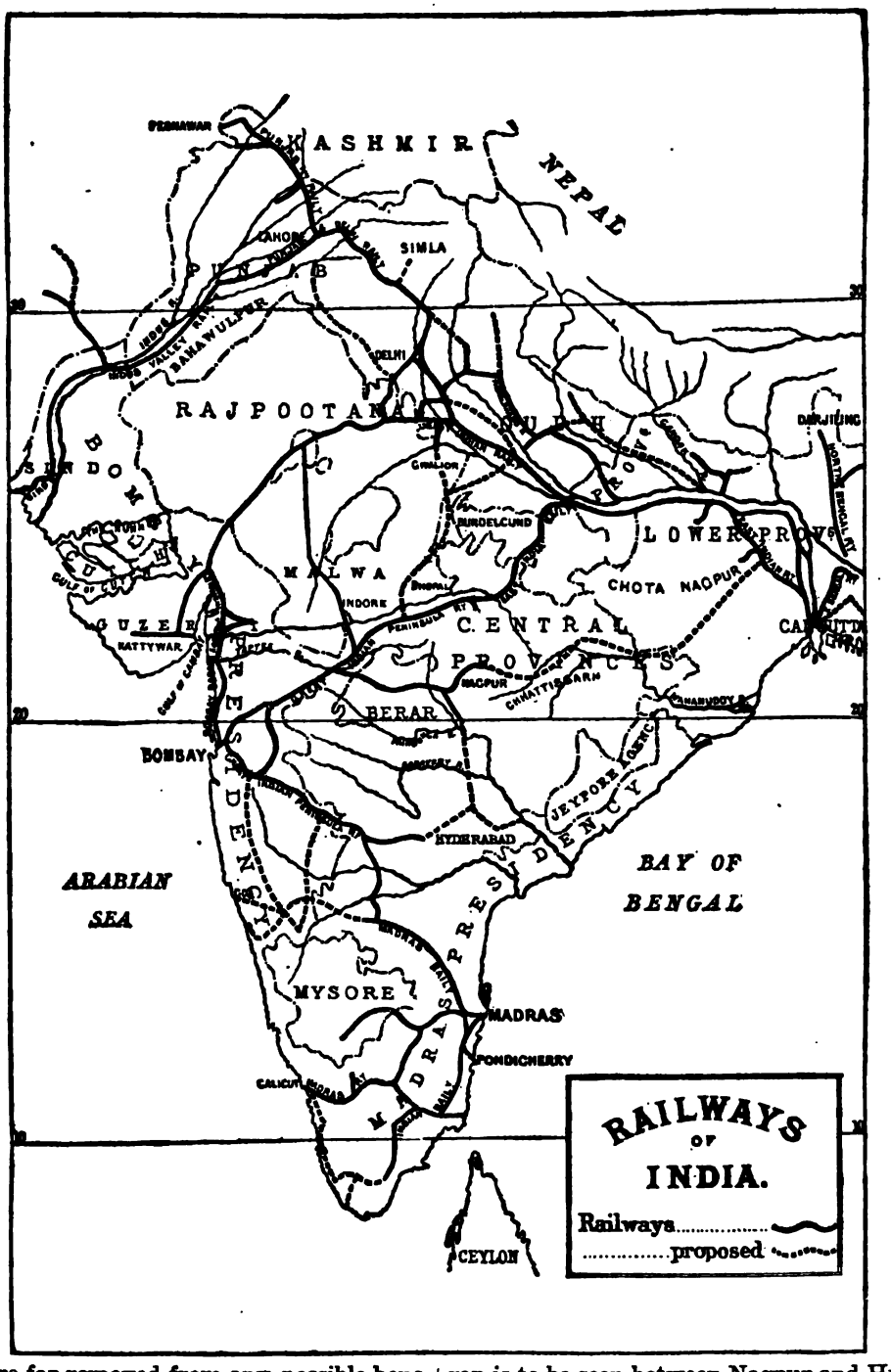
We are so much accustomed to a small country that we forget that India contains 1,377,000 square miles of territory. We require at home more than 20,000 miles of railway. On the same scale India would need a mileage too great for consideration. The famine commissioners speak of 20,000 miles as necessary from their point of view. That would certainly be a very modest demand, but it has taken us thirty years to make 10,000 miles, and in 1882–83 we only opened 373 miles of new line. The official mind on this head seems to have become contracted and to have lost sight of social and commercial considerations by reason of the influence of political and strategic demands. No one will dispute the importance of these matters, but the time has come when we ought to take the needs of the people into account, as well as the convenience of those who govern. Some of the people have profited vastly by existing lines, but how many mill-

* "Indian Empire," p. 385.

* Sir E. Baring confirms this opinion in general terms (p. 32): "In the eastern districts of the Central Provinces the new lines of railway will now open out a very large tract of wheat-producing country, which up to the present time has been unable to find a market for its surplus produce, owing to defective means of communication."

† Mr. F. Prestage, in a letter to the Bombay Chamber of Commerce, dated Oct. 1, 1883, states that the Mahanudy valley, in the Central Provinces, can now produce 3000 tons of wheat per day, and could easily produce 18,000 tons, and he goes on to state that by crossing the river below Sumbalpoor you would draw your traffic from an area of 27,000 square miles of wheat-cultivation. It is at first sight an astounding figure, but it must be remembered that the Provinces have an area of 84,900 square miles. I give my authority, and I have no reason for doubting his statement. A new wheat-field of more than 17,000,000 acres will create some astonishment in European and American markets.

‡ Col. Stanton's Report, p. 12.



ions are far removed from any possible benefit from these trunk lines.

Even where the trunk lines have been made in fairly sufficient number, they run almost entirely from east to west, with large gaps of uncovered country; and there is great need of "feeders," and of more lines from north to south joining the different systems. From the East Indian to the Madras line, say 900 miles, there is practically nothing. Another gap is to be seen between Nagpur and Hyderabad. Mysore is very deficient. So is the country from Bombay to Goa. Even more important is the great district from Gwalior south to the Great Indian Peninsula, and even when the proposed line is completed from Bhopal to Gwalior, there will be great tracts both west and east which will need help. As to some of these districts, new lines have been surveyed, but nothing of importance can be

effected until more money is provided. To refer to the real needs of the country, would absorb far too much space. These cases are merely given as illustrations of what is required, but cannot be accomplished unless a change of policy is brought about. In his last report Col. Stanton refers to various extensions and new lines, either sanctioned or under survey; but for the most part they must wait until the judgment of Parliament has been reversed, and the Government set free to act on their own judgment on existing facts.*

It is important here to remark that Indian cultivators are not so immovable as is sometimes supposed. Large districts now under wheat hardly grew it fifteen years ago. An eye-witness informs me that the change in the appearance of the country near some parts of the Great Indian Peninsula must be seen to be understood. The railway has brought out a new industry, or revived one that had decayed. The cotton has given way to the corn. But other districts just as important are only waiting for the like assistance to show the same activity. Of the whole 10,144 miles open on December 31, 1882, only about 150 (the Nagpur and Chattisghar) can be said really to enter the great wheat-lands of the Central Provinces, and this after thirty years of railway operations. It is said that the line from Gwalior to Bhopal would bring down 1,000,000 quarters every year.

Great complaints prevail as to the management of the great lines of railway by reason of the "dual control" which exists. As it is well put†—

> The agent of the company can incur no expenditure and practically can do nothing without the concurrence of the consulting engineer, and the two are just as likely as not to differ. Should they not agree, or should the proposal be beyond the limited powers of either, it involves, on the one hand, a reference to the Board of Directors in London, and, on the other hand, to the Government of India, and frequently to the Secretary of State. I wonder what the manager of a metropolitan line would say if he were called upon to work his traffic properly, and, at the same time, were not allowed to draw up a new time-table, or to alter a rate without the concurrence of an officer of the Board of Trade, and the sanction of the Board of Trade sitting at Vienna, and without the approval of his own Board sitting in Calcutta. It was only the other day that a reduction of rates could not be carried out on one of the Indian lines, as nearly all the directors were away and no quorum could be got together in London.

Even the State railways have their defects, and the whole question of management as well as extension demands the immediate consideration of Government.

In his speech last June to his shareholders the chairman of the Great Indian Peninsula Company admitted that his line was choked with grain. There is also a frequent block at certain seasons on the East Indian, and there can be no doubt that additional lines are needed on all the great lines as the coast is approached. Probably a great extension of double lines will be required thoughout India. Nothing causes more irritation and loss than these delays of produce.‡ It is not, however, the railway alone that is in fault. The state of the harbors is a very serious matter. Great improvements are called for at Bombay, and Colonel Stanton (p. 57) admits the "inadequacy" of the accommodation at Karrachee. If we wish to compete with America we must provide all requisite facilities for a trade that seems likely to be enormous.

If we may assume that we have in India a vast area which can procure excellent wheat, but which is not developed by the existing railways, there seems to remain only the question whether the capital can be easily raised, and without serious risk to the Government.

It may, however, be interesting to insert a few words on the advantages to India and to England of further developing this great industry. To be able to sell surplus produce now unsaleable, and to procure a market for a greatly increased production, must be a direct and most important gain to India. The more she has to sell the more she can buy, and the more she sends to Europe the less will be her loss by exchange, because the greater will be the demand for the means of remittance from Europe to India.

The only conceivable injury to India which can be placed on the other side is that of incurring too heavy a debt, and especially a debt payable in sterling. Lord Lawrence, when Governor-General, was strongly impressed by this danger before the fall in silver in Europe had opened our eyes to the danger of borrowing in gold, when we receive our revenue in silver.* Probably, however, had he seen our present balance-sheets, he would have felt differently. The interest on the uncovered debt of India is hardly more than 2,500,000*l.* a year, and it seems absurd, as I have already said, to argue that such a charge can render the risk on guarantees, carefully selected, at all serious for such a country as British India. The loss by exchange raises other considerations, and I do not wish to propose that we should guarantee in sterling. I would merely suggest that a loss of interest must be incurred if loans are raised in silver, and that any important loss of interest in a long course of years might, and probably would, involve much more loss than even the loss by exchange. And it should be added that the more the trade of India is developed by the extension of markets for her products, the more easily will the loss by exchange be borne, to say nothing of the great probability that this development would tend to reduce that loss. Even since 1873 the total interest on the debt has fallen 1,000,000*l.*, and the Government, which then lost 2,000,000*l.* by "productive" Public Works, is now a gainer by them of more than a million. It would be well if our own public burdens showed the same tendency.†

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* It is only fair to say that Sir E. Baring appears to favor a far more rapid construction of new lines. (See Financial Statement, 1883, p. 36.)

† "Indian Wheat *v.* American Protection," p. 32.

‡ See Bombay Chamber in *loc. cit.*, p. 16. Speaking of "forced stoppages" of wheat at stations, they say, "It is impossible to adequately describe the indignation of the mercantile community at the culpable remissness and indifference to the interests of India of those who are responsible for such a state of things."

* "Life of Lord Lawrence," vol. ii. pp. 495, 497.

† I append a few figures showing the progress of the country since 1873, spite of some very bad seasons.

Table of Progress of India since 1873.

	1873	1878	1881	1882
Railways, miles opened	5,695	8,212	9,892	10,144
Passengers carried in millions	22	38	52	58
Tons moved in millions	4	8	13	14.8
Gross receipts in millions of pounds sterling	6	10	13.7	15.3
Imports into India in millions of pounds sterling	38	56	59	58
Exports from India in millions of pounds sterling	56	67	76	83
Revenue of India in millions of pounds sterling	56	61	69	71
Interest of debt in millions of pounds sterling	5.5	5	4	4.5

I am aware that there is a school of economists who assert that our government of India, so far as relates to public works, is an injury to the country. In fact they say that if we had left India alone, merely preventing internal strife, she would have been better off than she is at this moment. So at least I understand the argument of Mr. Connell, who thus sums up the matter:*—

> Is it not obvious that, taking the economic changes as a whole, the country has lost an enormous source of wealth? If the import of cotton to India and the export of grain from India ceased to-morrow, the Indian people would be the gainers though the Indian Government would be at its wits' end.

And he proceeds to argue that the railways have encouraged exports of grain, and therefore discouraged the habit of storing food, and that they have taken away the employment from the owners of bullocks used for draught of the country carts. It is evident that writers of this school regard the introduction of any modern inventions into an old country with great suspicion. This writer prefers, for instance, payment of taxes in kind to payments in cash. He thinks that because improvements come from without, they do more harm than good. Great undertakings suited for England are not suited to India. In what he says as to the need of economy all will agree, but it is impossible to distinguish between his line of argument and that of those, not yet entirely forgotten, who prophesied untold financial and other troubles from the introduction of railways into England. Many thereby lost for a time their employments, and much capital was lost; but to argue that, therefore, the loss was greater than the gain to the whole country is surely too absurd to delay us much. It is, no doubt, true that India could have borne the absence of locomotion by steam much longer than England, because India could generally feed her own people without importation; but it does not thence follow that India will not gain by the substitution of cheap for expensive carriage over great distances, and we have seen vast numbers saved from starvation by these despised modes of carriage. It is said that by exporting grain you raise its price. That may be so, but you also greatly encourage production, and you also encourage economy of a product sometimes so cheap as to be hardly worth growing, and sometimes so scarce as to involve the population in all the miseries of irremediable famine.

* "Economic Revolution of India," p. 53.

Mr. Connell has set forth, as so many others have done, the great difficulties arising in the application of modern systems of irrigation; but he has, so far as I can see, utterly failed to show that cheap carriage by rail is an injury, even to an old country like India. It is quite possible that capital cannot change its use so easily in India as in England. Therefore the results of an economic change may be different, and not always so immediately beneficial. That is conceivable; but it does not thence follow that a great saving of labor is of no use to the country, and that labor, formerly expended over most clumsy modes of carriage, can find no other application. Surely some principles of economics are applicable everywhere, though some changes are far more easily and quickly made in Britain than in Bengal.

It is quite certain that the people take kindly to the railways, and nowhere do the railways succeed so well as when they compete with a canal, or a river, or a road. The facility of transit creates a demand in India as in England; and you may see the river crowded with boats, and the railway close at hand busily occupied. The railway does that which the river or the road could not do. It may sometimes seriously interfere with their use, but, in fact, it opens up new demands which it alone could supply. What is true in this matter of the dense population of England, is found to be true of the denser, though poorer, population of India.*

To England, also, the gain will be great. She will buy her grain from her own dependency with which she has free trade, so that the more she buys the more goods she will sell to the East. Such debts are chiefly settled by export of goods, not by bullion. The more India sends to us, the more of our goods she will take, and these will enter free of duty.

India will not send us wheat, and then by heavy duties discourage those who wish to take our goods in return, after the example of America.

Moreover, in the course of the construction of her railways, India must purchase largely our iron and our machinery—an operation which would give a welcome stimulus to industries not in recent years too prosperous. And to some it may be a consolation to reflect that, in buying from India, we buy from a country which is part of our empire, the supplies from which are not likely to be stopped by ordinary disputes or wars; and that such a new source of supply renders us more independent of other countries than we have now been for a long period.

But the question of raising the capital presents at first sight some difficulty. From the result in one instance, at any rate, it would not seem that the English public desire to take the securities of Indian Railways, unless some interest be guaranteed by the Govern-

* Dr. Hunter ("Indian Empire," p. 40) points out that the railway sometimes even increases the traffic on the river. "It seems probable that the actual amount of traffic on the Ganges in native craft has increased rather than diminished since the opening of the railways." And, on the other hand, "The Ganges is not merely a rival, but a feeder, of the railway."

ment of India. It is not easy to say what is the smallest amount of guarantee which would suffice. Of course the Government desires to maintain the highest possible credit, and will be anxious not seriously to impair its power of borrowing for state purposes by a great increase of its liabilities on account of railways. But, if there be any force in the argument of this paper, it seems to follow that the Government will have to exercise some courage, or it will fail in its duty. It has shown abundant financial courage, on many occasions when military demands have pressed upon it, and now we may fairly ask for a like course of conduct when we ask the Government,—not to run any serious risk,—but to use its influence for a wise and peaceful purpose. It is not asked to invest in that which cannot possibly give any direct return, nor even to raise any money directly, but merely to secure a minimum return in the event of any accident or mistake. And any possible loss will really be far less than the loss of leaving a great territory undeveloped, and its people impoverished by the want of sale for their productions.

As already hinted, the result of past operations has been very satisfactory. We have borrowed under very adverse circumstances, and yet a sufficient interest is received, so that Government now gains by railways, and is likely to gain largely. The only fear for the future is that some lines may be sanctioned without sufficient consideration, or may be made too expensively. This danger seems to be very slight, having regard to the experience now already in possession of the Government. Mistakes will be made, no doubt; but such is the inherent power of the soil and climate of India, and such the industry of her people, that we may confidently predict a great success, even should a large sum be yearly borrowed and expended.

For my own part I think it would be perfectly safe to give a guarantee on at least 10,000,000*l.* a year to companies agreeing to construct selected lines of railway, provided terms could be arranged which would satisfy investors, and give reasonable protection to Government. The guarantee must be liberal for a limited term, if on a silver basis, but reserving to Government the right to cancel the guarantee, and to make any line not completed within a certain time from the date of the contract; and reserving also a definite share in the annual net profits of the railway, and a reversion to Government in the whole undertaking on reasonable terms of purchase after a fixed period of possession by the undertakers.*

Such an annual outlay would probably complete about 1200 miles of railway per annum; and no one will, I think, be found to suggest that this is doing too much when so vast a work remains to be done. In one year it might be prudent to do for more than in another, for many obvious reasons: as the state of credit, the cost of material, etc. The Government should, I think, be free. There are always plenty of critics who will attack it if it goes too far or holds back unduly. It is, as I have said before, a common boast of English writers that India is greatly assisted by our rule, that nothing could be so disastrous to her as a return to her old system of native government. I believe this to be true, great as have been our offences or mistakes at various times, through the avarice or ignorance of our officers; and nothing surely could so effectually prove our power and our disposition to assist these masses of helpless people as the establishment throughout India of a complete system of railways so constructed that we could carry both people and produce at moderate rates. We should thus increase their means of living, and possibly add something to the pleasure of lives too often marked by the monotony of a ceaseless and ill-rewarded toil.

The Americans make from 8000 to 10,000 miles every year.* We cannot emulate their activity. As much of the required capital must at present come from England, caution will, of course, be required lest we overload the market with this kind of security. India is not England, and many investors, even in these days, shrink from a foreign security. But, unless the current opinion as to the resources of English capital is grossly mistaken, we can do much more than we have ever yet done without difficulty, and without risk of any injury to our credit. We should not borrow to win warlike fame or increase our dominions, but in order to assist the people of India and of England, by enabling the one to sell what the other needs to buy, but which could never come to market without our aid. It is a noble use of capital. It may be said to bless the borrower and the lender. If England lends the money, she will gain not only by using her money safely, but by securing her supply of food; and if India should supply any of this capital, she will receive back not only a direct return, but also an indirect return in the great improvement in the condition of her people.

The more the matter is considered, the more important will the present juncture appear. We have a grand opportunity of assisting ourselves and our Indian subjects at the same time. Rarely, as it seems to me, does a more serious occasion arise in the history of the relations of an empire and its dependencies.

The usual course of things is that a dependency becomes independent, and the people of the country manage their own affairs, subject only to a mild superintendence on the part of

* Sir J. Strachey objects to the system of guarantee, and leans towards construction by the State with, possibly, working agreements with companies. I do not propose to enter here on that question. It would take far too long, as involving large questions as to the proper limits of Government interference and the like. I will only say that, if we may judge from our experience so far, it would not seem that we can depend entirely on private enterprise. On Dec. 31, 1882, only ninety-six miles were open, even of the "assisted lines." Government must intervene either to make the lines or to guarantee interest to those who agree to make them. I do not myself follow Sir J. Strachey's argument, but I admit, of course, that his vast experience gives him a superior power of forming a right judgment.

* It appears, as said above, from Col. Stanton's Report, p. 8, that we opened 373 miles of single railway in 1882, besides doubling 61 miles of the East Indian Railway.

the Colonial Office. They negotiate loans, and they make great works without assistance, except from capitalists who prefer a colonial rate of interest. They are really self-contained and self-governed communities. The day seems to be far distant when India can arrive at this position; but this fact makes it imperative on England to assist her by all means at her disposal, by removing obstacles of every kind from her industry, and by bringing capital to bear on the development of her resources.

The history of the Orissa famine will ever stand out as an example of what is the result of neglect of its obvious duties by Government in India. In such a country Government has to do more than merely administer and superintend. It has to take care of those who are themselves helpless, to originate remedies for failure of crops, and the like, which are only possible to those who have at their command the resources of modern science; in a word, to act more as the head of a great family than as a Government in the English sense of the word. All India is not like Orissa, but throughout India there is a condition of things in some respects similar; and the Parliament of England has no duty more imperative, however often neglected, than that of securing to our Indian fellow-subjects all possible aids in the use of their great natural resources.—WILLIAM FOWLER, in *The Nineteenth Century.*

POSTSCRIPT.

Since writing this article I have received from Mr. Cross the authorized report of his Budget speech. I extract some passages which strongly confirm my argument. Speaking of Indian railways, he says:—

> The total capital expenditure is nominally one hundred and forty-three millions sterling.
>
> | | |
> |---|---|
> | The receipts are . . . . . | £15,231,261 |
> | The expenses are . . . . . | 7,580,549 |
> | The net profits are . . . . . | £7,650,712 |
>
> or, 5·37 per cent. on the total capital employed. If we add the accumulated payments of guaranteed interest, not covered by the receipts, to the capital account of the railways, raising that capital to one hundred and sixty-seven crores of rupees, the dividend now earned is about 4·6 per cent. . . .
>
> There are still immense tracts of country, ten, twenty, thirty, sixty, and in one case one hundred and sixty thousand square miles in extent, containing nearly twenty millions of people, without a single railway through them—and this, too, some of the most fertile land of India, capable of great agricultural development. The Central Provinces and the neighboring parts of Bengal might, I am assured, produce food for twenty millions more people than they contain. At present, at Bilaspur, wheat is about seven shillings the quarter, while salt is double the Bombay price. . . . Can any one doubt that the placing of a main railway in the Central Provinces—a country the size of France, and one, too, in which there is a steady and regular rainfall of forty to sixty inches a year, so that real famine has never been known—can be otherwise than an immense advantage, not merely to the district itself, but to those adjacent parts of India which are subject to scarcity?—W. F.

THE COMING SLAVERY.

THE kinship of pity to love is shown among other ways in this, that it idealizes its object. Sympathy with one in suffering suppresses, for the time being, remembrance of his transgressions. The feeling which vents itself in "poor fellow!" on seeing one in agony, excludes the thought of "bad fellow," which might at another time arise. Naturally, then, if the wretched are unknown or but vaguely known, all the demerits they may have are ignored; and thus it happens that when, as just now, the miseries of the poor are depicted, they are thought of as the miseries of the deserving poor, instead of being thought of, as in large measure they should be, as the miseries of the undeserving poor. Those whose hardships are set forth in pamphlets and proclaimed in sermons and speeches which echo throughout society are assumed to be all worthy souls, grievously wronged, and none of them are thought of as bearing the penalties of their one misdeeds.

On hailing a cab in a London street, it is surprising how generally the door is officiously opened by one who expects to get something for his trouble. The surprise lessens after counting the many loungers about tavern-doors, or after observing the quickness with which a street-performance, or procession, draws from neighboring slums and stable-yards a group of idlers. Seeing how numerous they are in every small area, it becomes manifest that tens of thousands of such swarm through London. "They have no work," you say. Say rather that they either refuse work or quickly turn themselves out of it. They are simply good-for-nothings, who in one way or other live on the good-for-somethings—vagrants and sots, criminals and those on the way to crime, youths who are burdens on hard-worked parents, men who appropriate the wages of their wives, fellows who share the gains of prostitutes; and then, less visible and less numerous, there is a corresponding class of women.

Is it natural that happiness should be the lot of such? or is it natural that they should bring unhappiness on themselves and those connected with them? Is it not manifest that there must exist in our midst an immense amount of misery which is a normal result of misconduct and ought not to be dissociated from it? There is a notion, always more or less prevalent and just now vociferously expressed, that all social suffering is removable, and that it is the duty of somebody or other to remove it. Both these beliefs are false. To separate pain from ill-doing is to fight against the constitution of things, and will be followed by far more pain. Saving men from the natural penalties of reckless living eventually necessitates the infliction of artificial penalties in solitary cells, on tread-wheels, and by the lash. I suppose a dictum on which the current creed and the creed of science are at one may be considered to have as high an authority as can be found. Well, the command "if any would not work neither should he eat" is simply a Christian enunciation of that universal law of Nature under which life has reached its present height—the law that a creature not energetic enough to maintain itself must die; the sole difference being that the law which in the one case is to be artificially enforced is, in the other case, a natural necessity. And yet this particular tenet of their religion

which science so manifestly justifies is the one which Christians seem least inclined to accept. The current assumption is that there should be no suffering, and that society is to blame for that which exists.

"But surely we are not without responsibilities, even when the suffering is that of the unworthy?"

If the meaning of the word "we" be so expanded as to include with ourselves our ancestors, and especially our ancestral legislators, I agree. I admit that those who made, and modified, and administered, the old poor-law, were responsible for producing an appalling amount of demoralization, which it will take more than one generation to remove. I admit, too, the partial responsibility of recent and present law-makers for regulations which have brought into being a permanent body of tramps, who ramble from union to union; and also their responsibility for maintaining a constant supply of felons by sending back convicts into society under such conditions that they are almost compelled again to commit crimes. Moreover, I admit that the philanthropic are not without their share of responsibility; since, while anxiously aiding the offspring of the unworthy, they do nothing for the offspring of the worthy save burdening their parents by increased local rates. Nay, I even admit that these swarms of good-for-nothings, fostered and multiplied by public and private agencies, have, by sundry mischievous meddlings, been made to suffer more than they they would otherwise have suffered. Are these the responsibilities meant? I suspect not.

But now, leaving the question of responsibilities, however conceived, and considering only the evil itself, what shall we say of its treatment? Let me begin with a fact.

A late uncle of mine, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, for some twenty years incumbent of Hinton Charterhouse, near Bath, no sooner entered on his parish duties than he proved himself anxious for the welfare of the poor, by establishing a school, a library, a clothing club, and land-allotments, besides building some model cottages. Moreover, up to 1833 he was a pauper's friend—always for the pauper against the overseer. There presently came, however, the debates on the poor-law, which impressed him with the evils of the system then in force. Though an ardent philanthropist, he was not a timid sentimentalist. The result was that, immediately the new poor-law was passed, he proceeded to carry out its provisions in his parish. Almost universal opposition was encountered by him; not the poor only being his opponents, but even the farmers on whom came the burden of heavy poor-rates. For, strange to say, their interests had become apparently identified with maintenance of this system which taxed them so largely. The explanation is, that there had grown up the practice of paying out of the rates a part of the wages of each farm-servant—"make-wages," as the sum was called. And though the farmers contributed most of the fund out of which "make-wages" were paid, yet, since all other rate-payers contributed, the farmers seemed to gain by the arrangement. My uncle, however. not easily deterred, faced all this opposition and enforced the law. The result was that in two years the rates were reduced from £700 a year to £200 a year, while the condition of the parish was greatly improved. "Those who had hitherto loitered at the corners of the streets, or at the doors of the beer-shops, had something else to do, and one after another they obtained employment"; so that, out of a population of eight hundred, only fifteen had to be sent as incapable paupers to the Bath Union Workhouse, in place of the one hundred who received out-door relief a short time before. If it be said that the £20 telescope which, a few years after, his parishioners presented to my uncle, marked only the gratitude of the rate-payers, then my reply is the fact that, when, some years later still, having killed himself by overwork, in pursuit of popular welfare, he was taken to Hinton to be buried, the procession which followed him to the grave included not the well-to-do only but the poor.

Several motives have prompted this brief narrative. One is the wish to prove that sympathy with the people and self-sacrificing efforts on their behalf do not necessarily imply approval of gratuitous aids. Another is the desire to show that benefit may result, not from multiplication of artificial appliances to mitigate distress, but, contrariwise, from diminution of them. And a further purpose I have in view is that of preparing the way for an analogy.

Under another form and in a different sphere, we are now yearly extending a system which is identical in nature with the system of "make-wages" under the old poor-law. Little as politicians recognize the fact, it is nevertheless demonstrable that these various public appliances for working-class comfort, which they are supplying at the cost of rate-payers, are intrinsically of the same nature as those which, in past times, treated the farmer's man as half-laborer and half-pauper. In either case the worker receives, in return for what he does, money wherewith to buy certain of the things he wants; while, to procure the rest of them for him, money is furnished out of a common fund raised by taxes. What matters it whether the things supplied by rate-payers for nothing, instead of by the employer in payment, are of this kind or that kind? the principle is the same. For sums received let us substitute the commodities and benefits purchased; and then see how the matter stands. In old poor-law times, the farmer gave for work done the equivalent, say of house-rent, bread, clothes, and fire; while the rate-payers practically supplied the man and his family with their shoes, tea, sugar, candles, a little bacon, etc. The divison is, of course, arbitrary; but unquestionably the farmer and the rate-payers furnished these things between them. At the present time the artisan receives from his employer in wages the equivalent of the consumable commodities he

wants; while from the public comes satisfaction for others of his needs and desires. At the cost of rate-payers he has in some cases, and will presently have in more, a house at less than its commercial value; for of course when, as in Liverpool, a municipality spends nearly £200,000 in pulling down and reconstructing low-class dwellings, and is about to spend as much again, the implication is that in some way the rate-payers supply the poor with more accommodation than the rents they pay would otherwise have brought. The artisan further receives from them, in schooling for his children, much more than he pays for; and there is every probability that he will presently receive it from them gratis. The rate-payers also satisfy what desire he may have for books and newspapers, and comfortable places to read them in. In some cases too, as in Manchester, gymnasia for his children of both sexes, as well as recreation-grounds, are provided. That is to say, he obtains, from a fund raised by local taxes, certain benefits beyond those which the sum received for his labor enables him to purchase. The sole difference, then, between this system and the old system of "make-wages" is between the kinds of satisfactions obtained. This difference does not in the least affect the nature of the arrangement.

Moreover, the two are pervaded by substantially the same illusion. In the one case, as in the other, what looks like a gratis benefit is not a gratis benefit The amount which, under the old poor-law, the half-pauperized laborer received from the parish to eke out his weekly income was not really, as it appeared, a bonus, for it was accompanied by a substantially equivalent decrease of his wages, as was quickly proved when the system was abolished and the wages rose. Just so is it with these seeming boons received by working-people in towns. I do not refer only to the fact that they unawares pay in part through the raised rents of their dwellings (when they are not actual rate-payers); but I refer to the fact that the wages received by them are, like the wages of the farm-laborer, diminished by these puplic burdens falling on employers. Read the accounts coming of late from Lancashire concerning the cotton-strike, containing proofs, given by artisans themselves, that the margin of profit is so narrow that the less skilful manufacturers, as well as those with deficient capital, fail, and that the companies of co-operators who compete with them can rarely hold their own; and then consider what is the implication respecting wages. Among the costs of production have to be reckoned taxes, general and local. If, as in our large towns, the local rates now amount to one third of the rental or more—if the employer has to pay this, not on his private dwelling only, but on his business-premises, factories, warehouses, or the like, it results that the interest on his capital must be diminished by that amount, or the amount must be taken from the wages-fund, or partly one and partly the other. And if competition among capitalists in the same business and in other businesses has the effect of so keeping down interests that, while some gain, others lose, and not a few are ruined—if capital, not getting adequate interest, flows elsewhere and leaves labor unemployed—then it is manifest that the choice for the artisan under such conditions lies between diminished amount of work or diminished rate of payment for it. Moreover, for kindred reasons these local burdens raise the costs of the things he consumes. The charges made by distributors, too, are, on the average, determined by the current rates of interest on capital used in distributing businesses; and the extra costs of carrying on such businesses have to be paid for by extra prices. So that as in the past the rural worker lost in one way what he gained in another, so in the present does the urban worker; there being, too, in both cases, the loss entailed on him by the cost of administration and the waste accompanying it.

"But what has all this to do with 'the coming slavery'?" will perhaps be asked. Nothing directly, but a good deal indirectly, as we shall see after yet another preliminary section.

It is said that, when railways were first opened in Spain, peasants standing on the tracks were not unfrequently run over, and that the blame fell on the engine-drivers for not stopping, rural experiences having yielded no conception of the momentum of a large mass moving at a high velocity.

The incident is recalled to me on contemplating the ideas of the so-called "practical" politician, into whose mind there enters no thought of such a thing as political momentum, still less of a political momentum which, instead of diminishing or remaining constant, increases. The theory on which he daily proceeds is that the change caused by his measure will stop where he intends it to stop. He contemplates intently the things his act will achieve, but thinks little of the remoter issues of the movement his act sets up, and still less its collateral issues. When, in war-time, "food for powder" was to be provided by encouraging population—when Mr. Pitt said, "Let us make relief in cases where there are a number of children a matter of right and honor, instead of a ground for opprobrium and contempt"* —it was not expected that the poor-rates would be quadrupled in fifty years, that women with many bastards would be preferred as wives to modest women because of their incomes from the parish, and that hosts of rate-payers would be pulled down into the ranks of pauperism. Legislators who in 1833 voted £20,000 a year to aid in building school-houses never supposed that the step they then took would lead to forced contributions, local and general, now amounting to £6,000,000; they did not intend to establish the principle that A should be made responsible for educating B's offspring; they did not dream of a compulsion which should deprive poor widows of the help of their elder children; and still less did they dream that their successors, by requir-

* Hansard's "Parliamentary History," xxxi. p. 710.

ing impoverished parents to apply to boards of guardians to pay the fees which school-boards would not remit, would initiate a habit of applying to boards of guardians and so cause pauperization.* Neither did those who in 1834 passed an act regulating the labor of women and children in certain factories imagine that the system they were beginning would end in the restriction and inspection of labor in all kinds of producing establishments where more than fifty people are employed; nor did they conceive that the inspection provided would grow to the extent of requiring that, before a "young person" is employed in a factory, authority must be given by a certifying surgeon, who, by personal examination (to which no limit is placed), has satisfied himself that there is no incapacitating disease or bodily infirmity, his verdict determining whether the "young person" shall earn wages or not.† Even less, as I say, does the politician who plumes himself on the practicalness of his aims conceive the indirect results that will follow the direct results of his measures. Thus, to take a case connected with one named above, it was not intended through the system of "payment by results" to do anything more than give teachers an efficient stimulus; it was not supposed that in numerous cases their health would give way under the stimulus; it was not expected that they would be led to adopt a cramming system and to put undue pressure on dull and weak children, often to their great injury; it was not foreseen that in many cases a bodily enfeeblement would be caused which no amount of grammar and geography can compensate for. Nor did it occur to the practical politicians who provided a compulsory load-line for merchant-vessels, that the pressure of ship-owners' interests would habitually cause the putting of the load-line at the very highest limit, and that from precedent to precedent, tending ever in the same direction, the load-line would gradually rise—as from good authority I learn that it has already done. Legislators who, some forty years ago, by act of Parliament compelled railway companies to supply cheap locomotion, would have ridiculed the belief, had it been expressed, that eventually their act would punish the companies which improved the supply; and yet this was the result to companies which began to carry third-class passengers by fast trains, since a penalty to the amount of the passenger-duty was inflicted on them for every third-class passenger so carried. To which instance concerning railways, add a far more striking one disclosed by comparing the railway policies of England and France. The law-makers who provided for the ultimate lapsing of French railways to the state never conceived the possibility that inferior travelling facilities would result—did not foresee that reluctance to depreciate the value of property eventually coming to the state would negative the authorization of competing lines, and that in the absence of competing lines locomotion would be relatively costly, slow, and infrequent; for, as Sir Thomas Farrar has shown, the traveller in England has great advantages over the French traveller in the economy, swiftness, and frequency with which his journeys can be made.

But the "practical" politician, who, in spite of such experiences repeated generation after generation, goes on thinking only of proximate results, naturally never thinks of results still more remote, still more general, and still more important than those just exemplified. To repeat the metaphor used above—he never asks whether the political momentum set up by his measure, in some cases decreasing but in other cases greatly increasing, will or will not have the same general direction with other such momenta; and whether it may not join them in presently producing an aggregate energy working changes never thought of. Dwelling only on the effects of his particular stream of legislation, and not observing how other such streams already existing, and still other streams which will follow his initiative, pursue the same average course, it never occurs to him that they may presently unite into a voluminous flood utterly changing the face of things. Or to leave figures for a more literal statement, he is unconscious of the truth that he is helping to form a certain type of social organization, and that kindred measures, effecting kindred changes of organization, tend with ever-increasing force to make that type general, until, passing a certain point, the proclivity toward it becomes irresistible. Just as each society aims when possible to produce in other societies a structure akin to its own—just as among the Greeks, the Spartans and the Athenians severally struggled to spread their respective political institutions, or as, at the time of the French Revolution, the European monarchies aimed to re-establish monarchy in France, so, within every society, each species of structure tends to propagate itself. Just as the system of voluntary co-operation by companies, associations, unions, to achieve business ends and other ends, spreads throughout a community, so does the antagonistic system of compulsory co-operation under state-agencies spread, and the larger becomes its extension the more power of spreading it gets. The question of questions for the politician should ever be, "What type of social structure am I tending to produce?" But this is a question he scarcely ever entertains.

Here we will entertain it for him. Let us now observe the general course of recent changes, with the accompanying current of ideas, and see whither they are carrying us.

The blank form of a question daily asked is, "We have already done this; why should we not do that?" And the regard for precedent suggested by it is ever pushing on regulative legislation. Having had brought within their sphere of operation more and more numerous businesses, the acts restricting hours of employment and dictating the treat-

* *Fortnightly Review*, January, 1884, p. 17.

† "Factories and Workshops Act," 41 and 42 Victoria, cap. 16.

ment of workers are now to be made applicable to shops. From inspecting lodging-houses to limit the numbers of occupants and enforce sanitary conditions, we have passed to inspecting all houses below a certain rent in which there are members of more than one family, and are now passing to a kindred inspection of all small houses.* The buying and working of telegraphs by the state is made a reason for urging that the state should buy and work the railways. Supplying children with food for their minds by public agency is being followed in some cases by supplying food for their bodies; and, after the practice has been made gradually more general, we may anticipate that the supply now proposed to be made gratis in the one case will eventually be proposed to be made gratis in the other, the argument that good bodies as well as good minds are needful to make good citizens being logically urged as a reason for the extension. And then, avowedly proceeding on the precedents furnished by the church, the school, and the reading-room, all publicly provided, it is contended that "pleasure, in the sense it is now generally admitted, needs legislating for and organizing at least as much as work."†

Not precedent only prompts this spread, but also the necessity which arises for supplementing ineffective measures, and for dealing with the artificial evils continually caused. Failure does not destroy faith in the agencies employed, but merely suggests more stringent use of such agencies or wider ramifications of them. Laws to check intemperance, beginning in early times and coming down to our own times, when further restraints on the sale of intoxicating liquors occupy nights every session, not having done what was expected, there come demands for more thorough-going laws, locally preventing the sale altogether; and here, as in America, these will doubtless be followed by demands that prevention shall be made universal. All the many appliances for "stamping out" epidemic diseases not having succeeded in preventing outbreaks of small-pox, fevers, and the like, a further remedy is applied for in the shape of police-power to search houses for diseased persons, and authority for medical officers to examine any one they think fit, to see whether he or she is suffering from an infectious or contagious malady. Habits of improvidence having for generations been cultivated by the poor-law, and the improvident enabled to multiply, the evils produced by compulsory charity are now proposed to be met by compulsory insurance.

The extension of this policy, causing extension of corresponding ideas, fosters everywhere the tacit assumption that Government should step in whenever anything is not going right. "Surely you would not have this misery continue!" exclaims someone, if you hint a demurrer to much that is now being said and done. Observe what is implied by this exclamation. It takes for granted, first, that all suffering ought to be prevented, which is not true; much suffering is curative, and prevention of it is prevention of a remedy. In the second place, it takes for granted that every evil can be removed: the truth being that, with the existing defects of human nature, many evils can only be thrust out of one place or form into another place or form—often being increased by the change. The exclamation also implies the unhesitating belief, here especially concerning us, that evils of all kinds should be dealt with by the state. There does not occur the inquiry whether there are at work other agencies capable of dealing with evils, and whether the evils in question may not be among those which are best dealt with by these other agencies. And obviously, the more numerous governmental interventions become, the more confirmed does this habit of thought grow, and the more loud and perpetual the demands for intervention.

Every extension of the regulative policy involves an addition to the regulative agents—a further growth of officialism and an increasing power of the organization formed of officials. Take a pair of scales with many shot in the one and a few in the other. Lift shot after shot out of the loaded scale and put it into the unloaded scale. Presently you will produce a balance, and, if you go on, the position of the scales will be reversed. Suppose the beam to be unequally divided, and let the lightly loaded scale be at the end of a very long arm; then the transfer of each shot, producing a much greater effect, will far sooner bring about a change of position. I use the figure to illustrate what results from transferring one individual after another from the regulated mass of the community to the regulating structures. The transfer weakens the one and strengthens the other in a far greater degree than is implied by the relative change of numbers. A comparatively small body of officials, coherent, having common interests, and acting under central authority, has an immense advantage over an incoherent public which has no settled policy, and can be brought to act unitedly only under strong provocation. Hence an organization of officials, once passing a certain stage of growth, becomes less and less resistible; as we see in the bureaucracies of the Continent.

Not only does the power of resistance of the regulated part decrease in a geometrical ratio as the regulating part increases, but the private interests of many in the regulated part itself make the change of ratio still more rapid. In every circle conversations show that now, when the passing of competitive examinations renders them eligible for the public service, youths are being educated in such ways that they may pass them and get employment under Government. One consequence is, that men who might otherwise reprobate some further growth of officialism are led to look on it with tolerance, if not favorably, as offering possible careers for those dependent on them and those related to them. Any one who remembers the numbers of upper-class and middle-class families anxious to place their children will see that no small

* See letter of Local Government Board, *Times*, January 2, 1884.

† *Fortnightly Review*, January, 1884, p. 21.

encouragement to the spread of legislative control is now coming from those who, but for the personal interests thus arising, would be hostile to it.

This pressing desire for careers is enforced by the preference for careers which are thought respectable. "Even if his salary is small, his occupation will be that of a gentleman," thinks the father, who wants to get a Government-clerkship for his son. And this relative dignity of state-servants, as compared with those occupied in business, increases as the administrative organization becomes a larger and more powerful element in society, and tends more and more to fix the standard of honor. The prevalent ambition with a young Frenchman is to get some small official post in his locality, to rise thence to a place in the local centre of government, and finally to reach some head office in Paris. And in Russia, where that universality of state-regulation which characterizes the militant type of society has been carried farthest, we see this ambition pushed to its extreme. Says Mr. Wallace, quoting a passage from a play, "All men, even shopkeepers and cobblers, aim at becoming officers, and the man who has passed his whole life without official rank seems to be not a human being." *

These various influences, working from above downward, meet with an increasing response of expectations and solicitations proceeding from below upward. The hard-worked and overburdened who form the great majority, and still more the incapables perpetually helped, who are ever led to look for more help, are ready supporters of schemes which promise them this or the other benefit by state agency, and ready believers of those who tell them that such benefits can be given and ought to be given. They listen with eager faith to all builders of political air-castles, from Oxford graduates down to Irish irreconcilables, and every additional tax-supported appliance for their welfare raises hopes of further ones. Indeed, the more numerous public instrumentalities become, the more is there generated in citizens the notion that everything is to be done for them, and nothing by them. Each generation is made less familiar with the attainment of desired ends by individual actions or private combinations, and more familiar with the attainment of them by governmental agencies; until, eventually, governmental agencies come to be thought of as the only available agencies. This result was well shown in the recent Trades-Unions Congress at Paris. The English delegates, reporting to their constituents, said that, between themselves and their foreign colleagues, "the point of difference was the extent to which the state should be asked to protect labor": reference being thus made to the fact, conspicuous in the reports of the proceedings, that the French delegates always invoked governmental power as the only means of satisfying their wishes.

The diffusion of education has worked, and will work still more, in the same direction. "We must educate our masters," is the well-known saying of a Liberal who opposed the last extension of the franchise. Yes, if the education were worthy to be so called, and were relevant to the political enlightenment needed, much might be hoped from it. But knowing rules of syntax, being able to add up correctly, having geographical information, and a memory stocked with the dates of kings' accessions and generals' victories, no more imply fitness to form political conclusions than acquirement of skill in drawing implies expertness in telegraphing, or than ability to play cricket implies proficiency on the violin. "Surely," rejoins some one, "facility in reading opens the way to political knowledge." Doubtless; but will the way be followed? Table-talk proves that nine out of ten people read what amuses them or interests them rather than what instructs them, and that the last thing they read is something which tells them disagreeable truths or dispels groundless hopes. That popular education results in an extensive reading of publications which foster pleasant illusions, rather than of those which insist on hard realities, is beyond question. Says "A Mechanic," writing in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of December 3, 1883:

> Improved education instils the desire for culture—culture instils the desire for many things as yet quite beyond working men's reach; . . . in the furious competition to which the present age is given up they are utterly impossible to the poorer classes; hence they are discontented with things as they are, and the more educated the more discontented. Hence, too, Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Morris are regarded as true prophets by many of us.

And, that the connection of cause and effect here alleged is a real one, we may see clearly enough in the present state of Germany.

Being possessed of electoral power, as are now the mass of those who are thus led to nurture sanguine anticipations of benefits to be obtained by social reorganization, it results that whoever seeks their votes must at least refrain from exposing their mistaken beliefs, even if he does not yield to the temptation to express agreement with them. Every candidate for Parliament is prompted to propose or support some new piece of *ad captandum* legislation. Nay, even the chiefs of parties, these anxious to retain office and those to wrest it from them, severally aim to get adherents by outbidding one another. Each endeavors to score a trick by trumping his antagonist's good card, as we have lately seen. And then, as divisions in Parliament show us, the traditional loyalty to leaders overrides questions concerning the intrinsic propriety of proposed measures. Representatives are unconscientious enough to vote for bills which they regard as essentially wrong in principle, because party-needs and regard for the next election demand it. And thus a vicious policy is strengthened even by those who see its viciousness.

Meanwhile there goes on out-of-doors an active propaganda to which all these influences are ancillary. Communistic theories, partially indorsed by one act of Parliament after another, and tacitly if not avowedly favored by numerous public men seeking sup-

* "Russia," i. 422.

porters, are being advocated more and more vociferously under one or other form by popular leaders, and urged on by organized societies. There is the movement for land-nationalization which, aiming at a system of land-tenure equitable in the abstract, is, as all the world knows, pressed by Mr. George and his friends with avowed disregard for the just claims of existing owners, and as the basis of a scheme going more than half-way to state-communism. And then there is the thorough-going Democratic Federation of Mr. Hyndman and his adherents. We are told by them that "the handful of marauders who now hold possession [of the land] have and can have no right save brute force against the tens of millions whom they wrong." They exclaim against "the shareholders who have been allowed to lay hands upon (!) our great railway communications." They condemn "above all, the active capitalist class, the loan-mongers, the farmers, the mine-exploiters, the contractors, the middlemen, the factory-lords—these, the modern slave-drivers" who exact "more and yet more surplus value out of the wage-slaves whom they employ." And they think it "high time" that trade should be "removed from the control of individual greed and individual profit." *

It remains to point out that the tendencies thus variously displayed are being strengthened by press-advocacy, daily more pronounced. Journalists, always chary of saying that which is distasteful to their readers, are some of them going with the stream and adding to its force. Legislative meddlings which they would once have condemned they now pass in silence, if they do not advocate them; and they speak of *laisser-faire* as an exploded doctrine. "People are no longer frightened at the thought of socialism," is the statement which meets us one day. On another day, a town which does not adopt the Free Libraries Act is sneered at as being alarmed by a measure so moderately communistic. And then, along with editorial assertions that this economic evolution is coming and must be accepted, there is prominence given to the contributions of its advocates. Meanwhile those who regard the recent course of legislation as disastrous, and see that its future course is likely to be still more disastrous, are being reduced to silence by the belief that it is useless to reason with people in a state of political intoxication.

See, then, the many concurrent causes which threaten continually to accelerate the transformation now going on. There is that spread of regulation caused by following precedents, which become the more authoritative the further the policy is carried. There is that increasing need for administrative compulsions and restraints which results from the unforeseen evils and short-comings of preceding compulsions and restraints. Moreover, every additional state-interference strengthens the tacit assumption that it is the duty of the state to deal with all evils and secure all benefits. Increasing power of a growing administrative organization is accompanied by decreasing power of the rest of the society to resist its further growth and control. The multiplication of careers opened by a developing bureaucracy tempts members of the classes regulated by it to favor its extension, as adding to the chances of safe and respectable places for their relatives. The people at large, led to look on benefits received through public agencies as gratis benefits, have their hopes continually excited by the prospects of more. A spreading education, furthering the diffusion of pleasing errors rather than of stern truths, renders such hopes both stronger and more general. Worse still, such hopes are ministered to by candidates for public choice to augment their chances of success; and leading statesmen, in pursuit of party ends, bid for popular favor by countenancing them. Getting repeated justifications from new laws harmonizing with their doctrines, political enthusiasts and unwise philanthropists push their agitations with growing confidence and success. Journalism, ever responsive to popular opinion, daily strengthens it by giving it voice; while counter-opinion, more and more discouraged, finds little utterance.

Thus influences of various kinds conspire to increase corporate action and decrease individual action. And the change is being on all sides aided by schemers, each of whom thinks only of his pet project, and not at all of the general reorganization which his, joined with others such, are working out. It is said that the French Revolution devoured its own children. Here an analogous catastrophe seems not unlikely. The numerous socialistic changes made by act of Parliament, joined with the numerous others presently to be made, will by and by be all merged in state-socialism—swallowed in the vast wave which they have little by little raised.

"But why is this change described as 'the coming slavery'?" is a question which many will still ask. The reply is simple. All socialism involves slavery.

What is essential to the idea of a slave? We primarily think of him as one who is owned by another. To be more than nominal, however, the ownership must be shown by control of the slave's actions—a control which is habitually for the benefit of the controller. That which fundamentally distinguishes the slave is that he labors under coercion to satisfy another's desires. The relation admits of sundry gradations. Remembering that originally the slave is a prisoner whose life is at the mercy of his captor, it suffices here to note that there is a harsh form of slavery in which, treated as an animal, he has to expend his entire effort for his owner's advantage. Under a system less harsh, though occupied chiefly in working for his owner, he is allowed a short time in which to work for himself, and some ground on which to grow extra food. A further amelioration gives him power to sell the produce of his plot and keep the proceeds. Then we come to the still more moderated form which commonly arises

* "Socialism made Plain," Reeves, 185 Fleet Street.

where, having been a free man working on his own land, conquest turns him into what we distinguish as a serf; and he has to give to his owner each year a fixed amount of labor or produce, or both, retaining the rest himself. Finally, in some cases, as in Russia until recently, he is allowed to leave his owner's estate and work or trade for himself elsewhere, under the condition that he shall pay an annual sum. What is it which, in these cases, leads us to qualify our conception of the slavery as more or less severe? Evidently the greater or smaller extent to which effort is compulsorily expended for the benefit of another instead of for self-benefit. If all the slave's labor is for his owner the slavery is heavy, and if but little it is light. Take now a further step. Suppose an owner dies, and his estate with its slaves comes into the hands of trustees, or suppose the estate and everything on it to be bought by a company; is the condition of the slave any the better if the amount of his compulsory labor remains the same? Suppose that for a company we substitute the community; does it make any difference to the slave if the time he has to work for others is as great, and the time left for himself is as small, as before? The essential question is, How much is he compelled to labor for other benefit than his own, and how much he can labor for his own benefit? The degree of his slavery varies according to the ratio between that which he is forced to yield up and that which he is allowed to retain; and it matters not whether his master is a single person or a society. If, without option, he has to labor for the society, and receives from the general stock such portion as the society awards him, he becomes a slave to the society. Socialistic arrangements necessitate an enslavement of this kind; and toward such an enslavement many recent measures, and still more the measures advocated, are carrying us. Let us observe, first, their proximate effects, and then their ultimate effects.

The policy initiated by the Industrial Dwellings Acts admits of development, and will develop. Where municipal bodies turn house-builders, they inevitably lower the values of houses otherwise built, and check the supply of more. Every dictation respecting modes of building and conveniences to be provided diminishes the builder's profit, and prompts him to use his capital where the profit is not thus diminished. So, too, the owner, already finding that small houses entail much labor and many losses—already subject to troubles of inspection and interference and to consequent costs, and having his property daily rendered a more undesirable investment—is prompted to sell; and, as buyers are for like reasons deterred, he has to sell at a loss. And now these still multiplying regulations, ending, it may be, as Lord Grey proposes, in one requiring the owner to maintain the salubrity of his houses by evicting dirty tenants, and thus adding to his other responsibilities that of inspector of nuisances, must further prompt sales and further deter purchasers—so necessitating greater depreciation. What must happen? The multiplication of houses, and especially small houses, being increasingly checked, there must come an increasing demand upon the local authority to make up for the deficient supply. More and more, the municipal or kindred body will have to build houses, or to purchase houses rendered unsalable to private persons in the way shown; houses which, greatly depreciated in value as they must become, it will, in many cases, pay to buy rather than to build new ones. And then, when in towns this process has gone so far as to make the local authority the chief owner of houses, there will be a good precedent for publicly providing houses for the rural population, as proposed in the Radical programme,* and as urged by the Democratic Federation, which insists on "the compulsory construction of healthy artisans' and agricultural laborers' dwellings in proportion to the population." Manifestly, the tendency of that which has been done, is being done, and is presently to be done, is to approach the socialistic ideal in which the community is sole house-proprietor.

Such, too, must be the effect of the daily growing policy on the tenure and utilization of the land. More numerous public benefits, to be achieved by more numerous public agencies, at the cost of augmented public burdens, must increasingly deduct from the returns on land; until, as the depreciation in value becomes greater and greater, the resistance to change of tenure becomes less and less. Already, as every one knows, there is in many places difficulty in obtaining tenants, even at greatly reduced rents; and land of inferior fertility in some cases lies idle, or when farmed by the owner is often farmed at a loss. Clearly the margin of profit on capital invested in land is not such that taxes, local and general, can be greatly raised to support extended public administrations, without an absorption of it which will prompt owners to sell, and make the best of what reduced price they can get by emigrating and buying land not subject to heavy burdens, as, indeed, some are now doing. This process, carried far, must have the result of throwing inferior land out of cultivation; after which there will be raised more generally the demand made by Mr. Arch, who, addressing the Radical Association of Brighton lately, and contending that existing landlords do not make their land adequately productive for the public benefit, said "he should like the present Government to pass a Compulsory Cultivation Bill": an applauded proposal which he justified by instancing compulsory vaccination (thus illustrating the influence of precedent). And this demand will be pressed, not only by the need for making the land productive, but also by the need for employing the rural population. After the Government has extended the practice of hiring the unemployed to work on deserted lands, or lands acquired at nominal prices, there will be reached a stage whence there is but a small further step to that arrangement which, in the programme of the Democratic Federation, is to follow na-

* *Fortnightly Review*, November, 1883, pp. 619, 620.

tionalization of the land—the "organization of agricultural and industrial armies under state control on co-operative principles."

If any one doubts that such a revolution may be so reached, facts may be cited to show its likelihood. In Gaul, during the decline of the Roman Empire, "so numerous were the receivers in comparison with the payers, and so enormous the weight of taxation, that the laborer broke down, the plains became deserts, and woods grew where the plough had been."* In like manner, when the French Revolution was approaching, the public burdens had become such that many farms remained uncultivated, and many were deserted: one quarter of the soil was absolutely lying waste; and in some provinces one half was in heath.† Nor have we been without incidents of a kindred nature at home. Besides the facts that under the old poor-law the rates had in some parishes risen to half the rental, and that in various places farms were lying uncultivated, there is the fact that in one case the rates had absorbed the whole proceeds of the soil.

At Cholesbury, in Buckinghamshire, in 1832, the poor-rate "suddenly ceased in consequence of the impossibility to continue its collection, the landlords having given up their rents, the farmers their tenancies and the clergyman his glebe and his tithes. The clergyman, Mr. Jeston, states that in October, 1834, the parish officers threw up their books, and the poor assembled in a body before his door while he was in bed, asking for advice and food. Partly from his own small means, partly from the charity of neighbors, and partly by rates in aid, imposed on the neighboring parishes, they were for some time supported."‡

The commissioners add that "the benevolent rector recommends that the whole of the land should be divided among the able-bodied paupers": hoping that, after help afforded for two years, they might be able to maintain themselves. These facts, giving color to the prophecy made in Parliament that continuance of the old poor-law for another thirty years would throw the land out of cultivation, clearly prove that increase of public burdens may end in forced cultivation under public control.

Then, again, comes state-ownership of railways. Already this exists to a large extent on the Continent. Already we have had here a few years ago loud advocacy of it. And now the cry which was raised by sundry politicians and publicists is taken up afresh by the Democratic Federation, which proposes "state-appropriation of railways, with or without compensation." Evidently, pressure from above joined by pressure from below is likely to effect this change, dictated by the policy everywhere spreading; and with it must come many attendant changes. For railway-proprietors, at first owners and workers of railways only, have been allowed to become masters of numerous businesses directly or indirectly connected with railways; and these will have to be purchased by Government when the railways are purchased. Already exclusive carrier of letters, exclusive transmitters of telegrams, and on the way to become exclusive carrier of parcels, the state will not only be exclusive carrier of passengers, goods, and minerals, but will add to its present various trades many other trades. Even now, besides erecting its naval and military establishments, and building harbors, docks, breakwaters, etc., it does the work of ship-builder, cannon-founder, small-arms maker, manufacturer of ammunition, etc., etc.; and, when the railways have been appropriated "with or without compensation," as the Democratic Federationists say, it will have to become locomotive-engine builder, carriage-maker, tarpaulin and grease manufacturer, passenger-vessel owner, coal-miner, stone-quarrier, omnibus-proprietor, etc. Meanwhile its local lieutenants, the municipal governments, already in many places suppliers of water, gas-makers, owners and workers of tramways, proprietors of baths, will doubtless have undertaken various other businesses. And when the state, directly or by proxy, has thus come into possession of, or has established, numerous concerns for wholesale production and for wholesale distribution, there will be good precedents for extending its function to retail distribution: following such an example, say, as is offered by the French Government, which has long been a retail tobacconist.

Evidently, then, the changes made, the changes in progress, and the changes urged, and carrying us not only toward state-ownership of land and dwellings and means of communication, all to be administered and worked by state-agents, but toward state-usurpation of all industries; the private forms of which, disadvantaged more and more in competition with the state, which can arrange everything for its own convenience, will more and more die away just as many voluntary schools have, in presence of board-schools. And so will be brought about the desired ideal of the socialist.

And now when there has been reached this desired ideal, which "practical" politicians are helping socialists to reach, and which is so tempting on that bright side which socialists contemplate, what must be the accompanying shady side which they do not contemplate? It is a matter of common remark, often made when a marriage is impending, that those possessed by strong hopes habitually dwell on the promised pleasures and think nothing of the accompanying pains. A further exemplification of this truth is supplied by these political enthusiasts and fanatical revolutionists. Impressed with the miseries existing under our present social arrangements, and not regarding these miseries as caused by the ill-working of a human nature but partially adapted to the social state, they imagine them to be forthwith curable by this or that rearrangement. Yet, even did their plans succeed, it could only be by substituting one kind of evil for another. A little deliberate thought would show that under their proposed arrangements their liberties must

* Lactant., "De M. Persecut.," cc. 7, 23.
† Taine, "La Révolution," pp. 337, 338.
‡ "Report of Commissioners for Inquiry into the Administration and Practical Operation of the Poor-Laws," p. 37, February 20, 1834.

be surrendered in proportion as their material welfares were cared for.

For no form of co-operation, small or great, can be carried on without regulation and an implied submission to the regulating agencies. Even one of their own organizations for effecting social changes yields them proof. It is compelled to have its councils, its local and general officers, its authoritative leaders, who must be obeyed under penalty of confusion and failure. And the experience of those who are loudest in their advocacy of a new social order under the paternal control of a government shows that, even in private voluntarily-formed societies, the power of the regulative organization becomes great, if not irresistible; often, indeed, causing grumbling and restiveness among those controlled. Trades-unions which carry on a kind of industrial war in defence of workers' interests *versus* employers' interests find that subordination almost military in its strictness is needful to secure efficient action; for divided councils prove fatal to success. And even in bodies of co-operators, formed for carrying on manufacturing or distributing businesses, and not needing that obedience to leaders which is required where the aims are offensive or defensive, it is still found that the administrative agency acquires so great a power that there arise complaints about "the tyranny of organization." Judge, then, what must happen when, instead of combinations, small, local, and voluntary, to which men may belong or not as they please, we have a national combination in which each citizen finds himself incorporated, and from which he cannot separate himself without leaving the country! Judge what must under such conditions become the power of a graduated and centralized officialism, holding in its hands the resources of the community, and having behind it whatever amount of force it finds requisite to carry out its decrees and maintain what it calls order! Well may a Prince Bismarck display leanings toward state-socialism.

And then, after recognizing, as they must if they think out their scheme, the power possessed by the regulative agency in the new social system so temptingly pictured, let its advocates ask themselves to what end this power must be used. Not dwelling exclusively, as they habitually do, on the material well-being and the mental gratifications to be provided for them by a beneficent administration, let them dwell a little on the price to be paid. The officials can not create the needful supplies; they can but distribute among individuals that which the individuals have joined to produce. If the public agency is required to provide for them, it must reciprocally require them to furnish the means. There cannot be, as under our existing system, agreement between employer and employed—this the scheme excludes. There must in place of it be command by local authorities over workers, and acceptance by the workers of that which the authorities assign to them. And this, indeed, is the arrangement distinctly, but as it would seem inadvertently, pointed to by the members of the Democratic Federation. For they propose that production should be carried on by "agricultural and industrial *armies* under state control"; apparently not remembering that armies presuppose grades of officers, by whom obedience would have to be insisted upon, since otherwise neither order nor efficient work could be insured. So that each would stand toward the governing agency in the relation of slave to master.

"But the governing agency would be a master which he and others made and kept constantly in check, and one which therefore would not control him or others more than was needful for the benefit of each and all."

To which reply the first rejoinder is that, even if so, each member of the community as an individual would be a slave to the community as a whole. Such a relation has habitually existed in militant communities, even under *quasi*-popular forms of government. In ancient Greece the accepted principle was that the citizen belonged neither to himself nor to his family, but belonged to his city—the city being with the Greek equivalent to the community. And this doctrine, proper to a state of constant warfare, is a doctrine which socialism unawares reintroduces into a state intended to be purely industrial. The services of each will belong to the aggregate of all; and for these services such returns will be given as the authorities think proper. So that even if the administration is of the beneficent kind intended to be secured, slavery, however mild, must be the outcome of the arrangement.

A second rejoinder is that the administration will presently become not of the intended kind, and that the slavery will not be mild. The socialist speculation is vitiated by an assumption like that which vitiates the speculations of the "practical" politician. It is assumed that officialism will work as it is intended to work, which it never does. The machinery of communism, like existing social machinery, has to be framed out of existing human nature; and the defects of existing human nature will generate in the one the same evils as in the other. The love of power, the selfishness, the injustice, the untruthfulness, which often in comparatively short times bring private organizations to disaster, will inevitably, where their effects accumulated from generation to generation, work evils far greater and less remediable; since vast and complex and possessed of all the resources, the administrative organization once developed and consolidated must become irresistible. And, if there needs proof that the periodic exercise of electoral power would fail to prevent this, it suffices to instance the French Government, which, purely popular in origin, and subject from time to time to popular judgment, nevertheless tramples on the freedom of citizens to an extent which the English delegates to the late Trades-Union Congress say "is a disgrace to, and an anomaly in, a republican nation."

The final result would be a revival of despotism. A disciplined army of civil officials, like an army of military officials, gives supreme power to its head—a power which has

often led to usurpation, as in mediæval Europe and still more in Japan—nay, has thus so led among our neighbors within our own times. The recent confessions of M. de Maupas have shown how readily a constitutional head, elected and trusted by the whole people, may, with the aid of a few unscrupulous confederates, paralyze the representative body and make himself autocrat. That those who rose to power in a socialistic organization would not scruple to carry out their aims at all costs, we have good reason for concluding. When we find that shareholders, who, sometimes gaining, but often losing, have made that railway-system by which national prosperity has been so greatly increased, are spoken of by the council of the Democratic Federation as having "laid hands" on the means of communication, we may infer that those who directed a socialistic administration might interpret with extreme perversity the claims of individuals and classes under their control. And when, further, we find members of this same council urging that the state should take possession of the railways, "with or without compensation," we may suspect that the heads of the ideal society desired, would be but little deterred by considerations of equity from pursuing whatever policy they thought needful—a policy which would always be one identified with their own supremacy. It would need but a war with an adjacent society or some internal discontent demanding forcible suppression, to at once transform a socialistic administration into a grinding tyranny like that of ancient Peru; under which the mass of the people, controlled by grades of officials, and leading lives that were inspected out-of-doors and in-doors, labored for the support of the organization which regulated them, and were left with but a bare subsistence for themselves. And then would be completely revived, under a different form, that *régime* of status—that system of compulsory co-operation, the decaying tradition of which is represented by the old Toryism, and toward which the new Toryism is carrying us back.

"But we shall be on our guard against all that—we shall take precautions to ward off such disasters," will doubtless say the enthusiasts. Be they "practical" politicians with their new regulative measures, or communists with their schemes for reorganizing labor, the answer is ever the same: "It is true that plans of kindred nature have, from unforeseen causes and adverse accidents, or the misdeeds of those concerned, been brought to failure; but this time we shall profit by past experiences and succeed." There seems no getting people to accept the truth, which nevertheless is conspicuous enough, that the welfare of a society and the justice of its arrangements are at bottom dependent on the characters of its members; and that improvement in neither can take place without that improvement in character which results from carrying on peaceful industry under the restraints imposed by an orderly social life. The belief, not only of the socialists but also of those so-called Liberals who are diligently preparing the way for them, is that by due skill an ill-working humanity may be framed into well-working institutions. It is a delusion. The defective natures of citizens will show themselves in the bad acting of whatever social structure they are arranged into. There is no political alchemy by which you can get golden conduct out of leaden instincts.—HERBERT SPENCER, in *The Contemporary Review*.

ROUGH NOTES OF A NATURALIST'S VISIT TO EGYPT.

II.

CAIRO is at present the great centre of Egyptian life, and the second Mussulman city in the world. It is the successor of old Memphis, and both cities have owed their importance to their position at the point where the long Nile valley enters the apex of the triangle of the Delta, a point well suited to be the centre of political control for both Upper and Lower Egypt. When the Delta was a bay of the Mediterranean, and before the Nile deposits had filled it up, the limestone ridge of Mokattam, rising to an elevation of about 600 feet behind Cairo, was a rocky promontory washed by the sea, and projecting into the bay, and it now projects in like manner into the alluvial plain. Its age is that of the Eocene tertiary, or about that of the London clay, and it abounds in fossils, more especially those round discs, shells of humble marine protozoa, known as *Nummulites*, and which Strabo was informed were petrified beans—"Pharaoh's beans." The point of the promontory, partially separated from the main mountain, furnishes a site for the citadel, at the foot of which the city lies on a level scarcely elevated above the annual inundation. Cairo has no claims to greater antiquity than the Persian conquest of Egypt (B.C. 525), and did not become a place of commanding importance till after the Arabian occupation of the country. Why did the ancient Egyptians neglect this beautiful and imposing site, and erect their capital on the opposite side of the river, several miles farther up, and in the midst of the alluvial plain, here about five miles wide, and with the river towards its eastern side?

The site of Memphis is just such a slight elevation on the alluvial plain as the modern Fellaheen select for their villages, as being more or less above the inundation, and near to the cultivated ground. In primitive times it was, no doubt, so selected, perhaps at a time when it was not far from the northern limit of the cultivated land of Egypt, and was adopted by the Egyptian kings as their capital when they moved thus far towards the Delta. Perhaps the traditional connection of the place with the worship of Pthah, the Creator, may have aided in determining the selection. There was besides the facility for constructing defensive ditches around it, and the absence of any dominating height, such as that which commands Cairo, and has placed even its citadel under the guns of be-

siegers. Besides this, the Egyptians seem to have preferred sites facing the rising sun, and they no doubt had also an eye to the excellent quarries of limestone immediately opposite the site of Memphis, and to the facilities offered by the river and canals for the transport of building material.

The traditions relating to the great dam and canal, said to have been made for the protection of Memphis, show at once the importance attached to the place, and the facility with which the Egyptian trains his great river to his service. To compare small things with great, we saw, in driving to the pyramids, two men busy in digging a hole in the black mud close to a canal. When we returned they had already erected a *shadoof*, or long lever mounted on a post, and with the aid of this and a basket lined with skin were irrigating a large patch of ploughed land, the whole arrangement looking as if it had been there from time immemorial.

As a city Memphis has utterly perished, for even its stones have been retransported across the river to construct buildings in Cairo. Its necropolis alone remains, the burial-place of the dead population of a dead city. *Men-nefers*, the strong and beautiful, as the Egyptians formerly called their great city, has given place to *El Kahira*, "the Victorious," a name commemorative not of Egyptian victory, but of Egyptian defeat by an alien race in old time, despised by the Pharaohs.

The necropolis of Memphis, extending for twenty miles along the desert plateau bounding the river and overlooking the city, is the greatest cemetery in the world, and in the pyramids possesses the grandest of funereal monuments. There is fortunately no need to describe the pyramids. In addition to older productions, Petre's recent work leaves little to be desired as to their measurements and details of structure. The greatest of them, that of Khufu, even in its present dismantled and ruinous state, is a most impressive structure; but if we replace in imagination its smooth casing of pure white limestone, its surrounding pavement, walls, and subsidiary buildings, we can easily imagine that it was not only impressive but beautiful in its majestic simplicity when it left its builders' hands. In its present state one is perhaps most deeply impressed with its evidence of patient and skilful labor. Its massive stones, carefully squared and accurately laid on durable mortar, and the remains exhumed by Colonel Howard Vyse of its outer casing of pure white fine-grained limestone, attest the skill of its builders and their honest, painstaking work; while the labor required to quarry and transport this mass of material, covering thirteen acres and 470 feet in height, almost surpasses belief. The Great Pyramid, though the largest, is also only one of very many, and some of the smaller ones are constructed of more costly material. Its neighbor, the pyramid of Cephren, had its lower courses built of the red granite from Syene, and the next, that of Menkera, was wholly cased with this expensive material.

The pyramids stand on a plateau of Eocene limestone, elevated about 120 feet above the Nile, and filled with marine fossils, most of which have been described in Zittel's elaborate memoirs on the geology of the Libyan desert. The same rock occurs on the opposite side of the Nile, but there it rises to a height of 640 feet in the Mokattam ridge, though at the foot of this there is a plateau corresponding to that of the pyramids, and which presents some very interesting features, to be mentioned in the sequel, and to understand which it is necessary to refer to the geology of the region.

In the previous paper we noticed the great bay which preceded the formation of the Delta, but it will be necessary now to go back in geological time to a period—that of the Eocene tertiary—when the whole of Northern Africa, as well as much of Western Asia and Southern Europe, was under the sea. In this period a great series of calcareous and earthy beds was deposited, now represented by the rocks of the Mokattam. In some portions of the period immense numbers of disc-like shells of protozoa, the Nummulites, were deposited, and these constitute the predominant material of considerable beds of limestone. In other periods small microscopic protozoa produced shells similar to that found in the English chalk and in the "Globygerina ooze" of deep soundings in the Atlantic. At other times beds of marl were deposited, and beds of sandy limestone crowded with fruit shells, corals, crustaceans, and sea-urchins. The procession of these beds and these characteristic fossils have been carefully worked out by Dr. Schweinfurth, of Cairo, under whose kind guidance I had the opportunity of visiting some of the more interesting exposures. After the close of the Eocene period these rocks were elevated into land, and became clothed with forests which at a later date were submerged and buried in sand, the harder parts of which still exist in the Jebel Ahmar and other places, while much has been swept away, leaving the fragments of silicified trees, which curious travellers visit as the "petrified forest."* The true nature of this petrified forest, and its relation to the Eocene beds, may be seen in Jebel Ahmar, the "Red Mountain," near Cairo.

At a still later period all these deposits were partially submerged, and were exposed to the watery action of the sea, which cut away the greater part of the sandstone imbedding the petrified trees, and, as it sunk to a lower level, cut into the Eocene beds, forming great terraces in the Mokattam mass. One of the principal of these is at a height of about five hundred feet above the sea, and another at a height of about two hundred feet, and roughly corresponding to the pyramid plateau on the opposite side. Dr. Schweinfurth kindly pointed out to me the borings of lithodomous mollusks, first noticed by Dr. Froos, and also oysters adherent to the old sea-cliff,

* I satisfied myself that these silicified trunks occur in silt in the lower beds of sandstone at Jebel Ahmar.

and other recent shells in its crevices. Similar appearances exist at the edge of the pyramid plateau at Gizeh, and prove that in the Pleistocene age all this part of Africa was submerged to a depth of more than two hundred feet, and this for a long time, while the higher terrace shows a submergence to the extent of at least five hundred feet. It would therefore be hopeless to look for evidence of human residence in Egypt during or anterior to the great Pleistocene submergence, with which we are so familiar in Northern Europe and North America, but which evidently extended to Egypt as well. I was much struck with the essential resemblance of the Mokattam terraces to those with which I have been familiar in the valley of the St. Lawrence. The differences are mainly those which depend on a more or less humid climate. From this subsidence the country rose in the second continental, or "post-glacial," period to a greater height than at present, and then, after some oscillations, sunk to that position referred to in the preceding paper; in which the Delta began to be formed. It was no doubt in great part the land resulting from the waste of the Tertiary sandstones and sandy limestones by the sea that shallowed the great Nile bay in preparation for the Delta.

We have now completed a rough geological sketch of the vicinity of Cairo, and have prepared the way for discussing in a subsequent paper the formation of the Nile valley above the Delta, but lest we should be too geological, it may be well to turn for a little to some matters of more purely human interest.

The first builders of old Memphis must have been immediate descendants of the survivors of the deluge, and perhaps contemporary with some of them. Mizraim, the son of Ham, may have been the leader of the first colony that settled in the Nile valley; and not many generations removed from Mizraim were the builders of the earlier pyramid. We are curious to know what manner of men were these ingenious and industrious people. We may learn something of this from the specimens in the Boulak Museum, a collection not so large as some Egyptian collections in Europe, but inestimable in value. There we have actual portrait statues of men and women of the earlier Egyptian dynasties, collected in one room and affording admirable opportunities to study their physique and some of their arts and tastes. These statues are remarkable for their accurate and realistic execution, equally remote from the ideal beauty of the advanced style of Greek sculpture and the conventional style of the later Egyptian art. The features are well cut and regular, with well-formed heads, large eyes, prominent straight noses, and expressive mouths. We might accept such a man as the priest Ra-Nefer of the fifth dynasty, or the lady Nefert of the fourth dynasty, as typical representatives of the Noachidæ, the immediate descendants of Noah. Their paintings on the walls of tombs and the hieroglyphic characters in their inscriptions are remarkable for their delicate and truthful execution. Their clothing is limited to a mere kilt or apron, and they seem to have delighted in arranging their abundant hair in numerous strands or plaits. It is interesting to think that these statues carry us back probably farther than any others to the infancy of the sculptor's art in representing the human form, and to the actual appearance of the descendants of Noah, at least in the line of Ham, not many generations after the deluge. One cannot help thinking that these early sculptures must have been known to the Greeks, for there is scarcely any perceptible break between such figures as the priest Ra-Nefer or the Scribe in the Louvre Museum and the earlier productions of Greek art.

But the next room in the historical series brings us into the presence of a new and different race, that of the Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings, who, in the disturbed and anarchical period that succeeded the early dynasties, invaded and took possession of Egypt, and are said to have held at least the lower portion of the country for 500 years. Few monuments exist of these people. They were, perhaps, less given to erecting permanent structures, or perpetuating their appearance in sculpture, than the native kings; but the late Mariette Bey was so fortunate as to secure, in the ruins of Tanis in the Delta, some indubitable representations of them, done in the hard and imperishable black didrite of Upper Egypt. We see at a glance that we are here in the presence of a new race. The faces are broad and flat, with high cheekbones, wide lower jaws, and prominent, thin-lipped mouths. The style of hair and dressing is different: there is a broad and bushy beard; and we see, in addition to a kilt with longitudinal stripes, and sometimes with what the Scots Highlanders call a philibeg in front, a leopard's skin thrown over the shoulders as a cloak. The countenance of these people is decidedly Turanian or Mongol, and, indeed, closely resembles that of the aboriginal races of North America. One of the figures in the Boulak Museum would pass for the portrait of a Chippewa chief. There is no race now in Egypt or Western Asia at all resembling these people, unless, as reported, a remnant of it still exists in the marshes of Lake Menzaleh. It is no wonder that this stalwart and rough-featured race was repulsive to the refined native Egyptian people, independently of the high-handed oppression attributed to it. It is further interesting to observe that if, as usually supposed, the name Hyksos is compounded of the word Huk or Og, and the tribal name Sos or Suzim, and means "King of the Suzim," we have in these statues authentic portraits of representatives of those old pre-Canaanite peoples of Canaan, so much dreaded by the Israelites, the Anakim, Zurim, and Zamrummim, and are enabled to connect these almost prehistoric populations with the early conquerors of Egypt. They were evidently men of stolid and determined character, probably of large stature and great physical power, and more given to war and the chase than to more quiet pursuits.

The Hyksos were expelled by the native Egyptians, who had concentrated their power

in Upper Egypt, under Amosis and his successors; but there must have been some compromise and intermixture, for we do not find in the statues of the succeeding dynasties the pure early Egyptian type. Seti, Rameses II., and other great kings of the "new monarchy," which is yet as old as the Exodus, show a mixture of the Hyksos type, and also of the Ethiopian or Nubian, in their features; and their military and aggressive character seems to tell the same tale. The relations of the Israelites to these successive dynasties forms an interesting question here, which, however, merits a more detailed discussion by itself, and in connection with points in the physical geology of the country which are now being worked out.

If we ask the question, What is to be seen to-day of the several races that have occupied Egypt? the answer may be found in the streets of Cairo, where one may find every type of countenance, from that of the early Egyptian to that of the English army of occupation. Three leading types are dominant, one is that of the Egyptian proper, and in this we often see startling resemblances to the oldest statues at Boulak. Another is that of the Nubian, a negroid style graduating into the genuine Ethiopian. Another is that of the Semitic Arab. Perhaps one may add the Turk—a very mixed race, but when it appears in its purity having some affinity with the Mongoloid type of the old Hyksos. There are, of course, all shades of indefinite intermixture; and the mixed race is, with the exception of a tendency to diseased eyes, one of good physique and well-formed head, auguring some promise for the future of Egypt in the new era which it may be hoped is dawning on it, under the influence of justice and Christianity.—PRINCIPAL DAWSON, of Montreal, in *The Leisure Hour.*

NUMBERS; OR, THE MAJORITY AND THE REMNANT.*

THERE is a characteristic saying of Dr. Johnson, "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." The saying is cynical, many will call it brutal; yet it has in it something of plain, robust sense and truth. We do often see men passing themselves off as patriots, who are in truth scoundrels; we meet with talk and proceedings laying claim to patriotism, which are these gentlemen's last refuge. We may all of us agree in praying to be delivered from patriots and patriotism of this sort. Short of such, there is undoubtedly, sheltering itself under the fine name of patriotism, a good deal of self-flattery and self-delusion which is mischievous. "Things are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be; why, then, should we desire to be deceived?" In that uncompromising sentence of Bishop Butler's is surely the right and salutary maxim for both individuals and nations.

Yet there is an honorable patriotism which we should satisfy if we can, and should seek to have on our side. At home I have said so much of the characters of our society and the prospects of our civilization, that I can hardly escape the like topic elsewhere. Speaking in America, I cannot well avoid saying something about the prospects of society in the United States. It is a topic where one is apt to touch people's patriotic feelings. No one will accuse me of having flattered the patriotism of that great country of English people on the other side of the Atlantic, amongst whom I was born. Here, so many miles from home, I begin to reflect with tender contrition, that perhaps I have not—I will not say flattered the patriotism of my own countrymen enough, but regarded it enough. Perhaps that is one reason why I have produced so very little effect upon them. It was a fault of youth and inexperience. But it would be unpardonable to come in advanced life and repeat the same error here. You will not expect impossibilities of me. You will not expect me to say that things are not what, in my judgment, they are, and that the consequences of them will not be what they will be. I should make nothing of it; I should be a too palpable failure. But I confess that I should be glad if in what I say here I could engage American patriotism on my side, instead of rousing it against me. And it so happens that the paramount thoughts which your great country raises in my mind are really and truly of a kind to please, I think, any true American patriot, rather than to offend him.

The vast scale of things here, the extent of your country, your numbers, the rapidity of your increase, strike the imagination, and are a common topic for admiring remark. Our great orator, Mr. Bright, is never weary of telling us how many acres of land you have at your disposal, how many bushels of grain you produce, how many millions you are, how many more millions you will be presently, and what a capital thing this is for you. Now, though I do not always agree with Mr. Bright, I find myself agreeing with him here. I think your numbers afford a very real and important ground for satisfaction.

Not that your great numbers, or indeed great numbers of men anywhere, are likely to be all good, or even to have the majority good. "The majority are bad," said one of the wise men of Greece; but he was a pagan. Much to the same effect, however, is the famous sentence of the New Testament, "Many are called, few chosen." This appears a hard saying; many are the endeavors to elude it, to attenuate its severity. But turn it how you will, manipulate it as you will, the few, as Cardinal Newman well says, can never mean the many. Perhaps you will say that the majority is, sometimes, good; that its impulses are good generally, and its action is good occasionally. But it lacks principle, it lacks persistence; if to-day its good impulses prevail, they succumb to-morrow; sometimes it goes right, but it is very apt to go wrong. Even a popular orator, or a popular journalist, will hardly say that the multitude may be trusted to have its judgment generally just, and its action gener-

* Address delivered in New York.

ally virtuous. It may be better, it is better, that the body of the people, with all its faults, should act for itself, and control its own affairs, than that it should be set aside as ignorant and incapable, and have its affairs managed for it by a so-called superior class, possessing property and intelligence. Property and intelligence cannot be trusted to show a sound majority themselves; the exercise of power by the people tends to educate the people. But still, the world being what it is, we must surely expect the aims and doings of the majority of men to be at present very faulty, and this in a numerous community no less than in a small one. So much we must certainly, I think, concede to the sages and to the saints.

Sages and saints are apt to be severe, it is true; apt to take a gloomy view of the society in which they live, and to prognosticate evil to it. But then it must be added that their prognostications are very apt to turn out right. Plato's account of the most gifted and brilliant community of the ancient world, of that Athens of his to which we all owe so much, is despondent enough. "There is but a very small remnant," he says, "of honest followers of wisdom, and they who are of these few, and who have tasted how sweet and blessed a possession is wisdom, and who can fully see, moreover, the madness of the multitude, and that there is no one, we may say, whose action in public matters is sound, and no ally for whosoever would help the just, what," asks Plato, "are they to do? They may be compared," says Plato, "to a man who has fallen among wild beasts; he will not be one of them, but he is too unaided to make head against them; and before he can do any good to society or his friends, he will be overwhelmed and perish uselessly. When he considers this, he will resolve to keep still, and to mind his own business; as it were standing aside under a wall in a storm of dust and hurricane of driving wind; and he will endure to behold the rest filled with iniquity, if only he himself may live his life clear of injustice and of impiety, and depart, when his time comes, in mild and gracious mood, with fair hope."

Plato's picture here of democratic Athens is certainly gloomy enough. We may be sure the mass of his contemporaries would have pronounced it to be monstrously overcharged. We ourselves, if we had been living then, should most of us have by no means seen things as Plato saw them. No, if we had seen Athens even nearer its end than when Plato wrote the strong words which I have been quoting, Athens in the last days of Plato's life, we should most of us probably have considered that things were not going badly with Athens. There is a long sixteen years' administration—the administration of Eubulus—which fills the last years of Plato's life, and the middle years of the fourth century before Christ. A temperate German historian thus describes Athens during this ministry of Eubulus: "The grandeur and loftiness of Attic democracy had vanished, while all the pernicious germs contained in it were fully developed. A life of comfort and a craving for amusement were encouraged in every way, and the interest of the citizens was withdrawn from serious things. Conversation became more and more superficial and frivolous. Famous courtesans formed the chief topic of talk; the new inventions of Thearion, the leading pastry-cook in Athens, were hailed with loud applause; and the witty sayings which had been uttered in gay circles were repeated about town as matters of prime importance."

No doubt, if we had been living then to witness this, we should from time to time have shaken our heads gravely, and said how sad it all was. But most of us would not, I think, have been very seriously disquieted by it. On the other hand, we should have found many things in the Athens of Eubulus to gratify us. "The democrats," says the same historian whom I have just quoted, "saw in Eubulus one of their own set at the head of affairs;" and I suppose no good democrat would see that without pleasure. Moreover, Eubulus was of popular character. In one respect he seems to have resembled your own "heathen Chinee;" he had "guileless ways," says our historian, "in which the citizens took pleasure." He was a good speaker, a thorough man of business, and, above all, he was very skilful in matters of finance. His administration was both popular and prosperous. We should certainly have said, most of us, if we had encountered somebody announcing his resolve to stand aside under a wall during such an administration, that he was a goose for his pains; and if he had called it "a falling among wild beasts" to have to live with his fellow-citizens who had confidence in Eubulus, their country, and themselves, we should have esteemed him very impertinent.

Yes—and yet at the close of that administration of Eubulus came the collapse, and the end of Athens as an independent State. And it was to the fault of Athens herself that the collapse was owing. Plato was right after all; the majority were bad, and the remnant were impotent.

So fared it with that Athenian State, with the brilliant people of art and intellect. Now let us turn to the people of religion. We have heard Plato speaking of the very small remnant which honestly sought wisdom. *The remnant*—it is the word of the Hebrew prophets also and especially is it the word of the greatest of them all, Isaiah. Not used with the despondency of Plato, used with far other power informing it, and with a far other future awaiting it, filled with fire, filled with hope, filled with faith, filled with joy, this term itself, *the remnant*, is yet Isaiah's term as well as Plato's. The texts are familiar to all Christendom. "Though thy people Israel be as the sand of the sea, only a remnant of them shall return." Even this remnant, a tenth of the whole, if so it may be, shall have to come back into the purging fire, and be again cleared and further reduced there. Nevertheless, "as a terebinth tree, and as an oak, whose substance is in them, though they be cut down, so the stock of that burned tenth shall be a holy seed."

The small remnant should be a holy seed, but the great majority, as in democratic Athens, so in the kingdoms of the Hebrew nation, were unsound, and their State was doomed. This was Isaiah's point. The actual commonwealth of the "drunkards" and the "blind," as he calls them, of Israel and Judah, of the dissolute grandees and gross and foolish common people, of the great majority, must perish; its perishing was the necessary stage towards a happier future. And Isaiah was right, as Plato was right. No doubt to most of us, if we had been there to see it, the kingdom of Ephraim or of Judah, the society of Samaria and Jerusalem, would have seemed to contain a great deal else besides dissolute grandees and foolish common people. No doubt we should have thought parts of their policy serious, and some of their alliances promising. No doubt, when we read the Hebrew prophets now, with the larger and more patient temper of a different race and an augmented experience, we often feel the blame and invective to be too absolute. Nevertheless, as to his grand point, Isaiah, I say, was right. The majority in the Jewish State, whatever they might think or say, whatever their guides and flatterers might think or say, the majority were unsound, and their unsoundness must be their ruin.

Isaiah, however, does not make his remnant confine itself, like Plato's, to standing aside under a wall during this life and then departing in mild temper and good hope when the time for departure comes; Isaiah's remnant saves the State. Undoubtedly he means to represent it as doing so. Undoubtedly he imagines his Prince of the house of David who is to be born within a year's time, his royal and victorious Immanuel, he imagines him witnessing as a child the chastisement of Ephraim and the extirpation of the bad majority there; then witnessing as a youth the chastisement of Judah and the extirpation of the bad majority there also; but finally, in mature life, reigning over a State renewed, preserved, and enlarged, a greater and happier kingdom of the chosen people.

Undoubtedly Isaiah conceives his remnant in this wise; undoubtedly he imagined for it a part which, in strict truth, it did not play, and could not play. So manifest was the non-fulfilment of his prophecy, taken strictly, that ardent souls feeding upon his words had to wrest them from their natural meaning, and to say that Isaiah directly meant something which he did not directly mean. Isaiah, like Plato, with inspired insight foresaw that the world before his eyes, the world of actual life, the State and city of the unsound majority, could not stand. Unlike Plato, Isaiah announced with faith and joy a leader and a remnant certain to supersede them. But he put the leader's coming, and he put the success of the leader's and the remnant's work, far, far too soon; and his conception, in this respect, is fantastic. Plato betook himself for the bringing in of righteousness to a visionary republic in the clouds; Isaiah—and it is the grand glory of him and of his race to have done so—brought it in upon earth. But Immanuel and his reign, for the eighth century before Christ, were fantastic. For the kingdom of Judah they were fantastic. Immanuel and the remnant could not come to reign under the conditions there offered to them; the thing was impossible.

The reason of the impossibility is quite simple. The scale of things, in petty States like Judah and Athens, is too small; the numbers are too scanty. Admit that for the world, as we hitherto know it, what the philosophers and prophets say is true: that the majority are unsound. Even in nations with exceptional gifts, even in the Jewish State, the Athenian State, the majority are unsound. But there is the "remnant." Now the important thing, as regards States such as Judah and Athens, is not that the remnant bears but a small proportion to the majority: the remnant always bears a small proportion to the majority. The grave thing for States like Judah and Athens is, that the remnant must in positive bulk be so small, and therefore so powerless for reform. To be a voice outside the State, speaking to mankind or to the future, perhaps shaking the actual State to pieces in doing so, one man will suffice. To reform the State in order to save it, to preserve it by changing it, a body of workers is needed as well as a leader—a considerable body of workers, placed at many points, and operating in many directions. This considerable body of workers for good is what is wanting in petty States such as were Athens and Judah. It is said that the Athenian State had in all but 350,000 inhabitants. It is calculated that the population of the kingdom of Judah did not exceed a million and a quarter. The scale of things, I say, is here too small, the numbers are too scanty, to give us a remnant capable of saving and perpetuating the State. The remnant, in these cases, may influence the world and the future, may transcend the State and survive it; but it cannot possibly transform the State and perpetuate the State: for such a work it is numerically too feeble.

Plato saw the impossibility. Isaiah refused to accept it, but facts were too strong for him. The Jewish State could not be renewed and saved, and he was wrong in thinking that it could. And therefore I call his grand point this other, where he was altogether right: that the actual world of the unsound majority, though it fancied itself solid, and though most men might call it solid, could not stand. Let us read him again and again, until we fix in our minds this true conviction of his, to edify us whenever we see such a world existing: his indestructible conviction that such a world, with its prosperities, idolatries, oppression, luxury, pleasures, drunkards, careless women, governing classes, systems of policy, strong alliances, shall come to naught and pass away; that nothing can save it. Let us do homage, also, to his indestructible conviction that States are saved by their righteous remnant, however clearly we may at the same time recognize that his own building on this conviction was premature.

That, however, matters to us little. For how different is the scale of things in the modern States to which we belong, how far greater are the numbers! It is impossible to overrate the importance of the new element introduced into our calculations by increasing the size of the remnant. And in our great modern States, where the scale of things is so large, it does seem as if the remnant might be so increased as to become an actual power, even though the majority be unsound. Then the lover of wisdom may come out from under his wall, the lover of goodness will not be alone among the wild beasts. To enable the remnant to succeed, a large strengthening of its numbers is everything.

Here is good hope for us, not only, as for Plato's recluse, in departing this life, but while we live and work in it. Only, before we dwell too much on this hope, it is advisable to make sure that we have earned the right to entertain it. We have earned the right to entertain it, only when we are at one with the philosophers and prophets in their conviction respecting the world which now is, the world of the unsound majority; when we feel what they mean, and when we go thoroughly with them in it. Most of us, as I have said already, would by no means have been with them when they were here in life, and most of us are not really with them now. What is saving? Our institutions, says an American; the British Constitution, says an Englishman; the civilizing mission of France, says a Frenchman. But Plato and the sages, when they are asked what is saving, answer: "To love righteousness, and to be convinced of the unprofitableness of iniquity." And Isaiah and the prophets, when they are asked the same question, answer to just the same effect: that what is saving is to "order one's conversation right;" to "cease to do evil;" to "delight in the law of the Eternal," and to "make one's study in it all day long."

The worst of it is, that this loving of righteousness and this delighting in the law of the Eternal sound rather vague to us. Not that they are vague really; indeed, they are less vague than American institutions, or the British Constitution, or the civilizing mission of France. But the phrases sound vague because of the quantity of matters they cover. The thing is to have a brief but adequate enumeration of these matters. The New Testament tells us how righteousness is composed. In England and America we have been brought up in familiarity with the New Testament. And so, before Mr. Bradlaugh on our side of the water, and the Congress of American Freethinkers on yours, banish it from our education and memory, let us take from the New Testament a text showing what it is that both Plato and the prophets mean when they tell us that we ought to love righteousness and to make our study in the law of the Eternal, but that the unsound majority do nothing of the kind. A score of texts offer themselves in a moment. Here is one which will serve very well: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are elevated, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are amiable, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise; have these in your mind, let your thoughts run upon these."* That is what both Plato and the prophets mean by loving righteousness, and making one's study in the law of the Eternal.

Now the matters just enumerated do not come much into the heads of most of us, I suppose, when we are thinking of politics. But the philosophers and prophets maintain that these matters, and not those of which the heads of politicians are full, do really govern politics and save or destroy States. They save or destroy them by a silent, inexorable fatality; while the politicians are making believe, plausibly and noisily, with their American institutions, British Constitution, and civilizing mission of France. And because these matters are what do really govern politics and save or destroy States, Socrates maintained that he and a few philosophers, who alone kept insisting on the good of righteousness and the unprofitableness of iniquity, were the only real politicians then living.

I say, if we are to derive comfort from the doctrine of *the remnant* (and there is great comfort to be derived from it), we must also hold fast to the austere but true doctrine as to what really governs politics, overrides with an inexorable fatality the combinations of the so-called politicians, and saves or destroys States. Having in mind things true, things elevated, things just, things pure, things amiable, things of good report; having these in mind, studying and loving these, is what saves States.

There is nothing like positive instances to illustrate general propositions of this kind, and to make them believed. I hesitate to take an instance from America. Possibly there are some people who think that already, on a former occasion, I have said enough about America without duly seeing and knowing it. So I will take my instances from England, and from England's neighbor and old co-mate in history, France. The instance from England I will take first. I will take it from the grave topic of England's relations with Ireland. I am not going to reproach either England or Ireland. To reproach Ireland here would probably be indiscreet. As to England, anything I may have to say against my own countrymen I prefer to say at home; America is the last place where I should care to say it. However, I have no wish or intention to reproach either the English or the Irish. But I want to show you from England's relations with Ireland how right the philosophers and prophets are. Every one knows that there has been conquest and confiscation in Ireland. So there has elsewhere. Every one knows that the conquest and the confiscation have been attended with cupidity, oppression, and ill-usage. So they have elsewhere. "Whatsoever things are just" are not exactly the study, so far as I know, of conquerors and confiscators anywhere; certainly they were not the

* Philippians iv. 8.

study of the English conquerors of Ireland. A failure in justice is a source of danger to States. But it may be made up for and got over; it has been made up for and got over in many communities. England's confiscations in Ireland are a thing of the past; the penal laws against Catholics are a thing of the past; much has been done to make up for the old failure in justice; Englishmen generally think that it has been pretty well made up for, and that Irishmen ought to think so too. And politicians invent Land Acts for curing the last results of the old failure in justice, for insuring the contentment of the Irish with us, and for consolidating the Union; and are surprised and plaintive if it is not consolidated. But now see how much more serious people are the philosophers and prophets than the politicians! *Whatsoever things are amiable*—the failure in amiability, too, is a source of danger and insecurity to States, as well as the failure in justice. And we English are not amiable, or at any rate, what in this case comes to the same thing, do not appear so. The politicians never thought of that! Quite outside their combinations lies this hindrance, tending to make their most elaborate combinations ineffectual. Thus the joint operation of two moral causes together—the sort of causes which politicians do not seriously regard—tells against the designs of the politicians with what seems to be an almost inexorable fatality. If there were not the failure in amiability, perhaps the original failure in justice might by this time have been got over; if there had not been the failure in justice, perhaps the failure in amiability might not have mattered much. The two failures together create a difficulty almost insurmountable. Public men in England keep saying that it will be got over. I hope that it will be got over, and that the union between England and Ireland will become as solid as that between England and Scotland. But it will not become solid by means of the contrivances of the mere politician, or without the intervention of moral causes of concord to heal the mischief wrought by moral causes of division. Everything, in this case, depends upon the "remnant," its numbers, and its powers of action.

My second instance is even more important. It is so important, and its reach is so wide, that I must go into it with some little fulness. The instance is taken from France. To France I have always felt myself powerfully drawn. People in England often accuse me of liking France and things French far too well. At all events I have paid special regard to them, and am always glad to confess how much I owe to them. M. Sainte-Beuve wrote to me in the last years of his life: "You have passed through our life and literature by a deep inner line, which confers initiation, and which you will never lose." "*Vous avez traversé notre vie et notre littérature par une ligne intérieure, profonde, qui fait les initiés, et que vous ne perdrez jamais.*" I wish I could think that this friendly testimony of that accomplished and charming man, one of my chief benefactors, were fully deserved. But I have pride and pleasure in quoting it; and I quote it to bear me out in saying, that whatever opinion I may express about France, I have at least been a not inattentive observer of that great country, and anything but a hostile one.

The question was once asked by the town clerk of Ephesus: "What man is there that knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is a worshipper of the great goddess Diana?" Now really, when one looks at the popular literature of the French at this moment—their popular novels, popular stage-plays, popular newspapers—and at the life of which this literature of theirs is the index—one is tempted to make a goddess out of a word of their own, and then, like the town clerk of Ephesus, to ask: "What man is there that knoweth not how that the city of the French is a worshipper of the great goddess Lubricity?" Or rather, as Greek is the classic and euphonious language for names of gods and goddesses, let us take her name from the Greek Testament, and call her the goddess Aselgeia. That goddess has always been a sufficient power amongst mankind, and her worship was generally supposed to need restraining rather than encouraging. But here is now a whole popular literature, nay, and art, too, in France at her service! stimulations and suggestions by her and to her meet one in it at every turn. She is becoming the great recognized power there; never was anything like it. M. Renan himself seems half inclined to apologize for not having paid her more attention. "Nature cares nothing for chastity," says he; "*Les frivoles ont peut-être raison;*" "The gay people are perhaps in the right." Men even of this force salute her; but the allegiance now paid to her, in France, by the popular novel, the popular newspaper, the popular play, is, one may say, boundless.

I have no wish at all to preach to the French; no intention whatever, in what I now say, to upbraid or wound them. I simply lay my finger on a fact in their present condition; a fact insufficiently noticed, as it seems to me, and yet extremely potent for mischief. It is well worth while to trace the manner of its growth and action.

The French have always had a leaning to the goddess of whom we speak, and have been willing enough to let the world know of their leaning, to pride themselves on their Gaulish salt, their gallantry, and so on. But things have come to their present head gradually. Catholicism was an obstacle; the serious element in the nation was another obstacle. But now just see the course which things have taken, and how they all, one may say, have worked together for this goddess. First, there was the original Gaul, the basis of the French nation; the Gaul, gay, sociable, quick of sentiment, quick of perception; apt, however, very apt, to be presumptuous and puffed up. Then came the Roman conquest, and from this we get a new personage, the Gallo-Latin; with the Gaulish qualities for a basis, but with Latin order, reason, lucidity, added, and also Latin sensuality. Finally, we have the Frankish conquest and the Frenchman. The Frenchman proper is the

Gallo-Latin, with Frankish or Germanic qualities added and infused. No mixture could be better. The Germans have plenty of faults, but in this combination they seem not to have taken hold; the Germans seem to have given of their seriousness and honesty to the conquered Gallo-Latin, and not of their brutality. And mediæval France, which exhibits the combination and balance, under the influence then exercised by Catholicism, of Gaulish quickness and gayety with Latin rationality and German seriousness, offers to our view the soundest and the most attractive stage, perhaps, in all French history.

But the balance could not be maintained; at any rate, it was not maintained. Mediæval Catholicism lost its virtue. The serious Germanic races made the Reformation; feeling that without it there was no safety and continuance for those moral ideas which they loved, and which were the ground of their being. France did not go with the Reformation; the Germanic qualities in her were not strong enough to make her go with it. "France did not want a reformation which was a moral one," is Michelet's account of the matter: "*La France ne voulait pas de réforme morale.*" At any rate, the Reformation did not carry France with it, and the Germanic side in the Frenchman, his Germanic qualities, thus received a check. They subsisted, however, in good force still; the new knowledge and new ideas, brought by the revival of letters, gave an animating stimulus; and in the seventeenth century the Gaulish gayety and quickness of France, the Latin rationality, and the still subsisting German seriousness, all combining under the puissant breath of the Renascence, produced a literature, the strongest, the most substantial and the most serious which the French have ever succeeded in producing, and which has, indeed, consummate and splendid excellences.

Still, the Germanic side in the Frenchman had received a check, and in the next century this side became quite attenuated. The Germanic steadiness and seriousness gave way more and more; the Gaulish salt, the Gaulish gayety, quickness, sentiment, and sociability, the Latin rationality, prevailed more and more, and had the field nearly to themselves. They produced a brilliant and most efficacious literature—the French literature of the eighteenth century. The goddess Aselgeia had her part in it; it was a literature to be praised with reserves; it was, above all, a revolutionary literature. But European institutions were then in such a superannuated condition, direct and just perception, free thought and rationality, were at such a discount, that the brilliant French literature in which these qualities predominated, and which by their predominance was made revolutionary, had in the eighteenth century a great mission to fulfil, and fulfilled it victoriously.

The mission is fulfilled, but meanwhile the Germanic quality in the Frenchman seems pretty nearly to have died out, and the Gallo-Latin in him has quite got the upper hand. Of course there are individuals and groups who are to be excepted; I will allow any number of exceptions you please; and in the mass of the French people, which works and is silent, there may be treasures of resource. But taking the Frenchman who is commonly in view—the usual type of speaking, doing, vocal, visible Frenchman—we may say, and he will probably be not at all displeased at our saying, that the German in him has nearly died out, and the Gallo-Latin has quite got the upper hand. For us, however, this means that the chief source of seriousness and of moral ideas is failing and drying up in him, and that what remains are the sources of Gaulish salt, and quickness, and sentiment, and sociability, and sensuality, and rationality. And, of course, the play and working of these qualities is altered by their being no longer in combination with a dose of German seriousness, but left to work by themselves. Left to work by themselves, they give us what we call the *homme sensuel moyen*, the average sensual man. The highest art, the art which by its height, depth, and gravity possesses religiousness—such as the Greeks had, the art of Pindar and Phidias; such as the Italians had, the art of Dante and Michael Angelo—this art, with the training which it gives and the standard which it sets up, the French have never had. On the other hand, they had a dose of German seriousness, a Germanic bent for ideas of moral duty, which neither the Greeks had, nor the Italians. But if this dies out, what is left is the *homme sensuel moyen*. This average sensual man has his very advantageous qualities. He has his gayety, quickness, sentiment, sociability, rationality. He has his horror of sour strictness, false restraint, hypocrisy, obscurantism, cretinism, and the rest of it. And this is very well; but on the serious, moral side he is almost ludicrously insufficient. Fine sentiments about his dignity and his honor and his heart, about the dignity and the honor and the heart of France, and his adoration of her, do duty for him here; grandiose phrases about the spectacle offered in France and the French Republic of the ideal for our race, of the *épanouissement de l'élite de l'humanité*, "the coming into blow of the choice flower of humanity." In M. Victor Hugo we have (his worshippers must forgive me for saying so) the average sensual man impassioned and grandiloquent; in M. Zola we have the average sensual man going near the ground. "Happy the son," cries M. Victor Hugo, "of whom one can say, 'He has consoled his mother!' Happy the poet of whom one can say, 'He has consoled his country!'" The French themselves, even when they are severest, call this kind of thing by only the mild name of emphasis, "*emphase*"—other people call it fustian. And a surly Johnson will growl out in answer, at one time, that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel;" at another time, that fine sentiments about *ma mère* are the last refuge of a scoundrel. But what they really are is the creed which in France the average sensual man rehearses, to do duty for serious moral ideas. And, as the result, we have a popular literature and a

popular art serving, as has been already said, the goddess Aselgeia.

Such an art and literature easily make their way everywhere. In England and America, the French literature of the seventeenth century is peculiarly fitted to do great good, and nothing but good; it can hardly be too much studied by us. And it is studied by us very little. The French literature of the eighteenth century, also, has qualities to do us much good, and we are not likely to take harm from its other qualities; we may study it to our great profit and advantage. And it is studied by us very little. The higher French literature of the present day has more knowledge and a wider range than its great predecessors, but less soundness and perfection, and it exerts much less influence than they did. Action and influence are now with the lower literature of France, with the popular literature in the service of the goddess Aselgeia. And this popular modern French literature, and the art which corresponds to it, bid fair to make their way in England and America far better than their predecessors. They appeal to instincts so universal and so accessible; they appeal, people are beginning boldly to say, to Nature herself. Few things have ever struck me more than M. Renan's dictum, which I have already quoted, about what used to be called the virtue of Chastity. The dictum occurs in his very interesting autobiography, published but the other day. M. Renan, whose genius I unfeignedly admire, is, I need hardly say, a man of the most perfect propriety of life; he has told us so himself. He was brought up for a priest, and he thinks it would not have been in good taste for him to become a free liver. But this abstinence is a mere matter of personal delicacy, a display of good and correct taste on his own part in his own very special circumstances. "Nature," he cries, "cares nothing about chastity." What a slap in the face to the sticklers for "Whatsoever things are pure!"

I have had to take a long sweep to arrive at the point which I wished to reach. If we are to enjoy the benefit, I said, of the comfortable doctrine of the remnant, we must be capable of receiving also, and of holding fast, the hard doctrine of the unsoundness of the majority, and of the certainty that the unsoundness of the majority, if it is not withstood and remedied, must be their ruin. And therefore, even though a gifted man like M. Renan may be so carried away by the tide of opinion in France where he lives, as to say that Nature cares nothing about chastity, and to see with amused indulgence the worship of the great goddess Lubricity, let us stand fast, and say that it is against nature, human nature, and that it is ruin. For this is the test of its being against human nature, that for human societies it is ruin. And the test is one from which there is no escape, as from the old tests in such matters there may be. For if you allege that it is the will of God that we should be pure, the sceptical Gallo-Latins will tell you that they do not know any such person. And in like manner, if it is said that those who serve the goddess Aselgeia shall not inherit the kingdom of God, the Gallo-Latin may tell you that he does not believe in any such place. But that the sure tendency and upshot of things establishes that the service of the goddess is ruin, that her followers are marred and stunted by it and disqualified for the ideal society of the future, is an infallible test to employ.

The saints admonish us to let our thoughts run upon whatsoever things are pure, if we would inherit the kingdom of God; and the divine Plato tells us that we have within us a many-headed beast and a man, and that by dissoluteness we feed and strengthen the beast in us, and starve the man; and, finally, following the divine Plato among the sages at a humble distance, comes the prosaic and unfashionable Paley, and says in his precise way that "this vice has a tendency, which other species of vice have not so directly, to unsettle and weaken the powers of the understanding; as well as, I think, in a greater degree than other vices, to render the heart thoroughly corrupt." True; and once admitted and fostered, it eats like a canker, and with difficulty can ever be brought to let go its hold again, but forever tightens it. Hardness and insolence come in its train; an insolence which grows until it ends by exasperating and alienating everybody; a hardness which grows until the man can at last scarcely take pleasure in anything, outside the service of his goddess, except cupidity and greed, and cannot be touched with emotion by any language except fustian. Such are the fruits of the worship of the great goddess Aselgeia.

So, instead of saying that Nature cares nothing about chastity, let us say that human nature cares about it a great deal; that, by her present popular literature, France gives proof that she is suffering from a dangerous and perhaps fatal disease, and that it is not clericalism which is the real enemy to the French so much as their goddess, and if they can none of them see this themselves, it is only a sign of how far the disease has gone, and the case is so much the worse. The case is so much the worse; and for men in such case to be so vehemently busy about clerical and dynastic intrigues at home, and about alliances and colonial acquisitions and purifications of the flag abroad, might well make one borrow of the prophets and exclaim, "Surely ye are perverse!" perverse to neglect your really pressing matters for these secondary ones. And when the ingenious and inexhaustible M. Blowitz, of our great London *Times*, who sees everybody and knows everything, when he expounds the springs of politics and the causes of the fall and success of ministries, and the combinations which have not been tried but should be, and takes upon him the mystery of things in the way with which we are so familiar—to this wise man himself one is often tempted, again, to say with the prophets: "Yet the Eternal also is wise, and will bring evil, and will not call back his words." M. Blowitz is not the only wise one; the Eternal has his wisdom also, and somehow or other it is always the Eternal's wisdom which at last carries the day. The Eternal has at-

tached to certain moral causes the safety or the ruin of States, and the present popular literature of France is a sign that she has a most dangerous moral disease.

Now if the disease goes on and increases, then, whatever sagacious advice M. Blowitz may give, and whatever political combinations may be tried, and whether France gets colonies or not, and whether she allies herself with this nation or with that, things will only go from bad to worse with her; she will more and more lose her powers of soul and spirit, her intellectual productiveness, her skill in counsel, her might for war, her formidableness as a foe, her value as an ally, and the life of that famous State will be more and more impaired, until it perish. And this is that hard but true doctrine of the sages and prophets, of the inexorable fatality of operation, in moral failure of the unsound majority, to destroy States. But we will not talk or think of destruction for a State with such gifts and graces as France, and which has had such a place in history, and to which we, many of us, owe so much delight and so much good. And yet if France had no greater numbers than the Athens of Plato or the Judah of Isaiah, I do not see how she could well escape out of the throttling arms of her goddess and recover. She must recover through a powerful and profound renewal, a great inward change, brought about by "the remnant" amongst her people; and for this a remnant small in numbers would not suffice. But in a France of thirty-five millions, who shall set bounds to the numbers of the remnant, or to its effectualness and power of victory?

In these United States (for I come round to the United States at last) you are fifty millions and more. I suppose that, as in England, as in France, as everywhere, so likewise here, the majority of people doubt very much whether the majority is unsound; or, rather, they have no doubt at all about the matter, they are sure that it is not unsound. But let us consent to-night to remain to the end in the ideas of the sages and prophets whom we have been following all along, and let us suppose that in the present actual stage of the world, as in all the stages through which the world has passed hitherto, the majority is and must be in general unsound everywhere—even in the United States, even in New York itself. Where is the failure? I have already, in the past, speculated in the abstract about you too much. But I suppose that in a democratic community like this, with its newness, its magnitude, its strength, its life of business, its sheer freedom and equality, the danger is in the absence of the discipline of respect; in hardness and materialism, exaggeration and boastfulness; in a false smartness, a false audacity, a want of soul and delicacy. "Whatsoever things are *elevated*"—whatsoever things are nobly serious, have true elevation*—that perhaps, in our catalogue of maxims which are to possess the mind, is the maxim which points to where the failure of the unsound majority, in a great democracy like yours, will probably lie. At any rate let us for the moment agree to suppose so. And the philosophers and the prophets, whom I at any rate am disposed to believe, and who say that moral causes govern the standing and the falling of States, will tell us that the failure to mind whatsoever things are elevated must impair with an inexorable fatality the life of a nation, just as the failure to mind whatsoever things are just, or whatsoever things are amiable, or whatsoever things are pure, will impair it; and that if the failure to mind whatsoever things are elevated should be real in your American democracy, and should grow into a disease, and take firm hold on you then the life of even these great United States must inevitably be impaired more and more, until it perish.

Then from this hard doctrine we will betake ourselves to the more comfortable doctrine of *the remnant*. "The remnant shall return;" shall convert and be healed itself first, and shall then recover the unsound majority. And you are fifty millions and growing apace. What a remnant yours may be, surely! A remnant of how great numbers, how mighty strength, how irresistible efficacy! Yet we must not go too fast, either, nor make too sure of our efficacious remnant. Mere multitude will not give us a saving remnant with certainty. The Assyrian Empire had multitude, the Roman Empire had multitude; yet neither the one nor the other could produce a sufficing remnant any more than Athens or Judah could produce it, and both Assyria and Rome perished like Athens and Judah.

But you are something more than a people of fifty millions. You are fifty millions mainly sprung, as we in England are mainly sprung, from that German stock which has faults indeed—faults which have diminished the extent of its influence, diminished its power of attraction and the interest of its history, and which seems moreover just now, from all I can see and hear, to be passing through a not very happy moment, morally, in Germany proper. Yet of the German stock it is, I think, true, as my father said more than fifty years ago, that it has been a stock "of the most moral races of men that the world has yet seen, with the soundest laws, the least violent passions, the fairest domestic and civil virtues." You come, therefore, of about the best parentage which a modern nation can have. Then you have had, as we in England have also had, but more entirely than we, and more exclusively, the Puritan discipline. Certainly I am not blind to the faults of that discipline. Certainly I do not wish it to remain in possession of the field forever, or too long. But as a stage and a discipline, and as means for enabling that poor, inattentive and immoral creature, man, to love and appropriate and make part of his being divine ideas, on which he could not otherwise have laid or kept hold, the discipline of Puritanism has been invaluable; and the more I read history, the more I see of mankind, the more I recognize its value. Well, then, you are not merely a multitude of fifty millions; you are fifty millions sprung from

* Οσα σεμνά.

this excellent Germanic stock, having passed through this excellent Puritan discipline, and set in this enviable and unbounded country. Even supposing, therefore, that by the necessity of things your majority must in the present stage of the world probably be unsound, what a remnant, I say—what an incomparable, all-transforming remnant—you may fairly hope with your numbers, if things go happily, to have!—MATTHEW ARNOLD, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

EURIPIDES AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER.

AMONG the services which Browning has rendered to literature, not the least conspicuous is his interpretation of Euripides. In "Balaustion's Adventure" and "Aristophanes' Apology," he has not only given a poet's rendering of two characteristic plays, the "Alcestis" and the "Phrensied Hercules," but he has given the student sympathetic guidance to their deeper meaning. He has enabled English readers to estimate at their true worth the criticism of A. W. Schlegel, and at the same time he has opened a striking view of speculations and desires which found a place in the mind of a great Athenian when Athens was greatest. Euripides is indeed the true representative of democratic Athens. He was of honorable descent, and had enjoyed the discipline of most varied culture. Gymnast, artist, and student, he had made trial of all that the city had to teach; and as holding a sacred office in the service of Apollo he had an inheritance from older religious feeling. It may also be said that Euripides lived and died with the Athens which has moved the world. His lifetime included the highest development of Athenian art and literature, the rise and the fall of Athenian supremacy. He was born on the day of Salamis (480 B.C.). He produced his "Medea" in the first year of the Peloponnesian War (431 B.C.). His "Trojan Women" was exhibited in the year of the expedition to Sicily and the recall of Alcibiades (415 B.C.). He died in 406 B.C., the year before Ægospotamos. He belonged wholly to the new order which is represented by the age of Pericles. Though he was only a generation younger than Æschylus, his works, when compared with those of his predecessor, represent the results of a revolution both in art and in thought.

But however different Æschylus and Euripides are in their views of existence, and in their treatment of life upon the stage, they are alike interesting to the student of the history of religious thought. Both speak with deep personal feeling. Both offer a partial interpretation of mysteries which fill them with an overwhelming awe. For both life with its infinite sorrows is greater than art. In this respect they differ from Sophocles, by whom they are naturally separated. Sophocles is not the poet as prophet, but the poet as artist. For him all that is most solemn, or terrible, or beautiful in human experience becomes simply an element in his work. He shows the perfection of calm, conscious mastery over the subjects with which he deals. but he does not speak to us himself. He has no message, no questionings, no convictions, beyond such utterances as harmoniously complete the consummate symmetry of his poems. It is otherwise with Æschylus and Euripides. Both are deeply moved and show that they are deeply moved, by religious feeling, as a spiritual and not an æsthetic force. But the feeling in the two cases is widely different.

Æschylus is the exponent of the old faith of Greece—stern, simple, resolute, strong in self-restraint. Euripides, on the other hand, has to take account of all the novel influences under which he had grown up; the speculations of Ionian philosophy, the larger relations of national intercourse, the force of a new domestic life. Once again Asia had touched Europe and quickened there new powers. Greece had conquered Persia only that she might better receive from the East the inspiration of a wider energy.

At the same time the political circumstances under which Euripides wrote helped to intensify the thoughts which were stirred by the teachings of Heraclitus and Anaxagoras. The glorious struggle of the Persian War, in which Æschylus had taken part, with its apparently plain and decisive issue, was followed by results widely different from that final triumph; and Euripides had to witness the long horrors of civil conflict, the shaking of the popular creed under unexpected disasters, paroxysms of popular fanaticism, the moral dissolution of the plague. He felt the grievous turmoil of opinion and action, and he reflected it. His constitution fitted him for his work. He was by nature inclined to ponder the problems of life and not to enter upon affairs. He was a student of men in books as well as in society; and the popular tradition which assigns to Anaxagoras a decisive influence over his view of the world may certainly be accepted as true; though nothing is less likely than that he was diverted from philosophy to the stage by the fate of his master. For Euripides is essentially a poet, and not a speculator. He deals with the mysteries of being from the side of feeling rather than of thought. A passionate fulness of human interest is the characteristic mark of his writings, and the secret of his power. He touched the common heart because he recognized the different phases of its ordinary sorrows and temptations and strivings.

The brusque lines of Philemon are a unique testimony to his personal attractiveness:—

> If, as some say, men still in very truth
> Had life and feeling after they are dead,
> I had hanged myself to see Euripides.

His verses had a still wider persuasiveness. After the disaster at Syracuse, prisoners found relief and even freedom if they were able to recite passages from his poems; and a chorus from the "Electra" is said to have saved Athens from destruction when it was taken by Lysander.

The significance of Euripides as a religious teacher springs directly from his position and

his character. He looks from the midst of Athenian society, a society brilliant, restless, sanguine, superstitious, at the popular mythology, at life, at the future, with the keenest insight into all that belongs to man, and what he sees is a prospect on which we may well dwell.*

I.

In order to understand the treatment of the popular mythology by Euripides, we must bear in mind the place which was occupied by the Homeric poems in contemporary Greek education. It is not too much to say that these were (if the phrase may be allowed) a kind of Greek Bible. Every Athenian was familiar with their contents; they furnished the general view of the relations of gods and men, of the seen and the unseen, which formed a fixed background to the common prospect of life. This being so they produced the impression that the divine forces corresponded with human forces, differing only in intensity and range. The gods were held to be of like passions with men, but stronger and wiser, with the vigor of undecaying energy. Such a conception affords an adequate basis for the ordinary duties of worship, and was not superficially at variance with morality. But more careful reflection showed that the beings of the Homeric Olympus failed to satisfy the ideal of spiritual sovereigns; that a mere increase in the scale of human qualities could not supply a stable foundation for reverence; that the worshipper must look beyond this crowd of conflicting deities if he was to find an object on which he could rest with supreme trust.

Such difficulties had not received a clear expression in the time of Æschylus, nor would he have been disposed to deal with them. The wants and sorrows of men vanish in his sight before the awful majesty of an inscrutable divine purpose. With Euripides the case was different: Man, and not Destiny, was the central subject of his art. His Orestes, for example, is not the instrument of a divine will, prompted, tortured, delivered by external powers, but a son racked with Hamlet-like misgivings, and finding within himself the justification and the punishment of his deed. Euripides, in other words, regarded the human and the divine as factors in life, alike real and permanent. He aimed at dealing with the whole sum of our present experience. He was therefore constrained to bring the popular creed in some way into harmony with absolute right and truth; to give a moral interpretation to current legends; to show that life, even as we see it, offers ground for calm trust on which man may at least venture to rest. Plato banished poets from his ideal republic on account of the moral difficulties raised by their representations of divine things. Euripides endeavored to find a more practical remedy for an evil which he could not but feel: he sought to penetrate through the words and figures of the traditional teaching which the poets adopted to the truths which lay beneath, and so to preserve the symbols of primitive belief without doing violence to moral instinct.

In attempting to fulfil this work, Euripides frankly acknowledges its difficulty. All investigation of the divine is, he lays down, necessarily beset by difficulty. This difficulty is increased by a superficial view of the course of human affairs. It is made insoluble by the literal acceptance of the details of mythology.

Under various circumstances Euripides makes his characters affirm the mysteriousness of the questions involved in theology. They may not either be dealt with or set aside lightly. The poet refuses to acquiesce in those perfunctory utterances of professional diviners in which many found relief;

> Why do ye, seated at oracular shrines,
> Swear that ye know the secrets of the gods?
> Men have no power to fashion such replies:
> For he that boasts he knows about the gods,
> Knows only this, the art to win belief.*

There is a complexity, a manifoldness, in the vicissitudes of providential government which at once arrests human attention and baffles it:

> What mortal dares to say that he has found
> By searching what is God, or what is not,
> Or what between—the utmost bound of thought—
> When he regards the work of Providence
> Moving with rapid course, now here, now there,
> Then elsewhere, with a sudden change of fate,
> Conflicting, unexpected?†

This first difficulty is inherent in all religious speculations; and the burden of ignorance may be borne with patience as belonging to man's nature. But a greater difficulty lies behind. The appearance of injustice is harder to endure than darkness, and Euripides dwells with sorrowful persistence on the moral inequalities of life. He finds in this the sorest trial of faith. The passionate exclamation of Bellerophon:

> 'Tis said by some that there are gods in heaven.
> There are not, are not; if men will not still,
> Bound by their folly, use the old wives' tale.
> Nay, look yourselves,‡

finds frequent echoes in his plays. So it is that the herald Talthybius, looking at the prostrate form of Hecuba, exclaims:—

> Zeus, shall I say that thou regardest men?
> Or that we hold in vain this false belief,
> Thinking there is indeed a race of gods,
> While fortune sways all human destinies?§

* Though it is impossible to use isolated expressions of the characters of a dramatist as evidence of his own belief, the general convergence of their opinions may be fairly taken as giving his judgment from various points of sight. In the endeavor to obtain a just view of the teaching of Euripides on the line of subjects mentioned above, I wrote out every passage in his extant plays and fragments which seemed to bear upon them, and the reader will judge how far they combine to give an intelligible result.

The references are given throughout to the edition of Nauck in Teubner's "Bibliotheca." The translations are sufficiently close, I hope, to enable the scholar to recall the original words at once, and at the same time, to convey the meaning faithfully to the English reader.

* Philoct. fr. 793. † Hel. 1137, ff. Comp. Hel. 711.
‡ Beller. fr. 288. Comp. fr. 892, 893; Scyr. fr. 185. Contrast, fr. 981.
§ Hec. 488.

And this apparent miscarriage of justice is as great negatively as positively. The failure of virtue to gain recognition is not less perplexing than undeserved suffering. For—

> If the gods, to man's degree,
> Had wit and wisdom, they would bring
> Mankind a twofold youth, to be
> Their virtue's sign-mark, all should see,
> In those with whom life's winter thus grew spring.
> For when they died, into the sun once more,
> Would they have traversed twice life's racecourse o'er;
> While ignobility had simply run
> Existence through, nor second life begun.*

A final difficulty lies in the letter of the divine legends. According to these, the gods act as no good man would act. Euripides meets the difficulty boldly. He affirms consistently that the legends about the gods, which tend to confuse human intuitions of right and wrong, of truth and duty, are not literally true. When Heracles recovered from his phrensy, and looked upon his murdered wife and children in bitterest sorrow and shame, Theseus sought to bring him comfort by recalling facts from the popular mythology; but Heracles rejects the consolation and replies:—

> I neither fancy gods love lawless beds,
> Nor, that with chains they bind each other's hands,
> Have I judged worthy faith, at any time;
> Nor shall I be persuaded one is born
> His fellows' master! since God stands in need—
> If he is really God—of naught at all.
> These are the poet's pitiful conceits.†

Elsewhere Euripides refers to the legends of the birth of Helen and the banquet of Thyestes, only to reject them.‡ The ground is given by Iphigenia—

> I think no Deity can be unjust.

And Bellerophon expresses the thought still more decidedly—

> If gods do aught that's base they are not gods.§

Following out this principle, Euripides ventures to openly condemn the gods for the actions attributed to them. At the close of the "Electra" the Dioscuri, addressing Orestes, who stands awestricken by the side of Clytemnestra, so pass judgment:—

> Just is her punishment, but not thy deed;
> And Phœbus, Phœbus—well, he is my king;
> I am dumb: though wise, not wise he spake to thee.‖

And the messenger who relates the death of Neoptolemus at Delphi concludes:—

> So did he [Apollo] to Achilles' son,
> Who offered retribution; he the king,
> Who giveth oracles to other men,
> The judge of righteousness to all the world,
> And bore in mind, like a malicious churl,
> Old grudges; how could such a one be wise!¶

Here, then, Euripides is directly at issue with much of the popular faith. How, it may be asked, can such language, widely different from the reckless banterings of Aristophanes, be reconciled with due respect for the divine? The answer seems to lie in the fact that Euripides draws a clear distinction between the Olympian gods and the One Being to whom they also minister. He was inclined to treat the Olympian gods as in some sense personifications or embodiments of human attributes. It is said that Anaxagoras interpreted the Homeric stories as symbolic,* and his scholar sought in the same line a worthy meaning for the current mythology. In this sense, Hecuba, addressing Helen, gives a striking interpretation of the Judgment of Paris. It was no contest of actual deities, but of conflicting passions. Aphrodite herself could have moved Helen and Amyclæ to Troy without leaving Heaven. But the Aphrodite who came with Paris and carried off the bride of Menelaus was the feeling which Paris stirred in Helen's breast.†

But while Euripides here finds in the soul itself the powers which man is tempted to place wholly without, it does not follow that he denies the objective existence of beings corresponding to human passions. On the contrary, he seems to recognize a correspondence between human feelings and impulses and supernatural forces, of which the Olympian deities were representatives. The origin of that which is extraordinary is referred to divine agency. Death and Madness are real powers external to man. Strife and Ambition, Hope, Justice, and Persuasion, derive their force from something without which is akin to them.‡ From time to time men move in a mysterious intercourse with spiritual beings. Hippolytus in his first joy can say to Artemis:—

> I feel thee near, and answer thee in word
> Hearing thy voice, yet seeing not thy face.§

It is not then surprising that imperfections should be found in beings which, even when they are felt to be most present and energetic, are essentially limited and human in their characteristics. But they can bring no repose or confidence to the soul. The poet as a religious teacher must look beyond himself, beyond the many gods—those colossal human figures, symbols or sources of man's conflicting passions—for that which gives unity to the view of existence.‖ And here it is that the "theology" of Euripides becomes of the highest interest. Philosophers had sought the principle of unity in some primal element; Euripides, though his language is naturally vague, seems rather to seek it in a vital force, which slowly differentiates and moulds all things. The

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* Herc. Fur. 635 (Browning).
† Herc. Fur. 1341 (Browning). Compare Antiope, fr. 209.
‡ Hel. 21; El. 737; Iph. Taur. 389.
§ Beller. fr. 294, 7. ‖ El. 1244. Compare 1301 ff.
¶ Androm. 1161. Compare Ion. 444, ff.; Orest. 28, 169; Iph. Taur. 35.

* Diog. Laert. ii. 11. † Troad. 969 ff.
‡ Hel. 1002; Antig. fr. 170; Iph. Aul. 392; Phœn. 798; 531. Compare El. 560. Iph. Aul. 973.
§ Hippol. 85; compare *Ibid.* 1391.
‖ The famous line with which the Melanippe originally opened obviously pointed to the Zeus of mythology, as different from the Supreme Sovereign:—

> Zeus, whosoe'er Zeus is, for by report
> I know him only. (Fragm. 483.)

Compare Herc. Fur. 1263.

force is distinct from the matter through which it is manifested. Human thought is incompetent to define it exactly or simply. Under one aspect it is revealed as law, under another as intelligence, under another as will. All are harmonized in that for which we feel. Thus Hecuba gives expression to her prayer of thanksgiving, when Menelaus declares his purpose of taking vengeance on Helen, the curse of Troy:—

> O Thou
> That bearest earth, Thyself by earth upborne,
> Whoe'er Thou art, hard for our powers to guess,
> Or Zeus, or Nature's law, or mind of man,
> To thee I pray, for all the things of earth
> In right Thou guidest on Thy noiseless way.*

From this point of sight the whole visible world appears as a progressive revelation of the One source of life. Euripides dwells on the prospect with evident delight. Heaven (Æther) and earth symbolize for him the force and the matter through whose union all the variety of things come into existence. But he teaches that even these two were once undivided. Perhaps he thought of matter as the first self-limited expression of force. Thus, in one of his earliest dramas, "Melanippe the Wise," he says:—

> Not mine the tale: my mother taught it me:
> How heaven and earth were undivided once,
> And when they grew distinct with separate forms,
> They bore, and brought to light all things that are—
> Trees, birds, and beasts, the creatures of the sea,
> And race of men.†

This primal marriage of Heaven and Earth finds renewal in the vital processes of Nature:—

> The earth longs for the rain, when the parched land,
> Fruitless through drought, lacks the life-giving shower;
> The glorious heaven longs, as it swells with rain,
> To fall upon the earth, with deep desire;
> And when they meet commingled—earth and heaven—
> They give to all, whereby the race of men
> Lives and is glad, being and rich support.‡

So things come into existence, and then in due time they are dissolved. Nothing is lost, but each element returns to its source, and enters into new combinations as the great cycle of life finds fulfilment:—

> Great earth and sky supreme are source of all;
> The sky supreme is sire of gods and men,
> And earth receiving fertilizing showers,
> Gives mortals birth, gives birth to tribes of beasts
> And that whereby they live; so she is called
> Mother of all, by just prerogative.
> Then that which springs from earth to earth returns.
> And that which draws its being from the sky,
> Rises again up to the skyey height,
> And nothing dies of all that comes to be,
> But being sundered, each first element,
> Freshly combined, displays some novel form.§

There is then nothing strained, when Euripides identifies the Heaven (Æther) with the One supreme sovereign power:—

> See'st thou this boundless Æther high aloft,
> Enfolding earth about with moist embrace,
> Believe that this is Zeus: hold this for God.‖

For, according to his conception, it suggests at least all that is contained in the sublime description of God—than which he has no grander:—

> The Self-existent, who in heaven's expanse
> Holds in His large embrace all things that are;
> Round whom the light, round whom in dusky shade
> The checkered night and the unnumbered host
> Of stars move gladly in unceasing dance.*

Euripides gains, in fact, from his dynamical view of Nature a vivid practical belief in the divine:—

> Wretched is he who when he looks on this
> Perceives not God, and does not cast afar
> The crooked cheats of airy speculators,
> Whose baneful tongue hazards on things unseen
> Words void of judgment.†

At the same time, the partial, fragmentary, imperfect deities are given back.‡ These, though not absolute, bring the divine near to men. Through these men may rise to that by which they also are strong. The highest instincts of humanity can look for satisfaction without. These, which are a divine manifestation

> In each of us our reason is a god§—

must have a perfect fulfilment in the divine. Men may confidently attribute to the gods the consummation of that which is noblest in germ in themselves. They can trust even to the severity of righteousness. He who looks for weak forgiveness of wrong done is faithless to his own heart:—

> So thou dost think the gods are merciful,
> When one by oath seeks for escape from death,
> Or bonds, or deeds of foeman's violence;
> Or shares his home with blood-stained criminals:
> Then truly they were less intelligent
> Than men, setting the kind before the just.‖

And the course of life, with all its inequalities, offers such glimpses of righteous retribution as are sufficient to support faith in the final triumph of supreme justice.¶

This faith springs naturally from the underlying sense of the unity of the source of all things. The gods themselves, offspring like men of the one Being, are bound by law. They are not arbitrary, capricious powers, but subject to a sovereign right. Apollo may not rescue Alcestis from death by his divine might, though the task is open to the effort of a human champion. Artemis bows to the ordinance which limits the action of one deity towards another, though obedience costs her the life of Hippolytus.**

> The gods are strong, and law which ruleth them;
> For 'tis by law we have our faith in gods,
> And live with certain rules of right and wrong.††

Man, in other words, is born religious, and

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* It is interesting to contrast Euripides' view of the divine origin of civilization (Suppl. 201) with Critias' view of the human origin of theology in the Sisyphus (Plut. Plac. Phil. 1, 7, p. 880).

† Troad. 884. ‡ Melanippe, fr. 488.

§ Fragm. 890. Compare Æsch. Danaid, fr. 38.

‖ Chrysipp. 836. Compare fragm. 1012; and Vitruv. viii. 1.

* Fragm. 935. Compare fragm. 867, 911. Still, in another sense, he speaks of Æther as "the dwelling of Zeus."—Melan. fr. 491.

† Peirith. fr. 596. ‡ Fragm. 905.

§ Fragm. 1007. The line is also attributed to Menander.

‖ Fragm. 1030.

¶ Œnom. fr. 581; Bacch. 1325; El. 582. Compare Herc. Fur. 347.

** Hec. 799. Compare *Ibid.* 847. †† Hipp. 799.

born with the faculty to recognize that which claims his devotion.

We have seen that the many gods are in one aspect ideals answering to human powers. Viewed under another light, they present different aspects of the One to whom they are finally referred. In different circumstances men necessarily conceive of God differently. He may bear this title or that, and the worshipper may dimly realize the unity of characters popularly divided:—

> I bear an offering of drink and meal
> To thee that rulest all, whatever name
> Thou lovest, Zeus or Hades; and do thou
> Receive this fireless sacrifice poured forth
> Of earth's abundant fruitage at my hands.
> For thou amidst the gods that dwell in heaven
> Wieldest Zeus' sceptre; and o'er these beneath
> Sharest the rule of Hades.*

Euripides, therefore, is perfectly consistent when he affirms man's dependence on the gods, while he denies the historic truth of the ancient legends:—

> No issue comes to men without the gods.
> We strive for many things, led on by hope,
> And toil in vain, as knowing nothing sure.†
>
> Apart from God no man is prosperous,
> Or comes to high estate. I rate at naught
> The fruits of mortal zeal without the gods.‡
>
> Why do they say that miserable men
> Are wise, O Zeus? For we depend on thee,
> And do but that which answers to thy will.§

For this is only to affirm in another form that unity of being for which he searches. Man cannot isolate himself. He is strong by sympathy. On the eve of a battle, fought for the maintenance of a common right, Theseus, the type of the true king, says--

> One thing we need, that the gods side with those
> Who honor justice: heaven and right combined
> Give victory; but virtue profits naught
> To mortals if it have not God to help.‖

Fate and the divine will are not two adverse forces, but complementary views of the same force. So the Dioscuri declare that they were forced to yield to "destiny and the gods," and counsel Electra that

> Henceforward she must do
> What Fate and Zeus determined should be done.¶

Such general convictions, while they destroy the root of many superstitions, give a solemn sanction to the obligations of reverence and worship.

> He hath no reason who lays cities waste;
> Temples and tombs—shrines sacred to the dead—
> He desolates, and then is lost himself.**
>
> Three virtues thou must put in act, my son;
> Honor the gods, thy parents, and the laws,
> The common laws of Greece. So shalt thou win
> The victor's glorious wreath of fair renown.††

And Heracles in a remarkable phrase connects the success of his descent to Hades with his initiation in the Mysteries.*

But Euripides has strong words of condemnation for the unworthy use which men had made of religious feelings. The right of sanctuary, which had been designed to protect the innocent, was unjustly turned into defence for the guilty:—

> If a man
> Seek refuge at an altar, stained with crime,
> I will myself, regardless of the law,
> Drag him to justice, and not fear the gods:
> For evil men must bear an evil fate.†

Especially he dwells upon the impostures of soothsaying, by which the real voice of the gods was corrupted.

> The oracles of Loxias are sure;
> As for man's art, I will have none of it.‡
>
> He has the true diviner's skill
> Who has the gods for friends.§
>
> He is best soothsayer who guesses well.‖

It is not the form of religious service, but the spirit which is precious. Acceptable worship must be accompanied by piety and effort.

> Who offers sacrifice with pious heart
> Obtains salvation, though his gift be small.¶
>
> Do what thou canst, and then invoke the gods.
> God helps the man who toils to help himself.**

From what has been already said, the profound significance of the Dionysian worship for Euripides will be at once clear. In that worship Nature found the fullest recognition as the revelation of the Divine. Man sought fellowship with God in the completeness of his being. The organ of knowledge was confessed to be, not the intellect, but life. Thus the *Bacchæ* is no palinode, but a gathering up in rich maturity of the fruit of the poet's earlier thoughts. Man cannot, he shows with tragic earnestness, attain to communion with the divine by pure reason, a part only of his constitution. He must keep himself open to every influence, and so by welcoming the new in time prove his loyalty to the old. The aged seer Teiresias strikes the keynote of the play when he affirms the coequal supremacy of ancestral belief and present revelation. In this way the majesty of the living whole of human existence is vindicated against philosophic or ceremonial one-sidedness.

> We trust no human wit in things divine.
> The faith our fathers handed down, and that
> Which we have welcomed, growing with our growth,
> No reasonings shall o'erthrow, even though it find
> The subtlest treasures of man's loftiest thought. ††

The fresh unfolding of the divine bounty requires, he pleads, grateful acknowledgment:

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* Fragm. 904. Compare fragm. 938, 1011.
† Thyest. fr. 395. ‡ Fragm. 1014.
§ Suppl. 734. ‖ Suppl. 594. Compare Hec. 1029.
¶ El. 1247; Hel. 1660. For Euripides' view of Providence and Fate, see Hippol. 1102 ff.; Heracl. 608 ff.; Fragm. 149, 217, 264, 354, 494, 1167; and the common refrain with which he closes the Alcestis, Andromache, Bacchæ, Helen, and Medea.
** Troad. 95. †† Antiope, fr. 219.

* Herc. Fur. 613. † Fragm. 1036.
‡ Elect. 399. § Hel. 759. Compare *ibid.* 753.
‖ Fragm. 963. The line is also attributed to Menander. Compare Iph. Ant. 955.
¶ Fragm. 940. Compare Dan fr. 329.
** Hippol. 435. Comp. Iph. Taur. 910; El. 80.
†† Bacch. 200.

Two powers there are 'mong men,
First before all, O youth: our mother Earth,
Demeter, call her by which name thou wilt,
Who stayeth mortals with the staff of life;
And the late-come, the son of Semele,
Who formed the rich draught of the clustered vine
And brought the gift to men.*

Seen in this light, the Dionysian worship is the witness to a real belief in the vitality of religion as answering to the completeness of man's nature. It does not aim at superseding that which went before, but at bringing it nearer to actual experience. Men must worship as men, feeling at once the richness and the limits of their endowments:—

Dwelling afar in heaven the Deities,
Behold the deeds of men:
It is not wisdom to be wise
And follow thoughts too high for mortal ken.†

Blest above all of human line,
Who, deep in mystic rites divine,
Leads his hallowed life with us,
Initiate in our Thiasus;
And purified with holiest waters,
Goes dancing o'er the hills with Bacchus' daughters.‡

So in manifold and solemn strains, unsurpassed in classical literature for calm sweet strength, Euripides lays open the joy of worship. The joy of the Dionysian worship with which he begins passes into the larger joy of universal piety:—

'Tis but light cost in his own power sublime
To array the godhead, whosoe'er he be;
And law is old, even as the oldest time,
Nature's own unrepealed decree.§

Hold thou fast the pious mind; so, only so shall glide
In peace with God above, in peace with men on earth,
Thy smooth painless life.
I admire not, envy not, who would be over-wise:
Mine be still the glory, mine be still the prize,
By night and day
To live of the immortal gods in awe:
Who fears them not
Is but the outcast of all law.‖

II.

The theology of Euripides takes its shape from his conviction that all Nature and all Life is a manifestation of one Divine Power. His view of human life corresponds with this conviction, and his view of being is concentrated in his view of humanity. All that is human claims his sympathy; and it may be said conversely that all that claims his sympathy is seen in its connection with man. He practically anticipates Browning's judgment that "little else is worth study than the incidents in the development of a soul."

This largeness of sympathy with all that is human is shown by the great range of his characters. Heroes, Greeks, barbarians, peasants, slaves, women, children, play a part, and a noble part, in his dramas. It was a reproach against him that he made all utter great thoughts alike. The charge is so far true that he strives to give to each the voice of a common humanity. He admits no exclusive prerogative of race, or sex, or birth. The yeoman in the "Electra" is as chivalrous as Achilles in the "Aulic Iphigenia."

Euripides thus deals frankly and gladly with all the elements of life, and he deals with actual life as he saw it. There is much that is mean and frivolous, and even repulsive, in the portraiture, but still the picture never ceases to be true to experience. His characters are not ideal, but the strangely mixed beings who are fashioned in the turmoil of passion and interest. It is perhaps for this reason that his women are both better and worse than his men. Through them Nature is revealed more directly; and it is a singular injustice of traditional criticism that the poet should be represented as a woman-hater who has left more types of female self-devotion than any other dramatist. The plays which exhibit the spontaneous intuitive sacrifice of Macaria; the thoughtful, reasoned resolution of Iphigenia; the tender, wifely dutifulness of Alcestis; the romantic love of Evadne, show the strength of woman in the most varied phases of its characteristic beauty.

Not less striking are the sketches of children which Euripides has given. Eumelus in the "Alcestis," Molossus in the "Andromeda," the sons of the father chiefs in the "Suppliants," add characteristic touches to the action; and the appeal of Iphigenia to the infant Orestes to plead for her life with silent tears, is conceived with pathetic tenderness.*

Generally, indeed, the stress which Euripides lays on domestic life is worthy of study. The scene between Menelaus and Helena is a unique example in Greek tragedy of the love of husband and wife.† Again and again the affection of parents for children, and of children for parents, is presented as full of supreme joy: "Children are men's souls," "A Heaven-sent charm of awful power."‡

Lady, this splendor of the sun is dear,
And fair the broad calm of the watery plain,
But nothing is so bright or fair to see
As to the childless, stung with long desire,
The light of new-born children in the home.§

Wretched the child
Who serves not those that bare him with the meed
Of noblest toil. One gives and gains again
From his own children what he gave himself.‖

The relations of the family lead up to the relations of the State, and when the claims of the family and State come into conflict the latter must prevail; for all life has a social destination and duty. In the "Erechtheus" the queen offers her daughter willingly for the deliverance of Athens. "Children," she says, "are born to us"

That we may save our altars and our land.
We call the city one, and many find
Their home there: how can I then ruin these
When I may give one life to ransom all?¶

But Euripides had a keen sense of the perils of public life,** and there can be no doubt that he describes his own ideal in the lines:—

* Bacch. 274. † *Ibid.* 392.
‡ *Ibid.* 72 (Milman).
§ *Ibid.* 893 (Milman); comp. Heracl. 902.
‖ *Ibid.* 1002 (Milman).

* Iph. Aul. 1124. † Hel. 622 ff.
‡ Andr. 417; Alcm. fr. 104. § Danae, fr., 318.
‖ Suppl. 361. Comp. Fragm. 848.
¶ Erechth. fr., 362, 14.
** Ion. 595, ff.; Med. 294, ff.; Hec. 254, ff.

Happy the man whose lot it is to know
The secrets of the earth. He hastens not
To work his fellow's hurt by unjust deeds,
But with rapt admiration contemplates
Immortal Nature's ageless harmony,
And how and when her order came to be.
Such spirits have no place for thoughts of shame.*

And again in a lighter, more joyous strain;—

Well! I am not to pause
Mingling together—wine and wine in cup—
The Graces with the Muses up—
Most dulcet marriage; loosed from Muses' law,
No life for me!
But where the wreaths abound, there ever may I be!†

Thus Euripides takes account of the manifold fulness of human existence, but the whole effect of life, as he sees it, is, in its external aspect at least, clouded with great sorrow. There is no music to charm its grief.‡ At the best it is checkered, like the face of the earth, with storm and sunshine—

I say the heaven men call so, as time rolls,
Shows in a parable the fate of men.
It flashes forth bright light in summer-time;
And deepens winter's gloom with gathered clouds;
And makes flowers bloom and fade and live and die.
So too the race of men with happy calm
Is bright and glad, and then is clouded o'er.
Some live in woe, some, prosperous for awhile,
Fade like the changes of the changeful year.§

Such is the life of miserable men,
Not wholly happy, nor yet wholly sad,
Blest for awhile, and then again unblest.‖

For the most part, however, pain outweighs pleasure. The consciousness of the instability of joy disturbs present delight with the prospect of inevitable change. There is no prerogative of immunity from suffering:—

He must not think that he will ever find
Unaltered fortune who has had no fall;
For God, I ween, if God He must be called,
Wearies of dwelling always with the same.
A mortal's joy is mortal. They who make
The present blind the future in their pride
Prove when they suffer what man's fortune is.¶

Death is the one certain limit of suffering,** and, therefore, it is not strange that to men in some moods it should seem "better not to have been born;"†† or, as it is expressed at length,—

'Twere well that men in solemn conclave met
Should mourn each birth as prelude to great woes:
And bear the dead forth from their homes with joy
And thanksgiving, as free at last from toils.‡‡

Life is called life, but it is truly pain.§§

Not to be born is one, I say, with death;
And death is better than a piteous life.‖‖

Nevertheless, those who are born to suffering cling to life—

Mortals are sad
In bearing earth to earth: yet it must be.
Life must be reaped, like the ripe golden grain,
One is and one is not.¶¶

For there is, after all, a mysterious uncertainty about the future, and men shrink from that which is beyond their experience. They—

Long to look upon the coming day,
Bearing a burden of unnumbered woes.
So deep in mortals lies the love of life,
For life we know, but ignorant of death.
Each fears alike to leave the sun's dear light.*

Meanwhile, man has a hard struggle to maintain, but he is able to maintain it. Whatever we may be tempted to think, Justice is a real and a present power. She does vindicate her authority, not in a remote future and on some other scene, but essentially here and now—

Thinkest thou
To overcome the wisdom of the gods?
That justice has her dwelling far from men?
Nay, she is near: she sees, herself unseen,
And knows whom she must punish. Thou knowest not
When she will bring swift ruin on the base.
'Tis true the working of the gods is slow,
But it is sure and strong.†

There is no ever-present, overwhelming weight of physical or moral necessity which crushes him. He is allowed from time to time to see that greater labors are the condition and the discipline of greater natures. And in spite of the obvious sorrows of life he can discern that a divine purpose is being wrought out which will find accomplishment. "There is at present great confusion in the things of gods and men."‡ But the source of the disorder lies not with God but with man.§ And in due time the inequalities and injustices which form the bitterest trial of the good will be righted, and that on the present scene of human conflict and failure, not by any sudden divine intervention or startling catastrophe, but by the sure working of the forces which are already in action:—

Think you that deeds of wrong spring to the gods
On wings, and then some one, on Zeus' book,
Writes them, and Zeus beholding the record
Gives judgment? Nay, the whole expanse of heaven
Would not suffice if Zeus wrote there man's sins;
Nor could he send to each his punishment
From such review. Justice is on the earth,
Is here, is by us, if men will but see.‖

The criminal is alarmed by unreal terrors, and then comforted by an unreal security:—

Justice will not assail thee, fear it not,
Not thee nor any other that doth wrong,
And pierce thy heart; but moving silently
With lingering foot, whene'er the hour is come,
She lays her heavy hand upon the base.¶

For it is said truly "that Justice is the child of time," of time "that looketh keenly, he that seeth all."** But in the end she makes herself felt:—

The man that for the passing hour doth wrong,
And thinks the gods have failed to see the deed,
Thinks evil, and is taken in his thought.
When Justice finds a space of quiet time
He pays full vengeance for the wrongs he did.††

Slow come, but come at length,
In their majestic strength,
Faithful and true, the avenging deities;
And chastening human folly,
And the mad pride unholy
Of those who to the gods bow not their knees.‡‡

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* Fragm. 902. † Herc. Fur. 673 (Browning).
‡ Med. 195. § Daval. fr. 832. ‖ Antiope, fr. 196.
¶ Fragm. 1058. Comp. Andromeda, fr. 152; Alex. fr. 63; Auge. fr. 275; Œd. fr. 558. Suppl. 331.
** Fragm. 908. †† Fragm. 900.
‡‡ Cresph. fr. 452. §§ Fragm. 957.
‖‖ Troades, 636. Contrast *ibid.* 632. ¶¶ Hypsip. fr. 757.

* Phœnix, fr. 813. Comp. Hippol. 193. † Bacch. 882.
‡ Iph. T. 572. § Pel. fr. 609.
‖ Melanippe, fr. 508. Comp. Andromeda, fr. 150.
¶ Fragm. 969. Comp. Fragm. 266, 588, 646, 1030.
** Antiope, fr. 223; Melanippe, fr. 509. Comp. Beller. fr. 305.
†† Phrix. fr. 832. ‡‡ Bacchæ, 882 (Milman).

The retribution which is thus indicated is often not complete at once. The sins of parents are visited on their children,* even as a later generation gathers the ripe fruit of earlier labor. A larger field than that which is offered by a single life is necessary for the revelation of this fulfilment of a just will; and it is a characteristic of the tragedies of Euripides that he introduces gods not so much to solve immediate difficulties in his plots, as to point out how in the future a righteous result will be assured. In no less than thirteen plays divine characters disclose the future issues of the action which will vindicate the mysterious course of Providence. And in this wider view of life the personal fate of the individual actors finds hardly any place.†

A wide view of life is required for the discernment of the justice of the divine government; and a wide view of life is necessary also for the fulfilment of human destiny. One chief cause of the sufferings and failures of men lies in the partial and inadequate view of the claims of being which is taken by those who are noble and good within a narrow range. This truth is brought out with impressive power in the characters of Pentheus and Hippolytus. Both are, up to a certain point, blameless and courageous, but they are unsympathetic to that which lies beyond their experience and inclination. They contemptuously cast aside warnings against self-will. They refuse to pay respect to the convictions of others, or to admit that their view of life can fall short of fulness. With tragic irony Pentheus is led to his ruin by a guilty curiosity, and Hippolytus, in the pathetic scene of his death, lays bare his overwhelming self-confidence. He can forgive his father, but he is defiant to the powers of heaven, and in the terrible line,

> Would that the curse of men might reach the gods,‡

he reveals at once the strength and the weakness of his character.

In this connection Euripides appears to indicate one use of suffering. The discipline of life as he regards it is fitted to give to men a truer and larger sense of human powers and duties than they were inclined to form at first. This lesson comes out prominently in the "Alcestis." In one aspect the drama is the record of a soul's purification. Admetus obtains life at the price which he was ready to pay for it, and he finds that it ceases to be the blessing which he sought. He sees in his father the full image of himself, and fiercely condemns the selfishness which he has shown. Little by little he fully realizes that what he has gained by consciously sacrificing another to himself is of no avail for happiness, and he is prepared to receive, cleansed in heart, that which has been won for him by the spontaneous effort of Heracles. This contrast of the two sacrifices and the two prizes is of the deepest meaning. Man cannot simply use another at his will for his own good; but he can enjoy the fruits of another's devotion. The life which Alcestis gave for her husband at his entreaty proved to be only a discipline of sorrow; the life which was wrested from death by human labor could be imparted to one made ready to welcome it.

In Pentheus and Hippolytus, Euripides has shown the failure of partial virtues; in Heracles—the man raised to heaven through toil—he seems to have wished to show a type of the fulness of life. The hero in the "Alcestis" keenly enjoys the pleasures of the feast in the close prospect of a terrible labor; and when he hears of his friend's loss he hastens to meet death with a kind of natural joy. He proves in act that the reward of victory is a new conflict, and with genial vigor accepts the condition of progress.

But even here there is a want. Man, as he is, cannot with impunity wrestle with Death and rob Hades of its terrors. At the moment when Heracles seems to have prevailed over the common enemy, and to have brought deliverance to his own house, Madness comes, and he works himself the ruin which he had just averted.* He, too, must feel his weakness. And so it is that in this last trial he rises to his greatest height. He sees the full measure of his calamity. He acknowledges that for him henceforward there is no hope. Where he looked for glory and joy, there can be only horror and pain. And feeling this, at the bidding of Theseus, he dares to live. In a fuller sense than before he has conquered death,† and he is ready for his elevation. The conception rises to the height of spiritual grandeur, and there is no nobler picture in Greek literature than that of the broken-hearted hero leaning on the friend whom he had rescued from the shades, and patiently going to meet exile and irremediable grief.‡ Toil consecrated by self-surrender could not but lead to heaven.

III.

A hero like Heracles is raised to heaven, but what has the unseen world for common men? To this question Euripides has no clear answer. He looks, as we have seen, for the vindication of righteousness on earth. His references to another order are few and vague. In this respect he holds the common attitude of the Athenian in the presence of death.§ There is, as Professor Gardner has pointed out, no trace of scenes of future happiness, or misery, or judgment, on early Greek funeral sculptures. The utmost that is represented is the farewell of the traveller who is bound for some unknown realm. And in the inscriptions which accompany them the future practically finds no place. The world to come is not denied so much as left out of sight. It is not a distinct object either of hope or of fear. Euripides, indeed, has recognized, twice at least, in memorable words the mystery of life

* Fragm. 970; Alcm. fr. 88. † Comp. fr. 21.
‡ Hippol. 1415.

* Herc. Fur. 922 ff. Comp. Hartung, *Eurip. restit.* ii. 29.
† *Ibid.* 1146. ‡ *Ibid.* 1398 ff.
§ Compare Professor Gardner, C.R., Dec. 1877, pp. 148 ff.

and death, the powerlessness of man to attain to a true conception of being:

> Who knows if Life is Death,
> And Death is counted Life by those below?
>
> Who knows if Life, as we speak, is but Death,
> And Death is life?*

But in the latter place he seems to shrink back from the positive hope which he has called up into mere negation, and he continues—

> Nay, lay the question by;
> But this at least we do know: they that live
> Are sick and suffer; they who are no more
> Nor suffer further, nor have ills to bear.

Elsewhere dim visions are given of the possibility of new modes of existence hereafter, and he suggests that the clinging love of earthly life is not more than an instinctive shrinking from the unknown:—

> We seem possessed by an unhappy love
> Of this strange, glittering, being upon earth,
> Because we know not any other life,
> And cannot gaze upon the things below,
> But yield to idle tales.†

But more commonly his characters give unqualified utterance to the dread of Death:—

> This light is very sweet to men to see,
> The realm below is naught. He raves who prays
> To die. 'Tis better to live on in woe
> Than to die nobly.‡
>
> Death, my dear child, is not all one with Life;
> For Death is nothing, but in Life Hope lives.§

Death, under this aspect, is presented as extinction, dissolution, in which there seems to be no room for further restoration:—

> He that but now was full of lusty life,
> Quenched like a falling star, hath rendered back
> His spirit to heaven.‖
>
> Suffer the dead to be enwrapped in earth,
> Suffer each element thither to return
> Whence first it came; the spirit to the sky,
> The body to the earth. For 'tis not ours,
> But lent to us, to dwell in while life lasts,
> And then the earth which formed it takes it back.¶
>
> Bless thou the living: every man when dead
> Is earth and shadow: nothing turns to nothing.**

But, of all the utterances on the future, the most pathetic in its utter hopelessness is that of Macaria. With generous and unhesitating devotion she offers herself for the deliverance of her kindred. She bids farewell to her aged guardian, Iolaus. She prays for the efficacy of her sacrifice. She asks for burial as her just recompense. And then she concludes: "This"—this salvation which I have bought, this grateful remembrance which I have gained—

> This is my treasure there,
> In place of children, for my maiden death,
> If there be any life beneath the earth.
> I pray there may be none. For if there too
> We shall have cares, poor mortals doomed to die,
> I know not whither we can turn; for death
> Is held the surest medicine for woes.*

Once only, as far as I know, is there any reference in Euripides to future punishment. The words have been regarded as an interpolation; but the fact that they occur in the "Helena" justifies the thought that the poet may have allowed himself to adopt in part an Egyptian belief, with which he could not have been unacquainted. Theonoe, a prophetess, sister of the king Theoclymenus, who wished to marry Helen by force in violation of the laws of hospitality, promises Menelaus her help in rescuing his long-lost wife. She cannot, she admits at once, be partner in her brother's crime:—

> Vengeance there is for this with those below,
> And those above, for all alike. The mind
> Of those that die lives not, indeed, but has
> Immortal feeling, grown incorporate
> With the immortal æther.†

The thought suggested by the last lines is, as far as I know, unique. The isolated life of the individual appears to be contrasted with a conscious participation in the divine life as man's final destiny. This participation is necessarily limited by Euripides to a part of man's nature; but in fashioning the thought he seems to have reached the loftiest idea accessible before the Gospel.

If, however, this be, as I believe, a true expression of the mind of Euripides, it is a solitary flash of light in the general gloom. When he speaks, as he does rarely, of the dead as still conscious, he does not conceive of them as more than the cold shadows of the Homeric Hades. Neoptolemus invites the spirit of Achilles to drink the blood of Polyxena offered in his honor.‡ Theseus, in reply to Heracles, says that in Hades he was weaker than any man.§ Those beneath the earth have no strength, no joy.‖ At one time they are supposed to be conscious of things above, and then again to be ignorant of them. Hecuba, in the same play, speaks of Priam as ignorant of her calamity, and anticipates the protection of Hector for his son Astyanax in the realm of the dead.¶ Orestes addresses his father in Hades as he shrinks from fulfilling the terrible duty required of him, and Electra nerves his indecision with the reply:—

> All this thy father hears. 'Tis time to go.**

Megara, in the "Hercules Furens," appeals to her lost husband in words which perfectly express the conflict of vague hope and fear:—

> Dearest, if any mortal voice is heard
> In Hades, Heracles, to thee I speak . . . .
> Help, come, appear, though but a shade to me,
> For coming thou wouldst be defence enough.††

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* Polyid. fr. 639; Phrix. fr. 830.
† Hippol. 193; comp. Ion. 1066; Iph. Aul. 1507.
‡ Iph. Aul. 1250; comp. *ibid.* 537: contrast *ibid.* 1368 ff.
§ Troad. 632. ‖ Fragm. 961. ¶ Suppl. 531.
** Meleag. fr. 536; comp. Suppl. 1140. This conception of the dissolution of the elements of man's being is of frequent occurrence in funeral inscriptions. It occurs on the monument to those who fell at Potidæa in 432 B.C.: though sometimes a personal continuance of the soul "in the realm of the blest" seems to be implied.—Comp. Prof. Gardner, l.c. pp. 162 ff. Lenormant, "La voie sacrée Eleusinienne," i. 51, 62 f.

* Heracl. 591. Comp. Antig. fr. 176; Alc. 937.
† Hel. 1013. ‡ Hec. 536. § Herc. Fur. 1415.
‖ Orest. 1084; Cresph. fr. 454. ¶ Troad. 1214; 1284.
** Iph. Aul. 688. †† Herc. Fur. 490.

Once, in the "Hecuba," Euripides has ventured to introduce the dead upon the stage. The ghost of Polydorus opens the crowning tragedy of the fall of Troy. With natural inconsistency the disembodied spirit speaks now of itself, and now of the unburied body as the "I":—

> I leave
> The chamber of the dead and gates of gloom.
> I lie upon the shore.*

Yet even here the shadowy vitality is only a transitory manifestation. The spirit, it is true, has left the body by its own act; it has obtained from the sovereign of the nether realm the power to appear. But all that it desires is burial and a tomb, the symbol of untroubled rest and posthumous remembrance.†

This representation of the Ghost of Polydorus offers an interesting parallel to that of the Ghost of Darius in the "Persæ." Widely different as Æschylus and Euripides are in their views of man and gods, they are alike in their general conception of Hades. The Great King, as Æschylus describes him, though a joyless prince below the earth, appears in ignorance of his people's disaster. He knows the future only as men may know it—from the oracles of the gods. The lesson which he has to give, to those who can yet follow it, is to rejoice in the present blessings of life:—

> I go beneath the gloom of earth;
> But you, ye elders, though in woe, be glad;
> And give your souls to joy while the day lasts,
> For wealth avails not to the dead below.‡

There is one partial exception to the general darkness which Euripides allows to fall over the grave. The plot of the "Alcestis" gives greater play to hope than is allowed elsewhere. The devotion of the heroic wife and the joyous strength of Heracles in the face of trials, which grow with each victory, inspire the spectators with confidence that even the terrors of death may be overcome at last:—

> On each soul this boldness settled now,
> That one who reverenced the gods so much
> Would prosper yet.§

But the confidence, so far as it exists, rests on the unique merits of Alcestis, and not on the common destiny of man. She is addressed with a prayer as a "blessed deity."‖ Still, for her also, Hades is sunless.¶ The future which Admetus looks forward to is, at best, a reflection of the present.** And doubt dashes the loftiest expectation:—

> If there—aye there—some touch
> Of further dignity await the good,
> Sharing with them, may'st thou sit throned by her,
> The bride of Hades, in companionship.††

But Alcestis herself does not rise beyond the legendary picture of the gloomy region of Hades. She sees the two-oared boat and Charon, and the darkness of the abode of the departed, and no ray of light falls upon it from the splendor of her devotion.*

There are, indeed, some few who are exempted from the cheerless lot of the common dead. The kindred of the gods can reach to Heaven. Thetis promises Peleus that she will hereafter make him an immortal god, and that he shall dwell with her in the palace of Nereus.† Heracles rises to Heaven itself.‡ Achilles and Menelaus are to live in the island of the blest;§ and the muse, his mother, promises Rhesus she will obtain for him life as "a human deity" though she will never see his face.‖ But in speaking of these unusual blessings Euripides keeps within the limits of the epic legend. He repeats the old traditions, but he does not extend them. With these exceptions even the gods, who show in the future the triumph of righteousness, are silent as to the retribution of an unseen state. They promise no happiness, they denounce no suffering in the invisible order. The powers of the unseen world do not come within their view. This is shown most remarkably at the close of the "Hippolytus." Artemis appears in order to bring consolation to her dying worshipper. It might have seemed almost necessary that she should draw a bright picture of future unhindered companionship, of free fellowship untroubled by passion, of purity triumphant and unassailable. But of this there is not a word. All that she offers is the prospect of a pitiful vengeance and the honor of celebration upon earth.

Vitruvius mentions that the tomb of Euripides was still a place of frequent resort in his time (c. B.C. 15). It was situated, he says, just above the confluence of two streams. The waters of the one were noxious and unfit for human use; the waters of the other were pure and refreshing, and pilgrims drank of them freely.¶ The description reads like a parable of the position of the living poet, and it is completed by a tradition preserved by Plutarch. The tomb, he relates, when it was completed was touched by fire from Heaven, in token of the favor of the gods. This divine consecration was given besides only to the tomb of Lycurgus.**

Euripides certainly suffered, and thought and wrote, at the meeting-point of conflicting currents of opinion and hope. He reflects and, to a certain extent, interprets the effects which followed from the dissolution of the old life and the old faith under the calamities of the Peloponnesian war and the influence of foreign culture. He treated the drama as Socrates treated philosophy; he brought it to the common concerns of daily experience, to the trials and the passions of simple men and women. So it is that he is the most modern of the ancient tragedians, because he is the most human.

The view of man's condition and destiny

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* Hec. i. 28.
† Comp. Hec. 319. The reference to "the third day" is remarkable.—See St. John, xi. 39, note.
‡ Persæ, 839.
‖ Alc. 1003.
** Alc. 363.
§ Alc. 604 (Browning).
¶ Alc. 436.
†† Alc. 744 (Browning).

* Alc. 252 ff.
† Andr. 1254, ff.
‡ Heracl. 9, 871, 910 ff.
§ Andr. l. c.; Hel. 1676.
‖ Rhes. 967.
¶ Vitruv. viii. 16.
** Plut. Lyc., 31.

which he gives is unquestionably sombre. He has visions of lofty truth from time to time, but he does not draw from them any abiding support for trust. In his tragedies, the sorrows and failures of the good make themselves felt in their present intensity; the anticipations of ultimate retribution rest rather upon a rational conviction that it must be, than upon that sense of a divine fellowship which draws from the fulfilment of duty an inspiration of joy under every disappointment.

The religious teaching of Euripides corresponds, in a word, with that most touching and noble sentence which Plato, in this case perhaps with more than usual truth, quotes from a conversation with Socrates on the evening of his death. "In regard to the facts of a future life, a man," said Phædo, "must either learn or find out their nature; or, if he cannot do this, take at any rate the best and least assailable of human words, and, borne on this as on a raft, perform in peril the voyage of life, unless he should be able to accomplish the journey with less risk and danger on a surer vessel—some word divine."*

We can then study in Euripides a distinct stage in the preparation of the world for Christianity. He paints life as he found it when Greek art and Greek thought had put forth their full power. He scatters the dream which some have indulged in of the unclouded brightness of the Athenian prospect of life; and his popularity shows that he represented truly the feelings of those with whom he lived, and of those who came after him. His recognition of the mystery of being from the point of sight of the poet and not of the philosopher, his affirmation of the establishment of the sovereignty of righteousness under the conditions of earth, his feeling after a final unity in the harmonious consummation of things in the supreme existence, his vindication of the claims of the fulness of man's nature, are so many testimonies of the soul to the character of that revelation which can perfectly meet its needs. Let any one carefully ponder them, and consider whether they do not all find fulfilment in the one fact which is the message of the Gospel.

It cannot be a mere accidental coincidence that when St. Paul stood on the Areopagus and unfolded the meaning of his announcement of "Jesus and the Resurrection," he did in reality proclaim, as now established in the actual experience of men, the truths which Euripides felt after—the office of feeling, the oneness and end of humanity, the completeness of man's future being, the reign of righteousness, existence in God.†—CANON BROOKE F. WESTCOTT, in *The Contemporary Review.*

HOW I BECAME A WAR CORRESPONDENT.

BEFORE passing to the subject of this paper I must premise that it has been written under the *force majeure* of an editorial injunction. I would not have it thought that I am other than proud of the profession in which I have spent the best years of my life; but, on the other hand, I am anxious to guard against the imputation of seeking to thrust under public notice personal details in relation to my own career.

I became a war correspondent because I had previously been a cavalry soldier, and it was a war correspondent who made me become a cavalry soldier. My earliest bias towards the profession of arms came to me from listening to a lecture on the Crimean war, which William Howard Russell delivered in the Music Hall of Edinburgh in the winter of '57. I had read his war-letters piecemeal, but his lecture forced me to buy his book, and the description of the cavalry work at Balaclava I read in its pages kindled in me a great ardor for the mounted arm. This remained but a theory until follies and extravagance abruptly terminated my university career, when it had a practical outcome in my accepting "the Queen's shilling" from a fine old recruiting-sergeant belonging to the Royal Dragoons. It was not long before I realized that cavalry regiments do not hurl themselves in wild career against hostile ranks with so great frequency as to impart to the pastime any character of monotony. I was disillusioned, yet the glamour did not wholly fade—no, nor is it dead yet, although I have no hope ever again to hear the trumpets sound the "charge," and see the war-horse pawing in the valley. I suppose I had a natural affinity for soldiering; anyhow I took to its drudgery with as much zeal as if I had never learned to conjugate Greek irregular verbs or make bad Latin verses. Five-and-twenty years ago there were few gentlemen in the ranks even of our cavalry regiments, and of the few who were fewer still had their heart in their work. When the little remittance came to me from home, most of it went in standing beer to old troopers, who, as they drank, could talk with spirit and force of the old "active service" days—how "Joey Yorke" still bade his men close in knee to knee and ride straight, after the bullet had smashed his knee; how "Duck Wilson," the sergeant-major, had ridden down the Russian colonel, and given him "point one" before he had time to go to ground; how young "Jack Noakes," whom I met the other day, a retired major in New Zealand, having had his horse shot under him, serenely killed a Russian cavalryman, and so remounted himself. The oldsters drank my beer, and I suppose laughed at me as they wiped their mustaches on their shirt sleeves; but, although I had no thought save for the present pleasure of listening to their tales, told as they were in the quaint forcible idiom of the barrack room, it was I who was the gainer. I was saturating myself with practical soldierhood, while the grizzled veterans were swilling my beer. Then when the troop-horses were bedded down for the night, and my comrades sallied out "into the town" to keep tryst with maid-servants or to swell the chorus in some beer-house tap-room, there were for me, till the watch-setting trumpet

* Phæd. p. 85, C. † Acts xvii. 23 ff.

sounded, three happy hours in the regimental library over the pages of Napier, or in tougher wrestle with the war-problems of Jomini.

Then there dawned in me the desire to write something descriptive of the manner of life we soldiers were living. I remember as if it were but yesterday, under what conditions I wrote my first article. It was at a table in the barrack-room, amidst din and turmoil. Fellows were singing as they pipe-clayed belts or burnished sword scabbards. I was interrupted by the necessity to clear the table away to make room for a fight. The first page of my manuscript was smeared with chrome yellow that dropped from the stripes of a pair of overalls hanging overhead. When I returned to England, after the Russo-Turkish war, some partial friends who were so good as to admire some exertions of mine in that campaign, did me the honor to entertain me at a banquet in Willis's Rooms. It was a coincidence passing strange that, as I rose with a heart overfull for eloquence, even were that gift at my command, to strive to stammer a few words in acknowledgment of the magnificent eulogium which George Sala had allowed himself to pronounce, my eye should have fallen on two men sitting by each other, Frederick Greenwood and Justin McCarthy, of whom the former, in his capacity as editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, had accepted the first contribution I ever dared send to a periodical, the latter had made a "Starlight Reading" of the first paper I submitted to a daily journal. I have often wondered whether Mr. Greenwood regarded the chrome-yellow drops as a species of voucher for the authenticity of the barrack-room origin of the article he accepted with words of encouragement that I can never cease gratefully to remember.

But ill-health cut short my soldiering days, and I had to lay down the sword for the pen. The pen has kept me and mine ever since, yet indirectly the sword has furnished the greater share of our rations. In the early days I lived a good deal on military sketches contributed to the "Starlight" column of the paper which Mr. McCarthy then conducted. Later I staked my small fortunes on a now long-forgotten journal which tried to prosper under the title of the *London Scotsman*. This paper was my own in every sense. I was the proprietor, and the sole contributor. Week after week it saw the light—my work from the first leader to the compiled "Births, deaths, and marriages" immediately preceding the advertisements, some of which, too, I had gathered in. Sketches, short stories, reviews, reports, each and all, such as they were, came from my pen. I wrote a novel in its pages to fill up space—a military novel, of course; a tale of the Indian Mutiny. I had not participated in the Mutiny campaign, nor had I ever been to India; but that was a matter of detail. Some readers may yet remember a stalwart medalled soldier, wearing too the Victoria Cross, who did duty as a private constable outside Moses and Sons' ready-made clothes shop in Oxford Street. This was "Hollowell of the deadly rifle," one of the nine heroes of "Dhoolie Square."

Hollowell is long dead, and Moses no longer exposes his cheap goods in the windows of the commanding corner over against Mudie's. Hollowell had been a soldier of the gallant Ross-shire Buffs, who played so valiant a part in Havelock's advance on Cawnpore and first relief of Lucknow. One day I fell into talk with him, and found him a man with a singular memory for picturesque details, such as give local color and verisimilitude to descriptions. Every week I leased two hours of Hollowell's time and talk, at a tariff of five shillings the interview; and as regularly incorporated what he told me into the week's instalment of my novel in the *London Scotsman*. I regarded it as in a sense a compliment when long afterwards the present Sir Henry Havelock, as the result of a perusal of the story in book form, expressed to me his firm conviction that I must be a deserter from the Ross-shire Buffs, since no man who had not actually made the campaign in that regiment could have given the story the local color which he was pleased to ascribe to it.

Anyhow it was the descriptions of battles, in this poor hand-to-mouth story, which has long sunk into deserved oblivion, that earned for me my first commission as a war correspondent. In those days the late Mr. James Grant was the editor of the *Morning Advertiser*. I have heard men laugh at Mr. Grant, but it would ill become me to have aught but kindly memories of one who was to me a good friend. He had come from our neighborhood, where in early life some of my people had been able to show him some favor, and this he remembered on my behalf. I never was on the staff of his journal, but he gave me a great deal of casual work, some of which was scarcely in my way, although I made a struggle to compass it without flagrant failure. The most trying commissions he gave me were to write notices of minor musical affairs, such as concerts. Now of music I know absolutely nothing—nature had given me no ear, and I never was able to whistle a tune in my life. I fancy Mr. Grant knew little more about music than did his "critic," nor probably were his readers very censorious; so I was able to wriggle along somehow, earning my half-guineas until an unfortunate misconception on my part put an end to my work in the musical department of the *Advertiser*. I was sent to a music establishment in Bond Street to write about a gentleman who performed on a new instrument which he called a "pedal-pianoforte." He played not less with his feet than with his hands, and his physical exertions were at once arduous and grotesque. It seemed to me that it was of his dexterous agility of which he desired to make exhibition, and I wrote of him more in the character of an acrobat than of a musician, without the faintest idea that I was not doing him the fullest justice. My praises of his phenomenal activity were duly printed, and judging by the tone of his remonstrance nature had not bountifully endowed him with the emotion of gratitude. So strenuous were

his expressions that they caused an arrestment of my musical commissions.

On that day of July, '70, on which France declared war against Germany, Mr. Grant sent for me, and startled me with the abrupt question whether I should care to go abroad for the *Advertiser* as its war correspondent, having been moved to ask this question, he said, because of the battle pieces he had read in my story in the *London Scotsman*. Far off, as a child might sigh for the moon, this work had been the dream of my life, ever since I had come to realize that I could write matter that men would print, and that other men would read. It had been never more than a dream. I had a diffident half-belief that some work I had put out of hand was not perceptibly worse than work I saw in the dignity of large type in important journals. But I was so absolutely out of the running. In the journalistic swim of the day I had neither part nor lot. Of editors and managers of the daily papers I knew not even the names. And lo! the thing had come to me, unasked; the moon had dropped into my arms! I never realized that there were two sides to the question—that the *Advertiser* was scarcely a journal whose correspondence was likely to attract the notice of a wide circle of general readers; that my own little paper must suffer during my absence; that I might be flinging away a substance, such as it was, for a vague shadow; and that because of the hostages I had given to fortune it behoved me not to be rash. No, I grasped Grant's hand in a rapture of gratitude; I stipulated for no remuneration save that he should pay a modest specified subsidy for the maintenance of those I was leaving behind; I took £10 for outfit, and £20 in my pocket as campaigning expenditure; bought a knapsack and a note-book, and started by the mail train (second class) the same night. A friend had taken charge for me of the *London Scotsman*.

Luck, in a way, was on the side of the enthusiastic novice. Mr. Grant seemed to have little more conversance with the theatre of war than that it would be somewhere in continental Europe, and he left it to me to make choice whether I would see what was to be seen with the Germans or with the French.

Since leaving the army, I had made some study of the military organizations of the great European powers; I had read Colonel Stoffel's warning letters; and I felt the conviction that even if the French were in condition to essay their old accustomed *rôle* of the first offensive, German method, system, and copiousness of available resource would ultimately bring victory to the Teutonic banners. How purposeful were the German military people, how smoothly and efficiently worked Moltke's vast machine, was demonstrated so powerfully in Henry Hozier's "Seven Weeks' War," that I wondered even then, as I have wondered in a growing ratio ever since, how so many clear-headed Britons should have been so implicit believers in the French supremacy. I, for my part, needed no moment for consideration before I decided to choose the German side of the great cockpit, and with little less deliberation I selected the point for which to make, with intent to see the earliest fighting. I left behind me when I quitted England the address of "Poste Restante, Saarbrück." In regard to the all-important question of "legitimation," the German term for permission to accompany armies in the field, I was in utter and happy ignorance. My assumption was that I could get along somehow; and so, while the great ones of the profession in whose ranks I was the humblest of raw recruits were haunting the Berlin bureaux in quest of their credentials, I was already looking at the fighting. I was very lucky. I saw everything up to Gravelotte in virtue of an informal scrap of permission General von Goeben had given me as I passed through Coblentz on my way to the front. It was not until the day after Gravelotte, when the German hearts were mellowed by victory, that I got the "Great Head-quarter Pass" signed by Podbielski, the quartermaster-general of King Wilhelm's staff, which was so potent a voucher wherever exhibited. Nor for this puissant document had I to beg and intrigue, and use influence. I had no influence to use. I simply called, the evening after Gravelotte, at the Bureau in Gorze of the general staff. There I found a friendly sergeant, to whom I explained what I desired to have, and with whom I left the credentials I carried from my newspaper, and the scrap Von Goeben had given me. I was bidden to return in an hour. I did so, and the friendly sergeant handed me the Podbielski legitimation, with the stamp and seal on it of the Royal Head-quarter, and the injunction to all and sundry to regard me as a fully accredited correspondent. The sergeant did my business for me; in connection with this affair I saw nobody save that genial spectacled non-commissioned officer.

We—I had found a staunch comrade in poor young Jacob de Liefde, who was representing the *Glasgow Herald*—had a strangely adventurous time of it between the frontier and the vicinity of Paris. Save for the occasional hire of a vehicle, we covered the ground on foot, knapsacks on backs. We were independent of quarters, for we bivouacked with the lightest hearts, and we carried our rations and did our cooking gypsy-fashion, under the lee of a sheltering hedge. We could scarcely be called war correspondents; rather we were journalistic tramps writing letters to our newspapers, which we posted in any field-post wagon we chanced on, with a vague hope that somehow or other they would reach their destination some day. We had no money for couriers back to the base with our despatches, no resources that would justify resort to telegraphic communication, no affiliation to any head-quarter through which our letters could be expedited. In the fullest sense of the term we were "unattached." It was an adventurous, racy, picturesque life; but it was not war correspondence in the more modern sense of that term. Later, it came with me to be a grievance—a matter of chagrin—that I should see anything notable, the account of which

English newspaper readers should not have before them within three days at latest. The feeling grew up in me, so centred did I become in my work, that I would rather not see such an occurrence at all than see it and not be able to justify my existence in relation to it by getting the description of it home *ventre à terre*. But this unquiet sense of responsibility had not got its grip on me, while as yet I promenaded Lorraine for the *Morning Advertiser*, with knapsack on back and a very small handful of napoleons in my pocket. It was not my affair that I had neither horses nor couriers. I have often thought since, had all the appliances been then at my command, such as in later campaigns I originated, elaborated, and strained many a time to their utmost tension, how I might have made the world ring in those early, eager, feverish days of the first act of the Franco-German tragedy! For we two reckless adventurous pedestrians seemed somehow to drift into the very heart of everything that was most sensational of those sensational days. I believe we were the last in the Saarbrück Exercir Platz on the day of the "baptism of fire," before the red-trousered skirmishers swarmed on to its level expanse.

We were in Saarbrück during the three days of the French occupation. Sometimes, in the advance, we were outside the German ground altogether, and drifting about in villages where no Uhlan had yet been. We drove through Chalons after the Germans had cleared out of it for the turning movement towards Sedan, and were gravely warned by the burghers against taking a road on which we were likely to meet the troopers from which they had been happily, although only temporarily, delivered. We were inside Sedan before its surrender was consummated. We saw Napoleon meet Bismarck on the Donchery Road, and witnessed the subsequent interview between the two. We were with Von Tumpling's advance patrols all the way from Reims to before Paris, and my first meeting with the diplomatist who is now Sir Edward Malet occurred almost within the fire-zone of the cannon of Fort Nogent, when the French escort who brought him out from the beautiful capital over which beleaguerment impended, handed him over to a stolid corporal of Silesian Uhlans, whose file was patrolling the road between Torcy and Claye. But, alas, it might have been in another world that all this good fortune of opportuneness had befallen me, for all that it made for any prestige to me in the character of a war correspondent. There had been one chance, indeed, to emerge from the rut of obscurity, but of that chance loyalty and honor forbade me to take avail. After Sedan I met Sutherland Edwards, who was acting for the *Times* as William Russell's colleague. I had told Edwards something of the singular luck in being in the heart of the throes of momentous events, which had come to us in the adventurous haphazard life we were leading; and he had spoken of our conversation to Russell, who, always full of single-hearted zeal for the interests of the great journal whose pages his genius has so often irradiated, made me the offer to recruit me into the cohort of which he was the captain. It was with a pang the poignancy of which wrung me sorely, that I was forced gratefully to tell him that not even for such promotion could I desert the colors under which I had taken service, futile in the way of making a name for myself as I had come to realize that service to be.

It was on the same day we had met Malet at the fireposts that there somehow came to me a letter which Mr. Grant had written to me. The casual field-post wagons had not carried my correspondence either with speed or certainty. Probably he had expected greater things than the means he had accorded to his representative had enabled that representative to accomplish. I had written with a copiousness and alacrity such as I have never since excelled, but letters had miscarried, and others had tarried cruelly long by the way. Anyhow his letter was a recall, the specific reason assigned being that since the Prussian troops had now advanced on Paris, and a siege of that capital being imminent, his correspondent inside Paris would now suffice to keep him informed of the progress of events. The German environment, as might have been foreseen, did not long delay to cut off from him the channel of supply on which the worthy editor professed to rely. It was a curious irony of fortune that when I penetrated into Paris immediately after the capitulation, one of the first Englishmen I found there, eating horseflesh and scanty bread that was half sand, was the correspondent whose existence formed the pretext for my supercession, eager to gather from me some scraps of intelligence concerning that outer world from which he had been so long cut off. Mortified by the tone of Mr. Grant's letter, my heart sank. The moon that had fallen into my arms I had found mere dust and ashes. My essay in the profession after which my soul had longed was an ignoble failure. The iron of disappointment and shame ate into my soul as I ruefully owned that I had tried to soar too high; and that my proper sphere was petty paper staining for the *London Scotsman* and such-like kindred grovelling.

I would not linger in the arena of my discomfiture. I happened to make the acquaintance of a German King's Messenger, who the same night was leaving Meaux with despatches for the German embassy in London. He was to travel with all speed, and he kindly accepted me as his companion. The journey was through Reims, Sedan, Bouillon, and so to the railway at Libramont. On the third day from that afternoon when in the dim heat-haze I saw afar off the glitter of the gilded dome of the Luxembourg, I stood forlorn and disconsolate in Fleet Street. Barely six weeks had elapsed since I had trodden that pavement buoyant with high hope, in a quiet delirium of joy that I had at length got my career; and now that pavement was again under the feet of a man overwhelmed with shame, crushed by the sombre con-

sciousness of having proved unequal to the career which fortune, conscious of his inaptitude, had mocked him with, humiliated now in the inverse ratio of his former confidence in his own powers. One drop was yet wanting to the bitter cup. It seemed my duty to offer Mr. Grant a final letter on the military situation I had so recently turned my back on. That letter he coldly and curtly declined. I was thought so unworthily of that a letter from my pen was summarily declined, notwithstanding that it would have been gratuitous, and would have contained details of the utmost moment, for which, as a matter of fact, the world was anxiously waiting.

I think this cut me deeper than any previous stroke of malign fate. But as I walked and smoked there befell me a recoil from utter prostration. My war-correspondent delusion was dead; but was that collapse to reduce me to drivelling idiocy? Had I not left still, then, some faculty of perception? Did I not stand here, in those somewhat dilapidated boots, the sole man in all this vast expectant London outside the German embassy, to whom belonged the knowledge of the dispositions of the German troops engaged in weaving round Paris that environment of blood and iron? I was a failure, but all the same before I went back into the mill-horse round of drudgery, was not this knowledge marketable? Then why not try to find the market for it, and go back to the grind with at least a few guineas in the pocket?

I took my resolution. I went into a shop, bought a blank visiting card, wrote on it my name with the legend underneath—"Left German front before Paris three days ago, possessed of exclusive information as to dispositions for beleaguerment." Then I put out my pipe, tramped down Tudor Street, struck across for Printing House Square, entered the *Times* office, and asked to see the editor. The door-keeper smiled—it was not yet noon; and informed me that the editor was not to be seen. In reply to my question whether there was any one acting for him whom I could see, he offered to take my card and bring back a reply. He was gone a few minutes, and the reply he brought back was to the effect that if I cared to write anything on the subject indicated in the memorandum on my card the proper course was to forward the article in the ordinary way, when the editor would have an opportunity of judging of its eligibility.

I left the *Times* office divided between two opinions. Was that journal omniscient, and so in a position to be indifferent to any information offered it, no matter how valuable on the face of things that information was; or was its wooden, stolid, grandiose manner so rigid in the phlegmatic routine of it that a relaxation was a matter of simple physical impossibility? I could not solve this problem; but this I was ruefully firm upon, that the off-chance of having a paper accepted on the given condition was not worth the trouble of writing it.

Perhaps I was wrong in coming to this conclusion, but my soreness made shipwreck of my temper. I shook the dust of the *Times* office from off my feet, and wandered out again into Fleet Street. One more opportunity I resolved to give Fortune, if she had a mind not wholly to flout me. There were three other daily papers—the *Daily News*, the *Telegraph*, and the *Standard*. I would not importune each of these in succession, but to one of the three I should make an application for the acceptance of this information of mine; if that application were unsuccessful, I should resign myself and go and put together the births, deaths, and marriages for the wearyful *London Scotsman*.

But which of the three papers was I to try? They were all strange alike to me, except that once the *Daily News* had paid me ninepence for a paragraph nine lines long—a fact which scarcely constituted a claim to introduce myself to its further notice. As I stood in front of the tobacconist's shop at the corner of Fleet Street which Ludgate Circus has swept away, I fell on the device of deciding by the toss of a copper to which of the three penny papers I should address myself. The *Daily News* won the toss, if this be the right phrase to use. To Bouverie Street I accordingly hied myself. It occurred to me on the way that I had heard the name of Robinson, somehow, in connection with the management of that paper. It was a vague impression, thus little was I conversant with daily journalism; but it grew on me so that when I reached the office I asked for "Mr. Robinson." Had I been told there was no such person, I think I should have gone away.

A memo., with my name, and the same legend as I had sent in to the *Times*, went up to Mr. Robinson, and presently I followed the memo. I said my say very succinctly, and probably a trifle cavalierly, for I had not great store of temper left. A quiet-mannered man with a high forehead looked steadily at me through his spectacles as I spoke, and then said, "Yes, that sounds very interesting and valuable. Will you oblige me by writing three columns on the subject and will you consider five guineas a column adequate remuneration? If so, please let the copy be sent in as rapidly as possible." They were kind and considerate words, that at once restored me to my sense of manhood, and yet went some way towards unmanning me, so strained by humiliations was my nervous system. I expressed my content, and it was arranged that a boy should be sent round hourly for copy to the chambers which I occupied in the adjacent Tudor Street.

In those days I had the gift, of which mental and physical strain have deprived me, of writing like a whirlwind, and I always found that the faster I wrote the better I wrote. As I painted, the picture breadthened on the canvas. I caught the details with alert ardor; I had that glow and sense of power that comes to a man with the consciousness that he is doing good work. In three hours' time, or thereabouts—it had not seemed ten minutes to me—I had written my allotted three columns, but the canvas allowed me would not

hold half my picture. I did not like to spoil it by cramping it up. But then, again, I was chary of exceeding the bounds assigned to me, lest it should seem I was greedy after more than the stipulated guineas. I determined I would go round and see this considerate Mr. Robinson, tell him how the case stood, and offer, rather than spoil my picture, to finish it in a fourth gratuitous column if he would have the charity to spare me the space.

Mr. Robinson had gone. Was, then, the editor there? The editor was absent holiday-making, but I could see the acting editor. The acting editor was reading a proof. I thought him a trifle gruff for the moment, but long since I have grown to know how little of gruffness there is in the sweet and genial nature of Edward Pigott. I explained my dilemma to him—briefly, because he gave me the idea of being impatient.

"Is this your stuff?" he trenchantly asked, laying his finger on the slip of proof before him.

I glanced at it and said it was my stuff.

"Well, then," said he, "we'll take as much of this kind of stuff as you care to write!" And this remark terminated the interview. Laconic as was his utterance, it went straight to my heart; I did not care that he should be a syllable more diffuse. I went to my chambers, and reeled off three more columns with a lighter heart than I had known since before Mr. Grant's letter came to me at Meaux. This done, I returned to the office to read the proofs.

Pigott was there, and not so busy as he had been in the afternoon. He expressed a wish for further contributions, and that these might be talked over at leisure, he gave me an invitation to breakfast with him next morning. I walked on air up to South Bank, for I had read my six columns, and not only did I think them good work, but I realized that they meant thirty guineas—far and away the best day's work I had ever done.

It was arranged between Pigott and me that my next contribution should concern itself with the narrative of what I knew about that lurid episode of the battle of Sedan that occurred in the village of Bazeilles. Other topics had been adumbrated, and I rejoiced to think that I had found a crutch to supplement the somewhat feeble and precarious staff of the *London Scotsman*. I looked in at the office to bespeak the same arrangement in regard to sending round for copy as had been in force the previous day. I was shown up to Mr. Robinson.

"You've come for your check, I suppose," said he, as it seemed to me a little shortly.

"No," I explained. "I have arranged with the acting-editor to furnish some further contributions, and by his directions I have called to ask you to have a boy call round for copy in the same way as yesterday."

"I think not," said Robinson, with what struck me as an intentionally aggravating drawl. "I don't think we will trouble you to write those contributions you speak of. I will explain the matter to Mr. Pigott."

I don't quite know what I did say; I know I lost my temper vehemently, and I believe I used strong language. I think I said something about having believed in editorial omnipotence, and my inability to understand this business of one man blowing hot and another blowing cold. Anyhow, I was not going to stand being made a fool of in this off-hand easy style; and I'd take good care I didn't darken the doors of the *Daily News* any more. And with that the *perfervidum ingenium* of my northern nationality being all ablaze, I removed myself abruptly from the presence, and swore my way down stairs into the street.

"Here, come back!" Robinson had shouted after me. "I want to speak to you!"

I fear that if he had acted on the strict letter of the brief retort I threw over my shoulder, he would have had no occasion to give any subsequent orders to his coal merchant.

I was striding up Bouverie Street, fiercely fuming behind my beard, when I felt a hand on my shoulder, and simultaneously I heard a voice—"Don't be a fool! I was going to say that I want you to start for Metz to-night!"

I turned and stared at Robinson—for it was he who had spoken—in the blankest amazement. Then he had meant no insult after all, but something indeed of quite a contrary tenor. And here was the real chance come at last, then, with all the prestige of a great paper—whose war correspondence was already the talk of the town—at the back of the offer; all the scope for making a name, if indeed the power to do anything in this direction did abide within me. It was a wonderful chance; but again, what a risk! With my recent experiences should I dare to take that risk? The struggle of conflicting emotions made me dizzy.

I will not weary the reader with the recital of the arguments that seemed to forbid me to accept Mr. Robinson's offer. It is possible that had I declined it I might have been a happier man to-day, for I have been a widower now for some eleven years. I might have been a haler man than I am to-day at forty-five, my nerve gone, and my physical energy but a memory. Yet the recompense! To have lived ten lives in as many short years; to have held once and again in the hollow of the hand the exclusive power to thrill the nations; to have looked into the very heart of the turning-points of empires and of dynasties! What joy equal to the thrilling sense of personal force, as obstacle after obstacle fell behind conquered, as one galloped from the battlefield, fraught with tidings which peoples awaited hungeringly or tremblingly! If the *gaudia certaminis* have an enthralling fascination for the soldier, scarcely less does the war correspondent share in the fierce rapture of the fray: and there may be for him joys and triumphs such as cannot light up the career of a soldier.

I requested Robinson to give me the day to decide, and to make arrangements should the decision accord with his wishes. At 7 P.M. I kept tryst at the rendezvous he had named, equipped for the journey. He gave me his good wishes and a roll of notes. I left England by the mail steamer the same evening,

and in two more days had my share of the straw in a Prussian "field watch" on the east side of Metz. It was then that in reality my career as a war correspondent began.—ARCHIBALD FORBES, in *The English Illustrated Magazine.*

THE EXPANSION OF ENGLAND.

THERE are two views respecting British possessions between which statesmen will have soon to choose. Imperialism regards all the parts of the motley heritage, the Colonies, India, and the military dependencies alike, as portions of an Empire not less inalienable than Kent, and in its romantic mood it throws over them all the drag-net of some poetic name such as the "Expansion of England" or the "Greater Britain." Anti-imperialism considers the case of each possession or class of possessions separately, declining to be bound to the perpetual retention of anything which is not found expedient to retain. Imperialism taunts Anti-imperialism with want of spirit. Anti-imperialism replies that moderation is gaining ground, though less rapidly, it may be, among the rulers than among the people, as is indicated by that strange survival of Bourbon and Napoleonic ambition, the foreign policy of France: and at the same time that the world has begun to learn that dependencies are not strength, otherwise perhaps Bismarck would be annexing his Tonquin. Furthermore, Anti-imperialism prays Imperialism to note that England, while she is grasping territory at the Antipodes, is in some danger of having a hostile republic cut out of her own side.

To lend moral strength to Imperialism it has been contended that the miscellaneous acquisitions embraced in the Empire are all of them historically parts and parcels of a great design which has been pursued by England through the last three centuries, and which formed the real motive for her policy even in the war of the Succession and that with Napoleon, though everybody supposed at the time and has believed ever since that the balance of power in Europe was the real, as it certainly was the ostensible, object of the contest. It is not pretended, apparently, that distinct proofs can be found of this in the speeches or despatches of the statesmen and commanders who were engaged, or in the writings of contemporary historians, journalists and pamphleteers. Such unconsciousness is surely incredible. England was the great maritime and commercial country; in war she used her strong arm, which was her navy; she looked out across the Atlantic to the New World; her people were hardy, daring, and above all others adapted by their political training for colonization.

This seems the plain account of the matter. New England, the vital germ of the American Colonies, was not a political expansion but a religious secession: the enterprize was thwarted by the Government, while, if the Puritans had been in power, it would never have been conceived. Maryland and Pennsylvania were also religious secessions; other settlements had their origin in gold-seeking. Cromwell conquered Jamaica to deal a blow against Spain, and to open the Spanish waters to English enterprise; but he offered it as a more genial home to the New Englanders, and his Colonial policy, so far as there is any trace of it, appears to have been emancipationist. That he made war on the Dutch to wrest from them Colonial empire is a view not in accordance with the facts. He made peace with the Dutch as soon as he came into power. The Republican Council of State it was that made war on them for their demonstrations of antipathy to regicide and their refusal to listen to overtures of union. The wars of the Restoration against the Dutch Republic can be more identified with the policy of Cromwell than can the Restoration itself. Commercial jealousy may have been at work here as in the Navigation Laws, but commercial jealousy is not Colonial aggrandizement. The chief aim of Chatham was surely to humble France. He did not plan the conquests in India, nor did he launch Wolfe upon Quebec till he had failed in descents upon the French coast.

France afterwards, to revenge herself on England, supported the revolt of the American Colonies. In the apprehension of the actors the transatlantic war was apparently secondary to that on the European scene. No series of events could be less visibly connected with the main policy of the national Government than the foundation of the British Empire in India. The Company was chartered for a mercantile object, while its first acquisitions of territory were almost clandestine, and depended on the coincidence of its territorial establishment in India with the dissolution of the Mogul Empire. English character appeared in these achievements, but not the purpose of the English Government, or the aspirations of the English people. The extension of the Empire in India has been almost wholly undesigned. The Government has been always fixing a limit, but has been drawn beyond it by collisions with barbarous powers, till the collision with the Sikhs brought on the annexation of the Punjab. Most of the West Indian Islands, as well as the Cape and Mauritius, were added to the Empire by the merest accidents of war. Pitt and other War Ministers, unable to cope with the great armies of the enemy on European battlefields, expended their forces in taking the outlying dependencies of France and her vassal allies. Their conquests were supposed of course to have a military and commercial value, but the annexation of sugar islands full of negroes can hardly have been regarded as an expansion of the English nation. The real marks of Napoleon's ambition, we are now told, was Colonial empire in the New World. Yet he sold Louisiana to the United States, while he dreamed first of Empire in the East, and then of making Paris the capital of Europe. Fancy can weave a web of connection over almost any group of historical facts, as well as over the stars of which she made the constellations. But Cardinal New-

man's theory of development has at least as substantial a basis as the theory which in this heterogeneous collection of Anglo-Saxon colonies, Oriental provinces, negro sugar islands, and military dependencies sees the result of a systematic, or at least of a continuous effort to create a Greater Britain.

The Indian Empire stands by itself, as Expansionists see, though they cannot help bringing it in to make up bulk and prevent their Greater Britain from being the Less. It is enough of itself to task the governing powers of an Imperial country, even if it were not, as it certainly is, bringing Egypt in its train. The moral title of England to the possession it is needless to discuss. India was conquered in the age of conquest; France, Spain, Portugal, or Holland would have conquered it if she could. Nor does the conqueror in this case trample on nationality, for there is no nation, there is nothing but strata of race deposited by previous conquests, and caste. Aggressions, or suspected aggressions, on caste have been the cause of all the mutinies, not excepting the last, and there has been nothing like a political rebellion. The English are the caste of government, the Moguls who came not from the mountains but from the sea. Of withdrawal, at all events, nobody now thinks. Not only would immense investments and a vast field of action be lost, but the country would be delivered over to a plundering anarchy. In the British provinces there would be left no germ of government or rallying point of order. The cultivated Bengalee with his aspirations and his Ilbert Bill is a child of the conquest, and would become extinct on the morrow of withdrawal. It would not be to the purpose therefore here to attempt the difficult task of striking the balance between the good and the evil of the connection, either as regards the Imperial or the subject people. England has to lay in one scale grandeur, true or false, a field of action for her youth, salaries and pensions, profitable investments, secure free trade with the two hundred millions, payment of a portion of her army, and the addition of the Sepoys, whatever it may be worth, to her military power. In the other scale she has to lay the perils and responsibilities of distant Empire, diplomatic embarrassments, wars with Russia, increased naval expenditure, and, in addition to these, the sinister influence of empire on freedom, of dealings with barbarism on civilization, of such works as the massacre of the mutineers on the moral character of the British nation.

In former days the nabobs in Parliament fearfully avenged the oppressed Hindoo. It was from the first evident that the change of route from the Cape to Suez would entail the occupation of Egypt with a new set of responsibilities and dangers. On the side of the Hindoo the question is not less complex. The subject race may be said, without fear of contradiction, to be governed more for its own good than ever before was the conquered by the conqueror. It is saved from war and Pindarrees. It multiplies apace, and the pressure on the means of subsistence, caused by its increasing numbers, is at least in part the source of sufferings which some Indian reformers have ascribed wholly to taxation. It has railways, encouragement of agriculture, British markets for Indian wheat, a regular police, just judges, security of property, postal communications, aid in local famines, schools for the few who can use them, suppression of Thuggism and Suttee, Christian missions, association in the lower part at least of the work of government. On the other hand, the ruler is an undomicilable alien, divided by a gulf of sentiment, as well as of race and language, from the subject millions; he alights, but he does not settle; he settles less than ever now that communication with his home has become rapid; whatever he accumulates he carries away; nor can he divest himself of the insolence of the conqueror, always greatest in the lowest grades. Taxation is heavy. Wellington said: "India is a fine country; it would be a shame to govern it ill; it will be ruinous to govern it well." The Ryot has to bear the cost of an army of occupation on double pay, a civil service with salaries at exile rate, the drain of pensions and the expense of European administration. The civilization produced among the millions is not that of a nation but that of a flock of sheep, all tended and sheared alike. Native character, energy, thought, art, whatever they may be worth, perish; there will be no other Taj Mahal. It seems that on the whole the people prefer a native dynasty, with its barbarisms and its fits of tyranny, to the British rule with its civilization and beneficence. Native dynasties under British control are restrained from excesses of misrule, but they are guaranteed against revolutions, the rough remedy of the East for insufferable incapacity or oppression. Never was an attempt made on so grand a scale or so much in earnest to wed conquest with beneficence. The result our grandchildren will know, if the Empire last so long. Two dangers threaten—financial deficit, which entails the fell and foul necessity of the opium trade; and the democratic spirit of the European community, which fancies that it can enjoy British liberties in a military Empire, and among them, the liberty of lording it over the Hindoo. Wisely did the Company discourage European settlement. If you have an Empire, you must have an Emperor; and only a Viceroy with absolute power, though responsible to British opinion, can possibly do justice to the subject race. Of all tyrannies in Hindostan the tyranny of a small British community would be the worst. We see how the white oligarchy have behaved in Jamaica. The more democratic England herself becomes, the more difficult it will be for her to rule the Indian, or any other, Empire. An Indian Empire would soon be the political ruin of the United States. Of abandonment, however, as was said before, nobody thinks, not even those who, caring perhaps more for the character of England and for her liberties than for the increase of her wealth, wish that the Indian Empire had never been. To talk of confer-

ring independence on the self-governed colonies *and* giving up India, is like talking of setting up your adult son in the world *and* putting away your wife.

Fortresses such as Gibraltar and Malta are no more expansions of England than are the guns upon their battlements. In the question between a retention and abandonment of such places, military reasons alone ought to prevail, for the pride is surely senseless which clings to a weak post in war. The retention of Malta offends no nationality, and since the opening of the Suez route it has become more indispensable than ever. The retention of Gibraltar deeply offends Spanish nationality, and has always thrown Spain into the arms of England's enemies, except when Bonaparte's aggression compelled her to accept British aid. It was the sense of this probably that made Chatham and afterwards Shelburne willing to resign so invidious a possession. Cobden was surprised to find that the Spaniards hated their British deliverers more than their French invaders; but they told him that they had got rid of the French while they had not got rid of the British. When the Continent was closed by Napoleon, Gibraltar was useful as a trading post; and afterwards it had a less reputable value as a smuggling station. It serves no such purpose now. It does not command the Strait, though it might do so in the days of sailing, when ships were at the mercy of winds and currents. Surely if Spain were to offer Ceuta in exchange, reason would bid England at least consider the offer. What difference steam and the improvement of artillery have made in the conditions of maritime war and in the tenability of out-lying fortresses in case of a war with great naval powers, it is for military and naval men to say. Some difference they surely must have made.

The West Indies are scarcely more parts of a Greater Britain than the fortresses. To acquire them was natural in days when, besides the vague notions of the strength derived from territorial aggrandizement, the mercantile system still prevailed; but few will now doubt that it would have been more profitable to buy their sugar than to possess them. England incurred the responsibility for slavery and exposed her politics and society to the corrupting influence of West Indian slave-owners who avenged the wrongs of the negro as the nabobs avenged those of the Hindoo. Then she incurred the expense of emancipation, and afterwards the trouble of dealing with the lazy shiftlessness of the emancipated slave, the discontent of the ruined slave-owner and that inevitable conflict between the whites and the blacks which culminated in the Jamaica disturbances and the exploits of Governor Eyre. While slavery existed in the United States and was aggressive, England was bound to defend the freedom which she had given the negro; but nothing threatens negro freedom now. No doubt the best government for the mixed population, and the most likely to hold the balance of justice even between whites and blacks, is that of a British ruler responsible to home opinion. But it is not easy to see what interest England herself has in a connection which would be most onerous and dangerous in case of war. However, at present the question of the West Indies sleeps.

That of the Colonies proper does not sleep. Progressive concessions of self-government extending at last to tariffs, and in the case of Canada to something like the negotiation of commercial treaties, have brought the Colonial dependencies to the verge of independence. At this point there is a reaction of sentiment among Imperialists, and while a return to Downing Street government is seen to be out of the question, proposals are put forth for politically reincorporating the Colonies with the mother country under the name of Imperial Federation. This idea has been hovering in the air and perplexing our counsel long enough: it is time that it should present itself in some practical form. Let a plan for a legislative reunion of the Colonies with Great Britain be brought into the British Parliament, and let decisive judgment be passed upon it there. Under the administration of Lord Beaconsfield, though Imperialism ruled the hour, no practical step was taken. It is almost useless in the mean time to ask over again the questions which have so often been asked. What Colonies are to be included in the Federation? South Africa and the West Indies with their mixed populations as well as Australia and Canada? How can the representation be distributed so as to give the Colonies a real voice? What relation is the Federal Parliament to bear to that of the United Kingdom? A double legislature of course there must be, since Australians could not be allowed to vote on matters purely British or Englishmen on matters purely Australian. But how would Party work under those conditions? How would confusion be avoided if, on a question of peace or war, the party which had the majority in the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and held the strings of the British purse, happened to be at variance with the party which led the majority in the Federal Parliament? How would the Federal Cabinet and the Cabinet of the United Kingdom, supposing they differed, adjust the difference? That the Colonies would ever consent to surrender their power of self-taxation, to allow their tariffs to be regulated by an assembly in London, to contribute to Federal armaments and pay for wars in Afghanistan seems hardly credible to one who lives in a colony. Representatives resident in England and under the influence of its society would soon lose the confidence of their constituents in the Colonies. It is equally difficult to believe that England would ever allow her foreign policy to be controlled by Colonial politicians. Even to assemble the Conference for the framing of the Federal constitution would not be easy: by the changes of party in the Colonies delegates would be losing their credentials almost as soon as they had taken their seats. And all this for what object? For material strength or for moral influence? How would any increase of either be ob-

tained? Would any substantial benefit accrue to a motley set of communities scattered over the whole globe and divergent in their characters and circumstances from membership of this vast political aggregation? And if no substantial benefit was felt by the masses in any of the Colonies, how long would the huge frame be held together? By bringing different and often adverse interests face to face, Federation itself evokes local jealousies and centrifugal forces of various kinds which, unless the sense of common interest is too strong for them, will break up the union. We know how difficult it was to maintain union both among the Dutch provinces and in America.

Federationists bewail British ignorance of the Colonies. Englishmen, they say, do not know one Australian Colony from another. Few Englishmen know a Canadian from an American, and I have seen a proclamation of the Privy Council in which Ontario was called "that town." This ignorance does not denote any want of kindly feeling, but it does denote an absence of community of interest which would be fatal to Federation. Nor can it be removed by political machinery, much less, as some enthusiasts seem to suppose, by the magic of a change of name.

Governorships of Colonies, like the monarchy which they represent, are now constitutional pageants, with scarcely a shred of political power left. Yet there is a real political bond between the mother country and the Colonies, and one which, unlike the nominal authority of the Colonial Office or its delegates, may endure forever, though, strange to say, most writers on Colonial subjects, perhaps even Colonial Secretaries, are unconscious or very dimly conscious of its existence. That bond is mutual citizenship, which enables the Englishmen and the Colonist on landing in each other's countries at once to exercise all political rights and enjoy all political privileges, without any process of naturalization. It would be looking too far into the future to talk of a possible extension of this political fraternity to the old Colonists of England in the United States. But that would be a Greater Britain indeed.

The particular phrase "Greater Britain" however I do not much affect. It seems to me, with the set of ideas and political speculations to which it belongs, to carry with it a fallacy something like the belief that the earth was the centre of the solar system. Standing on his historical island, the British Expansionist sees all the other communities of the race revolving round him, and fancies that they neither have, nor ever will have, any relations but to him. He fondly imagines that it was only owing to some unlucky defect in the old Colonial policy that the United States did not remain for ever in colossal babyhood as an appendage of Great Britain. Perhaps but for some defect in the Colonial policy of the Saxons, England might have remained an appendage of the old country on the Elbe. Surely it is conceivable that these young nations, under other stars, may be destined to live a distinct, perhaps even a greater, life of their own, though they must always cherish their ancestral connection with old England, and will be sure to cherish it the more the greater they grow, because their greatness will reflect enhanced interest and importance on the land from which they spring.

Language, literature, intercourse, history, transmitted habits, institutions and forms of thought, are the agents which propagate whatever of old England it is possible or desirable to propagate over the young English-speaking nations. The Governorships do not propagate English sentiment: they propagate only aristocratic sentiment, and that only in the circle immediately around them, the mass of the people remaining entirely unaffected and democratic to the core. Lord Beaconsfield tried to make one of them the means of propagating monarchical sentiment, but there surely can be little doubt as to the result. Etiquette is an essential part of constitutional monarchy and at etiquette, when an attempt was made to introduce it, the people first stared with astonishment and then laughed.

In war England would have to defend the Colonies. They have not, nor would their thrifty farmers and mechanics consent to maintain, a standing army or a navy. The Canadian militia, which has been magnified by loyal orators into a host of four hundred thousand men organized and ready for the field, is really about forty thousand strong. The men are drilled for twelve days in each year at the expense of the State, while some corps, especially in the cities, drill more frequently on their own account. The ten thousand Canadians offered through Lord Dufferin would have been simply recruits, excellent recruits no doubt, to be taken into the pay of England. Being without staff, commissariat or material, a Colonial force would scarcely be ready for the field within the brief time allowed by the swift march of modern war. It is hard to see then how these distant dependencies can be other than sources of military weakness, whatever the native valor of their inhabitants may be. As to prestige, which they are always said to afford, it is a pasteboard wall, and the illusion, if it exists, would be dissipated by the first bullet which came that way. The old commercial value of Colonies, as everybody knows, exists no longer. Instead of being restrained, in the interest of the English producer, from "manufacturing a horse-nail," they now lay import duties on English goods to encourage their own manufactures, and England could hardly apply to them the screw of retaliation which, if she wishes it, she can apply to foreign nations. So that the two original reasons for keeping Colonies in a state of dependence are at an end.

So much perhaps is generally admitted. But it seems more difficult to get people to give up the idea that dependencies have some special value as receptacles of emigration. Yet the volume of emigration to the United

States is greater than to the Colonial dependencies; and of the emigrants who land in Canada, half, sooner or later, find their way across the line. It is true that, landing in a colony, the emigrant at once enjoys political rights, whereas in a foreign country he requires naturalization; but the object of the poor in emigrating is to find bread, and the political question is of little, if any, importance in their eyes. Nor is the feeling towards the mother country much affected by the presence of her flag. The French in Canada and the German in the United States show as much of it as any Englishman in the Colonies. Nothing could exceed their excitement at the time of the war between France and Germany. Canadian politicians the other day, when the mother country was struggling with rebellion in Ireland, passed a vote of sympathy with the rebels, under the pressure of the Irish vote, just as American politicians would have done., Of her criminal population England is no longer relieved by her Colonies. Nor will she in future be relieved of her pauper population. Canada is at this moment protesting against any more consignments of pauperism from Ireland. The belief that these communities, because they are young, must welcome an addition to their population, of whatever kind, is natural; but it is a mistake. They are young in years; but they have lived fast. There is already a good deal of destitution in the cities, and many employments, especially those of a lighter and more intellectual kind, are almost as overcrowded as in the Old World. At Toronto an advertisement for a secretary at £120 a year brings seventy-two applications. In Canada those who have money to invest in farms may do well. Otherwise the only demand is for good farm-laborers and domestic servants. I would, in passing, call special attention to this fact.

The Colonies, on the other hand, could trade with the mother country, if they were independent, as well as they can now. As dependencies they can claim the protection of her armaments in war, but it is from their connection with her and her Imperial diplomacy, and from that alone, that their liability to be involved in war arises. Not one of them has enemies of its own. The idea that the United States are disposed to aggress upon Canada cannot survive a year's intercourse with their people. Americans look upon the whole question with singular indifference, and are not at all inclined to precipitate events. A Republic which forcibly annexes must incorporate unwilling citizens, who would at once form a party of disunion. If there is ever any danger in that quarter, the cause will be the anti-continental attitude and policy of Canada, which again have their main source in the influence of English reaction on the Canadian politicians. Territorial rapacity, since the fall of slavery, does not exist in the United States. This has been shown in the renunciation of St. Domingo and in the absence of any tendency to annex Mexico, though she has given frequent provocation and would fall an easy prey.

Nobody who has not lived in a dependency can be fully aware how complete is the want of national spirit, or how great the evils of the want of national spirit are. No pride is felt in the country; its name when uttered as an appeal awakens no enthusiastic response in any breast; in the real attachment of the citizen it ranks below sectional associations of all kinds, the fondness for which in fact springs partly from the lack of the larger sentiment. Nobody is willing to make any great sacrifice for a dependency, or passionately desires to link his name with its glory. Political ambition does not look to it for the highest honors or social ambition for the highest grade. Patriotism, in short, can hardly be said to exist, while Imperialism, supposing it to be a worthy substitute, is beyond the mental range of the great mass of the people. The effect is inevitably felt not only in the tone of public life but in the character of general aspiration. The very productions of a dependency are apt to be rated low by its own people. Laborious attempts have been made to give Canada a national hymn, but a national hymn can come only from the heart of a nation. The restless craving for the notice and patronage of England, which some Englishmen think so gratifying, arises in truth partly from a lack of English self-reliance and self-respect. Belgium does not crave for notice and patronage, nor does Ecuador. The Imperial Federationists are thoroughly right in saying that to make the Colonies truly British they must be placed on a footing of perfect equality in every respect with the mother country, whether they are right or not in thinking that equality can be attained by any means but independence. If England wishes to feel that she has bestowed on the communities which own her as their mother, not only life but a life as noble and fruitful as her own, she is taking the wrong road to the fulfilment of her wish by keeping the Colonies in a state of dependence.

There is a fancy that the presence of a Governor refines Colonial manners. Manners are a delicate question on which to offer an opinion. Otherwise I should venture to say that the manners of the men upon this continent who have raised themselves by honorable industry and commerce would bear comparison in all essential respects with those of any class or caste in the world, so long as the *men* are themselves. When made flunkeys they are naturally of all flunkeys the worst, because they can have none of those traditions by which in old Europe servility is softened and refined. Whatever may be the social defects of Colonists, they must find the cure for them in themselves and in their own social system, which is thoroughly and unalterably democratic. Let aristocracy be what it may in its native land, to inoculate Colonial society with it is to inoculate a living body from a corpse.

And so with politics. Democracy no doubt in the Colonies, as in the United States, is crude. But it will have to find in itself the means of correcting its own crudity and of combining with securities for freedom securities for order and for the ascendency of pub-

lic reason over interest and passion. In this arduous and perilous task it cannot be helped by any artificial intrusion of conservative institutions from the Old World. What is, or is supposed to be, conservative in England is practically the reverse of conservative in Canada or Australia. The phantom presence of a delegated royalty, instead of restraining the excesses of faction, which are the greatest danger of the democratic community, rather encourages them, or at least paralyzes the moral forces which might combat them, since it creates a false impression of the existence, apart from the factions, of a stable government, invested with supreme authority and able to save the country if violence and corruption should bring it to the verge of ruin. It masks from the people, in short, the peril of the political situation and weakens their self-control. As to the knighthoods, which English Imperialists are always proposing to multiply, nothing could be better founded then the protest, which I read the other day, of an Australian against such an attempt to create a mock aristocracy where real aristocracy cannot exist. The titles are and must be conferred by the Colonial Office very blindly, at the instance probably of Colonial Premiers, whose party necessities, rather than their sense of merit, are their guide in the selection; and they are sometimes bestowed on men who are as far as possible from being cynosures of honor. As the Australian says with truth, the people are beginning to learn that they cannot with confidence trust the management of their affairs to men whose strongest tie is not so much to the Colony as to the British aristocracy of which their order is a minor grade. The knowledge of this has combined with the sense of incongruity to lead some Colonial politicians to refuse their titles.

All Governors of course are not alike. One man comes without any personal object, performs with simplicity the duties of his office, speaks, when he has to speak, like a representative of royalty, sets a good example of liberal but unostentatious hospitality, tempers the violence of Colonial politicians a little behind the scenes and abstains from meddling with the destinies of a country in which he is only to sojourn for a few years. Another man comes with the personal object of advertising himself and providing a stepping-stone for his ambition. He corrupts society around him by the profusion of his entertainments, and the people at large by stump speeches full of noxious flattery, squanders public money, gives perhaps by the influence of his rank over the politicians a turn, and of course a reactionary turn, to the course of affairs at some important crisis; then waves a graceful adieu, while his responsibility vanishes with the smoke of the parting salute. If Canada had a chance of becoming a nation independent of the United States, she owes the loss of it, in no small measure, to a Governor-General of the more active kind.

These are general considerations and applicable to all the Colonies alike. But who, in the name of common sense, would regard as identical, and propose to treat on the same footing, the cases of Australia, South Africa and Canada? Australia lies in an ocean by herself, she entangles England in no liabilities or responsibilities beyond the possible necessity of protecting her in a maritime war. The Native question, even in New Zealand, is pretty well at an end, after costing England an immense sum of money and many gallant lives, expended in an inglorious warfare which, had the Colony been independent, would probably have been avoided by forbearance and negotiation. South Africa also lies by itself, and entails only the Native question, which in this case is far more serious, yet would apparently be settled by the Colonists if they were left to themselves, and if no Colonial Secretary were there to plan, in his aspiring mood, a South African Empire and to press upon the South Africans a counterpart of Canadian confederation, which they find totally unsuited to a group of provinces filled with a motley, and to a large extent uncivilized, population. But Canada, besides naval protection, would entail in case of war the defence of an open military frontier three thousand miles in length, and, what is far more serious, she involves England in the affairs of another hemisphere, and embroils her, ever and anon, with the United States. Canada, on the other hand, is cut off from the commercial life of the continent of which she is economically as well as geographically and ethnologically a part, with consequences to her prosperity which no energy on the part of her inhabitants can countervail. She is distinguished by another feature from the Colonies in Australia. Though partly British, she was originally and still is partly French. There could not be a greater proof of the unfamiliarity of Englishmen with the concerns of their transatlantic "Kent" than the serene assurance with which even writers on the special subject assume, that, thanks to the action of a wise policy, New France has ceased to be at all an obstacle to the consolidation of a British North America. It is possible that had the Imperial power been out of the way, and had the political and social forces of this continent been left to operate without restraint, New France might long ago have been assimilated and absorbed. But as it is, the fruits of Wolfe's victory have been lost. Instead of being absorbed, New France is absorbing. Her population, which multiplies almost as rapidly as the Irish, and in some measure from the same causes, instead of receding is advancing beyond its boundaries, and either thrusting out or swallowing up such British elements as had found place within its confines. The British population of the city of Quebec is reduced to less than seven thousand, and we are told that even the eastern townships are becoming more French. At the same time the feeling of French nationality is apparently growing stronger than ever, the connection with Old France is more than ever cultivated, and Old France responds so warmly as to suggest political aspirations on her part. Gallicanism, the quiet and submissive religion of the old *régime*, which with

other characteristics of the France before the Revolution had survived in this outlying remnant, has given way to the more stirring spirit of Ultramontanism embodied in the Jesuit, who after a mortal struggle with the Gallican Sulpicians has gained the ascendency in the Province. In case of war between England and France the heart of New France would be on the side of her mother country, and little reliance could be placed on the militia of Quebec.

It is assumed that Canadian confederation is a triumphant success; and British statesmen, proud of this offspring of their conservative genius, wish to press imitations of it on Australia and South Africa. A triumphant success it is for the politicians, who are naturally attached as a class to a system which, with its multiplicity of Governorships Cabinets and Parliaments, central and provincial, secures to them an almost unrivalled number of places, administrative and legislative, with salaries attached, besides affording them a most exciting game. But few Canadians who are not politicians would speak with the same confidence. The maritime provinces are separated from British Canada not only by the wilderness through which the Intercolonial Railway runs, its trains hardly taking up a passenger or a bale of freight on the road, but by New France, which cuts off the flow of British sentiment almost as completely as it could be cut off by any barrier of Nature. An inhabitant of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick still speaks of Canada as a different country, to which he belongs only in an official sense. New France forms almost a nationality apart, acting in her own interest. The other day her representatives at Ottawa refused to vote assistance to the Canadian Pacific Railway, the bond that is to be of a United British America, unless the Government would agree to pay a heavy fee to their Province. They stayed out of the House till the bargain had been struck, then came in and gave their votes. The relations between the central and the provincial authorities are far from being adjusted and a bitter quarrel has been going on between the Government of Ottawa and that of Ontario. By the consummate address of one man and his profound knowledge of everybody's character, motives and price, things have been and are held together; but that man is seventy, and nobody pretends to say what will happen when he is gone. In the mean time, as Australians and South Africans, before they embrace Federation, will do well to note, the debt of Canada has been doubled while that of the United States has been reduced, and there has been an enormous development of faction, intrigue, demagogism and corruption.

Imperialism in Canada has now entered, as all Englishmen have been made aware, on a vast undertaking, the object of which is to extend the Canadian dominion to the Pacific and to weld the scattered and disconnected provinces into an Empire of British North America, which shall balance the power of the United States and wrest from American democracy half the continent over which it seemed destined to spread. To understand the character and forecast the probable result of the enterprise, it would be necessary to have a map of the Canadian dominion not representing it as one vast block, including the North Pole, but marking out the cultivable and habitable portions, and at the same time showing the portion occupied by the French. It would then be seen that the four masses of territory which it is proposed to consolidate are severed from each other by the most estranging barriers of Nature, while one of them, Canada proper, is divided between two nationalities; and that all of them are connected geographically and commercially with the States of the American Union on which they border to the south. The maritime provinces, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward's Island, are severed from Canada proper by an irreclaimable wilderness, while they are connected with Maine and with New England. Canada proper, besides being divided internally between the British Colony and New France, is severed from Manitoba and the prairie region of the North-west by the great fresh-water sea called Lake Superior, while it is united to the State of New York and to Pennsylvania, from which it draws its coal. Manitoba and the North-west are severed from British Columbia by a triple range of mountains and connected with Minnesota and Dacota, between which and them there is only a political line across which people of the same race shake hands, while British Columbia is connected with the Pacific States. These obstacles are to be surmounted, Nature is to be vanquished, and the commercial outlet of each territory, placed by her to the south, is to be wrested round to the east and west by a line of political railways constructed at an enormous cost to the Canadian people. This is the western wing of a system of political roads, of which the eastern wing is the Intercolonial, constructed at a dead loss to the country of forty millions of dollars, and which, when the shorter line through American territory now in course of construction shall have been opened, will hardly be workable except at an expense which the Dominion will not bear. Meantime the two portions of the English-speaking race, between which for the purpose of Imperialism it is proposed by prodigious outlay to put division and establish antagonism forever, are actually fusing before one's eyes. There are now seven hundred thousand Canadians in the United States. Canadians of all grades and callings go there to push their fortunes with just as little compunction as a Scotchman goes to England. When Canada sets up a military college for the training of officers to command her troops against the Americans, the first cadet who passes takes himself off to practise as an engineer at Chicago. Churches, associations, conventions of all kinds, totally disregard the line. Of Canadian commerce not a little is in American hands. From the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway as a national enterprise all Americans are to be strictly excluded; yet the company includes a New York firm. Montreal, the greatest commercial city,

is closely connected with the States. New York is becoming at once the money market and the pleasure capital of Canada. American bank-notes pass freely in Canadian commerce; in fact there is almost a monetary union. The descendants of the American loyalists, United Empire Loyalists as they are called, keep up their historical celebrations, on which everybody looks with interest. But even among them, though the memory of their romantic origin is cherished, the anti-American sentiment can hardly be said to be intense. In the breast of the mass of the people it has almost ceased to exist. It is hardly stronger than the Scotch jealousy of England.

Mr. Bright, it seems, was told the other day by a Canadian politician that if he ventured to advocate union with the States before any meeting in Canada he would be hurled from the platform. That the politicians or most of them would wish to hurl him from the platform there can be no doubt —for a special reason already assigned. But I am not so sure about the people, though the press as well as the representation being in the hands of the politicians who have party organizations of extreme rigor, it is not easy to say what the sentiments of the people are. A very shrewd observer, who had been in politics, said to me once that if the people of the province of Ontario were any day to be told that they were the people of the State of Ontario, hardly a finger would be moved in opposition. There is no political movement, nor is it possible in the face of the party organizations that there should be, but along the border there is a strong and growing sense of the evil of the Customs line.

The practical effect of this great anti-continental enterprise, of which the Canadian Pacific Railway is to be the instrument, bids fair to be the very opposite of that which its projectors desire. Before, the Dominion, though not compact, was perhaps compact enough for nationality. Geographical and, with it, economical unity will now be utterly lost, while the North-west territory, immensely the largest of the whole series, when it is peopled as its boundless fertility promises, will, by its natural gravitation towards the States of the Union adjoining it on the south, hasten, probably, the slow step of annexation.

Nature has apparently dedicated the North American continent, inhabited as it is by men of the same tongue and of kindred character, to union, which does not preclude freedom of local self-development, to popular government, and to a reign of peace which, established here, may in time exercise a happy influence on the Old World and redeem its industrial millions from the oppression of the military system. No man of sense would wish to forestall the progress of sentiment or to hurry the march of events in any direction. But why should the people of England wish to thwart the beneficent councils of Nature and to introduce into a new world disunion, antagonism, the balance of power and the eventual possibility of war? The interest of a reactionary party may be served by such a policy, but what good will it do to the people? England, if she will leave the North American continent to itself, may have the firm and hearty friendship of its countless inhabitants, heightened by that affection for the mother country which never, not even in the Alabama times, has died out of the American breast. What more does she want, what more can she hope permanently to retain? Her pretended dominion on the other side of the Atlantic is mere weakness and danger, which her withdrawal would convert into strength and safety. Such is the conviction of at least one Englishman living on the American continent, who left his native country far too late in life to form any attachment half so strong as his attachment to her, and, though the reverse of a Jingo, believes himself to be heartily loyal, not only to her interest but to her greatness. —GOLDWIN SMITH, in *The Contemporary Review.*

P. S.—I have just read Mr. John Morley's paper on this subject. He clearly shows the difficulties which would beset the political architect in framing such a structure as Imperial Federation. But the speculative discussion has gone on long enough. It is time that the Imperial Federationists should fall to work if they believe in the practicability of their scheme.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

MASSACHUSETTS is always rich in fitting voices to commemorate the virtues and services of her illustrious citizens, and in every strain of affectionate admiration and thoughtful discrimination, the legislature, the pulpit, and the press; his old associates, who saw the glory of his prime; the younger generation which cherishes the tradition of his devoted life, have spoken the praise of Wendell Phillips. But his native city has justly thought that the great work of his life was not local or limited; that it was as large as liberty and as broad as humanity, and that his name, therefore, is not the treasure of a State only, but a National possession. An orator whose consecrated eloquence, like the music of Amphion raising the wall of Thebes, was a chief force in giving to the American Union the impregnable defence of freedom, is a common benefactor: the West may well answer to the East, the South to the North, and Carolina and California, Minnesota and New York mingle their sorrow with that of New England, and own in his death a common bereavement.

A LEADER THOUGH A PRIVATE CITIZEN.

At other times, with every mournful ceremony of respect, the commonwealth and its chief city have lamented their dead sons, conspicuous party leaders, who, in high official place, and with the formal commission of the State, have worthily maintained the ancient renown and the lofty faith of Massachusetts.

But it is a private citizen whom we commemorate to-day, yet a public leader; one always foremost in political controversy, but who held no office, and belonged to no political party; who swayed votes, but who seldom voted, and never for a mere party purpose; and who, for the larger part of his active life, spurned the Constitution as a bond of iniquity, and the Union as a yoke of oppression. Yet, the official authority which decrees this commemoration, this great assembly which honors his memory, the press, which from sea to sea has celebrated his name, and I, who at your summons stand here to speak his eulogy, are all loyal to party, all revere the Constitution and maintain the Union, all hold the ballot to be the most sacred trust, and voting to be the highest duty of the citizen. As we recall the story of that life, the spectacle of today is one of the most significant in our history. This memorial rite is not a tribute to official service, to literary genius, to scientific distinction: it is homage to personal character. It is the solemn public declaration that a life of transcendent purity of purpose, blended with commanding powers, devoted with absolute unselfishness, and with amazing results, to the welfare of the country and of humanity, is, in the American republic, an example so inspiring, a patriotism so lofty, and a public service so beneficent, that, in contem plating them, discordant opinions, differing judgments, and the sharp sting of controversial speech, vanish like frost in a flood of sunshine. It is not the Samuel Adams who was impatient of Washington, and who doubted the Constitution, but the Samuel Adams of Faneuil Hall, of the Committee of Correspondence, of Concord and Lexington—Samuel Adams the father of the Revolution, whom Massachusetts and America remember and revere.

The revolutionary tradition was the native air of Wendell Phillips. When he was born in this city, seventy-three years ago last November, some of the chief revolutionary figures still lingered. John Adams was living at Quincy, and Thomas Jefferson at Monticello; Elbridge Gerry was Governor of the State, James Madison was President, and the second war with England was at hand. Phillips was nine years old when, in 1820, the most important debate after the adoption of the Constitution, the debate of whose tumultuous culmination and triumphant close he was to be the great orator, began, and the second heroic epoch of our history, in which he was a master figure, opened in the long and threatening contest over the admission of Missouri. Unheeding the transactions which were shaking the land and setting the scene of his career, the young boy, of the best New England lineage and prospects, played upon Beacon Hill, and at the age of sixteen entered Harvard College. His classmates recall his manly pride and reserve, with the charming manner, the delightful conversation, and the affluence of kindly humor, which was never lost. He sauntered and gently studied; not a devoted student, not in the bent of his mind, nor in the special direction of sympathy, forecasting the reformer, but already the orator and the easy master of the college platform; and still, in the memory of his old companions, he walks those college paths in unfading youth, a figure of patrician port, of sovereign grace—a prince coming to his kingdom.

AN ERA OF MORAL APATHY.

The tranquil years at the university ended, and he graduated in 1831, the year of "Nat." Turner's insurrection in Virginia, the year, also, in which Mr. Garrison issued "The Liberator," and for unequivocally proclaiming the principle of the Declaration of Independence, was denounced as a public enemy. Like other gently nurtured Boston boys, Phillips began the study of law, and as it proceeded, doubtless the sirens sang to him, as to the noble youth of every country and time. If, musing over Coke and Blackstone, in the full consciousness of ample powers and of fortunate opportunities, he sometimes forecast the future, he doubtless saw himself succeeding Fisher Ames, and Harrison Gray Otis, and Daniel Webster, rising from the Bar to the Legislature, from the Legislature to the Senate, from the Senate—who knew whither?—the idol of society, the applauded orator, the brilliant champion of the elegant repose and the cultivated conservatism of Massachusetts. The delight of social ease, the refined enjoyment of taste in letters and art, opulent leisure, professional distinction, gratified ambition—all these came and whispered to the young student. And it is the force that can tranquilly put aside such blandishments with a smile, and accept alienation, outlawry, ignominy, and apparent defeat, if need be, no less than the courage which grapples with poverty and outward hardship, and climbs over them to worldly prosperity, which is the test of the finest manhood. Only he who fully knows the worth of what he renounces gains the true blessing of renunciation.

The time during which Phillips was studying law was the hour of the profoundest moral apathy in the history of this country. The fervor of revolutionary feeling was long since spent and that of the final anti-slavery contest was but just kindled. The question of slavery indeed had never been quite forgotten. There was always an anti-slavery sentiment in the country, but there was also a slavery interest, and the invention of the cotton gin in 1789 gave slavery the most powerful and insidious impulse that it had ever received. At once commercial greed was allied with political advantage and social power, and the active anti-slavery sentiment rapidly declined. Ten years after the invention of the cotton gin, the general Convention of the Abolition Societies deplored the decay of public interest in emancipation. Forty years later, in 1833, while Phillips was still studying law, the veteran Pennsylvania Society lamented that since 1794 it had seen one after another of those societies disband, until it was left almost alone to mourn the universal apathy. When Wendell Phillips was admitted to

the bar in 1834, the slave interest in the United States, entrenched in the Constitution, in trade, in the church, in society, in historic tradition, and in the prejudice of race, had already become, although unconsciously to the country, one of the most powerful forces in the world. The English throne in 1625, the old French monarchy in 1780, the English aristocracy at the beginning of the century were not so strong as slavery in this country fifty years ago. The grasp of England upon the American Colonies before the Revolution was not so sure, and was never so menacing to liberty upon this Continent, as the grasp of slavery upon the Union in the pleasant days when the young lawyer sat in his office careless of the anti-slavery agitation, and jesting with his old college comrades over the clients who did not come.

THE BOSTON AND ALTON RIOTS.

But on an October afternoon in 1835, while he was still sitting expectant in his office, the long waited client came, but in what amazing form! The young lawyer was especially a Boston boy. He loved his native city with that lofty pride and intensity of local affection which is peculiar to her citizens. "I was born in Boston," he said long afterward, "and the good name of the old town is bound up with every fibre of my heart." In the mild afternoon his windows were open and the sound of unusual disturbance drew him from his office. He hastened along the street and suddenly, a stone's throw from the scene of the Boston Massacre, in the very shadow of the Old South, he beheld in Boston a spectacle which Boston cannot now conceive. He saw American women insulted for befriending their innocent sisters, whose children were sold from their arms. He saw an American citizen assailed by a furious mob in the city of James Otis, for saying, with James Otis, that a man's right to liberty is inherent and inalienable. Himself a citizen soldier, he looked to see the majesty of the people maintaining the authority of law; but to his own startled surprise, he saw that the rightful defenders of law against the mob were themselves the mob. The city, whose dauntless free speech had taught a country how to be independent, he saw raising a parricidal hand against its parent—Liberty. It was enough. As the jail doors closed upon Garrison to save his life, Garrison and his cause had won their most powerful and renowned ally. With the setting of that October sun vanished forever the career of prosperous ease, the gratification of ordinary ambition which the genius and the accomplishment of Wendell Phillips had seemed to foretell. Yes, the long awaited client had come at last. Scarred, scorned and forsaken, that cowering and friendless client was wronged and degraded humanity. The great soul saw and understood.

> So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
> The youth replies, *I can*.

Already the Boston boy felt what he afterward said: "I love inexpressibly these streets of Boston, over which my mother led my baby feet, and if God grants me time enough I will make them too pure for the footsteps of a slave." And we, fellow-citizens, who recall the life and the man, the untiring sacrifice, the complete surrender, do we not hear in the soft air of that long vanished October day, far above the riot of the stormy street, the benediction that he could not hear, but whose influence breathed always from the ineffable sweetness of his smile and the gracious courtesy of his manner, "Inasmuch as thou hast done it to the least of these, my brethren, thou hast done it unto me."

The scene of that day is an illustration of the time. As we look back upon it it is incredible. But it was not until Lovejoy fell, while defending his press at Alton, in November, 1837, that an American citizen was killed by a raging mob for declaring, in a free State, the right of innocent men and women to their personal liberty. This tragedy, like the deadly blow at Charles Sumner in the Senate Chamber, twenty years afterward, awed the whole country with a sense of vast and momentous peril. The country has just been startled by the terrible riot at Cincinnati, which sprang from the public consciousness that by crafty legal quibbling crime had become secure. But the outbreak was at once and universally condemned, because, in this country, whatever the wrong may be, reform by riot is always worse than the wrong. The Alton riot, however, had no redeeming impulse. It was the very frenzy of lawlessness, a sudden and ghastly glimpse of the unquenchable fires of passion that were burning under the seeming peace and prosperity of the Union. How fierce and far-reaching those passions were, was seen not only in the riot itself, but in the refusal of Faneuil Hall for a public meeting to denounce the appalling wrong to American liberty which had been done in Illinois, lest the patriotic protest of the meeting should be interpreted by the country as the voice of Boston. But the refusal was reconsidered, and never since the people of Boston thronged Faneuil Hall on the day after the massacre in State Street, had that ancient hall seen a more solemn and significant assembly. It was the more solemn, the more significant, because the excited multitude was no longer, as in the revolutionary day, inspired by one unanimous and overwhelming purpose to assert and maintain liberty of speech as the bulwark of all other liberty. It was an unwonted and foreboding scene. An evil spirit was in the air.

THE PROTEST IN FANEUIL HALL.

When the seemly protest against the monstrous crime had been spoken, and the proper duty of the day was done, a voice was heard, the voice of the high officer solemnly sworn to prosecute in the name of Massachusetts every violation of law, declaring, in Faneuil Hall, sixty years after the battle of Bunker Hill, and amid a howling storm of applause,

that an American citizen who was put to death by a mad crowd of his fellow-citizens for defending his right of free speech, died as the fool dieth. Boston has seen dark days, but never a moment so dark as that. Seven years before, Webster had said, in the famous words that Massachusetts binds as frontlets between her eyes, "There are Boston and Concord, and Lexington and Bunker Hill, and there they will remain forever." Had they already vanished? Was the spirit of the Revolution quite extinct? In the very cradle of liberty did no son survive to awake its slumbering echoes? By the grace of God such a son there was. He had come with the multitude, and he had heard with sympathy and approval the speeches that condemned the wrong; but when the cruel voice justified the murderers of Lovejoy, the heart of the young man burned within him. This speech, he said to himself, must be answered. As the malign strain proceeded, the Boston boy, all on fire, with Concord and Lexington tugging at his heart, unconsciously murmured, "Such a speech in Faneuil Hall must be answered in Faneuil Hall." "Why not answer it yourself?" whispered a neighbor, who overheard him. "Help me to the platform and I will;"—and pushing and struggling through the dense and threatening crowd, the young man reached the platform, was lifted upon it, and, advancing to speak, was greeted with a roar of hostile cries. But riding the whirlwind undismayed, as for many a year afterward he directed the same wild storm, he stood upon the platform in all the beauty and grace of imperial youth—the Greeks would have said a God descended—and in words that touched the mind, and heart, and conscience of that vast multitude, as with fire from Heaven, recalling Boston to herself, he saved his native city and her cradle of liberty from the damning disgrace of stoning the first martyr in the great struggle for personal freedom. "Mr. Chairman," he said, "when I heard the gentleman lay down principles which placed the rioters, incendiaries, and murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, and Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American, the slanderer of the dead." And even as he spoke the vision was fulfilled. Once more its native music rang through Faneuil Hall. In the orator's own burning words, those pictured lips did break into immortal rebuke. In Wendell Phillips, glowing with holy indignation at the insult to America and to man, John Adams and James Otis, Josiah Quincy and Samuel Adams, though dead, yet spake.

HISTORIC PARALLELS OF THE SCENE.

In the annals of American speech, there had been no such scene since Patrick Henry's electrical warning to George the Third. It was that greatest of oratorical triumphs when a supreme emotion, a sentiment which is to mould a people anew, lifted the orator to adequate expression. Three such scenes are illustrious in our history. That of the speech of Patrick Henry at Williamsburg, of Wendell Phillips in Faneuil Hall, of Abraham Lincoln in Gettysburg—three, and there is no fourth. They transmit, unextinguished, the torch of an eloquence which has aroused nations and changed the course of history, and which Webster called "noble, sublime, god-like action." The tremendous controversy, indeed, inspired universal eloquence. As the cause passed from the moral appeal of the Abolitionists to the political action of the Liberty party, of the conscience Whigs and the Free Soil Democrats, and finally of the Republican party, the sound of speech, which in its variety and excellence had never been heard upon the continent, filled the air. But supreme over it all was the eloquence of Phillips, as over the harmonious tumult of a vast orchestra, one clear voice, like a lark high poised in heaven, steadily carries the melody. As Demosthenes was the orator of Greece against Philip, and Cicero of Rome against Catiline, and John Pym of England against the Stuart despotism, Wendell Phillips was distinctively the orator, as others were the statesmen, of the anti-slavery cause.

When he first spoke at Faneuil Hall, some of the most renowned American orators were still in their prime. Webster and Clay were in the Senate, Choate at the bar, Edward Everett upon the Academic platform. From all these orators Phillips differed more than they differed from each other. Behind Webster, and Everett, and Clay, there was always a great organized party or an entrenched conservatism of feeling and opinion. They spoke accepted views. They moved with masses of men, and were sure of the applause of party spirit, of political tradition, and of established institutions. Phillips stood alone. He was not a Whig nor a Democrat, nor the graceful panegyrist of an undisputed situation. Both parties denounced him. He must recruit a new party. Public oipnion condemned him. He must win public opinion to achieve his purpose. The tone, the method of the new orator, announced a new spirit. It was not a heroic story of the last century, nor the contention of contemporary politics; it was the unsuspected heroism of a mightier controversy that breathed and burned in his words. With no party behind him, and appealing against established order and acknowledged tradition, his speech was necessarily a popular appeal for a strange and unwelcome cause, and the condition of its success was that it should both charm and rouse the hearer, while, under cover of the fascination, the orator unfolded his argument and urged his plea. This condition the genius of the orator instinctively perceived, and it determined the character of his discourse.

He faced his audience with a tranquil mien, and a beaming aspect that was never dimmed. He spoke, and in the measured cadence of his quiet voice there was intense feeling, but no declamation, no passionate appeal, no superficial and feigned emotion. It was simply colloquy—a gentleman conversing. Unconsciously and surely the ear and heart were charmed.—How was it done? Ah! how did

Mozart do it, how Raphael? The secret of the rose's sweetness, of the bird's ecstacy, of the sunset's glory—that is the secret of genius and of eloquence. What was heard, what was seen, was the form of noble manhood, the courteous and self-possessed tone, the flow of modulated speech, sparkling with matchless richness of illustration, with apt allusion, and happy anecdote and historic parallel, with wit and pitiless invective, with melodious pathos, with stinging satire, with crackling epigram and limpid humor, like the bright ripples that play around the sure and steady prow of the resistless ship. Like an illuminated vase of odors, he glowed with concentrated and perfumed fire. The divine energy of his conviction utterly possessed him, and his

> Pure and eloquent blood
> Spoke in his cheek, and so distinctly wrought,
> That one might almost say his body thought.

Was it Pericles swaying the Athenian multitude? Was it Apollo breathing the music of the morning from his lips? It was an American patriot, a modern son of liberty, with a soul as firm and as true as was ever consecrated to unselfish duty, pleading with the American conscience for the chained and speechless victims of American inhumanity.

THE SOVEREIGN POWER OF SLAVERY.

How terribly earnest was the anti-slavery contest this generation little knows. But to understand Phillips we must recall the situation of the country. When he joined the Abolitionists, and for more than twenty years afterward, Slavery sat supreme in the White House, and made laws in the Capitol. Courts of Justice were its Ministers and Legislatures its lackeys. It silenced the preacher in the pulpit, it muzzled the editor at his desk, and the professor in his lecture room. It set a price upon the head of peaceful citizens, robbed the mails, and denounced the vital principle of the Declaration of Independence as treason. In States whose laws did not tolerate slavery, Slavery ruled the club and the drawing-room, the factory and the office, swaggered at the dinner table, and scourged with scorn a cowardly society. It tore the golden rule from school books, and from the prayer-book the pictured benignity of Christ. It prohibited in the free States schools for the hated race, and hunted women who taught children to read. It forbade a free people to communicate with their representatives, seized territory to extend its area and confirm its sovereignty, and plotted to steal more to make its empire impregnable, and the free Republic of the United States impossible. Scholars, divines, men and women in every church, in every party, raised individual voices in earnest protest. They sighed against a hurricane. There had been such protest in the country for two centuries—colonial provisions and restrictions,—the fiery voice of Whitfield in the South—the calm persuasion of Woolman in the middle colonies,—the heroism of Hopkins in Rhode Island,—the eloquence of Rush in Pennsylvania. There had been Emancipation Societies at the North and at the South,—arguments, and appeals, and threats, in the Congress of the Confederation—in the Constitutional Convention—in the Congress of the Union,—there had been the words and the will of Washington,—the warning of Jefferson,—the consenting testimony of the revered fathers of the Government; always the national conscience somewhere silently pleading, always the finger of the world steadily pointing in scorn. But here, after all the protests, and the rebuke, and the endeavor, was the malign power, which, when the Constitution was formed, had been but the shrinking Afreet bound in the casket, now towering and resistless. He had kicked his casket into the sea, and haughtily defying the conscience of the country and the moral sentiment of mankind, demanded absolute control of the Republic as the price of union—the Republic anxious only to submit and to call submission statesmanship.

THE DUTY AND PERIL OF AGITATION.

If, then, the work of the Revolution was to be saved, and independent America was to become free America, the first and paramount necessity was to arouse the country. Agitation was the duty of the hour. Garrison was certainly not the first Abolitionist; no, nor was Luther the first Protestant. But Luther brought all the wandering and separate rays of protest to a focus, and kindled the contest for religious freedom. So when Garrison flung full in the face of Slavery the defiance of immediate and complete abolition, Slavery, instinctively foreseeing its doom, sprang to its feet, and joined, with the heroism of despair, in the death grapple with Liberty, from which, after a generation, Liberty arose unbruised and victorious. It is hard for the survivors of a generation to which abolitionist was a word suggesting the most odious fanaticism, a furious declamation at once nonsensical and dangerous, a grotesque and sanctimonious playing with fire in a powder magazine, to believe that the names of the two representative Abolitionists will be written with a sunbeam, as Phillips says of Touissant, high over many an honored name. But history, looking before and after, readjusts contemporary judgments of men and events. In all the essential qualities of heroic action, Luther nailing his challenge to the church, upon the church's own door, when the church was supreme in Europe—William Tell, in the romantic legend, serenely scorning to bow to the cap of Gesler, when Gesler's troops held all the market place, are not nobler figures than Garrison and Phillips, in the hour of the complete possession of the country by the power of slavery, demanding immediate and unconditional emancipation. A tone of apology, of deprecation or regret, no more becomes an American, in speaking of the Abolitionists, than in speaking of the Sons of Liberty in the Revolution, and every tribute of honor and respect which we gladly pay to the illustrious fathers of American Independ-

ence is paid as worthily to their sons, the pioneers of American freedom.

That freedom was secured, indeed, by the union of many forces. The abolition movement was moral agitation. It was a voice crying in the wilderness. As an American movement it was reproached for holding aloof from the American political method. But in the order of time the moral awakening precedes political action. Politics are founded in compromise and expediency, and had the Abolition leaders paused to parley with prejudice and interest and personal ambition, in order to smooth and conciliate and persuade, their duty would have been undone. When the alarm bell at night has brought the aroused citizens to the street, they will organize their action. But the ringer of the bell betrays his trust when he ceases to startle.

LIBERTY PREFERABLE TO UNION.

To vote was to acknowledge the Constitution, was to offer a premium upon slavery by granting more political power for every slave. It was to own an obligation to return innocent men to unspeakable degradation, and to shoot them down if, with a thousandfold greater reason than our fathers, they resisted oppression. Could Americans do this? Could honest men do this? Could a great country do this, and not learn, sooner or later, by ghastly experience, the truth which George Mason proclaimed—that Providence punishes national sins by national calamities? The Union, said Wendell Phillips, with a calmness that enchanted while it appalled, the Union is called the very ark of the American covenant; but has not idolatry of the Union been the chief bulwark of slavery, and in the words, and deeds, and spirits of the most vehement "Union saviors" who denounce agitation, can any hope of emancipation be descried? If, then, under the sacred charter of the Union, slavery has grown to this stupendous height, throwing the shadow of death over the land, is not the Union as it exists the foe of liberty, and can we honestly affirm that it is the sole surviving hope of freedom in the world? Long ago the great leaders of our parties hushed their voices, and whispered that even to speak of slavery was to endanger the Union. Is not this enough? Sons of Otis and of Adams, of Franklin and of Jay, are we ready for union upon the ruins of freedom? Delenda Carthago? Delenda Carthago!

Even while he spoke there sprang up around him the marshalled host of an organized political party, which, raising the Constitution as a banner of freedom, marched to the polls to make the Union the citadel of liberty. He, indeed, had rejected the Constitution and the Union as the bulwark of slavery. But he and the political host, widely differing, had yet a common purpose, and were confounded in a common condemnation. And who shall count the voters in that political army, and who the generous heroes of the actual war, in whose young hearts his relentless denunciation of the Union had bred the high resolve that, under the protection of the Constitution and by its own lawful power, the slave Union which he denounced should be dissolved in the fervid glory of a new Union of freedom? His plea, indeed, did not persuade his friends, and was furiously spurned by his foes. Hang Phillips and Yancey together, hang the Abolitionist and the fire-eater, and we shall have peace, cried mingled wrath and terror, as the absorbing debate deepened toward civil war. But still, through the startling flash and over the thunder peal with which the tempest burst, that cry rang out undismayed, Delenda Carthago!—The awful storm has rolled away. The warning voice is stilled forever. But the slave Union whose destruction he sought is dissolved, and the glorious Union of freedom and equal rights, which his soul desired, is the blessed Union of to-day.

It is an idle speculation, fellow-citizens, to what or to whom chiefly belonged the glory of emancipation. It is like the earlier questions of the Revolution: Who first proposed the Committee on correspondence? Who first hinted resistance? Who first spoke of possible independence? It is enough that there was a noble emulation of generous patriotism, and happy history forbears to decide. Doubtless, the Minute Men fired the first organized shot of the Revolution. But it was Paul Revere riding alone at midnight and arousing Middlesex, one hundred and nine years ago to-night, that brought the farmers to stand embattled on Lexington Green and Concord Bridge.

FAITH IN THE PEOPLE'S HEARTS.

For his great work of arousing the country and piercing the national conscience, Phillips was especially fitted, not only by the commanding will and genius of the orator, but by the profound sincerity of his faith in the people. The party leaders of his time had a qualified faith in the people. His was unqualified. To many of his fellow-citizens it seemed mad, quixotic, whimsical, or merely feigned. To some of them even now he appears to have been only an eloquent demagogue. But his life is the reply. To no act of his, to no private advantage sought or gained, to no use of his masterly power, except to promote purposes which he believed to be essential to the public welfare, could they ever point who charged him with base motives or personal ends. No man, indeed, can take a chief part in tumultuous national controversy without encountering misjudgment and reproach, and unmeasured condemnation. But it does not affect the lofty patriotism of the American Revolution that Adam Smith believed it to be stimulated by the vanity of colonial shopkeepers. It does not dim the lustre of the Methodist revival of religious sentiment in England that the bishops branded it as a vulgar and ignorant enthusiasm. Wendell Phillips held with John Bright, that the first five hundred men who passed in the Strand would make as good a Parliament as that which sits at St. Stephens. A student of history, and a close observer of men, he rejected that fear of the multitude

which springs from the feeling that the many are ignorant while the few are wise; and he believed the saying, too profound for Talleyrand, to whom it is ascribed, that everybody knows more than anybody. The great argument for popular government is not the essential righteousness of a majority, but the celestial law which subordinates the brute force of numbers to intellectual and moral ascendency, as the immeasurable floods of ocean follow the moon. Undisturbed by the most rancorous hostility, as in the meetings in the Music Hall in this city in the winter of secession, he looked calmly at the mob, and behind the drunken Philip he saw Philip the King.

The huge wrongs and crimes in the annals of the race, the wars that have wasted the world and desolated mankind, he knew to be the work of the crowned and ruling minority, not of the mass of the people. The companion of his boyhood and his college classmate, Motley, with generous sympathy and vivid touch, that gave new beauty to the old heroic story, had shown that not from the palace of Charles the Fifth, not from luxurious Versailles, but from the huts of Dutch islanders scattered along the hard coast of the North Sea, came the genius of liberty to rescue modern Europe from hopeless despotism. Nay, with his own eyes, saddened and surprised, Phillips saw that, in the immediate presence of a monstrous and perilous wrong to human nature, prosperous and comfortable America angrily refused to hear; and that while humanity lay bruised and bleeding by the way, the polished society of the most enlightened city in the Union passed by disdainful on the other side.

WIELDING THE SCOURGE OF INVECTIVE.

But while he cherished this profound faith in the people, and because he cherished it, he never flattered the mob, nor hung upon its neck, nor pandered to its passion, nor suffered its foaming hate, or its exulting enthusiasm, to touch the calm poise of his regnant soul. Those who were eager to insult, and deride, and silence him, when he pleaded for the negro, wept, and shouted, and rapturously crowned him, when he paid homage to O'Connell, and made O'Connell's cause his own. But the crowd did not follow him with huzzas. He moved in solitary majesty, and if from his smooth speech a lightning flash of satire or of scorn struck a cherished lie, or an honored character, or a dogma of the party creed and the crowd burst into a furious tempest of dissent, he beat it into silence with uncompromising iteration. If it tried to drown his voice, he turned to the reporters, and over the raging tumult calmly said, "Howl on, I speak to thirty millions here."

There was another power in his speech sharper than in the speech of any other American orator, an unsparing invective. The abolition appeal was essentially iconoclastic, and the method of a reformer at close quarters with a mighty system of wrong cannot be measured by the standards of cool and polite debate. Phillips did not shrink from the sternest denunciation, or ridicule, or scorn, of those who seemed to him recreant to freedom and humanity, however enshrined they might be in public admiration, with whatever official dignity invested, with whatever softer graces of accomplishment endowed. The idols of a purely conventional virtue he delighted to shatter, because no public enemy seemed to him more deadly than the American who made moral cowardice respectable. He felt that the complacent conformity of Northern communities was the strength of slavery, and the man who would return a fugitive slave, or with all the resources of sophistry defend his return, upon a plea of Constitutional obligation, was, in his view, a man who would do an act of cruel wickedness to-day to avoid a vague and possible mischance hereafter. If the plea were sound in the case of one man, if one innocent man was to be an outcast from protecting laws, from effective sympathy, and from humanity, because he had been unspeakably wronged, then it was as sound in the case of every such man, and the Union and the Constitution rested upon three million crimes. Was this endurable? Should an offence so inhuman as obedience to laws which compelled a man to do to another what he would not hesitate, amid the applause of all men, to kill that other for attempting to do to him—should such an offence be condoned by courteous admonition and hesitating doubt? Should the partiality of friendship, should the learning, renown, or public service of the offender, save him from the pillory of public scorn? If Patrick Henry made the country ring with the name of the dishonest contractor in the war, should the name of the educated American who conspires with the slaveholders against the slave be too sacred for obloquy? No epithet is too blistering for John Brown, who takes his life in his hand that he may break the chain of the slave. Shall the gentleman, whose compliance weakens the moral fibre of New England, and fastens the slave's chain more hopelessly, go unwhipped of a single word of personal rebuke? Such questions he did not ask, but they ask themselves, as to-day we turn the pages that still quiver with his blasting words, and recall the mortal strife in which he stood.

SACRIFICING FRIENDSHIP FOR HUMANITY.

Doubtless his friends, who knew that wellspring of sweet waters, his heart, and who, like him, were sealed to the service of emancipation, sometimes grieved and recoiled amazed from his terrible arraignment. He knew the penalty of his course. He paid it cheerfully. But history will record that the orator who, in that supreme exigency of liberty, pitilessly whipped by name the aiders and abettors of the crime against humanity, made such complicity in every intelligent community infinitely more arduous, and so served mankind, public virtue, and the State.

But more than this. The avowed and open opponents of the anti-slavery agitation could not justly complain of his relentless pursuit.

From them he received the blows that in turn he did not spare. But others, his friends, soldiers of the same army, although in other divisions and upon a different route marching against the same foe, did they, too, feel those shafts of fire? How many a Massachusetts man, whose name the Commonwealth will canonize with his, loyal with his own fidelity to the common cause, he sometimes taunted as recreant and scourged as laggard! How many leaders in other States, statesmen beloved and revered, who in other ways than his fought the battle of liberty with firmness in the right, as God gave them to see the right, and who live in national gratitude and among the great in history forever more, did not those dauntless lips seem sometimes cruelly to malign? "Blame not this plainness of speech," he said: "I have a hundred friends, as brave souls as God ever made, whose hearths are not as safe after honored men make such speeches." He knew that his ruthless words closed to him homes of friendship and hearts of sympathy. He saw the amazement, he heard the condemnation; but like the great apostle preaching Christ, he knew only humanity, and humanity crucified. Tongue of the dumb, eyes of the blind, feet of the impotent, his voice alone, among th voices that were everywhere heard and heeded, was sent by God to challenge every word, or look, or deed, that seemed to him possibly to palliate oppression or to comfort the oppressor. Divinely commissioned he was not, indeed, to do injustice; but the human heart is very patient with the hero, who, in his strenuous and sublime conflict, if sometimes he does not clearly see, and sometimes harshly judges, yet, in all his unsparing assault, deals never a blow of malice, nor of envy, nor of personal gratification—the warrior who grasps at no prize for which others strive, and whose unselfish peace no laurels of Miltiades disturb.

For a quarter of a century this was the career of Wendell Phillips. His life had no events; his speeches were its only incident. No public man could pass from us whose death, like his, would command universal attention, whose story would not display a splendid list of special achievements, of various official service, as of treaties skilfully negotiated, of legislative measures wisely adjusted, of imposing professional triumphs, of devoted party following, of an immense personal association, such as our ordinary political controversy and the leadership of genius and eloquence produce. But that official participation in political action, and that peculiar personal contact with society, were wanting in the life of Wendell Phillips. How strong, indeed, his moral ascendency over the public mind, how warm the admiration, how fond the affection in which, at a little distance, and as became the supreme reserve of his nature, he was held, let this scene, like that of his burial, bear witness. But during the long crusade of his life he was the most solitary of eminent American figures. In the general course of affairs he took little part. He had no share in the conduct of the associations for every purpose, scientific, literary, charitable, moral or other, with which every American community abounds. In ordinary society, at the club and the public dinner, at the assembly and upon the ceremonial occasion, he was as unknown as in legislative halls or in public offices. Partly it was that reserve; partly that method of his public speech withheld him; partly he felt the air of social complaisance, like the compromising atmosphere of legislatures, to be unfriendly to the spirit and objects of his life, and partly his liberal hand preferred to give where there could be no return. Yet, in the political arena, had he cared to engage, no man was more amply equipped than he, by natural powers and taste and adaptation, by special study and familiarity with history and literature, by exquisite tact, and gay humor and abounding affability, by all the qualities that in public life make a great party leader, a leader honored and beloved. And in that other circle, that "elevated sphere" in which Marie Antoinette appeared, "glittering like the morning star full of life, and splendor, and joy," that decorated world of social refinement into which he was born, there would have been no more fascinating or courtly figure, could he have forborne the call of conscience, the duty of his life.

ALIVE TO OTHER HUMAN WOES.

When the war ended, and the specific purpose of his relentless agitation was accomplished, Phillips was still in the prime of life. Had his mind recurred to the dreams of earlier years, had he desired, in the fulness of his fame and the maturity of his powers, to turn to the political career which the hopes of the friends of his youth had forecast, I do not doubt that the Massachusetts of Sumner and of Andrew, proud of his genius and owning his immense service to the triumphant cause, although a service beyond the party line, and often apparently directed against the party itself, would have gladly summoned him to duty. It would, indeed, have been a kind of peerage for this great Commoner. But not to repose and peaceful honors did his earnest soul incline. "Now that the field is won," he said gayly to a friend, "do you sit by the campfire, but I will put out into the underbrush." The slave, indeed, was free, but emancipation did not free the agitator from his task. The client that suddenly appeared before him on that memorable October day was not an oppressed race alone: it was wronged humanity; it was the victim of unjust systems and unequal laws; it was the poor man, the weak man, the unfortunate man, whoever and wherever he might be. This was the cause that he would still plead in the forum of public opinion. "Let it not be said," he wrote to a meeting of his old abolition comrades, two months before his death, "that the old Abolitionist stopped with the negro, and was never able to see that the same principles claimed his utmost effort to protect all labor, white and black, and to further the discussion of every claim of humanity."

Was this the habit of mere agitation, the restless discontent that follows great achievement? There were those who thought so. But they were critics of a temperament which did not note that with Phillips agitation was a principle, and a deliberately chosen method to definite ends. There were still vast questions springing from the same root of selfishness and injustice as the question of slavery. They must force a hearing in the same way. He would not adopt in middle life the career of politics, which he had renounced in youth, however seductive that career might be, whatever its opportunities and rewards, because the purpose had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, to form public opinion rather than to represent it, in making or in executing the laws. To form public opinion upon vital public questions by public discussion, but by public discussion absolutely fearless and sincere, and conducted with honest faith in the people to whom the argument was addressed, this was the chosen task of his life; this was the public service which he had long performed, and this he would still perform, and in the familiar way.

His comprehensive philanthropy had made him, even during the anti-slavery contest, the untiring advocate of other great reforms. His powerful presentation of the justice and reason of the political equality of women, at Worcester in 1857, more than any other single impulse, launched that question upon the sea of popular controversy. In the general statement of principle, nothing has been added to that discourse; in vivid and defective eloquence of advocacy it has never been surpassed. All the arguments for independence echoed John Adams in the Continental Congress. All the pleas for applying the American principle of representation to the wives and mothers of American citizens echo the eloquence of Wendell Phillips at Worcester. His, also, was the voice that summoned the temperance voters of the Commonwealth to stand up and be counted; the voice which resolutely and definitely exposed the crime to which the busy American mind and conscience are at last turning, the American crime against the Indians. Through him the sorrow of Crete, the tragedy of Ireland, pleaded with America. In the terrible experience of the early anti-slavery debate, when the church and refined society seemed to be the rampart of slavery, he had learned profound distrust of that conservatism of prosperity which chills human sympathy and narrows the conscience. So the vast combinations of capital in these later days, with their immense monopolies and imperial power, seemed to him sure to corrupt the government, and to obstruct and threaten the real welfare of the people. He felt, therefore, that what is called the respectable class is often really, but unconsciously and with a generous purpose, not justly estimating its own tendency, the dangerous class. He was not a party politician; he cared little for parties or for party leaders. But any political party which in his judgment represented the dangerous tendency was a party to be defeated in the interest of the peace and progress of all the people.

TRIUMPHANT OVER ALL REPROACH.

But his judgment, always profoundly sincere, was it not profoundly sometimes mistaken? No nobler friend of freedom and of man than Wendell Phillips ever breathed upon this Continent, and no man's service to freedom surpasses his. But before the war he demanded peaceful disunion—yet it was the Union in arms that saved Liberty. During the war he would have superseded Lincoln—but it was Lincoln who freed the slaves. He pleaded for Ireland, tortured by centuries of misrule, and while every generous heart followed with sympathy the pathos and the power of his appeal, the just mind recoiled from the sharp arraignment of the truest friends in England that Ireland ever had. I know it all; but I know also, and history will remember, that the slave Union which he denounced is dissolved; that it was the heart and conscience of the nation, exalted by his moral appeal of agitation, as well as by the enthusiasm of patriotic war, which held up the hands of Lincoln, and upon which Lincoln leaned in emancipating the slaves; and that only by indignant and aggressive appeals like his has the heart of England ever opened to Irish wrong.

No man, I say, can take a pre-eminent and effective part in contentions that shake nations, or in the discussion of great national policies, of foreign relations, of domestic economy and finance, without keen reproach and fierce misconception. "But death," says Bacon, "bringeth good fame." Then, if moral integrity remain unsoiled, the purpose pure, blameless the life, and patriotism as shining as the sun, conflicting views and differing counsels disappear, and firmly fixed upon character and actual achievement good fame rests secure. Eighty years ago, in this city, how unsparing was the denunciation of John Adams for betraying and ruining his party, for his dogmatism, his vanity, and ambition, for his exasperating impracticability;—he, the Colossus of the Revolution! And Thomas Jefferson—I may truly say what the historian says of the Saracen mothers and Richard Coeur de Lion, that the mothers of Boston hushed their children with fear of the political devil incarnate of Virginia. But when the drapery of mourning shrouded the columns and overhung the arches of Faneuil Hall, Daniel Webster did not remember that sometimes John Adams was imprudent, and Thomas Jefferson sometimes unwise. He remembered only that John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were two of the greatest of American patriots,—and their fellow-citizens of every party bowed their heads and said amen. I am not here to declare that the judgment of Wendell Phillips was always sound, nor his estimate of men always just, nor his policy always approved by the event. He would have scorned such praise. I am not here to eulogize the mortal, but the immortal. He, too, was a great American patriot; and no

American life—no, not one—offers to future generations of his countrymen a more priceless example of inflexible fidelity to conscience and to public duty; and no American more truly than he purged the national name of its shame, and made the American flag the flag of hope for mankind.

AN INSPIRATION GIVEN TO NATIONAL LIFE.

Among her noblest children his native city will cherish him, and gratefully recall the unbending Puritan soul that dwelt in a form so gracious and urbane. The plain house in which he lived—severely plain, because the welfare of the suffering and the slave were preferred to book, and picture, and every fair device of art; the house to which the North Star led the trembling fugitive, and which the unfortunate and the friendless knew—the radiant figure passing swiftly through these streets, plain as the house from which it came, regal with a royalty beyond that of kings—the ceaseless charity untold—the strong sustaining heart of private friendship—the sacred domestic affection that must not here be named—the eloquence which, like the song of Orpheus, will fade from living memory into a doubtful tale—that great scene of his youth in Faneuil Hall—the surrender of ambition—the mighty agitation and the mighty triumph with which his name is forever blended—the consecration of a life hidden with God in sympathy with man—these, all these, will live among your immortal traditions, heroic even in your heroic story. But not yours alone. As years go by, and only the large outlines of lofty American characters and careers remain, the wide republic will confess the benediction of a life like this, and gladly own that if with perfect faith, and hope assured, America would still stand and bid the distant generations "hail," the inspiration of her national life must be the sublime moral courage, the all embracing humanity, the spotless integrity, the absolutely unselfish devotion of great powers to great public ends, which were the glory of Wendell Phillips.—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, eulogy in Tremont Temple, Boston; reprinted from the *New York Tribune*.

THE PROPHET OF SAN FRANCISCO.

THERE are some advantages in being a citizen—even a very humble citizen—in the Republic of Letters. If any man has ever written anything on matters of serious concern, which others have read with interest, he will very soon find himself in contact with curious diversities of mind. Subtle sources of sympathy will open up before him in contrast with sources not less subtle, of antipathy, and both of them are often interesting and instructive in the highest degree.

A good many years ago a friend of mine, whose opinion I greatly value, was kind enough to tell me of his approval of a little book which I had then lately published. As he was a man of pure taste, and naturally much more inclined to criticism than assent, his approval gave me pleasure. But being a man also very honest and outspoken, he took care to explain that his approval was not unqualified. He liked the whole book except one chapter, "in which," he added, "it seems to me there is a good deal of nonsense."

There was no need to ask him what that chapter was. I knew it very well. It could be none other than a chapter called "Law in Politics," which was devoted to the question how far, in human conduct and affairs, we can trace the Reign of Law in the same sense, or in a sense very closely analogous to that in which we can trace it in the physical sciences. There were several things in that chapter which my friend was not predisposed to like. In the first place he was an active politician, and such men are sure to feel the reasoning to be unnatural and unjust which tends to represent all the activities of their life as more or less the results of circumstance. In the second place, he was above all other things a Free Trader, and the governing idea of that school is that every attempt to interfere by law with anything connected with trade or manufacture is a folly if not a crime. Now, one main object of my "nonsense" chapter was to show that this doctrine is not true as an absolute proposition. It drew a line between two provinces of legislation, in one of which such interference had indeed been proved to be mischievous, but in the other of which interference had been equally proved to be absolutely required. Protection, it was shown, had been found to be wrong in all attempts to regulate the value or the price of anything. But Protection, it was also shown, had been found to be right and necessary in defending the interests of life, health, and morals. As a matter of historical fact it was pointed out that during the present century there had been two steady movements on the part of Parliament—one a movement of retreat, the other a movement of advance. Step by step legislation had been abandoned in all endeavors to regulate interests purely economic; whilst, step by step, not less steadily, legislation had been adopted more and more extensively for the regulation of matters in which those higher interests were concerned. Moreover, I had ventured to represent both these movements as equally important—the movement in favor of Protection in one direction being quite as valuable as the movement against Protection in another direction. It was not in the nature of things that my friend should admit this equality, or even any approach to a comparison between the two movements. In promoting one of them he had spent his life, and the truths it represented were to him the subject of passionate conviction. Of the other movement he had been at best only a passive spectator, or had followed its steps with cold and critical toleration. To place them on anything like the same level as steps of advance in the science of government, could not but appear to him as a proposition involving "a good deal of

nonsense." But critics may themselves be criticized; and sometimes authors are in the happy position of seeing behind both the praise and the blame they get. In this case I am unrepentant. I am firmly convinced that the social and political value of the principle which has led to the repeal of all laws for the regulation of price is not greater than the value of the principle which has led to the enactment of many laws for the regulation of labor. If the Factory Acts and many others of the like kind had not been passed we should for many years have been hearing a hundred "bitter cries" for every one which assails us now, and the social problems which still confront us would have been much more difficult and dangerous than they are.

Certain it is that if the train of thought which led up to this conclusion was distasteful to some minds, it turned out to be eminently attractive to many others. And of this, some years later, I had a curious proof. From the other side of the world, and from a perfect stranger, there came a courteous letter accompanied by the present of a book. The author had read mine, and he sent his own. In spite of prepossessions he had confidence in a candid hearing. The letter was from Mr. Henry George, and the book was "Progress and Poverty." Both were then unknown to fame; nor was it possible for me fully to appreciate the compliment conveyed until I found that the book was directed to prove that almost all the evils of humanity are to be traced to the very existence of landowners, and that by divine right land could only belong to everybody in general and to nobody in particular.

The credit of being open to conviction is a great credit, and even the heaviest drafts upon it cannot well be made the subject of complaint. And so I could not be otherwise than flattered when this appeal in the sphere of politics was followed by another in the sphere of science. Another author was good enough to present me with his book; and I found that it was directed to prove that all the errors of modern physical philosophy arise from the prevalent belief that our planet is a globe. In reality it is flat. Elaborate chapters, and equally elaborate diagrams are devoted to the proof. At first I thought that the argument was a joke, like Archbishop Whately's "Historic Doubts." But I soon saw that the author was quite as earnest as Mr. Henry George. Lately I have seen that both these authors have been addressing public meetings with great success; and considering that all obvious appearances and the language of common life are against the accepted doctrine of Copernicus, it is perhaps not surprising that the popular audiences which have listened to the two reformers, have evidently been almost as incompetent to detect the blunders of the one as to see through the logical fallacies of the other. But the Californian philosopher has one immense advantage. Nobody has any personal interest in believing that the world is flat. But many persons may have an interest, very personal indeed, in believing that they have a right to appropriate a share in their neighbor's vineyard.

There are, at least, a few axioms in life on which we are entitled to decline discussion. Even the most sceptical minds have done so. The mind of Voltaire was certainly not disposed to accept without question any of the beliefs that underlay the rotten political system which he saw and hated. He was one of those who assailed it with every weapon, and who ultimately overthrew it. Amongst his fellows in that work there was a perfect revelry of rebellion and of unbelief. In the grotesque procession of new opinions which had begun to pass across the stage whilst he was still upon it, this particular opinion against property in land had been advocated by the famous "Jean Jacques." Voltaire turned his powerful glance upon it, and this is how he treated it:*—

B. Avez-vous oublié que Jean-Jacques, un des pères de l'Eglise Moderne, a dit, que le premier qui osa clore et cultiver un terrain fut l'ennemi du genre humain, qu'il fallait l'exterminer, et que les fruits sont à tous, et que la terre n'est à personne? N'avons-nous pas déjà examiné ensemble cette belle proposition si utile à la Société?

A. Quel est ce Jean-Jacques? Il faut que ce soit quelque Hun, bel esprit, qui ait écrit cette impertinence abominable, ou quelque mauvais plaisant, *buffo magro*, qui ait voulu rire de ce que le monde entier a de plus sérieux. . . .

For my own part, however, I confess that the mocking spirit of Voltaire is not the spirit in which I am ever tempted to look at the fallacies of Communism. Apart altogether from the appeal which was made to me by this author, I have always felt the high interest which belongs to those fallacies, because of the protean forms in which they tend to revive and reappear, and because of the call they make upon us from time to time to examine and identify the fundamental facts which do really govern the condition of mankind. Never, perhaps, have communistic theories assumed a form more curious, or lent themselves to more fruitful processes of analysis, than in the writings of Mr. Henry George. These writings now include a volume on "Social Problems," published recently. It represents the same ideas as those which inspire the work on "Progress and Poverty." They are often expressed in almost the same words, but they exhibit some development and applications which are of high interest and importance. In this paper I shall refer to both, but for the present I can do no more than group together some of the more prominent features of this new political philosophy.

In the first place, it is not a little remarkable to find one of the most extreme doctrines of Communism advocated by a man who is a citizen of the United States. We have been accustomed to associate that country with boundless resources, and an almost inexhaustible future. It has been for two centuries, and it still is, the land of refuge and the land of promise to millions of the human race. And among all the States which are there "united," those which occupy the Far West are credited with the largest share in this abundant present, and this still more abundant future. Yet it is out of these Uni-

* "Dictionnaire Philosophique," 1764, art. "Loi Naturelle."

ted States, and out of the one State which, perhaps, above all others has this fame of opulence, that we have a solitary voice, prophesying a future of intolerable woes. He declares that all the miseries of the Old World are already firmly established in the New. He declares that they are increasing in an ever-accelerating ratio, growing with the growth of the people, and strengthening with its apparent strength. He tells us of crowded cities, of pestilential rooms, of men and women struggling for employments however mean, of the breathlessness of competition, of the extremes of poverty and of wealth —in short, of all the inequalities of condition, of all the pressures and suffocations which accompany the struggle for existence in the oldest and most crowded societies in the world.

I do not pretend to accept this picture as an accurate representation of the truth. At the best it is a picture only of the darkest shadows with a complete omission of the lights. The author is above all things a Pessimist, and he is under obvious temptations to adopt this kind of coloring. He has a theory of his own as to the only remedy for all the evils of humanity; and this remedy he knows to be regarded with aversion both by the intellect and by the conscience of his countrymen. He can only hope for success by trying to convince Society that it is in the grasp of some deadly malady. Large allowance must be made for this temptation. Still, after making every allowance, it remains a most remarkable fact that such a picture can be drawn by a citizen of the United States. There can be no doubt whatever that at least as regards many of the great cities of the Union, it is quite as true a picture of them as it would be of the great cities of Europe. And even as regards the population of the States as a whole, other observers have reported on the feverish atmosphere which accompanies its eager pursuit of wealth, and on the strain which is everywhere manifest for the attainment of standards of living and of enjoyment which are never reached except by a very few. So far, at least, we may accept Mr. George's representations as borne out by independent evidence.

But here we encounter another most remarkable circumstance in Mr. George's books. The man who gives this dark—this almost black—picture of the tendencies of American progress, is the same man who rejects with indignation the doctrine that population does everywhere tend to press in the same way upon the limits of subsistence. This, as is well known, is the general proposition which is historically connected with the name of Malthus, although other writers before him had unconsciously felt and assumed its truth. Since his time it has been almost universally admitted not as a theory but as a fact. and one of the most clearly ascertained of all the facts of economic science. But, like all Communists, Mr. George hates the very name of Malthus. He admits and even exaggerates the fact of pressure as applicable to the people of America. He admits it as applicable to the people of Europe, and of India, and of China. He admits it as a fact as applicable more or less obviously to every existing population of the globe. But he will not allow the fact to be generalized into a law. He will not allow this—because the generalization suggests a cause which he denies, and shuts out another cause which he asserts. But this is not a legitimate reason for refusing to express phenomena in terms as wide and general as their actual occurrence. Never mind causes until we have clearly ascertained facts; but when these are clearly ascertained let us record them fearlessly in terms as wide as the truth demands. If there is not a single population on the globe which does not exhibit the fact of pressure more or less severe on the limits of their actual subsistence, let us at least recognize this fact in all its breadth and sweep. The diversities of laws and institutions, of habits and of manners, are almost infinite. Yet amidst all these diversities this one fact is universal. Mr. George himself is the latest witness. He sees it to be a fact—a terrible and alarming fact, in his opinion—as applicable to the young and hopeful society of the New World. In a country where there is no monarch, no aristocracy, no ancient families, no entails of land, no standing armies worthy of the name, no pensions, no courtiers, where all are absolutely equal before the law, there, even there—in this paradise of Democracy, Mr. George tells us that the pressure of the masses upon the means of living and enjoyment which are open to them is becoming more and more severe; that the inequalities of men are becoming as wide and glaring as in the oldest societies of Asia and of Europe.

The contrast between this wonderful confirmation of Malthusian facts, and the vehement denunciation of Malthusian "law," is surely one of the curiosities of literature. But the explanation is clear enough. Mr. George sees that facts common to so many nations must be due to some cause as common as the result. But, on the other hand, it would not suit his theory to admit that this cause can possibly be anything inherent in the constitution of Man, or in the natural System under which he lives. From this region, therefore, he steadily averts his face. There are a good many other facts in human nature and in human conditions that have this common and universal character. There are a number of such facts connected with the mind, another number connected with the body, and still another number connected with the opportunities of men. But all of these Mr. George passes over—in order that he may fix attention upon one solitary fact—namely, that in all nations individual men, and individual communities of men, have hitherto been allowed to acquire bits of land and to deal with them as their own.

The distinction between Natural Law and Positive Institution is indeed a distinction not to be neglected. But it is one of the very deepest subjects in all philosophy, and there are many indications that Mr. George has dipped into its abysmal waters with the very shortest of sounding lines. Human laws are

evolved out of human instincts, and these are among the gifts of nature. Reason may pervert them, and Reason is all the more apt to do so when it begins to spin logical webs out of its own bowels. But it may be safely said that in direct proportion as human laws, and the accepted ideas on which they rest, are really universal, in that same proportion they have a claim to be regarded as really natural, and as the legitimate expression of fundamental truths. Sometimes the very men who set up as reformers against such laws, and denounce as "stupid"* even the greatest nations which have abided by them, are themselves unconsciously subject to the same ideas, and are only working out of them some perverted application.

For here, again, we come upon another wonderful circumstance affecting Mr. George's writings. I have spoken of Mr. George as a citizen of the United States, and also as a citizen of the particular State of California. In this latter capacity, as the citizen of a democratic government, he is a member of that government, which is the government of the whole people. Now, what is the most striking feature about the power claimed by that government, and actually exercised by it every day? It is the power of excluding the whole human race absolutely, except on its own conditions, from a large portion of the earth's surface—a portion so large that it embraces no less than ninety-nine millions of acres, or 156,000 square miles of plain and valley, of mountain and of hill, of lake and river, and of estuaries of the sea. Yet the community which claims and exercises this exclusive ownership over this enormous territory is, as compared with its extent, a mere handful of men. The whole population of the State of California represents only the fractional number of 5·5 to the square mile. It is less than one quarter of the population of London. If the whole of it could be collected into one place they would hardly make a black spot in the enormous landscape if it were swept by a telescope. Such is the little company of men which claims to own absolutely and exclusively this enormous territory. Yet it is a member of this community who goes about the world preaching the doctrine, as a doctrine of Divine right, that land is to be as free as the atmosphere, which is the common property of all, and in which no exclusive ownership can be claimed by any. It is true that Mr. George does denounce the conduct of his own Government in the matter of its disposal of land. But strange to say, he does not denounce it because it claims this exclusive ownership. On the contrary, he denounces it because it ever consents to part with it. Not the land only, but the very atmosphere of California—to use his own phraseology—is to be held so absolutely and so exclusively as the property of this community, that it is never to be parted with except on lease and for such annual rent as the government may determine. Who gave this exclusive ownership over this immense territory to this particular community? Was it conquest? And if so, may it not be as rightfully acquired by any who are strong enough to seize it? And if exclusive ownership is conferred by conquest, then has it not been open to every conquering army, and to every occupying host in all ages and in all countries of the world, to establish a similar ownership, and to deal with it as they please?

It is at this point that we catch sight of one aspect of Mr. George's theory in which it is capable of at least a rational explanation. The question how a comparatively small community of men like the first gold-diggers of California and their descendants can with best advantage use or employ its exclusive claims of ownership over so vast an area, is clearly quite an open question. It is one thing for any given political society to refuse to divide its vacant territory among individual owners. It is quite another thing for a political society, which for ages has recognised such ownership and encouraged it, to break faith with those who have acquired such ownership and have lived and labored, and bought and sold, and willed upon the faith of it. If Mr. George can persuade the State of which he is a citizen, and the Government of which he is in this sense a member, that it would be best never any more to sell any bit of its unoccupied territory to any individual, by all means let him try to do so, and some plausible arguments might be used in favor of such a course. But there is a strong presumption against it and him. The question of the best method of disposing of such territory has been before every one of our great colonies, and before the United States for several generations; and the universal instinct of them all has been that the individual ownership of land is the one great attraction which they can hold out to the settlers whom it is their highest interest to invite and to establish. They know that the land of a country is never so well "nationalized" as when it is committed to the ownership of men whose interest it is to make the most of it. They know that under no other inducement could men be found to clear the soil from stifling forests, or to water it from arid wastes, or to drain it from pestilential swamps, or to enclose it from the access of wild animals, or to defend it from the assaults of savage tribes. Accordingly their verdict has been unanimous; and it has been given under conditions in which they were free from all traditions except those which they carried with them as parts of their own nature, in harmony and correspondence with the nature of things around them. I do not stop to argue this question here; but I do stop to point out that both solutions of it—the one quite as much as the other—involve the exclusive occupation of land by individuals, and the doctrine of absolute ownership vested in particular communities, as against all the rest of mankind. Both are equally incompatible with the fustian which compares the ex-

* This is the epithet applied by Mr. George to the English people, because they will persist in allowing what all other nations have equally allowed.

clusive occupation of land to exclusive occupation of the atmosphere. Supposing that settlers could be found willing to devote the years of labor and of skill which are necessary to make wild soils productive, under no other tenure than that of a long "improvement lease," paying of course for some long period either no rent at all, or else a rent which must be purely nominal; supposing this to be true, still equally the whole area of any given region would soon be in the exclusive possession for long periods of time of a certain number of individual farmers, and would not be open to the occupation by the poor of all the world. Thus the absolute ownership which Mr. George declares to be blasphemous against God and Nature, is still asserted on behalf of some mere fraction of the human race, and this absolute ownership is again doled out to the members of this small community, and to them alone, in such shares as it considers to be most remunerative to itself.

And here again, for the third time, we come upon a most remarkable testimony to facts in Mr. George's book, the import and bearing of which he does not apparently perceive. Of course the question whether it is most advantageous to any given society of men to own and cultivate its own lands in severalty or in common, is a question largely depending on the conduct and the motives and the character of governments, as compared with the conduct and the character and the motives of individual men. In the disposal and application of wealth, as well as in the acquisition of it, are men more pure and honest when they act in public capacities as members of a Government or of a Legislature, than when they act in private capacities towards their fellow men? Is it not notoriously the reverse? Is it not obvious that men will do, and are constantly seen doing, as politicians, what they would be ashamed to do in private life? And has not this been proved under all the forms which government has taken in the history of political societies? Lastly, I will ask one other question—Is it not true that, to say the very least, this inherent tendency to corruption has received no check from the democratic constitutions of those many "new worlds" in which kings were left behind, and aristocracies have not had time to be established?

These are the very questions which Mr. George answers with no faltering voice; and it is impossible to disregard his evidence. He declares over and over again, in language of virtuous indignation, that government in the United States is everywhere becoming more and more corrupt. Not only are the Legislatures corrupt, but that last refuge of virtue even in the worst societies—the Judiciary—is corrupt also. In none of the old countries of the world has the very name of politician fallen so low as in the democratic communities of America. Nor would it be true to say that it is the wealthy classes who have corrupted the constituencies. These—at least to a very large extent—are themselves corrupt. Probably there is no sample of the Demos more infected with corruption than the Demos of New York. Its management of the municipal rates is alleged to be a system of scandalous jobbery. Now, the wonderful thing is that of all this Mr. George is thoroughly aware. He sees it, he repeats it in every variety of form. Let us hear a single passage:*—

> It behooves us to look facts in the face. The experiment of popular government in the United States is clearly a failure. Not that it is a failure everywhere and in everything. An experiment of this kind does not have to be fully worked out to be proved a failure. But, speaking generally of the whole country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, our government by the people has in large degree become, is in larger degree becoming, government by the strong and unscrupulous.

Again, I say that it is fair to remember that Mr. George is a Pessimist. But whilst remembering this, and making every possible allowance for it, we must not less remember that his evidence does not stand alone. In the United States, from citizens still proud of their country, and out of the United States, from representative Americans, I have been told of transactions from personal knowledge which conclusively indicated a condition of things closely corresponding to the indictment of Mr. George. At all events we cannot be wrong in our conclusion that it is not among the public bodies and Governments of the States of America that we are to look in that country for the best exhibitions of purity or of virtue.

Yet it is to these bodies—legislative, administrative, and judicial, of which he gives us such an account—that Mr. George would confine the rights of absolute ownership in the soil. It is these bodies that he would constitute the sole and universal landlord, and it is to them he would confide the duty of assessing and of spending the rents of everybody all over the area of every State. He tells us that a great revenue, fit for the support of some such great rulers as have been common in the Old World, could be afforded out of one-half the "waste and stealages" of such Municipalities as his own at San Francisco. What would be the "waste and stealages" of a governing body having at its disposal the whole agricultural and mining wealth of such States as California and Texas, of Illinois and Colorado?

But this is not all. The testimony which is borne by Mr. George as to what the governing bodies of America now are is as nothing to the testimony of his own writings as to what they would be—if they were ever to adopt his system, and if they were ever to listen to his teaching. Like all Communists, he regards Society not as consisting of individuals whose separate welfare is to be the basis of the welfare of the whole, but as a great abstract Personality, in which all power is to be centred, and to which all separate rights and interests are to be subordinate. If this is to be the doctrine, we might at least have hoped that with such powers committed to Governments, as against the individual, corresponding duties and responsibilities, towards the individual, would have been recognized

* "Social Problems," p. 22.

as an indispensable accompaniment. If, for example, every political society as a whole is an abiding Personality, with a continuity of rights over all its members, we might at least have expected that the continuous obligation of honor and good faith would have been recognized as equally binding on this Personality in all its relations with those who are subject to its rule. But this is not at all Mr. George's view. On the contrary, he preaches systematically not only the high privilege, but the positive duty of repudiation. He is not content with urging that no more bits of unoccupied land should be ever sold, but he insists upon it that the ownership of every bit already sold shall be resumed without compensation to the settler who has bought it, who has spent upon it years of labor, and who from first to last has relied on the security of the State and on the honor of its Government. There is no mere practice of corruption which has ever been alleged against the worst administrative body in any country that can be compared in corruption with the desolating dishonor of this teaching. In olden times, under violent and rapacious rulers, the Prophets of Israel and of Judah used to raise their voices against all forms of wrong and robbery, and they pronounced a special benediction upon him who sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not. But the new Prophet of San Francisco is of a different opinion. Ahab would have been saved all his trouble, and Jezebel would have been saved all her tortuous intrigues if only they could have had beside them the voice of Mr. Henry George. Elijah was a fool. What right could Naboth have to talk about the "inheritance of his fathers"?* His fathers could have no more right to acquire the ownership of those acres on the Hill of Jezreel than he could have to continue in the usurpation of it. No matter what might be his pretended title, no man and no body of men could give it:—not Joshua nor the Judges; not Saul nor David; not Solomon in all his glory—could "make sure" to Naboth's fathers that portion of God's earth against the undying claims of the head of the State, and of the representative of the whole people of Israel.

But now another vista of consequence opens up before us. If the doctrine be established that no faith is to be kept with the owners of land, will the same principle not apply to tenancy as well as ownership? If one generation cannot bind the next to recognize a purchase, can one generation bind another to recognize a lease? If the one promise can be broken and ought to be broken, why should the other be admitted to be binding? If the accumulated value arising out of many years, or even generations, of labor, can be and ought to be appropriated, is there any just impediment against seizing that value every year as it comes to be? If this new gospel be indeed gospel, why should not this Californian form of "faith unfaithful" keep us perennially and forever "falsely true"?

Nay, more, is there any reason why the doctrine of repudiation should be confined to pledges respecting either the tenancy or the ownership of land? This question naturally arose in the minds of all who read with any intelligence "Progress and Poverty" when it first appeared. But the extent to which its immoral doctrines might be applied was then a matter of inference only, however clear that inference might be. If all owners of land, great and small, might be robbed, and ought to be robbed of that which Society had from time immemorial allowed them and encouraged them to acquire and to call their own; if the thousands of men, women, and children who directly and indirectly live on rent, whether in the form of returns to the improver, or of mortgage to the capitalist, or jointure to the widow, or portion to the children, are all equally to be ruined by the confiscation of the fund on which they depend—are there not other funds which would be all swept into the same net of envy and of violence? In particular, what is to become of that great fund on which also thousands and thousands depend—men, women, and children, the aged, the widow, and the orphan—the fund which the State has borrowed and which constitutes the Debt of Nations? Even in "Progress and Poverty" there were dark hints and individual passages which indicated the goal of all its reasoning in this direction. But men's intellects just now are so flabby on these subjects, and they are so fond of shaking their heads when property in land is compared with property in other things, that such suspicions and forebodings as to the issue of Mr. George's arguments would to many have seemed overstrained. Fortunately, in his later book he has had the courage of his opinions, and the logic of false premises has steeled his moral sense against the iniquity of even the most dishonorable conclusions. All National Debts are as unjust as property in land; all such Debts are to be treated with the sponge. As no faith is due to landowners, or to any who depend on their sources of income, so neither is any faith to be kept with bond holders, or with any who depend on the revenues which have been pledged to them. The Jew who may have lent a million, and the small tradesman who may have lent his little savings to the State—the trust-funds of children and of widows which have been similarly lent—are all equally to be the victims of repudiation. When we remember the enormous amount of the national debts of Europe and of the American States, and the vast number of persons of all kinds and degrees of wealth whose property is invested in these "promises to pay," we can perhaps faintly imagine the ruin which would be caused by the gigantic fraud recommended by Mr. George. Take England alone. About seven hundred and fifty millions is the amount of her Public Debt. This great sum is held by about 181,721 persons, of whom the immense majority—about 111,000—receive dividends amounting to 400*l.* a year and under. Of these, again, by far the greater part enjoy incomes of less than 100*l.* a year. And then the same principle is of

* 1 Kings xxi. 3.

course applicable to the debt of all public bodies; those of the Municipalities alone which are rapidly increasing, would now amount to something like one hundred and fifty millions more.

Everything in America is on a gigantic scale, even its forms of villany, and the villany advocated by Mr. George is an illustration of this as striking as the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky, or the frauds of the celebrated "Tammany Ring" in New York. The world has never seen such a Preacher of Unrighteousness as Mr. Henry George. For he goes to the roots of things, and shows us how unfounded are the rules of probity, and what mere senseless superstitions are the obligations which have been only too long acknowledged. Let us hear him on National Debts, for it is an excellent specimen of his childish logic, and of his profligate conclusions:—

> The institution of public debts, like the institution of private property in land, rests upon the preposterous assumption that one generation may bind another generation. If a man were to come to me and say, "Here is a promissory note which your great-grandfather gave to my great-grandfather, and which you will oblige me by paying," I would laugh at him and tell him that if he wanted to collect his note he had better hunt up the man who made it: that I had nothing to do with my great-grandfather's promises.
>
> And if he were to insist upon payment, and to call my attention to the terms of the bond in which my great-grandfather expressly stipulated with his great-grandfather that I should pay him, I would only laugh the more, and be more certain that he was a lunatic. To such a demand any one of us would reply in effect, "My great-grandfather was evidently a knave or a joker, and your great-grandfather was certainly a fool, which quality you surely have inherited if you expect me to pay you money because my great-grandfather promised that I should do so. He might as well have given your great-grandfather a draft upon Adam, or a check upon the First National Bank of the Moon."
>
> Yet upon this assumption that ascendants may bind descendants, that one generation may legislate for another generation, rests the assumed validity of our land titles and public debts.*

Yet even in this wonderful passage we have not touched the bottom of Mr. George's lessons in the philosophy of spoliation. If we may take the property of those who have trusted to our honor, surely it must be still more legitimate to take the property of those who have placed in us no such confidence. If we may fleece the public creditor, it must be at least equally open to us to fleece all those who have invested otherwise their private fortunes. All the other accumulations of industry must be as rightfully liable to confiscation. Whenever "the people" see any large handful in the hands of any one, they have a right to have it,—in order to save themselves from any necessity of submitting to taxation.

Accordingly we find, as usual, that Mr. George has a wonderful honesty in avowing what hitherto the uninstructed world has been agreed upon considering as dishonesty. But this time the avowal comes out under circumstances which are deserving of special notice. We all know that not many years ago the United States was engaged in a civil war of long duration, at one time apparently of doubtful issue, and on which the national existence hung. I was one of those—not too many in this country—who held from the beginning of that terrible contest that "the North" were right in fighting it. Lord Russell, on a celebrated occasion, said that they were fighting for "dominion." Yes; and for what else have nations ever fought, and by what else than dominion, in one sense or another—have great nations ever come to be? The Demos has no greater right to fight for dominion than Kings; but it has the same. But behind and above the existence of the Union as a nation there was the further question involved whether, in this nineteenth century of the Christian era, there was to be established a great dominion of civilized men which was to have negro slavery as its fundamental doctrine and as the cherished basis of its constitution. On both of these great questions the people of the Northern States—in whatever proportions the one or the other issue might affect individual minds,—had before them as noble a cause as any which has ever called men to arms. It is a cause which will be forever associated in the memory of mankind with one great figure—the figure of Abraham Lincoln, the best and highest representative of the American people in that tremendous crisis. In nothing has the bearing of that people been more admirable than in the patient and willing submission of the masses, as of one man, not only to the desolating sacrifice of life which it entailed, but to the heavy and lasting burden of taxation which was inseparable from it. It is indeed deplorable—nothing I have ever read in all literature has struck me as so deplorable—than that at this time of day, when by patient continuance in well-doing the burden has become comparatively light, and there is a near prospect of its final disappearance, one single American citizen should be found who appreciates so little the glory of his country as to express his regret that they did not begin this great contest by an act of stealing. Yet this is the case with Mr. Henry George. In strict pursuance of his dishonest doctrines of repudiation respecting public debts, and knowing that the war could not have been prosecuted without funds, he speaks with absolute bitterness of the folly which led the Government to "shrink" from at once seizing the whole, or all but a mere fraction, of the property of the few individual citizens who had the reputation of being exceptionally rich. If, for example, it were known that any man had made a fortune of 200,000*l.*, the Washington Government ought not to have "shrunk" from taking the whole—except some 200*l.*, which remainder might, perhaps, by a great favor, be left for such support as it might afford to the former owner. And so by a number of seizures of this kind, all over the States, the war might possibly have been conducted for the benefit of all at the cost of a very few.*

It may be worth while to illustrate how this would have worked in a single instance. When I was in New York, a few years ago,

* "Social Problems," pp. 213-14.

* Mr. George's words are these: "If, when we called on men to die for their country, we had not shrunk from taking, if necessary, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand dollars from every millionaire, we need not have created any debt." —"Social Problems," p. 216.

one of the sights which was pointed out to me was a house of great size and of great beauty both in respect to material and to workmanship. In these respects at least, if not in its architecture, it was equal to any of the palaces which are owned by private citizens in any of the richest capitals of the Old World. It was built wholly of pure white marble, and the owner, not having been satisfied with any of the marbles of America, had gone to the expense of importing Italian marble for the building.

This beautiful and costly house was, I was further told, the property of a Scotchman who had emigrated to America with no other fortune and no other capital than his own good brains. He had begun by selling ribbons. By selling cheap, and for ready money, but always also goods of the best quality, he had soon acquired a reputation for dealings which were eminently advantageous to those who bought. But those who bought were the public, and so a larger and a larger portion of the public became eager to secure the advantages of this exceptionally moderate and honest dealer. With the industry of his race he had also its thrift, and the constant turning of his capital on an ever-increasing scale, coupled with his own limited expenditure, had soon led to larger and larger savings. These, again, had been judiciously invested in promoting every public undertaking which promised advantage to his adopted country, and which, by fulfilling that promise, could alone become remunerative. And so by a process which, in every step of it, was an eminent service to the community of which he was a member, he became what is called a millionaire. Nor in the spending of his wealth had he done otherwise than contribute to the taste and splendor of his country, as well as to the lucrative employment of its people. All Nature is full of the love of ornament, and the habitations of creatures, even the lowest in the scale of being, are rich in coloring and in carving of the most exquisite and elaborate decoration. It is only an ignorant and uncultured spirit which denounces the same love of ornament in Man, and it is a stupid doctrine which sees in it nothing but a waste of means. The great merchant of New York had indeed built his house at great cost; but this is only another form of saying that he had spent among the artificers of that city a great sum of money, and had in the same proportion contributed to the only employment by which they live. In every way, therefore, both as regards the getting and the spending of his wealth, this millionaire was an honor and a benefactor to his country. This is the man on whom that same country would have been incited by Mr. Henry George to turn the big eyes of brutal envy, and to rob of all his earnings. It is not so much the dishonesty or the violence of such teaching that strikes us most, but its unutterable meanness. That a great nation, having a great cause at stake, and representing in the history of the world a life-and-death struggle against barbarous institutions, ought to have begun its memorable war by plundering a few of its own citizens—this is surely the very lowest depth which has ever been reached by any political philosophy.

And not less instructive than the results of this philosophy are the methods of its reasoning, its methods of illustration, and its way of representing facts. Of these we cannot have a better example than the passage before quoted, in which Mr. Henry George explains the right of nations and the right of individuals to repudiate an hereditary debt. It is well to see that the man who defends the most dishonorable conduct on the part of Governments defends it equally on the part of private persons. The passage is a typical specimen of the kind of stuff of which Mr. George's works are full. The element of plausibility in it is the idea that a man should not be held responsible for promises to which he was not himself a consenting party. This idea is presented by itself, with a careful suppression of the conditions which make it inapplicable to the case in hand. Hereditary debts do not attach to persons except in respect to hereditary possessions. Are these possessions to be kept whilst the corresponding obligations are to be denied? Mr. George is loud on the absurdity of calling upon him to honor any promise which his great-grandfather may have made, but he is silent about giving up any resources which his great-grandfather may have left. Possibly he might get out of this difficulty by avowing that he would allow no property to pass from one generation to another—not even from father to son—that upon every death all the savings of every individual should be confiscated by the State. Such a proposal would not be one whit more violent, or more destructive to society, than other proposals which he does avow. But so far as I have observed, this particular consequence of his reasoning is either not seen, or is kept in the dark. With all his apparent and occasional honesty in confronting results however anarchical, there is a good deal of evidence that he knows how to conceal his hand. The prominence given in his agitation to an attack on the particular class of capitalists who are owners of land, and the total or comparative silence which he maintains on his desire to rob fund-holders of all kinds, and especially the public creditor, is a clear indication of a strategy which is more dexterous than honest. And so it may really be true that he repudiates all hereditary debt because he will also destroy all hereditary succession in savings of any kind. But it must be observed that even thus he cannot escape from the inconsistency I have pointed out, as it affects all public debts. These have all been contracted for the purpose of effecting great national objects, such as the preservation of national independence, or the acquisition of national territory, or the preparations needed for national defence. The State cannot be disinherited of the benefits and possessions thus secured, as individuals may be disinherited of their father's gains. In the case of national debts, therefore, it is quite clear that the immorality of Mr. George's argument is as conspicuous as the childishness of its reasoning.

But there are other examples, quite as

striking, of the incredible absurdity of his reasoning, which are immediately connected with his dominant idea about property in land. Thus the notion that because all the natural and elementary substances which constitute the raw materials of human wealth are substances derived from the ground, therefore all forms of that wealth must ultimately tend to concentration in the hands of those who own the land; this notion must strike a land owner as one worthy only of Bedlam. He may not be able at a moment's notice to unravel all the fallacies on which it rests, and he may even be able to see in it the mad mimicry of logic which deceives the ignorant. But it does not need to be a land owner to see immediately that the conclusion is an absurdity. We have only to apply this notion in detail in order to see more and more clearly its discrepancy with fact. Thus, for example, we may put one application of it thus: All houses are built of materials derived from the soil, of stone, of lime, of brick, or of wood, or of all three combined. But of these materials three are not only products of the soil, but parts of its very substance and material. Clearly it must follow that the whole value of house property must end in passing into the hands of those who own these materials, quarries of building stone, beds of brick-earth, beds of lime, and forests. Unfortunately for landowners, this wonderful demonstration does not, somehow, take effect.

But Mr. Henry George's processes in matters of reasoning are not more absurd than his assumptions in matters of fact. The whole tone is based on the assumption that owners of land are not producers, and that rent does not represent, or represents only in a very minor degree the interest of capital. Even an American ought to know better than this; because although there are in some parts of the United States immense areas of prairie land which are ready for the plough with almost no preliminary labor, yet even in the New World the areas are still more immense in which the soil can only be made capable of producing human food by the hardest labor, and the most prolonged. But in the old countries of Europe, and especially in our own, every landowner knows well, and others ought to know a little, that the present condition of the soil is the result of generations of costly improvements, and of renewed and reiterated outlays to keep these improvements in effective order. Yet on this subject I fear that many persons are almost as ignorant as Mr. Henry George. My own experience now extends over a period of the best part of forty years. During that time I have built more than fifty homesteads complete for man and beast; I have drained and reclaimed many hundreds, and enclosed some thousands, of acres. In this sense I have "added house to house and field to field," not—as pulpit orators have assumed in similar cases—that I might "dwell alone in the land," but that the cultivating class might live more comfortably, and with better appliances for increasing the produce of the soil. I know no more animating scene than that presented to us in the essays and journals which give an account of the agricultural improvements effected in Scotland since the close of the Civil Wars in 1745. Thousands and thousands of acres have been reclaimed from bog and waste. Ignorance has given place to science, and barbarous customs of immemorial strength have been replaced by habits of intelligence and of business. In every county the great landowners, and very often the smaller, were the great pioneers in a process which has transformed the whole face of the country. And this process is still in full career. If I mention again my own case, it is because I know it to be only a specimen, and that others have been working on a still larger scale. During the four years since Mr. George did me the honor of sending to me a book assuming that landowners are not producers, I find that I have spent on one property alone the sum of 40,000*l.* entirely on the improvement of the soil. Moreover, I know that this outlay on my own part, and similar outlay on the part of my neighbors, so far from having power to absorb and concentrate in our hands all other forms of wealth, is unable to secure anything like the return which the same capital would have won—and won easily—in many other kinds of enterprise. I am in possession of authentic information that on one great estate in England the outlay on improvements purely agricultural, has, for twenty-one years past, been at the rate of 35,000*l.* a year, whilst including outlay on churches and schools, it has amounted in the last forty years to nearly 2,000,000*l.* sterling. To such outlays landowners are incited very often, and to a great extent, by the mere love of seeing a happier landscape and a more prosperous people. From much of the capital so invested they often seek no return at all, and from very little of it indeed do they ever get a high rate of interest. And yet the whole—every farthing of it—goes directly to the public advantage. Production is increased in full proportion, although the profit on that production is small to the owner. There has been grown more corn, more potatoes, more turnips; there has been produced more milk, more butter, more cheese, more beef, more mutton, more pork, more fowls, and eggs, and all these articles in direct proportion to their abundance have been sold at lower prices to the people. When a man tells me, and argues on steps of logic which he boasts as irrefutable, that in all this, I and others have been serving no interests but our own—nay, more, that we have been but making "the poor poorer" than they were—I know very well that, whether I can unravel his fallacies or not, he is talking the most arrant nonsense, and must have in his composition, however ingenious and however eloquent, a rich combination, and a very large percentage of the fanatic and of the goose.

And here, again, we have a new indication of these elements in one great assumption of fact, and that is the assumption that wealth has been becoming less and less diffused —"the rich richer, the poor poorer." It did not require the recent elaborate and

able statistical examination of Mr. Giffen to convince me that this assumption is altogether false. It is impossible for any man to have been a considerable employer of labor during a period embracing one full generation, without his seeing and feeling abundant evidence that all classes have partaken in the progress of the country, and no class more extensively than that which lives by labor. He must know that wages have more than doubled—sometimes a great deal more—whilst the continuous remission of taxes has tended to make, and has actually made almost every article of subsistence a great deal cheaper than it was thirty years ago. And outside the province of mere muscular labor, amongst all the classes who are concerned in the work of distribution or of manufacture, I have seen around me, and on my own property, the enormous increase of those whose incomes must be comfortable without being large. The houses that are built for their weeks of rest and leisure, the furniture with which these houses are provided, the gardens and shrubberies which are planted for the ornament of them; all of these indications, and a thousand more, tell of increasing comfort far more widely if not universally diffused.

And if personal experience enables me to contradict absolutely one of Mr. George's assumptions, official experience enables me not less certainly to contradict another. Personally I know what private ownership has done for one country. Officially I have had only too good cause to know what State ownership has not done for another country. India is a country in which, theoretically at least, the State is the only and the universal landowner, and over a large part of it the State does actually take to itself a share of the gross produce which fully represents ordinary rent. Yet this is the very country in which the poverty of the masses is so abject that millions live only from hand to mouth, and when there is any—even a partial—failure of the crops, thousands and hundreds of thousands are in danger of actual starvation. The Indian Government is not corrupt—whatever other failings it may have—and the rents of a vast territory can be far more safe if left to its disposal than they could be left at the disposal of such popular governments as those which Mr. George has denounced on the American Continent. Yet somehow the functions and duties which in more civilized countries are discharged by the institution of private ownership in land are not as adequately discharged by the Indian Administration. Moreover, I could not fail to observe, when I was connected with the Government of India, that the portion of that country which has most grown in wealth is precisely that part of it in which the Government has parted with its power of absorbing rent by having agreed to a Permanent Settlement. Many Anglo-Indian statesmen have looked with envious eyes at the wealth which has been developed in Lower Bengal, and have mourned over the policy by which the State has been withheld from taking it into the hands of Government. There are two questions, however, which have always occurred to me when this mourning has been expressed—the first is whether we are quite sure that the wealth of Lower Bengal would ever have arisen if its sources had not been thus protected; and the second is whether even now it is quite certain that any Governments, even the best, spend wealth better for the public interests than those to whom it belongs by the natural processes of acquisition. These questions have never, I think, been adequately considered. But whatever may be the true answer to either of them, there is at least one question on which all English statesmen have been unanimous—and that is, that promises once given by the Government, however long ago, must be absolutely kept. When landed property has been bought and sold and inherited in Bengal for some three generations—since 1793—under the guarantee of the Government that the Rent Tax upon it is to remain at a fixed amount, no public man, so far as I know, has ever suggested that the public faith should be violated. And not only so, but there has been a disposition even to put upon the engagement of the Government an overstrained interpretation, and to claim for the landowners who are protected under it an immunity from all other taxes affecting the same sources of income. As Secretary of State for India I had to deal with this question along with my colleagues in the Indian Council, and the result we arrived at was embodied in a despatch which laid down the principles applicable to the case so clearly that in India it appears to have been accepted as conclusive. The Land Tax was a special impost upon rent. The promise was that this special impost should never be increased; or, in its own words, that there should be no "augmentation of the public assessment in consequence of the improvement of their estates." It was not a promise that no other taxes should ever be raised affecting the same sources of income, provided such taxes were not special, but affected all other sources of income equally. On this interpretation the growing wealth of Bengal accruing under the Permanent Settlement would remain accessible to taxation along with the growing wealth derived from all other kinds of property, but not otherwise. There was to be no confiscation by the State of the increased value of land, any more than of the increased value of other kinds of property, on the pretext that this increase was unearned. On the other hand, the State did not exempt that increased value from any taxation which might be levied also and equally from all the rest of the community. In this way we reconciled and established two great principles which to shortsighted theorists may seem antagonistic. One of these principles is that it is the interest of every community to give equal and absolute security to every one of its members in his pursuit of wealth; the other is that when the public interests demand a public revenue all forms of wealth should be equally accessible to taxation.

It would have saved us all, both in London and in Calcutta, much anxious and careful

reasoning if we could only have persuaded ourselves that the Government of 1793 could not possibly bind the Government of 1870. It would have given us a still wider margin if we had been able to believe that no faith can be pledged to landowners, and that we had a divine right to seize not only all the wealth of the Zemindars of Bengal, but also all the property derived from the same source which had grown up since 1793, and has now become distributed and absorbed among a great number of intermediate sharers, standing between the actual cultivator and the representatives of those to whom the promise was originally given. But one doctrine has been tenaciously held by the "stupid English people" in the government of their Eastern Empire, and that is, that our honor is the greatest of our possessions, and that absolute trust in that honor is one of the strongest foundations of our power.

In this paper it has not been my aim to argue. A simple record and exposure of a few of the results arrived at by Mr. Henry George, has been all that I intended to accomplish. To see what are the practical consequences of any train of reasoning is so much gained. And there are cases in which this gain is everything. In mathematical reasoning the "reduction to absurdity" is one of the most familiar methods of disproof. In political reasoning the "reduction to iniquity" ought to be of equal value. And if it is not found to be so with all minds, this is because of a peculiarity in human character which is the secret of all its corruption, and of the most dreadful forms in which that corruption has been exhibited. In pursuing another investigation I have lately had occasion to observe upon the contrast which in this respect exists between our moral and our purely intellectual faculties.* Our Reason is so constituted in respect to certain fundamental truths that those truths are intuitively perceived, and any rejection of them is at once seen to be absurd. But in the far higher sphere of Morals and Religion, it would seem that we have no equally secure moorings to duty and to truth. There is no consequence, however hideous or cruel its application may be, that men have been prevented from accepting because of such hideousness or of such cruelty. Nothing, however shocking, is quite sure to shock them. If it follows from some false belief, or from some fallacious verbal proposition, they will entertain it, and sometimes will even rejoice in it with a savage fanaticism. It is a fact that none of us should ever forget that the moral faculties of Man do not as certainly revolt against iniquity as his reasoning faculties do revolt against absurdity. All history is crowded with illustrations of this distinction, and it is the only explanation of a thousand horrors. There has seldom been such a curious example as the immoral teachings of Mr. Henry George. Here we have a man who probably sincerely thinks he is a Christian, and who sets up as a philosopher, but who is not the least shocked by consequences which abolish the Decalogue, and deny the primary obligations both of public and of private honor. This is a very curious phenomenon, and well deserving of some closer investigation. What are the erroneous data—what are the abstract propositions—which so overpower the Moral Sense, and coming from the sphere of Speculation dictate such flagitious recommendations in the sphere of Conduct? To this question I may perhaps return, not with exclusive reference to the writings of one man, but with reference to the writings of many others who have tried to reduce to scientific form the laws which govern the social developments of our race, and who in doing so have forgotten—strangely forgotten—some of the most fundamental facts of Nature.—THE DUKE OF ARGYLE, in *The Contemporary Review*.

* "Unity of Nature," chap. x. pp. 440-45.

SCIENCE NOTES.

HAVE THE SOLAR ENERGIES BEEN RECENTLY AUGMENTED?

MY reply to this is as decided an affirmation as such a question permits. The great comet of 1882, with a nucleus very much larger than our globe, and surrounded by a coma large enough to envelop a few hundred of such worlds, actually struck the sun, not point blank, but obliquely, and in such wise that a large amount of its coma must have commingled with the solar atmosphere. The nucleus of the comet was afterwards seen to have been broken into at least three pieces, just in the manner that it should break had one side of it been retarded in its flight by some external resistance; not by a blow of solid to solid, but by the frictional resistance produced by a one-sided brush through atmospheric matter.

This could not have happened without a generation of some degree of heat, even if that were all; but it is very improbable, or even impossible, that it was all. Though we know but little of the material of which comets are composed, we do know very positively that such material gravitates;—however flimsy it may be, it travels through space as a mass of metal would do under similar circumstances.

This being the case, some of the outer material of the coma of that comet must have been so much retarded in its collision with the sun's corona as to have been unable to follow the bulk of the comet, and must have joined the sun.

I say "joined the sun" rather than fallen into it, because the retention of some of the comet's original motion would cause such fall to be effected by a curvilinear path of greater or lesser magnitude, amounting in the case of some portions to a complete orbit, which returning always to its starting-place would there suffer renewed retardation, and thus bring the matter in question down to the sun by a spiral course that might be of consider-

able duration. It appears to me very probable that some of the fragments of that comet are now wheeling round the sun, and contributing to the material of the coronal streams, especially of those which at the last eclipse displayed such curious elliptic or parabolic outlines.

It is now pretty well established that the orbits of great comets are peopled with shoals of comet-fry or comet-spawn; a sort of trail or residuum of humble followers in the path of the monster. We encounter them as shooting stars whenever our earth rushes across the zones of known cometary orbits.

Such bodies probably followed the great comet of 1882—are probably following him still, and striking the solar corona as he did—but on account of their smallness are more influenced than he was by the retarding action of its resistance. Therefore they should ever since have been raining into the sun, and are doing so now, thus gradually adding to the normal "solary fuel" and supplying us with the consequences described in the preceding note.*

This explanation of the recent meteoric phenomena would be fairly satisfactory but for something else, which is the theme of my next and concluding note on this subject.

THE FORMATION OF LIMESTONE ROCKS.

ANOTHER correspondent, who writes with an amusing assumption of knowing all about it, is very severe upon my illustration in last December's notes of the mode of formation of limestone rocks by the experiment of blowing through a tube into lime water, and thereby precipitating carbonate of lime; and my statement that "most of the limestone rocks have been formed by chemical action *nearly resembling* this precipitation." As the subject is of considerable intrinsic interest, I will explain it more fully. The critical correspondent says that "no one who has any practical acquaintance with field geology can have failed to observe that a large number of limestones are made up of corals, shells, and other marine organisms." So far he is right enough, but is evidently unable to proceed further, or he would have perceived that my illustration referred directly to rocks thus formed by marine animals.

These animals, like ourselves, exhale carbonic acid. In the experiment I described, the carbonic acid exhaled from the lungs was selected for convenience, but the skin exhales this gas as well as the lungs. Abernethy estimates the quantity exhaled from the skin of a full-grown man at 412 cubic inches per 24 hours. In the lower animals, where "differentiation" of function is carried out to a much smaller extent, or, otherwise expressed, where there is less division of organic labor, the skin does a larger proportion of respiration and excretion; and thus from the surface of such animals not only carbonic acid, but other products of organic waste, such as urea, ammonia, etc., are freely exhaled.

In my illustrative experiment, the carbonate of lime was precipitated by the carbonic acid exhaled from the lungs only, but it might be modified so as to obtain such a precipitation by the exhalations of the skin, especially of the skin of the feet of some people, who might effect a deposit of limestone from sea water merely by immersing their feet in it.

Now the shells of molluscs, the framework of corals, of serpulæ, etc., are composed of limestone deposited by the chemical action of respiratory exhalations from the skin surface, the gills, or other respiratory and excretory organs.

Taking a familiar example, such as an oyster, mussel, cockle, or other bivalve, we find the animal covered with an enveloping membrane or skin, which has been named the *mantle*. This mantle terminates in a beautiful ciliated fringe of delicate gills—the beard. The shell grows in area by a deposition or precipitation of carbonate of lime just where the mantle ends and the gills begin—"the fringed circumference of the mantle" (Rymer Jones), *i.e.*, just where respiration and excretion are most active. It thickens by a slower deposition of denser pearly carbonate over the general surface of the mantle.

The formation of the tubes of serpulæ, which I have often watched in a small aquarium, is similar. Rings of limestone are deposited just at the base of the beautiful fan of respiratory fringes, the new growth being distinguishable by their lighter color when the animal is in captivity.

It is true that the whole chemistry of this precipitation from sea water is not yet fully demonstrated, but I am not stepping far into regions of speculation in supposing that carbonate of ammonia is the precipitating agent in all these cases. A cubic foot of sea water contains about 1¼ ounce of lime salts, precipitable as carbonate by carbonate of ammonia.

The formation of the more ancient limestones, those which preceded all these animals, shall form the subject of a future note in which I will endeavor to summarize the very interesting conclusions of Dr. Sterry Hunt concerning the origin of the enormous supplies of carbonic acid, the action of which must have been chemically identical with that of the breath in the alkaline solution I described.

MY OWN THEORY OF OCEANIC DEPRESSION

Is simply that the actual deviations from the true sphericity of the earth's crust (excluding that produced by rotation) are fully accounted for by the known variations of the density of the materials forming that crust.

Referring to a table of specific gravities, I find that the granites vary from 3·00 to 2·619; porphyritic rocks, from 3·728 to 2·676; limestones, from 3·179 to 1·858; slates from 3·500 to 2·186; marble, from 3·284 to 2·649; sandstones, from 2·690 to 2·143, and so on with all the massive rock material of the earth. The extreme range from pumice deposits to those

* This and the following note were written about the middle of January for publication in the February number, but were crowded out. They should be read in sequence with the February notes.

of baryta compounds is as 1 to 5. This, of course, is exceptional, but the previously quoted are fair examples of ordinary or general variation.

A large area covered with a thick crust of granite, or any other rocks having a specific gravity of 3·000 or thereabouts, would of necessity sink to a lower level than surrounding regions covered by rocks of 2·500 and less. A smaller difference than this would account for existing variations of level, not only for their origin, but also for their permanency, the *broad* primary cause having a constancy corresponding to the observed *broad* effect. I say "broad" because I do not put forth this theory as an explanation of the minor variations of terrestrial surface configuration. It does not touch volcanic disturbances at all, nor earthquake phenomena. All these subsequent deviations from the primary surface deformations are, I think, better explained by Mallet's theory.

Admitting a certain degree of plasticity of the crust of the earth, which plasticity is proved wherever it is tested either naturally or artificially, every theory fails to explain the origin and permanency of the ocean depressions and land elevations which does not supply a cause that has remained as permanent and invariable from the time of its first action to the present moment, as the effect it has produced; that is, it requires to be as permanent as the ocean depths themselves.

A temporary suspension of the action of the force that originally effected the depression would enable the mountains to settle down again to the mean level, just as the waves raised by a gale subside when the tempest ceases; or waves of earth when the seismical disturbance ceases, or as the crust of the earth above the Cheshire salt works is settling down, as the pumping of the brine pits removes the crystals of salt that formerly supported them.

According to my theory the actual shape of the earth is what I may call a spheroid of equilibrium—*i.e.*, a shape which (irrespective of the modification due to rotation) has been acquired by the mutual gravitation of viscous materials which (at the surface at least) are somewhat heterogeneous. With perfect or nearly perfect fluidity, the denser materials would sink through the lighter, but as it is, they merely make a depression without rupture of the substance of the surrounding material; as a skater on ice just strong enough to bear him makes a depression where he stands, but does not sink through.

If this explanation is correct, even the surface of the ocean deviates from the curve of true sphericity, and if the ocean has accumulated on one hemisphere rather than the other, it follows that the centre of gravity of the earth is displaced from the centre of magnitude towards the oceanic side. The ocean is thus accumulated on the southern hemisphere, and there are reasons, which the limits of a note will not permit me to expound, for concluding that a corresponding displacement of the earth's centre of gravity actually exists.

THE ARTIFICIAL LIGHT OF THE FUTURE.

My note on this subject last July was preceded by one on the researches of Professor Radziszewski. I learn now that he has actually separated the luminous matter of the *Pelagia noctiluca*, one of the multitude of species of marine animals that appear like little lumps of jelly and produce the phosphorescence of the sea.

He evaporated to dryness 180 specimens, and from the dry residue dissolved out by means of ether a peculiar kind of fat, which, mixed with potassa, gives out when shaken phosphorescent flashes. This is exactly what happens to the living animal. When quiescent it is not luminous, but if shaken or rubbed it flashes.

I have collected and examined a great variety of these animals at different times; the most remarkable occasion being one morning after a magnificent display of marine luminosity in the Mediterranean, a few miles off the shore of Algiers. The surface of the sea was encrusted, I might almost say, with countless millions of small jelly-like creatures of spherical, ovoid, oblong, dumb-bell, and other shapes, varying in size from a mustard seed to a pea; a bucketful of water taken over the ship's side appeared like sago broth. They were all internally dotted with a multitude of what I suppose to be germs, that would be liberated on the death and decay of the parent.

The practical importance which I attach to the study of the luminosity of these creatures is the fact that they supply light without heat. The costliness of all our present methods of artificial illumination is due to the fact that we waste a largely disproportionate amount of energy in producing heat as well as light. This wastefulness may be illustrated by supposing that we obtain a pound of the phosphorescent fat of the noctiluca and divide it into two equal halves, making one half into candles to burn in the ordinary manner, and using the other half to give out its light by cold phosphorescence.

I am not able to give precise figures, but believe that I am well within the truth in estimating that the candle would dissipate 95 per cent. of the potential energy of the fat in the form of heat, giving out but 5 per cent. of the amount of light that the other half-pound would emit as cool phosphorescence.

Let us, then, hope that Professor Radziszewski will continue his researches, and discover the whole secret of both the analysis and synthesis of this fat, and that of the glowworms, the fireflies, etc. Now that we can supply the confectioner with the flavors of almonds, raspberries, jargonel pears, nectarines, etc., and imitate the perfumes and the richest colors of nature's sweetest and brightest flowers, all by the chemical manipulation of coal tar, we need not despair of solving the chemical problem of transforming mutton suet, or palm oil, or vaseline, into glowworm or noctiluca fat, to be used as suggested in my previous note on this subject.—W. Mattieu Williams, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

GEOLOGY IN GREENLAND.

THE articles recently published in this magazine by Mr. Whymper, entitled "Explorations in Greenland," are a most interesting contribution to our knowledge of facts which are of the highest scientific interest. In some points of view there is no one well-defined area of the earth's surface more curious than Greenland. In the first place let us observe its enormous extent. Look at it on any general map of the world, and it will be seen to occupy a far larger space than many of the areas of continental importance in geography, and of corresponding importance in human history. It is far larger than the whole of British India, with its population of 250,000,000. It is at least 1380 miles long from the southern point (Cape Farewell) to the farthest point of the northern coast hitherto explored. At the broadest part it is nearly 700 miles across from sea to sea; and its whole area is not less than about 320,000 square miles. By far the largest part of it is within the Arctic circle, and its north-western point is the most northerly land which has been seen by the human eye, the nearest to that great object of laborious and abortive efforts, the North Pole. It is this extreme northerly position which, coupled with other facts, gives to it its great scientific interest. We are accustomed to associate this geographical position with extreme cold. But the rocks of Greenland tell us that, although this is the case now, it was not the case in some former ages, and consequently that there is no necessary connection between an extremely low temperature and a position near the Pole. They tell us, in short, that this association is purely temporary and accidental. It is striking and curious enough to find, in the bleak headlands of the Isle of Mull, on our own coasts, the leaves of an abundant forest vegetation—the large leaves of the plane-tree, the evergreen needles of the taxodium, of the yew, and of the pine, and mixed with these the frond-like leaves of the tree called by botanists "Salisburia," which is now an inhabitant of Japan. But the curiosity of this contrast between the present and the past, as regards climatal conditions, is nothing to the still greater contrast in this matter which is presented by finding the same fossil flora in the rocks of Greenland—rocks whose surfaces are now almost wholly bare of vegetation, and all the higher elevations of which are covered with eternal ice and snow. And yet even this contrast is not the contrast highest in degree which the rocks of Greenland present. The Miocene Flora, to which those leaf beds belong, is a very old Flora now, but there was another Flora much older, which we have never seen in life, and which from its nearest living analogies, we are accustomed to think must have been associated with almost a tepid and steamy atmosphere. This is the Flora of the Coal measures. Yet this Flora too, in long ages before the Miocene, has certainly flourished on the area which is now occupied by Greenland.

It is needless to point out what curious questions these facts raise. How came this great change of temperature? How could such warmth be maintained in so high a latitude? How could such plants flourish, even if the climate were as temperate as it is now severe, if then, as now, there were nine months of great cold and darkness and only three months of a little warmth and light? Or is it that we are all puzzling ourselves on a false assumption—that the pole of the earth's rotation has always been where it is now, whereas, in reality it has changed, and Greenland was really at one time as far from the pole as California or Japan are distant from it now? Or is it that temperature is the only real difficulty, and that darkness is no difficulty at all—because plants will flourish even in prolonged darkness, provided the temperature be maintained at a sufficient elevation? All these questions, and many more, arise out of the facts, and probably it may be said with truth that not one of them has been solved conclusively. The mathematicians, indeed, come in with their calculations, and tell us that on physical data the hypothesis of a change in the axis of the earth's rotation must be dismissed as impossible. It is a comfort to have any one point in so many problems dealt with by methods capable of demonstration, and though the majority of us may have no conception of the process by which such disproof is arrived at, we may be well content when such authorities as Sir William Thomson and Mr. George Darwin tell us that "the axis round which the earth revolves must be a 'principle axis of inertia,'" and that as such it cannot have been changed without "such enormous transposition of matter on the earth's surface, or else such distortions of the whole solid mass," as would present far greater difficulties of another kind than those with which we have actually to deal.* Failing the theory of any possible change in the position of the pole, we are driven back to other explanations of the change of temperature, and

* See Paper by Sir W. Thomson in the Transac. of the Geol. Soc. of Glasgow, Feb. 22, 1877.

we are obliged to conclude that long darkness is a condition perfectly compatible with the growth of forests which now only flourish when the days and nights are far more nearly equal throughout the year.

But these curious questions raised by the condition of Greenland in long ages past are not the questions to which I desire to direct attention in the present paper. Other questions not less curious and interesting are raised by its condition now, and the interest of these questions lies in this—that they have a direct and immediate bearing on certain favorite theories as to the physical conditions of the whole of Northern Europe in what is called the Glacial age.

One of these theories is that during the glacial age there was what is called an "ice-cap," sometimes variously called an "ice-sheet," which lay heavy upon the whole northern regions of the globe, and was of such immense area and dimensions that it occupied and filled up a great part of the Northern Ocean, and "flowed" southward like a mighty glacier, entirely covering or submerging all the mountains of Scotland, and of England, and of Wales.

I have always been an unbeliever in this theory because of two great objections. The first is that there is no proof whatever that such masses of ice, mountain-high, ever existed. The second is that if such masses of ice had ever existed they never could have moved or acted as the theory assumes them to have done.

As regards the former of these two great objections I shall say nothing here, first, because Greenland throws no light upon it, and secondly, because the geological arguments upon which the objection is founded are too technical and detailed to suit the pages of a popular magazine.

But the second of the objections above specified can, I think, be easily explained so as to be understood by those who are not professed geologists; whilst, at the same time, a very important part of the argument is much confirmed by the facts described by Mr. Whymper and others in respect to the physical conditions now presented by Greenland and its adjacent seas.

My proposition is simply this: that great masses of ice lying upon any surface approximately level, still more such masses of ice lying in vast hollows—depressions such as the bed of the German Ocean—would not have any proper motion of their own such as is ascribed to the supposed ice-sheet, and in particular that it would not "flow" as an ordinary glacier flows.

We all know that the causes of the motion in ordinary glaciers have been the subject of investigation and of much discussion among Physicists for a long period of years. De Saussure and Agassiz among foreigners, and the late Principal J. D. Forbes of St. Andrew's, were among the most distinguished observers. Substantially, there is only one explanation. A glacier "flows" down its bed with some distant resemblance to a river. It flows more rapidly in the middle than on its two sides. The principal moving force is simply gravitation. The retarding force is friction along the bottom and along the sides. Some of the effect may be due to what has been called "dilatation"—the alternate swellings and contractions which accompany partial meltings and partial regelation. But as the advance is always downwards it is clear that gravitation is the force which ultimately profits by every ancillary cause of movement.

Almost all glaciers are gathered on steep mountain-sides. Down the sides they tend to fall, and although their own cohesiveness is considerable, and the friction must be tremendous, yet on the whole the glacier on the great scale acts as a plastic, or semi-liquid body, and as long as it is fed by the pressure and accretion of fresh snow from above, it continues to fall slowly but steadily down hill, until at last it reaches a level, where its own waste by melting is greater than its protrusion and growth from above, and there it terminates.

Now, in the "ice-sheet" theory, it is assumed that masses of ice would always have a similar motion, whether they had a hill-side to tumble down or not. It is assumed, further, that masses of ice on a much greater scale than any glacier of the European Alps, would not only move over level ground as they move down steep declivities, but that they would be so instinct with motion, and be possessed with such immense momentum, that they would not only move over plains, but ascend opposing slopes and climb up mountains from 2000 to 4000 feet. The idea seems to be, that ice under such conditions would "flow" almost as water flows in a pipe—or dash up as water does in a basin when it is poured in at one side, and runs over at the other. Such an explanation has actually been suggested to me by an ingenious and Glacial friend. I am not, indeed, prepared to deny that ice may be forced up against an opposing surface by some great pressure from behind. The pressure of the tides and currents of the sea has this effect on no inconsiderable scale with the floating masses of thick ice which

are driven hither and thither on the Palæocrystic Sea—as the Polar Ocean was called by our last explorers. By this means, effects of great power in the grinding, abrading, and polishing of rocks are produced along the shores of all the Polar Seas.

I am, indeed, satisfied, that to action of this kind we must really attribute most of the effects upon our land surfaces which are usually ascribed to the land ice of the ice-sheet; because as we know from other evidence that our mountains have been submerged to a great depth during some part of the Glacial age, it is certain that floe, or floating ice, would be brought into action at all levels in succession during the process of sinking and of rising again; or, perhaps, during both of these stages. But when we consider the theory that land ice has been impelled over our hills from lower levels without the intervention of water currents, we are compelled to ask what other kind of pressure can be invoked for the movement of mountains of ice up the sides and over the tops of mountains of rock? In reply to this question, the only answer we ever get is a reference to the action of glaciers. The action of the ice-sheet is said to have been like their action, only on an enormously greater scale. Now this is precisely the question on which the condition of Greenland throws an important light. Here we have an ice-sheet of enormous magnitude in respect to area. We have, too, this ice-sheet resting upon a highly inclined land surface, so that, unlike the theoretical ice-sheet which lay in hollows like the German Ocean, this Greenland ice-sheet has all the advantages which gravitation can give to it in making it "flow" outward from the immense reservoirs of its thousands of square miles of snow-fall. Surely here, if anywhere in the world, we may expect to find proofs of the moving powers of an ice-sheet—pressing outwards on all sides, and overflowing for great distances any opposing hills, and even invading the bed of the adjacent seas.

Now, instead of this result, which might go some little way to justify the theory, we find a set of facts which are wholly different. So far is the vast ice-sheet of Greenland from overflowing the whole of the land area of that country, that it fails even to reach the coast except at particular spots where it comes down valleys, and appears as true glaciers terminating sometimes in the valleys themselves, sometimes in a field or arm of the sea.

So inadequate is the motion of this immense continental mass of ice to carry it any distance beyond the subjacent slopes, that all round the West Coast of Greenland there is a margin more or less broad of country which is free from the ice-sheet, and is called by the Danish settlers "The Outskirts." Hills of comparatively low elevation in that region of country are free from the invasion of the ice-sheet, and even far within the margin of the ice-sheet itself, there is, at least, one solitary peak of about 5000 feet, which that sheet is unable to overflow. And yet just let us try to conceive what that ice-sheet is. Mr. Whymper and Baron Nordenskiöldt have both described it, and I think it must be one of the most impressive sights of our planet. When one of its terminal glaciers has been scaled, and the human foot is fairly planted upon the ice-sheet, it is seen rising to the most distant horizon in one smooth unbroken slope of spotless snow. No man can know the maximum elevation to which it reaches, nor the distance to which it stretches. There is nothing to mark distance on that unsullied surface. It is open to the silent heavens, and receives upon its trackless surface nothing but the cosmic dust of meteors.

If now we turn our faces the other way, and look at the sea which divides this enormous continent of ice from other lands, we find that on the west it is separated from the islands lying to the northward of the American continent by a channel nowhere broad as compared with the breadth of Greenland, but narrowing rapidly as we follow it northwards through Smith Sound and Robinson Channel, until at one point it is less than twenty miles across. Yet this narrow channel, which, as compared with the breadth of the Greenland ice-sheet, may be said to be a mere ditch, is quite broad enough to constitute a complete barrier between it and the opposite shores of Grinnell Land. The ice-sheet sends out into these straits and channels its broken fragments in the form of icebergs, which float away southwards, or become entangled in the intricacies of the coast. But the ice-sheet itself does not occupy or even invade the channel. It is confined strictly to the land of its birth; it is just able, at certain points, to creep sluggishly to its shores, and along hundreds of miles of coast, it is not competent to effect even this short excursion from the hills which it buries in its embrace.

It is indeed true that we do not know what proportions, as to height or depth, the hills and the ice-sheet of Greenland bear to each other. We do not know the maximum elevation of the surface. But Baron Nordenskiöldt has mounted it to an elevation exceeding 6000 feet, and it still rose before him to distant sky lines of loftier height. It is probable, there-

fore, that the buried mountains rise higher and higher towards the interior. Mr. Whymper estimates it at not less than 10,000 feet.

If this mountain slope were indeed unbroken in its own surface, it would represent conditions under which the upper ice-sheet would tend to "flow" most easily, and with a tremendous and accumulating pressure upon the lower portion of the ice. If, therefore, we were to assume such a land surface, it would indeed be an extraordinary proof of the low moving power of ice under the most favorable conditions. But I do not make this assumption. I think it probable that the buried hills of Greenland are more or less undulating, or more or less broken by glens and hollows. Every one of these hollows represents at least one surface which opposes a high resistance to any movement of the ice-sheet, at least in its lower strata: and the general result is that the vast ice-sheet of Greenland is wholly unable to overcome the resistance so presented to its passage to the sea, except where valleys happen to lie in the direction of its movement, and down those it is just able to creep, and to show itself at a few points upon the coast, where these valleys happen to break its line of hills.

It so happens, indeed, that we have a detailed and most graphic account of the nature and behavior of the Greenland ice-sheet very near the highest latitude attained by man. This account will be found in the appendix to the second volume of Sir George Nares's "Voyage to the Polar Sea." One of his officers was sent in the month of May to examine a great inlet of the sea, called "Peterman's Fiord," in latitude about 78° 5′ N. This great inlet, which stretches as far as the eye can reach into the interior of Greenland, in a direction S.E. by N.W., is occupied in its upper portion by an enormous glacier. The two sides of the fiord are formed by precipitous cliffs of limestone, from 1000 to 1100 feet high, and on the top of the cliff is seen in section the true ice-sheet, properly so called, by which I mean the ice-sheet, not as it is consolidated in the hollows into glaciers, but as it lies more thinly on all the mountain-slopes. Moreover, the top of these cliffs is merely the coast termination of great masses of mountain-land, which rise to the height of 6000 feet at no great distance from the coast, so that from the top of these slopes to the edge of the cliffs there is a gradient of some 5000 feet.

Here then we have all the conditions under which the behavior of the Greenland ice can be estimated—in the glacier occupying the bed of the fiord, and, coming from a very distant elevation, we have the motion of a true glacier: whilst in the ice-sheet on the top of the cliffs, we have the motion of the universal Greenland mantle falling down a much steeper declivity. And what do we find? We find that this great Peterman glacier was distinguished by all the marks of an arrested and exhausted motion: whilst, on the contrary, the ice-sheet on the top of the cliffs, estimated to have been about forty feet thick, and consisting of the solid ice of the characteristic blue-green color, was perpetually having its edges pushed over the precipices by the pressure from behind, and was all day long sending down roaring avalanches on the floes of the fiord, showering fragments of rock upon them, and propelling the stones sometimes to the distance of eighty yards from the bottom of the cliffs. It is very remarkable that in so high a latitude, and on mountainous elevations of so great a height, the great Greenland ice-sheet should have been no thicker than about forty feet. But this fact also may well increase our scepticism as to the thicknesses of ice which can alone be reckoned upon as having probably occupied the slopes of our own mountains during the Glacial epoch. At all events, the phenomena of Peterman's Fiord confirm the opinion that ice masses even of vast extent and mass do not retain any motion at great distances from mountain-slopes from which they come, and are soon and easily arrested by friction, or by any opposing obstacles: whilst, on the other hand, they greatly confirm the opinion, that even under the most rigorous glacial climates, and even on high mountains in those climates, the only work done by glaciation is done by comparatively thin sheets of ice lying upon, and sliding down, steep mountain surfaces.

On the whole, then, the evidence supplied by the condition of Greenland is strongly adverse to the assumption that ice-sheets lying on level surfaces of the earth, or still more in the hollows of the sea, would have any tendency to "flow" outwards even as slowly as glaciers may be said to flow; and that there is no known cause of motion which could possibly drive them over rough and adverse slopes.

Passing, then, from this question to another of great interest, it seems to me that the facts connected with Greenland throw great doubt upon, if indeed they do not altogether disprove, another theory, which is comparatively new, but which seems to be becoming popular among the speculations of geology. That theory is, that the crust of the earth is so sensitive to pressure as to be almost like an aneroid barometer, and to be liable to sink with

the slightest addition of weight applied to any portion of its surface. This theory is invoked to account for the accumulation of delta deposits at the mouths of great rivers—each layer of deposit sinking the surface on which it falls, and thus by a multiplication of layers and a multiplication of sinkings, forming at last beds of such depth and thickness as are found at the mouths of the Mississippi and the Nile. On a much grander scale the same theory is invoked to account for the great submergence of the land, which, as all geologists are now beginning to admit, was an accompaniment of part of the Glacial age. It was the "ice-sheet" which sank it by the mere effect of weight. There is something very attractive in this theory—it is so simple, and would account, at first sight, for so many facts. But here again Greenland is a great obstacle. The whole coast of Greenland, for many hundred miles, covered as it is by an enormous ice-sheet, is not sinking, but rising, and rising, too, apparently, at a rapid rate. It is true that another part of the same coast is undergoing the opposite movement, and is sinking. But, unfortunately for the theory of cause, it is the northern half of Greenland—that which is presumably most loaded with ice, which is rising: and it is the southern half of the continent, presumably less loaded with ice, which is sinking. The axis of these two opposite movements—the hinge point or hinge line on which they turn—lies somewhere about the 77th degree of latitude. A most interesting and graphic account of the appearances which prove these movements on the Greenland coast will be found in Dr. Kane's "Account of the Second Grinnell Expedition in search of Sir J. Franklin, in the years 1853-54-55." (Trübner, 1856.)

It is evident that we do not know the real causes of these secular movements of the earth's crust. It is best to confess our total ignorance. All that we gather certainly from the fact is, that we are constantly in the presence of forces which are capable of producing in comparatively short periods of time the most enormous changes in the distribution of sea and land; and that according to all the analogies of nature these forces have probably worked by alternations of activity and of repose. The highest of our mountains are mere roughnesses on the surface of our planet, and a very small acceleration of the rates of movement now going on in Greenland, would submerge in a few years the whole habitable arc of the old world.—THE DUKE OF ARGYLE, in *Good Words*.

PROGRESS OF THE WORKING-CLASSES.

WE are carried back on this occasion very naturally to the origin of the society, by an impending event which now casts its shadow before—our approaching jubilee, which we may hope will be worthily celebrated. On such an occasion, I believe the subject on which I propose to address you to-night will be not unsuitable—a review of the official statistics bearing on the progress of the working-classes—the masses of the nation—in the last half-century. If you go back to the early records of the society, you will find that one of the leading objects of its founders was to obtain means by which to study the very question I have selected. Happily we have still with us one or two honored members associated with the early history of the society—I may mention Dr. Guy and Sir Rawson Rawson—who will bear me out in what I have stated. I may remind you, moreover, that one of the founders of the society was Mr. Porter, of the Board of Trade, whose special study for years was much the same, as his well-known book, "The Progress of the Nation," bears witness; and that in one of the earliest publications of the society, a volume preceding the regular issue of the "Journal," he has left a most interesting account of what he hoped might be effected by means of statistics in studying the subject I have put before you, or the more general subject of the "Progress of the Nation." In asking you, therefore, to look for a little at what statistics tell us of the progress of the great masses of the nation, I feel that I am selecting a subject which is connected with the special history of the society. That it happens for the moment to be attracting a considerable amount of popular attention in connection with sensational politics and sociology, with agitations for land nationalization and collectivism among pretended representatives of the working-classes, is an additional reason for our not neglecting this question; but it is a question to which the society has a primary claim, and which the agitators I have referred to would have done well to study from the statistical point of view.

There are two or three ways in which statistics may throw light on such a question as I have put forward. The first and most direct is to see what records there are of the money earnings of the masses now and fifty years ago, ascertain whether they have increased or diminished, and then compare them with the rise or fall in the prices of the chief articles which the masses consume. Even such records would not give a complete answer.

It is conceivable, for instance, that, while earning more money, and being able to spend it to more advantage, the working-classes might be no better off than formerly. There may be masses, as there are individuals, who do not know how to spend. The question of means, however, will carry us some distance on the road to our object. We shall know that the masses must be better off, unless they have deteriorated in the art of spending, a subject of separate inquiry.

In investigating such records, however, we have to recognize that the ideal mode of answering the question is not yet possible. That mode would be to draw up an account of the aggregate annual earnings of the working-classes for a period about fifty years ago, and a similar account of the aggregate annual earnings of the same classes at the present time, and then compare the average per head and per family at the different dates. Having thus ascertained the increase or diminution in the amount per head at the different dates, it would be comparatively easy, though not in itself quite so easy a matter as it seems, to ascertain how much less or how much more the increased or diminished sum would buy of the chief articles of the workman's consumption. But no such account that I know of has been drawn up, except for a date about fifteen or sixteen years ago, when Mr. Dudley Baxter and Professor Leone Levi both drew up statements of enormous value as to aggregate earnings, statements which it would now be most desirable to compare with similar statements for the present time, if we could have them, and which will be simply invaluable to future generations. In the absence of such statements, all that can be done is to compare what appear to be the average wages of large groups of the working-classes. If it is found that the changes in the money wages of such groups are in the same direction, or almost all in the same direction, then there would be sufficient reason for believing that similar changes had occurred throughout the entire mass. It would be in the highest degree improbable that precisely those changes which could not be traced were in the opposite direction. The difficulty in the way is that, in a period of fifty years in a country like England, the character of the work itself changes. The people who have the same names at different times are not necessarily doing the same work. Some forms of work pass wholly away, and new forms come into existence. Making all allowances, however, and selecting the best comparative cases possible, some useful conclusion seems obtainable.

What I propose to do first and mainly, as regards this point, is to make use of an independent official record which we have to thank Mr. Porter for commencing. I mean the record of wages, which has been maintained for many years in the "Miscellaneous Statistics of the United Kingdom," and which was previously commenced and carried on in the volumes of "Revenue and Population Tables" which Mr. Porter introduced at the Board of Trade about fifty years ago. It is curious on looking back through these volumes to find how difficult it is to get a continuous record. The wages in one volume are for certain districts and trades; in a subsequent volume, for different districts and trades; the descriptive classifications of the workers are also constantly changing. Picking my way through the figures, however, I have to submit the following particulars of changes in money wages between a period forty to fifty years ago—it is not possible to get the same year in all cases to start from—and a period about two years ago, which may be taken as the present time. This comparison leaves out of account the length of hours of work, which is a material point I shall notice presently.

Comparison of Wages Fifty Years ago and at the Present Time.

Occupation.	Place.	Wages fifty years ago, per week.	Wages present time, per week.	Increase or decrease, amount per cent.
		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Carpenters	Manchester	24 0	24 0	0 0
	Glasgow	14 0	24 0	10 0
Bricklayers	Manchester*	24 0	24 0	0 0
"	Glasgow	15 0	27 0	12 0
Masons	Manchester*	24 0	24 0	0 0
"	Glasgow	14 0	28 0	14 0
Miners	Staffordshire	2 8†	4 0†	1 4
Pattern-weavers	Huddersfield	16 0	25 0	9 0
Wool-scourers	"	17 0	26 0	9 0
Mule-spinners	"	25 0	27 0	2 0
Weavers	"	12 0	26 0	14 0
Warpers and beamers	"	17 0	27 0	10 0
Winders and reelers	"	6 8	11 8	5 0
Weavers (men)	Bradford	18 0	30 0	12 0
Reeling and warping	"	8 7	15 6	7 11
Spinning (children)	"	7 4	11 5	7 1

Thus, in all cases where I have found it possible from the apparent similarity of the work to make a comparison, there is an enormous apparent rise in money wages, ranging from 20, and in most cases from 50 to 100 per cent., and in one or two instances more than 100 per cent.‡ This understates, I believe, the

* 1895.

† Wages per day.

‡ The mean of the percentages of increase is over 70.

real extent of the change. Thus, builders' wages are given at the earlier date as so much weekly, whereas in the later returns a distinction is made between summer and winter wages, the hours of labor being less in winter, and as the wages are so much per hour, the week's wages being also less, so that it has been possible to strike a mean for the later period, while it does not appear that anything more is meant at the early period than the usual weekly wage, which would be the summer wage. Without making this point, however, it is obvious that in all cases there is a very great rise.

Before passing from this point, there is another and continuous official record I would refer to. Unfortunately, it does not go back for much more than thirty years. Still, as far as it goes, the evidence is in the same direction. I refer to the return of merchant-seamen's wages annually issued by the Board of Trade, in what is known as the "Progress of Merchant Shipping Return." From this return may be derived the following comparison of seamen's wages:

Comparison of Seamen's Money Wages per Month at 1850 *and the Present Time.*

	1850, sailing.		Present time, steam.		Increase.		
					Amount.		Per cent.
	s.	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*	
Bristol	45	00	75	00	30	00	66
Glasgow	45	00	70	00	25	00	55
Liverpool (1)	50	00	67	6	16	6	33
" (2)	50	00	85	00	35	00	70
" (3)	45	00	60	00	15	00	33
" (4)	40	00	50	00	10	00	25
" (5)	42	6	60	00	17	6	40
London (1)	45	00	75	00	30	00	66
" (2)	50	00	77	6	27	6	55
" (3)	45	00	65	00	20	00	45
" (4)	45	00	70	00	25	00	55
" (5)	40	00	67	6	27	6	69
" (6)	40	00	67	6	27	6	69

Here, again, there is an enormous rise in money wages. This return is specially subject to the observation that money wages are only part of the wages of seamen, but I assume it is not open to dispute that, with the improvement in our shipping, there has been an improvement in the food and lodging of the sailor, quite equal to the improvement in his money wage.

This question of seamen's wages, however, well illustrates the difficulty of the whole subject. Ships are not now navigated by able seamen so much as by engineers and stokers. It would seem that, as a class, the new men all round are paid better than the able seamen, but I should not press this point; it might well be the case that steamships as a whole could be worked by an inferior class of laborers as compared with sailing-ships, and yet the fact that inferior labor is sufficient for this special trade would be quite consistent with the fact that the whole conditions of modern labor require more skill than the conditions fifty years ago, so that there is more labor relatively at the higher rates than used to be the case.

The comparison, except for seamen's wages, where it has only been possible to go back for about thirty years, is made between a period about fifty years ago and the present time only. It would have complicated the figures too much to introduce intermediate dates. I may state, however, that I have not been inattentive to this point, and that, if we had commenced about twenty to twenty-five years ago, we should also have been able to show a very great improvement since that time, while at that date also, as compared with an earlier period, a great improvement would have been apparent. A careful and exhaustive investigation of the records of wages I have referred to, in comparison with the numbers employed in different occupations, as shown by the census reports, would in fact repay the student who has time to make it; and I trust the investigation will yet be made.

The records do not include anything relating to the agricultural laborer, but from independent sources—I would refer especially to the reports of the recent Royal Agricultural Commission—we may perceive how universal the rise in the wages of agricultural laborers has been, and how universal at any rate is the complaint that more money is paid for less work. Sir James Caird, in his "Landed Interest" (page 65), puts the rise at 60 per cent. as compared with the period just before the repeal of the corn-laws, and there is much other evidence to the same effect. The rise in the remuneration of labor in Ireland in the last forty years is also one of the facts which has been conspicuously brought before the public of late. In no other way is it possible to account for the stationariness of rents in Ireland for a long period, notwithstanding the great rise in the prices of the cattle and dairy products which Ireland produces, and which, it has been contended, would have justified a rise of rents. The farmer and the laborer together have in fact had all the benefit of the rise in agricultural prices.

The next point to which attention must be drawn is the shortening of the hours of labor which has taken place. While the money wages have increased as we have seen, the hours of labor have diminished. It is difficult to estimate what the extent of this diminution has been, but, collecting one or two scattered notices, I should be inclined to say very nearly 20 per cent. There has been at least this reduction in the textile, engineering, and

house-building trades. The workman gets from 50 to 100 per cent. more money for 20 per cent. less work; in round figures, he has gained from 70 to 120 per cent. in fifty years in money return. It is just possible of course that the workman may do as much or nearly as much in the shorter period as he did in his longer hours. Still, there is the positive gain in his being less time at his task, which many of the classes still tugging lengthily day by day at the oar would appreciate. The workman may have been wise or unwise in setting much store by shorter hours in bettering himself, but the shortening of the hours of labor is undoubtedly to be counted to the good as well as the larger money return he obtains.

We come then to the question of what the changes have been in the prices of the chief articles of the workman's consumption. It is important, to begin with, that, as regards prices of commodities generally, there seems to be little doubt things are much the same as they were forty or fifty years ago. This is the general effect of the inquiries which have been made first as to the depreciation of gold consequent on the Australian and Californian gold discoveries, and next as to the appreciation of gold which has taken place within the last twenty years consequent on the new demands for gold which have arisen, and the falling off in the supply as compared with the period between 1850 and 1860. It would burden us too much to go into these inquiries on an occasion like the present, and therefore I only take the broad result. This is that, while there was a moderate rise of prices all round between the years 1847-50, just before the new gold came on the market, and the year 1862, when Mr. Jevons published his celebrated essay, a rise not exceeding about 20 per cent., yet within the last twenty years this rise has disappeared, and prices are back to the level, or nearly to the level, of 1847-50. The conclusion is that, taking things in the mass, the sovereign goes as far as it did forty or fifty years ago, while there are many new things in existence at a low price which could not then have been bought at all. If in the interval the average money earnings of the working-classes have risen between 50 and 100 per cent., there must have been an enormous change for the better in the means of the working-man, unless by some wonderful accident it has happened that his special articles have changed in a different way from the general run of prices.

But looking to special articles, we find that on balance prices are lower and not higher. Take wheat. It is notorious that wheat, the staff of life, has been lower on the average of late years than it was before the free-trade era. Even our fair-trade friends, who find it so difficult to see very plain things, were forced to allow, in that wonderful manifesto which was published in the *Times* some weeks back, that wheat is about 5*s.* a quarter cheaper on the average than it was. The facts, however, deserve still more careful statement to enable us to realize the state of things fifty years ago and at the present time. The fair-trade statement, if I remember rightly, showed an average fall of 5*s.* in the price of wheat, comparing the whole period since the repeal of the corn-laws with a long period before. This may have been right or wrong for the purpose in hand, but for our present purpose, which is to compare the present period with that of half a century ago, it is important to note that it is mainly within the last ten years the steadily low price of wheat has been established. Comparing the ten years before 1846 with the last ten years, what we find is that, while the average price of wheat in 1837-46 was 58*s.* 7*d.*, it was 48*s.* 9*d.* only in the last ten years—a reduction not of 5*s.* merely, but 10*s.* The truth is, the repeal of the corn-laws was not followed by an *immediate* decline of wheat on the average. The failure of the potato-crop, the Crimean War, and the depreciation of gold, all contributed to maintain the price, notwithstanding free trade, down to 1862. Since then steadily lower prices have ruled; and when we compare the present time with half a century ago, or any earlier part of the century, these facts should be remembered.

There is a still more important consideration. Averages are very good for certain purposes, but we all know in this place that a good deal sometimes turns upon the composition of the average—upon whether it is made up of great extremes, or whether the individual elements depart very little from the average. This is specially an important matter in a question of the price of food. The average of a necessary of life over a long period of years may be moderate, but if in some years the actual price is double what it is in other years, the fact of the average will in no way save from starvation at certain periods the workman who may have a difficulty in making both ends meet in the best of times. What we find, then, is that, fifty years ago, the extremes were disastrous compared with what they are at the present time. In 1836 we find wheat touching 36*s.;* in 1838, 1839, 1840, and 1841, we find it touching 78*s.* 4*d.*, 81*s.* 6*d.*, 72*s.* 10*d.*, and 76*s.* 1*d.;* in all cases double the price of the lowest year, and nearly double the "average" of the decade; and in 1847 the price of 102*s.* 5*d.*, or three times the price of the lowest period, is touched. If we go back earlier we find still

more startling extremes. We have such figures as 106*s.* 5*d.* in 1810; 126*s.* 6*d.* in 1812; 109*s.* 9*d.* in 1813, and 96*s.* 11*d.* in 1817; these figures being not merely the extremes touched, but the actual averages for the whole year. No doubt in the early part of the century the over-issue of inconvertible paper accounts for part of the nominal prices, but it accounts for a very small part. What we have to consider, then, is, that fifty years ago the working-man with wages, on the average, about half, or not much more than half, what they are now, had at times to contend with a fluctuation in the price of bread which implied sheer starvation. Periodic starvation was, in fact, the condition of the masses of working-men throughout the kingdom fifty years ago, and the references to the subject in the economic literature of the time are most instructive. M. Quetelet, in his well-known great book, points to the obvious connection between the high price of bread following the bad harvest of 1816 and the excessive rate of mortality which followed. To this day you will find tables in the registrar-general's returns which descend from a time when a distinct connection between these high prices of bread and excessive rates of mortality was traced. But within the last twenty years what do we find? Wheat has not been, on the average, for a whole year so high as 70*s.*, the highest averages for any year being 64*s.* 5*d.* in 1867, and 63*s.* 9*d.* in 1868; while the highest average of the last ten years alone is 58*s.* 8*d.* in 1873; that is only about 10*s.* above the average of the whole period. In the twenty years, moreover, the highest price touched at any period was just over 70*s.*, viz., 70*s.* 5*d.* in 1867, and 74*s.* 7*d.* in 1868; while in the last ten years the figure of 70*s.* was not even touched, the nearest approach to it being 68*s.* 9*d.* in 1877. Thus of late years there has been a steadily low price, which must have been an immense boon to the masses, and especially to the poorest. The rise of money wages has been such, I believe, that working-men, for the most part, could have contended with extreme fluctuations in the price of bread better than they did fifty years ago. But they have not had the fluctuations to contend with.

It would be useless to go through other articles with the same detail. Wheat had quite a special importance fifty years ago, and the fact that it no longer has the same importance—that we have ceased to think of it as people did fifty years ago—is itself significant. Still, taking one or two other articles, we find on the whole a decline, as will be seen by the following table.

I should have liked a longer list of articles, but the difficulty of comparison is very serious. It may be stated broadly, however, that while sugar and such articles have declined largely in price, and while clothing is also cheaper, the only article interesting the workman much which has increased in price is meat, the increase here being considerable. The "only," it may be supposed, covers a great deal. The truth is, however, that meat fifty years ago was not an article of the workman's diet as it has since become. He had little more concern with its price than with the price of diamonds. The kind of meat which was mainly accessible to the workman fifty years ago, viz., bacon, has not, it will be seen, increased sensibly in price.

Prices of Various Articles about Fifty Years ago and at Present Time.

	1839–40.		Present time.	
	s.	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*
Sugar.....per cwt.	68	8	21	9
Cotton cloth exported . per yd.	00	5¼	00	3¼
	(1840)		(1882)	
Inferior beasts....per 8 pounds	3	1	4	3¼
Second class..... "	3	6	4	9¼
Third " ..... "	3	11¼	5	7¼
Inferior sheep..... "	3	5	5	7
Second class..... "	3	10¼	6	1¼
Large hogs..... "	4	3¼	4	6

Only one question remains. Various commodities, it may be admitted, have fallen in price, but house-rent, it is said, has gone up. We have heard a good deal lately of the high prices of rooms in the slums. When we take things in the mass, however, we find that, however much some workmen may suffer, house-rent in the aggregate cannot have gone up in a way to neutralize, to any serious extent, the great rise in the money wages of the workman. It appears that, in 1834, when the house duty, which had existed up to that date, was abolished, the annual value of dwelling-houses charged to duty was £12,603,000, the duty being levied on all houses above £10 rental in Great Britain. In 1881–82 the annual value of dwelling-houses charged to duty, the duty being levied on houses above £20 only, was £39,845,000, while the value of the houses between £10 and £20 was £17,040,000, making a total of £56,885,000, or between four and five times the total of fifty years ago. Population, however, in Great Britain has increased from about 16,500,000 in 1831 to nearly 30,000,000 in 1881, or nearly 100 per cent. Allowing for this, the increase in value would be about £32,000,000 on a total of about £25,000,000, which may be considered the increased rent which householders above £10 have to pay—the increase being about 130 per cent. Assuming that houses under £10 have increased in proportion, it may be considered that house-rents are now

one and a half times more than they were fifty years ago. In other words, a workman who paid £3 a year fifty years ago, would now pay £7 10*s*. Even, however, if rent were a fourth part of the workman's earnings fifty years ago, he would still be much better off at the present time than he was. His whole wages have doubled, while the prices of no part of his necessary consumption, except rent, as we have seen, have increased—on the contrary, they have rather diminished. Say, then, that the rent, which was a fourth part of his expenditure, has increased one and a half times, while his whole wage has doubled, the account, on a wage of 20*s*. fifty years ago, and 40*s*. now, would stand—

	Fifty years ago.		Present time.	
	s.	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*
Wage	20	00	40	00
Deduct for rent	5	00	12	6
Balance for other purposes	15	00	27	6

—showing still an enormous improvement in the workman's condition.

It may be pointed out, however, that houses are undoubtedly of better value all round than they were fifty years ago. More rent is paid because more capital is in the houses, and they are better houses. It appears, also, that fifty years ago there were far more exemptions than there are now, rural dwellings particularly being favored as regards exemption. The increase of rent for the same accommodation, there is consequently reason to believe, has not been nearly so great as these figures would appear to show. It has further to be considered that the whole annual value of the dwelling-houses under £10 even now is £17,885,000 only, the number of houses being 3,124,000. This must be a very small proportion of the aggregate earnings of those portions of the working-classes who live in houses under £10 rent, and even adding to it the value of all the houses up to £20, which would bring up the total to £34,925,000 the proportion would still be very small. On the 5,000,000 families at least of the working-classes in Great Britain, the sum would come to about £7 per family, which is not the main portion of an average working-man's expenditure.

We return, then, to the conclusion that the increase of the money wages of the working-man in the last fifty years corresponds to a real gain. While his wages have advanced, most articles he consumes have rather diminished in price, the change in wheat being especially remarkable, and significant of a complete revolution in the condition of the masses. The increased price in the case of one or two articles—particularly meat and house-rent—is insufficient to neutralize the general advantages which the workman has gained. Meat formerly was a very small part of his consumption, and allowing to house-rent a much larger share of his expenditure than it actually bore, the increase in amount would still leave the workman out of his increased wage a larger margin than he had before for miscellaneous expenditure. There is reason to believe, also, that the houses are better, and that the increased house-rent is merely the higher price for a superior article which the workman can afford.

It has to be added to all this, that, while the cost of government has been greatly diminished to the working-man, he gets more from the government expenditure than he formerly did. It would not do to count things twice over, and as the benefit to the working-man of diminished taxes has already been allowed for in the lower prices of wheat and sugar, we need say nothing more on this head. But few people seem to be aware how, simultaneously with this reduction of the cost of government, there has been an increase of the expenditure of the government for miscellaneous civil purposes, of all of which the workman gets the benefit. It may be stated broadly that nearly £15,000,000 of the expenditure of the central government for education, for the post-office, for inspection of factories, and for the miscellaneous purposes of civil government, is entirely new as compared with fifty years ago. So far as the expenditure is beneficial, the masses get something they did not get before at all. It is the same, even more markedly, with local government. In Great Britain, the annual outlay is now about £60,000,000, as compared with £20,000,000 fifty years ago. This £20,000,000 was mainly for poor-relief and other old burdens. Now the poor-relief and other old burdens are much the same, but the total is swollen by a vast expenditure for sanitary, educational, and similar purposes, of all of which the masses of the population get the benefit. To a great deal of this expenditure we may attach the highest value. It does not give bread or clothing to the working-man, but it all helps to make life sweeter and better, and to open out careers even to the poorest. The value of the free library, for instance, in a large city, is simply incalculable. All this outlay the workman has now the benefit of, as he had not fifty years ago. To repeat the words I have already used, he pays less taxes, and he gets more—much more—from the government.*

* With regard to this question of prices, I have been favored since the delivery of this address with the copy of a

As already anticipated, however, the conclusion thus arrived at only carries us part of the way. Assuming it to have been shown that the masses have more money than they had fifty years ago, and that the prices of the chief articles they consume are cheaper rather than dearer, the question remains whether the condition of the masses has in fact been improved. This can only be shown indirectly by statistics of different kinds, which justify conclusions as to the condition of the people to whom they apply. To such statistics I propose now to draw your attention for a moment. I need hardly say that any evidence they contain as to the condition of the people having actually improved corroborates what has been already said as to their having had the means of improvement in their hands. The evidence is cumulative, a point of material importance in all such inquiries.

The first and the most important statistics on this head are those relating to the length of life among the masses of the nation. Do the people live longer than they did? Here I need not detain you. A very effective answer was supplied last session by Mr. Humphreys, in his able paper on "The Recent Decline in the English Death-Rate." Mr. Humphreys there showed conclusively that the decline in the death-rate in the last five years, 1876–80, as compared with the rates on which Dr. Farr's English "Life Table" was based—rates obtained in the years 1838–54—amounted to from 28 to 32 per cent. in males at each quinquenniad of the twenty years from five to twenty-five, and in females at each quinquenniad from five to thirty-five to between 24 and 35 per cent.; and that the effect of this decline in the death-rate is to raise the mean duration of life among males from 39·9 to 41·9 years, a gain of two years in the average duration of life, and among females from 41·9 to 45·3 years, a gain of nearly three and a half years in the average duration of life. Mr. Humphreys also showed that by far the larger proportion of the increased duration of human life in England is lived at useful ages, and not at the dependent ages of either childhood or old age. This little statement is absolutely conclusive on the subject; but we are apt to overlook how much the figures mean. No such change could take place without a great increase in the vitality of the people. Not only have fewer died, but the masses who have lived must have been healthier, and have suffered less from sickness than they did. Though no statistics are available on this point, we must assume that like causes produce like effects; and if the weaker, who would otherwise have died, have been able to survive, the strong must also have been better than they would otherwise have been. From the nature of the figures, also, the improvement must have been among the masses, and not among a select class whose figures throw up the average. The figures to be affected relate to such large masses of population, that so great a change in the average could not have occurred if only a small percentage of the population had improved in health.

I should like, also, to point out that the improvement in health actually recorded obviously relates to a transition stage. Many of the improvements in the condition of the working-classes have taken place quite recently. They have not, therefore, affected all through their existence any but the youngest lives. When the improvements have been in existence for a longer period, so that the lives of all who are living must have been affected from birth by the changed conditions, we may infer that even a greater gain in the mean duration of life will be shown. As it is, the gain is enormous. Whether it is due to better and more abundant food and clothing, to better sanitation, to better knowledge of medicine,

letter, dated June 11, 1881, addressed by Mr. Charles Hawkins, of 27 Savile Row, to the editor of the *Daily News*, on the cost *per patient* of the expenditure of St. George's Hospital in 1880 and 1880. The facts stated confirm in an interesting way what is here said as to the cost of articles of the workman's consumption fifty years ago and at the present time. Mr. Hawkins, who was at one time one of the treasurers of the hospital, and therefore speaks with authority, gives the following table and notes:

"Although each patient costs now 1*s.* 1*d.* less than in 1830, there have been great alterations in the different items of expenditure, viz.:

	Cost per patient.			
	1830.		1880.	
	s.	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*
Meat	18	4	22	2
Bread and flour	10	7	4	1
Wine and spirits	00	10	3	3
Malt liquor	5	5	2	6
Milk	6	2	5	11
Tea and grocery	3	10	3	5
Drugs	16	5	7	11
Coals and wood	10	6	3	10
Laundry	3	10	4	10
Instruments and surgical appliances	1	9	5	2
Staff—officers, servants, nurses	20	3	34	3

"Had wheat cost in 1880 what it did in 1830, £1884 must have been spent in bread and flour instead of £738. The cost of port wine in 1830 was £72 per pipe; in 1880, £45. In 1830 many of the patients provided themselves with tea and sugar. Under the head 'Drugs' is included the cost of leeches; in 1846 14,800 leeches were used, at a cost of £143; in 1880 only 425, costing £1 16*s.* In 1833 another hospital, treating double the number of patients, used 48,900 leeches, but in 1880 only 250.

"These items show the great advantage of the reduction of price in some articles of diet, and the great extra expenditure now necessary for the treatment of hospital patients, depending on the greater call for additional 'staff,' more especially for nursing, and an altered mode of treatment of accidents and operations, as also the greater amount of stimulants now exhibited, etc."

or to these and other causes combined, the improvement has beyond all question taken place.

The next figures I shall refer to are those well-known ones relating to the consumption of the articles which the masses consume. I copy merely the figures in the "Statistical Abstract" for the years 1840 and 1881:

Quantities of the Principal Imported and Excisable Articles retained for Home Consumption, per Head, of the Total Population of the United Kingdom.

		1840.	1881.
Bacon and hams	pounds	0·01	13·98
Butter	"	1·05	6·36
Cheese	"	0·92	5·77
Currants and raisins	"	1·45	4·34
Eggs	No.	3·63	21·65
Potatoes	pounds	0·01	12·85
Rice	"	0·90	16·32
Cocoa	"	0·08	0·31
Coffee	"	1·08	0·80
Corn, wheat, and wheat-flour	"	42·47	216·92
Raw sugar	"	15·20	58·92
Refined sugar	"	nil	8·44
Tea	"	1·22	4·58
Tobacco	"	0·86	1·41
Wine	gallons	0·25	0·45
Spirits	"	0·97	1·08
Malt	bushels	1·59	1·91*

This wonderful table may speak for itself. It is an obvious criticism that many of the articles are also articles of home production, so that the increase does not show the real increase of the consumption of the whole population per head. Assuming a stationary production at home, the increased consumption per head cannot be so much as is here stated for the imported article only. There are other articles, however, such as rice, tea, sugar, coffee, tobacco, spirits, wine, and malt, which are either wholly imported, or where we have the excisable figures as well, and they all—with the one exception of coffee—tell a clear tale. The increase in tea and sugar appears especially significant, the consumption per head now being four times in round figures what it was forty years ago. There could be no better evidence of diffused material well-being among the masses. The articles are not such that the increased consumption by the rich could have made much difference. It is the consumption emphatically of the mass which is here in question.

As regards the articles imported, which are also articles of home production, it has, moreover, to be noted that in several of them, bacon and hams, cheese and butter, the increase is practically from nothing to a very respectable figure. The import of bacon and hams alone is itself nearly equal to the estimated consumption among the working-classes fifty years ago, who consumed no other meat.

The only other figures I shall mention are those relating to education, pauperism, crime, and savings-banks. But I need not detain you here. The figures are so well known that I must almost apologize for repeating them. I only insert them to round off the statement.

As to education, we have practically only figures going back thirty years. In 1851, in England, the children in average attendance at schools aided by parliamentary grants numbered 239,000, and in Scotland 32,000; in 1881 the figures were 2,863,000 and 410,000. If anything is to be allowed at all in favor of parliamentary grants as raising the character of education, such a change of numbers is most significant. The children of the masses are, in fact, now obtaining a good education all round, while fifty years ago the masses had either no education at all or a comparatively poor one. Dropping statistics for the moment, I should like to give my own testimony to an observed fact of social life—that there is nothing so striking or so satisfactory to those who can carry their memories back nearly forty years, as to observe the superiority of the education of the masses at the present time to what it was then. I suppose the most advanced common education forty or fifty years ago was in Scotland, but the superiority of the common-school system there at the present day to what it was forty years ago is immense. If Scotland has gained so much, what must it have been in England, where there was no national system fifty years ago at all? Thus at the present day not only do we get all children into schools, or nearly all, but the education for the increased numbers is better than that which the fortunate few alone obtained before.

Next as to crime: the facts to note are that rather more than forty years ago, with a population little more than half what it is now, the number of criminal offenders committed for trial (1839) was 54,000; in England alone, 24,000. Now the corresponding figures are, United Kingdom, 22,000, and England, 15,000; fewer criminals by a great deal in a much larger population. Of course the figures are open to the observation that changes in legislation providing for the summary trial of offences that formerly went to the assizes may have had some effect. But the figures show so great and gradual a change that there is ample margin for the results of legislative changes, without altering the inference that there is less serious crime now in the population than there was fifty years ago. Thus an improvement as regards crime cor-

* Year 1878.

responds to the better education and well-being of the masses.

Next as regards pauperism: here, again, the figures are so imperfect that we cannot go back quite fifty years. It is matter of history, however, that pauperism was nearly breaking down the country half a century ago. The expenditure on poor-relief early in the century and down to 1830-31 was nearly as great at times as it is now. With half the population in the country that there now is, the burden of the poor was the same. Since 1849, however, we have continuous figures, and from these we know that, with a constantly increasing population, there is an absolute decline in the amount of pauperism. The earliest and latest figures are:

Paupers in receipt of Relief in the under-mentioned Years at given Dates.

	1849.	1881.
England	934,000	808,000
Scotland	122,000*	102,000
Ireland	620,000	109,000
United Kingdom	1,676,000	1,014,000

Thus in each of the three divisions of the United Kingdom there is a material decline, and most of all in Ireland, the magnitude of the decline there being no doubt due to the fact that the figures are for a period just after the great famine. But how remote we seem to be from those days of famine!

Last of all we come to the figures of savings-banks. A fifty years' comparison gives the following results for the whole kingdom:

	1831.	1881.
Number of depositors	429,000	4,140,000
Amount of deposits	£13,719,000	£80,334,000
" per depositor	£32	£19

An increase of tenfold in the number of depositors, and of fivefold and more in the amount of deposits! It seems obvious from these figures that the habit and means of saving have become widely diffused in these fifty years. The change is, of course, in part due to a mere change in the facilities offered for obtaining deposits; but allowing ample margin for the effect of increased facilities, we have still before us evidence of more saving among the masses.

There is yet one other set of statistics I should like to notice in this connection, those relating to the progress of industrial and provident co-operative societies in England and Wales. These I extract from the special appendix to the "Co-operative Wholesale Society's Annual Almanac and Diary" for the present year (pages 81 and 82). Unfortunately, the figures only go back to 1862, but the growth up to 1862 appears to have been very small. Now, however, most material advance is shown:

	1862.	1881.
Number of members	90,000	525,000
Capital—Share	£428,000	£5,881,000
Loan	55,000	1,267,000
Sales	2,833,000	20,901,000
Net profit	165,000	1,617,000

Such figures are still small compared with what we should like to see them, but they at least indicate progress among the working-classes, and not retrogression or standing still.

To conclude this part of the evidence, we find undoubtedly that in longer life, in increased consumption of the chief commodities they use, in better education, in greater freedom from crime and pauperism, and in increased savings, the masses of the people are better, immensely better, than they were fifty years ago. This is quite consistent with the fact, which we all lament, that there is a residuum still unimproved, but apparently a smaller residuum, both in proportion to the population and absolutely, than was the case fifty years ago; and with the fact that the improvement, measured even by a low ideal, is far too small. No one can contemplate the condition of the masses of the people without desiring something like a revolution for the better. Still, the fact of progress in the last fifty years—progress which is really enormous when a comparison is made with the former state of things—must be recognized. Discontent with the present must not make us forget that things have been so much worse.

But the question is raised, Have the working-classes gained in proportion with others by the development of material wealth during the last fifty years? The question is not one which would naturally excite much interest among those who would answer the primary question as to whether the working-classes have gained or not, as I have done, in the affirmative. Where all are getting on, it does not seem very practical in those who are getting on slowly to grudge the quicker advance of others. Usually those who put the question have some vague idea that the capitalist classes, as they are called, secure for themselves all the benefits of the modern advance in wealth; the rich, it is said, are becoming richer, and the poor are becoming

* 1859.

poorer. It will be convenient, then, to examine the additional question specifically. If the answer agrees with what has already been advanced, then, as nobody doubts that material wealth has increased, all will be forced to admit that the working-classes have had a fair share.

At first sight it would appear that the enormous figures of the increase of capital, which belong, it is assumed, to the capitalist classes, are inconsistent with the notion of the non-capitalist classes having had a fair share. In the paper which I read to the Society four years ago, on "The Recent Accumulations of Capital in the United Kingdom," the conclusion at which I arrived was that in the ten years (1865–75) there had been an increase of 40 per cent. in the capital of the nation, and 27 per cent. in the amount of capital per head, that is, allowing for the increase of population. Going back to 1843, which is as far as we can go back with the income-tax returns, we also find that since then the gross assessment, allowing for the income from Ireland not then included in the returns, has increased from £280,000,000 to £577,000,000, or more than 100 per cent., in less than fifty years. Assuming capital to have increased in proportion, it is not to be wondered at that the impression of a group of people called the capitalist classes getting richer and richer while the mass remain poor or become poorer should be entertained. Allowing for the increase of population, the growth of capital and income-tax income are really much smaller than the growth of the money income of the working-classes, which we have found to be something like 50 to 100 per cent. and more per head in fifty years, but the impression to the contrary undoubtedly exists, and is very natural.

The error is partly in supposing that the capitalist classes remain the same in number. This is not the case; and I have two pieces of statistics to refer to which seem to show that the capitalist classes are far from stationary, and that they receive recruits from period to period—in other words, that wealth, in certain directions, is becoming more diffused, although it may not be diffusing itself as we should wish.

The first evidence I refer to is that of the probate-duty returns. Through the kindness of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, I am able to put before you a statement of the number of probates granted in 1881, and of the amounts of property "proved," with which we may compare similar figures published by Mr. Porter in his "Progress of the Nation" for 1838. I am sorry to say Mr. Porter's figures for 1838 are far more detailed than those I am able to give; a more minute comparison would be most instructive; but I was unfortunately too late in applying to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue for the details which I found they were most willing to give. However, the statement they supplied to me, and the comparison which can thus be made seem most instructive. They are as follows:

Statement of Number of Probates granted in 1882, *with Amounts of Property proved, and Average per Probate* [*from figures supplied by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue*]; *and Comparison with a Similar Statement for* 1838.

	Number of probates.		Amount of property.		Amount of property per estate.	
	1882.	1838.	1882.	1838.	1882.	1838.
England	45,555	21,900	£118,120,961	£47,604,755	£2,600	£2,170
Scotland ...	5,221	1,272	13,695,314	2,817,260	2,600	2,200
Ireland	4,583	2,196	8,544,579	4,465,240	1,900	2,040
United Kingdom.....	55,359	25,368	£140,360,854	£54,887,255	£2,500	£2,160

Thus, in spite of the enormous increase of property passing at death, amounting to over 150 per cent., which is more than the increase in the income-tax income, the amount of property per estate has not sensibly increased. The increase of the number of estates is more than double, and greater therefore than the increase of population; but the increase of capital per head of the capitalist classes is in England only 19 per cent., and in the United Kingdom only 15 per cent. Curiously enough, I may state, it is hardly correct to speak of the capitalist classes as holding this property, as the figures include a small percentage of insolvent estates; but allowing all the property to belong to the capitalist classes, still we have the fact that those classes are themselves increasing. They may be only a minority of the nation, though I think a considerable minority, as 55,000 estates passing in a year represent from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 persons as possessing property subject to probate duty; and these figures, it must be remembered, do not include real property at all. Still, small or large as the minority may be, the fact we have before us is that in the last fifty years it has been an increasing minority, and a minority increasing at a greater rate than the increase of general population. Wealth to a certain extent is more diffused than it was.

If I had been able to obtain more details, it would have been possible to specify the different sizes of estates and the different percentages of increase, from which it would not only have appeared whether the owners of person-

al property were increasing in number, but whether the very rich were adding to their wealth more than the moderately rich, or *vice versa*. But it is something to know at least that there are more owners. I trust the Commissioners of Inland Revenue will see their way in their next report to give more details on this very interesting point.*

Before passing on I should like to add a caution which may not be necessary in this room, but which may be needed outside. All such figures must be taken with a good deal of qualification, owing to variations of detail in the method of levying the duty at different times, variations in the character of the administration, and the like causes. I notice, for instance, an unusually remarkable increase both in the number of owners and amount of property passing in Scotland; this last fact, I believe, having already given rise to the statement that there has been something unexampled in the increase of personal property in Scotland. The explanation appears to be, however, that the increase of property in Scotland is, to some extent, only apparent, being due partly, for instance, to the fact that by Scotch law mortgages are real property, whereas in England they are personal property, so that it was necessary, in the course of administering the tax, to pass a special law enabling the Commissioners of Inland Revenue to bring Scotch mortgages into the category of personal property.† This is only one illustration of the caution with which such figures must be used. Taking them in the lump, and not pressing comparisons between the three divisions of the United Kingdom, or any other points of detail which might be dangerous we appear to be safe in the main conclusion that the number of owners of personal property liable to probate duty has increased in the last fifty years more than the increase of population, and that on the average these owners are only about 15 per cent. richer than they were, while the individual income of the working-classes has increased from 50 to 100 per cent.

The next piece of statistics I have to refer to is the number of separate assessments in that part of Schedule D known as Part I., viz., trades and professions, which excludes public companies and their sources of income, where there is no reason to believe that the number of separate assessments corresponds in any way to the number of individual incomes. Even in Part I. there can be no exact correspondence, as partnerships make only one return, but in comparing distant periods it seems not unfair to assume that the increase or decrease of assessments would correspond to the increase or decrease of individual incomes. This must be the case, unless we assume that in the interval material differences were likely to arise from the changes in the number of partnerships to which individuals belonged, or from partnerships as a rule comprising a greater or less number of individuals. Using the figures with all these qualifications, we get the following comparison:

Number of Persons at Different Amounts of Income charged under Schedule D in 1843 *and* 1879–80 *compared [in England].**

	1843.	1879–80.
£150 and under £200	39,366	130,101
200 " 300	28,370	88,445
300 " 400	13,429	32,896
400 " 500	6,781	16,501
500 " 600	4,780	11,317
600 " 700	2,672	6,894
700 " 800	1,874	4,664
800 " 900	1,442	3,595
900 " 1,000	894	1,396
1,000 " 2,000	4,228	10,352
2,000 " 3,000	1,285	3,181
3,000 " 4,000	526	1,430
4,000 " 5,000	339	758
5,000 " 10,000	416	1,439
10,000 " 50,000	200	735
50,000 and upward	8	68
Total	106,637	320,102

Here the increase in all classes, from the lowest to the highest, is between two and three times, or rather more than three times, with the exception of the highest class of all, where the numbers, however, are quite inconsiderable. Again a proof, I think, of the greater diffusion of wealth so far as the assessment of income to income-tax under Schedule D may be taken as a sign of the person assessed having wealth of some kind, which I fear is not always the case. If the owners of this income, at least of the smaller incomes, are to be considered as not among the capitalists, but among the working-classes—a very arguable proposition—then the increase of the number of incomes from £150 up to say £1000 a year is a sign of the increased earnings of working-classes, which are not usually thought of by that name. The increase in this instance is out of all proportion to the increase of population.

In giving these figures I have omitted the incomes under £150. There is quite a want of satisfactory data for any comparison, I think,

* It appears that the increase in the number of probates for less than £1000 is from 18,490 to 41,278, or about 120 per cent., the average value per probate being much the same; while the increase of the number of probates for more than £1000 is from 6878 to 12,629, or over 80 per cent., and the average value per probate has increased from £7150 to £9200.

† See "Special Report of Commissioners of Inland Revenue," 1870, vol. i. p. 99. The law on this and other points was altered by 23 and 24 Vict., cap. lxxx.

* The figures for 1843 cannot be given for either Scotland or Ireland.

except as regards incomes actually subject to assessment, and the data at the beginning of the period are especially incomplete.

Whichever way we look at the figures, therefore, we have this result, that while the increase of personal property per head of the capitalist class, according to the probate returns, is comparatively small, being only about 15 per cent., yet there is an increase of the number of people receiving good incomes from trades and professions out of all proportion to the increase of population. We cannot but infer from this that the number of the moderately rich is increasing, and that there is little foundation for the assertion that the rich are becoming richer. All the facts agree. The working-classes have had large additions to their means; capital has increased in about equal ratio; but the increase of capital per head of the capitalist classes is by no means so great as the increase of working-class incomes.

I should wish further to point out, however, that it is a mistake to speak of the income in the various schedules to the income-tax as the income of a few, or exclusively of classes which can be called capitalist, or rich. A suspicion of this has already been raised by the facts as to trades and professions. Let me just mention this one little fact in addition. Out of £190,000,000 assessed under Schedule A in 1881–82, the sum of £11,359,000 was exempted from duty as being the income of people whose whole income from all sources was under £150 a year. If we could get at the facts as to how the shares of public companies are held, and as to the immense variety of interests in lands and houses, we should have ample confirmation of what has already appeared from the probate-duty figures, that there is a huge minority interested in property in the United Kingdom, great numbers of whom would not be spoken of as the capitalist classes.

To test the question as to whether there has been any disproportionate increase of capital, and of the income from it, in yet another way I have endeavored to make an analysis of the income-tax returns themselves, distinguishing in them what appears to be the income of idle capital from income which is derived not so much from the capital itself as from the labor bestowed in using the capital. Only the roughest estimate can be made, and the data, when we go back to 1843, are even more incomplete than they are now; but I have endeavored as far as possible to give everything to capital that ought to be given, and not to err on the side of assigning it too small a share. The whole of Schedule A is thus assigned to capital, although it is well known that not even in Schedule A is the income obtained without exertion and care and some risk of loss, which are entitled to remuneration. In Schedule D also I have allowed that all the income from public companies and foreign investments is from idle capital, although here the vigilance necessary and the risks attendant on the business are really most serious, and part of the so-called profit is not really interest on idle capital at all, but strictly the remuneration of labor. I have also rather exaggerated than depreciated the estimate for capital employed in trades and professions, my estimate being rather more than that of Mr. Dudley Baxter in his famous paper on the "National Income." With these explanations I submit the following estimate of the share of capital in the income-tax income at different dates:

Analysis of the Income-Tax Returns for the under-mentioned Years, showing the Estimated Income from Capital on the one side, and the Estimated Income from wages of Superintendence and Salaries on the other side.

[In millions of pounds.]

	1881.		1862.		1843.	
	From capital.	From salaries, etc.	From capital.	From salaries, etc.	From capital.	From salaries, etc.
Schedule A—						
Lands, tithes, etc., exclusive of houses	70	nil	60	nil	57	nil
Messuages, etc.....	117	nil	62	nil	41	nil
Schedule B—						
Occupation of land..	25*	44	22½	38½	20	36
Schedule C—	40	nil	29	nil	29	nil
" D (Part I)	64†	100†	32	49	29½	45½
" D (" II)	91	nil	47	nil	12	nil
" E.....	nil	33	nil	20	nil	11
	407	177	252½	107½	188½	93½

NOTE.—In the estimate for 1843, the figures assigned to Schedule A are only those of lands and tithes and houses to correspond with the existing Schedule A: and the figures of Schedule D include mines, quarries, railways, etc., now in Schedule D. An estimate is also made of the totals for Ireland, based on the returns of 1864, the total gross income under all the schedules thus estimated being about £30,000,000.

This estimate may be summarized as follows:

Summary of Analysis of Income-Tax Income in under-mentioned Years.

YEAR.	From capital.	From salaries, etc.	Total.
1843.....	£188,500,000	£93,500,000	£282,000,000
1862.....	252,500,000	107,500,000	360,000,000
1881.....	407,000,000	177,000,000	584,000,000

*Interest on £500,000,000 of capital in 1881 at 5 per cent. In my paper on accumulations of capital, I estimated agricultural capital at a larger sum than this, but since then there has been some loss of agricultural capital, and, if a larger sum were taken, the rate of interest used in the calculation for the present purpose should be less.

†Estimating that the income here is worth four years' purchase, and that it may be capitalized at that rate; and then allowing that this capital earns 10 per cent., the rest being wages of superintendence or salaries.

Thus a very large part of the increase of the income-tax income in the last forty years is not an increase of the income from capital at all in any proper sense of the word. On the contrary, the increase in the income from capital is only about two-thirds of the total increase. This increase is, moreover, at a less rate than the increase of the capital itself, as appearing from the probate-duty returns,* a point which deserves special notice. The conclusion, therefore, is that the working-classes have not been losing in the last fifty years through the fruits of their labor being increasingly appropriated to capital. On the contrary, the income from capital has at least no more than kept pace with the increase of capital itself, while the increase of capital per head, as we have seen, is very little; so that it may be doubted whether the income of the individual capitalist from capital has on the average increased at all. If the return to capital had doubled, as the wages of the working-classes appear to have doubled, the aggregate income of the capitalist classes returned to the income-tax would now be £800,000,000 instead of £400,000,000. In other words, it would not be far short of the mark to say that almost the whole of the great material improvement of the last fifty years has gone to the masses. The share of capital is a very small one. And what has not gone to the workman, so called, has gone to remunerate people who are really workmen also, the persons whose incomes are returned under Schedule D as from "trades and professions." The capitalist as such gets a low interest for his money, and the aggregate return to capital is not a third part of the aggregate income of the country, which may be put at not less than £1,200,000,000, and is, I should estimate, not much more than a fourth part.

It will be interesting, I think, to present these conclusions in the form of an account. We have not, as I have already said, an exact statement of aggregate earnings, either at the beginning or at the end of the period; but assuming the aggregate income of the people as about £1,200,000,000 now, and that the wages of working-men are per head twice what they were, the aggregates in 1843 and at the present time would compare as shown in the following table.

From this it appears that the increase of what is known as working-class income in the aggregate is greater than that of any other class, being 160 per cent., while the return to capital and the return to what are called the capitalist classes, whether it is from capital proper or, as I maintain, a return only in the nature of wages, has only increased about 100 per cent., although capital itself has increased over 150 per cent. At the same time the capitalist classes themselves have greatly increased in number, so that the amount of capital possessed among them per head has only increased 15 per cent., notwithstanding the great increase in capital itself, and the average income per head can have hardly increased at all. On the other hand, as the masses of the nation, taking the United Kingdom altogether, have only increased about 30 per cent. since 1843, when these income-tax figures begin, while their aggregate incomes have increased 160 per cent., it is explained how these incomes have gained, individually, about 100 per cent. as against hardly any increase at all in the incomes of what are called the capitalist classes, on the average. Thus the rich have become more numerous, but not richer individually; the "poor" are, to some smaller extent, fewer; and those who remain "poor" are, individually, twice as well off on the average as they were fifty years ago. The "poor" have thus had almost all the benefit of the great material advance of the last fifty years.

We may now conclude this long inquiry. It has been shown directly, I believe, that, while the individual incomes of the working-classes have largely increased, the prices of

Progress of National Income.

	Income in 1843.	Income at present time.	Increase.	
			Amount.	Per cent.
Capitalist classes from capital	£100,000,000	£400,000,000	£210,000,000	110
Working income in income-tax returns	90,000,000	180,000,000	90,000,000	100
Working income not in income-tax returns	225,000,000	630,000,000	335,000,000	180
	£515,000,000	£1,200,000,000	£685,000,000	170

Progress of National Capital paying Probate Duty.

	1843.	Present time.	Increase.	
			Amount.	Per cent.
Amount of capital	£35,000,000	£140,000,000	£35,000,000	155
" per estate	2,200,00	2,500,000	300,000	14

NOTE.—Increase of working income per head, 100 per cent.

* These returns, however, it should always be remembered, do not include real property.

the main articles of their consumption have rather declined; and the inference as to their being much better off, which would be drawn from these facts, is fully supported by statistics showing a decline in the rate of mortality, an increase of the consumption of articles in general use, an improvement in general education, a diminution of crime and pauperism, a vast increase of the number of depositors in savings-banks, and other evidences of general well-being. Finally, the increase of the return to capital has not been in any way in proportion, the yield on the same amount of capital being less than it was, and the capital itself being more diffused, while the remuneration of labor has enormously increased. The facts are what we should have expected from the conditions of production in recent years. Inventions having been multiplied, and production having been increasingly efficient, while capital has been accumulated rapidly, it is the wages-receivers who must have the benefit. The competition of capital keeps profits down to the lowest point, and workmen consequently get for themselves nearly the whole product of the aggregate industry of the country. It is interesting, nevertheless, to find that the facts correspond with what theory should lead us to anticipate.

The moral is a very obvious one. Whatever may be said as to the ideal perfection or imperfection of the present economic *régime*, the fact of so great an advance having been possible for the masses of the people in the last half-century is encouraging. It is something to know that whether a better *régime* is conceivable or not, human nature being what it is now (and I am one of those who think that the *régime* is the best, the general result of a vast community living as the British nation does, with all the means of healthy life and civilization at command, being little short of a marvel if we only consider for a moment what vices of anarchy and misrule in society have had to be rooted out to make this marvel); still, whether best or not, it is something to know that vast improvement has been possible with this *régime*. Surely the lesson is that the nation ought to go on improving on the same lines, relaxing none of the efforts which have been so successful. Steady progress in the direction maintained for the last fifty years must soon make the English people vastly superior to what they are now.

I should like to add just one or two remarks bearing on questions of the moment, and as to the desirability or possibility of a change of *régime* now so much discussed, which the figures I have brought before you suggest. One is, that, apart from all objections of principle to schemes of confiscating capital—land nationalization, or collectivism, or whatever they may be called—the masses could not hope to have much to divide by any such schemes. Taking the income from capital at £400,000,000, we must not suppose that the whole of that would be divisible among the masses if capital were confiscated. What the capitalist classes spend is a very different thing from what they make. The annual savings of the country now exceed £200,000,000, being made as a rule, though not exclusively, by the capitalist classes. If, then, the £400,000,000 were to be confiscated, one of two things would happen—either the savings would not be made, in which case the condition of the working-classes would soon deteriorate, for everything depends upon the steady increase of capital; or the savings would be made, in which case the spending power of the masses would not be so very much increased. The difference would be that they would be owners of the capital, but the income would itself remain untouched. The system under which large capitals are in a few hands may, in fact, have its good side in this, that the Jay Goulds, Vanderbilts, and Rothschilds cannot spend their income. The consequent accumulation of capital is, in fact, one of the reasons why the reward for labor is so high, and the masses get nearly all the benefit of the great increase of production. The other remark I have to make is that, if the object really aimed at by those who talk of land nationalization and the like is carried out, the people who will suffer are those who receive large wages. To effect what they intend, the agitators must not merely seize on the property of a few, they must confiscate what are as much earnings as those of a mechanic or a laborer, and the wages of the most skilled mechanics and artisans themselves. The agitation is, in fact, to level down, to diminish the reward of laborers who receive a large wage because they can do the work the community requires, the proof being that in a market without favor they get the wage, and to increase the reward of other laborers beyond what in the same free market the community would freely give them. Whether the production would be continued at all if there were any success in these attempts, common sense will tell us. Those who have done some hard work in the world will, I am sure, agree with me that it is only done by virtue of the most powerful stimulants. Take away the rewards, and even the best would probably not give themselves up to doing what the community wants and now pays them for doing, but they would give themselves up either to idleness or to doing

something else. The war of the land-nationalizer and socialist is then not so much with the capitalist as with the workman, and the importance of this fact should not be lost sight of.—ROBERT GIFFEN, LL.D., President of the Statistical Society.

GLIMPSES OF THE SOUDAN.

SUDDENLY all eyes have been fixed on the Soudan. It is only a short while since that any adventurous traveller might have joined some trading expedition and seen for himself its wild people, its tropical vegetation, its rare animals; after what has now passed years will probably elapse before a Christian will venture to cross its borders. The accounts therefore of those travellers to whom the Soudan is already familiar ground, have proportionately increased in value, and of these narratives none is more complete than the cyclopædia of accurate information, scientific, practical, reliable, "The Heart of Africa," written by the enthusiastic naturalist, Dr. Schweinfurth, who in 1868 joined a trading company of Khartoom merchants who were setting out for the south in search of ivory. First among the races mentioned in his journal come the Nubians. Their country has not flourished under Egyptian rule, and is so depleted by emigration that much of the land formerly cultivated is now allowed to lie idle. To escape from the intolerably heavy taxation, the young men leave their homes, usually for Khartoom, where they take service as soldiers in the merchant service and act as escort to the southward-bound caravans. When money is plentiful with the merchants they are well paid; at other times a share of cattle or slaves, the plunder after a raid on some unfriendly tribe, is their reward. They are all Mohammedans, and will not touch the cigar of the Christian, from an idea that the tobacco has been soaked in spirits. In the same way they will not eat preserves, which they believe to be mixed with the fat of the unclean animal, or cheese, which they imagine to be made from its milk. The spirit merissa presents a temptation which they are unable to resist. They are proud of having abandoned heathenism and of their belief in one God. "Allah is enough for us now," they say, but their belief is also strong in witches and in the evil eye and in the ill-luck of beginning anything on a Wednesday or Saturday. They think that to eat the liver of a vanquished foe will inspire courage, but they cut off and reject the tip of any animal's tongue that is put before them; for is it not now, as in the days of St. James, the seat of all evil, a fire, a world of iniquity? They entertain a superstitious reverence for the fakirs or priests of Darfoor, who are supposed to have the power of rendering bullet-wounds innocuous. Zebehr, to whom the command of the army in the Soudan was lately to have been entrusted, had once twenty-five thousand dollars melted into bullets for a campaign against Darfoor, it being well known that witchcraft can be baffled by a silver bullet.

An uncomfortable belief is also prevalent amongst them that some of their women, being witches, inhabit at will the body of a hyena. Dr. Schweinfurth thought he was performing a meritorious act in shooting a hyena at Gallabat, but found himself bitterly reproached by the sheikh, who informed him that his mother, being one of these "hyena women," might have been dwelling in the beast at the time. The Nubians have a love of freedom, which Dr. Schweinfurth attributes to their hatred of order, and have a greater independence of manner than is known in Egypt proper. When one of them was reproached for not using the customary term of respect, "my lord," he answered, "We have no lord but Allah." Lively, excitable, and romantic, unequalled as swift and enduring walkers, they hate method and regular work more than either Turks or Egyptians. They are cowardly in battle and untruthful in word. Their moderation in eating is commendable. They have a sense of humor and understand a joke. Their conversation is of a far more romantic turn than that of the practical Egyptians; they discourse of the wonders of the world, the Suez Canal, the great ships of the Franks, the wild beasts, and wilder natives of central Africa, and their imagination adds color and detail, as they tell of the pygmies of the south, whom they describe as "little men with long beards," and dwell on the adroitness with which they will creep under the body of an elephant and slay him from below.

From the White Nile banks to Kordofan and Darfoor the country is inhabited by Baggara Arabs, a warlike race, some of whose members are tributary to Egypt. Their wealth consists of herds of lean, fly-bitten cattle, but the young men of the tribe, brought up to war and hunting, and at home on horseback from their childhood, do not devote much time to their flocks and herds, but often hire themselves out to the Khartoom merchants on their southern expeditions, to enjoy the pleasures of plunder and of the chase. One tribe amongst them, however, the Homr, is the declared enemy of all slave-dealers. They are the finest of the nomad races of the

Nile, are not without a love of finery, and adorn their athletic, muscular frames with shirts dyed blue and scarlet. Their features are regular, the color of their skin light brown, their expression open and honest, though they have the reputation of being the boldest of all Ethiopian robbers, and invite comparison with the American gentleman whose profession was being "generally out on the steal."

The whole left bank of the White Nile is inhabited by the Shillooks, with a population of over a million. They are negroes, though not of a degenerate type. When Dr. Schweinfurth was there, the northern part of the country had become subject to Egypt, the chief who had surrendered living at Fashoda, where a garrison was kept to overawe the people. Their hearts were not with their conquerors, but with another chief, Kashgar, a descendant of the ancient reigning family, who still held out in the south against the invaders. The Nubians lost no opportunity of insulting and plundering them. Until the Egyptians came the Shillook government has been the most perfectly organized and conducted of all the negro races of the Nile. Now the country is being deserted, and agriculture is declining. Their land is favored by nature, has a fertile soil, abundance of water, both from rain and from the rising of the river, good pastures, and fish and game in plenty. The Shillooks are short of stature, and by way of compensation arrange the hair in a comb or crest, high upon the head. The men wear no clothing, the women have only an apron of skins. They seem naturally adapted to the moist river flats on which they live, and with their lean, lanky limbs, small, narrow heads, and long, thin necks, appear to be of the stork or flamingo type, especially when seen leisurely striding over the rushes, or standing on one leg for hours together in an attitude of languid repose, their bodies smeared over with gray ashes. In spite of all their national troubles they are merry and light-hearted, full of jokes and puns, which are sometimes inspired by draughts of merissa. A long spear is their only weapon. They believe in a great hero, "father of their race," who in days long gone by led them to this fertile land. Their creed seems, like that of the Positivists, to be summed up in this ancestral homage, and in a belief that the spirits of the dead are about their path. A girl of the tribe was seen by Dr. Schweinfurth, in the governor's hut, at Fashoda. She had come to appeal against her parents' refusal to allow her to marry her chosen lover, Yod by name. Her voice was choked with emotion as she told of their hard-heartedness. They would not allow the marriage to take place because Yod had no cows. To all the governor's wise maxims she would only answer, "Yod wants me, and I want Yod." But the decision given was that she must wait until her lover was in a better position to make a settlement.

Next come the Dinka, the great cattle-breeders. Their territory, park-like in appearance, covers a very large area. They had not submitted to the Egyptian yoke, and were animated by fervent dislike to all foreigners, arising from the raids made on their cattle by the Nubians, who carried off thousands every year. In figure they resemble the Shillooks, but their color is darker, their hair closely cut, except a tuft at the back, and their lower teeth broken out. The women wear a clothing of skins, and an immense weight of iron ornaments. A cord round the neck is the symbol of mourning. Their huts are clean, and in the preparation of their food they are more particular than any other tribe. They are fond of farinaceous messes, and when a large dish has been prepared will repose round it in a circle, each with his gourd of milk or butter, and each eat separately. But they have also a taste for more dainty meats. Turtle soup is not more highly appreciated at the Guildhall than by the Dinka, and if a happy hunter secures the most highly prized morsel of all, a hare, he quietly lights a fire, roasts and eats it, and returns home, innocent and unconscious as a cat after a stolen visit to the dairy. Their cattle are the pride of their eyes and the delight of their heart, dearer than wife or child. In each village the largest building is a hospital for sick cows. The earliest amusement of the children is the moulding of bullocks and goats in clay, and their vocabulary concerning cattle-breeding is richer than that of any European country. When a cow dies the neighbors, who, though highly appreciating beef, could not be induced to slay one of their own adored beasts, gather together and eat it; but the bereaved owner sits apart, unable to touch a morsel. They are useless for food, as they are never killed, and they yield very little milk; but the Dinka is happy if he can sit and gaze at them, "growing nice and fat;" yet there is no idea of attributing to them anything of a sacred character. Their religion is a "wilderness of mirages"—a confused belief in conjurors and jugglers. They are not, however, without some noble feelings. A Nubian, wounded in a cattle raid, lay down by the hut of a Dinka. The owner took him in, sheltered and nursed him, and refused to give him up to his persecutors, and finally, when quite cured, sent him with an escort back to his own people. A young man of their

tribe, in Dr. Schweinfurth's party, suffering from swollen feet, could no longer walk, and his father hearing of it came to fetch him, and carried the strapping youth of six feet high on his own shoulders to their home fifteen or sixteen leagues away. The women are much prized as slaves, and command a high price, having the reputation of being excellent housekeepers, though like most invaluable housekeepers they are a plague to their masters in other ways.

On the border of Dinka land begins the "iron country," stretching to the equator. Here the Dyoor, a small tribe, have their habitation. They are unable to possess cattle, which cannot withstand the assaults of gnats and gad-flies; but the nature of the soil is taken advantage of, and as every Dinka is a cattle-breeder, so is every Dyoor a smith by birth. Their little clay smelting-furnaces are in constant use, and by them are forged the spear-heads and spades used in the province as current coin. The Dinka contemptuously style the Dyoor "wild men," but are glad enough to keep on good terms with them and to buy their iron-work. Their dialect is that of the Shillooks, to whom they are related. They crop the hair closely, and their dress, usually made of a calf-skin, bears some resemblance to the tails of an ordinary dress-coat. They have more natural affection for their parents and their children than is shown by other tribes. The babies lie in cradles, instead of hanging in a strap, and the old grow gray-haired amongst them. The women do the house and field work; the men hunt, and are expert in snaring big game, such as buffaloes and antelopes. A well-filled poultry-yard and a good dog are the two real essentials to happiness in the eyes of the Dyoor.

The country of the Bongos is about as large as Belgium. It also has an iron soil and the red-brown color of the earth seems to be reproduced in the complexion of its inhabitants, who appear to be the beginning of a new series of races. They are more compactly built, and their heads are broader than the "flamingo" races, and they excel in handicraft. There is something poetic in their dialect; a leaf is expressed as "the ear of a tree," the chest as "the capital of the veins." In iron-work they equal, if not excel, the Dyoor; their melting furnaces are more complicated, and they have an unenviable reputation for the excellence of the chains and manacles manufactured by them for the slave-dealers. They take much pains about the tillage of their fields, though when blessed with a good harvest, they are often improvident enough to use so much of the grain for making beer that it fails as food, and they have to live on roots and bulbs till harvest time comes round again. The country is fertile and well watered, many streams pass through it, and though no rain falls from November till March, they may say with the Irish, "A drought never ruined the country yet," for it is from too much moisture rather than from too little that they have ever suffered. Their taste in cooking is more pronounced than that of the Dinka. Meat is considered most savory when putrid; all crawling and creeping things are devoured, and decayed fungi, dried and powdered and mixed with their sauces, whet their appetites for such dainties as rats and worms. The children even have exciting mice battues, and sell the produce to each other, tied together in bunches by their tails. "These are our cows," they say. The men wear aprons of skin, the arms covered with small iron bangles. The women wear such masses of iron rings round arms and ankles that their movement would hardly be more effectively impeded by high-heeled boots. The rest of their costume consists of a branch or a bunch of grass. All have a taste for music, and contentedly strum for hours on nondescript instruments. Their religion is not one that can afford them much consolation. They have a firm faith in the existence of witches, and though they believe in spirits, they look on them all as malicious and destructive. Divorce is recognized, and in cases of infidelity, the wife receives a sound flogging, while the co-respondent is fortunate if he escapes with his life. This was once a peaceful country, but since the Khartoomen came in 1850 and made an easy prey of the scattered, leaderless tribes, the arts have been decaying, and the population diminishing. Thousands of boys and girls were seized and sold as slaves.

The Mittoo had only submitted to Egypt in 1867, the year preceding Schweinfurth's visit; indeed, one or two chiefs even then held out. Their district is wonderfully fertile, requiring little beyond the proverbial "tickling with a straw." They are like the conies, a feeble folk, of little value as slaves on account of the want of strength in the men and the want of beauty in the women. They are not even famous for handicraft, and their huts are slightly and badly built. Their costume is of the simplest; the women gather themselves a fresh garment in the forest each day, and the men attire themselves in the meagre but more durable dress of a skin and a cat-o'-nine-tails, a mandarin's cap crowning the short hair, and sometimes a high "masher" collar of leather is permanently fixed round the neck. Spiked bracelets, useful in single combat, are much worn. But in

one art, that of music, they excel all their neighbors. The soul of music is in them. Their instruments are brought to great perfection; of these the chief are lyres, with sounding-boards, and flutes of the European pattern. They also have an idea of melody. A hundred of them will sing together in time and tune. All the skill that is wanting in their work, and the strength that is wanting in their frames, and the beauty that is wanting in their faces, seem to be concentrated in this power of musical expression.

The Niam-Niam, a wild and warlike race, inhabiting a country of tropical luxuriance, were little known before Dr. Schweinfurth's visit. The round face, the plump cheeks, the large, almond-shaped eyes, distinguish them from the neighboring tribes. They are mighty men of valor in the chase, and are rapidly exterminating the elephants of central Africa. The soil is fertile, and a third of its produce is devoted to the breweries, where excellent bitter beer is made. They use many weapons, lances and sickle-bladed knives and trumbashes, a kind of boomerang with mischievous-looking iron prongs and points. They file the incisor teeth to a point to facilitate the seizing of an enemy's arm in single combat. The men wear striped and spotted skins, which the sons of chieftains are privileged to loop up at the side. But, like Samson, their strength and glory lie in their hair and fancy is exhausted in finding new ways of dressing it. Plaits, braids, puffs, tufts, all the ideas of modern coiffeurs of Paris seem to have originated at the sources of the Nile. Dr. Schweinfurth might, by referring to any modern fashion-book, have spared himself the trouble of laboriously describing an arrangement of "rolls, like the ridges or crevices of a melon," piled on the head, and his portraits of warriors with hair worn in puffs at the side, with stray locks hanging down, recall the style of hairdressing that may be seen in Silvy's photographs of a few years earlier. Even the modern fringe was anticipated by a row of the incisor teeth of a dog hanging across the forehead. The chief duty and pride of a Niam-Niam woman is the arrangement of her husband's hair, which is sometimes surmounted by a hat and feathers painfully attached by hairpins, which have to be removed at night. Her price as a slave is literally above rubies, so rarely is she to be had in the market, and, when she falls into the hands of the enemy, no ransom is thought too heavy, no exertion too great for her redemption. The men, in the intervals of war and hunting, find time for recreation. Smoking they are much addicted to, and also to a game of pitching balls into the holes of a kind of enlarged bagatelle board. Without the skill of the Mittoo, they are very fond of music; they will play all day and night without any intervals for food or sleep.

Their kings have a far more limited authority than those of other tribes, and the divinity that hedges them is not aided by any external show. There is no civil list, and they are supported by the produce of their own model farms. They have only a kind of suzerainty, with the power of declaring peace or war. The studied ferocity of their appearance adds to their influence with their followers; and the energy with which one, in the presence of the enemy, is said to have scrambled to the top of a large ant-hill, and shouted, "To the caldron with the Turks," would not have disgraced a Mid-Lothian platform. They believe in witches and evil spirits, and also in a divinity rendered by the word "lightning." Their only form of worship is the rubbing of a kind of wooden plane on another piece of wood—a kind of praying machine. They have an unbounded confidence in omens, and before determining on any enterprise, will force a lump of grease down the throat of a hen, or hold a cock under water. If the birds survive this treatment the enterprise is proceeded with: if not, abandoned. This simple mode of procedure obviates the necessity of thinking out a policy, or consulting expediency, or public opinion, and is acquiesced in even when leading to inexplicable retreats before the enemy. Let no one hint that this expedient has ever been resorted to in Downing Street.

The Monbuttoo, the most southern tribe visited by Schweinfurth, are, like the Niam-Niam, independent. They are rather of the Semitic than of the Negro type, and are taller on an average than Europeans. They have brought the arts of civilization to greater perfection than other tribes. Their ornamental wood carvings and steel chains are unsurpassed, and their earthenware is remarkable for its symmetry and decoration. In architecture especially they excel. The reception-hall of the king Munza was fifty feet in height, one hundred and fifty feet in length, and admirably constructed. Their kings have far greater power than those of the Niam-Niam, and are surrounded with courtiers and ceremonies. Munza received Dr. Schweinfurth with royal state and display. As a race they are remarkable for intellect and judgment, and are feared in war. Their country is an earthly paradise, the soil fertile, the scenery enchanting—clear streams and green pastures, and groves of palm and plantain. Recalling Eden also, the people dress in fig-tree bark, though the king's wardrobe is elaborate, and fills several rooms. One of the ornaments in

his treasury was a necklace composed of over a hundred lions' claws. Any tillage required is done by the women; the men, when not at war or hunting, spend the morning in smoking, the rest of the day in gossiping. Both sexes arrange the hair in a large chignon. Bands of hair, often false, are laid across the brow. The population is over a million, and one cultivated farm follows another without a break. They have some faint idea of a divinity living in the sky. In cookery they have an undeniable taste, using spices and mushrooms to flavor their sauces. Nevertheless, they are of all African cannibals the most pronounced. In war they use bows and arrows, as well as the usual iron weapons.

Their women are not marked by the modesty and domestic virtues of the Niam-Niam; they are forward and inquisitive with strangers, and rule in their houses. The men, when asked to sell anything, will say, "Oh! ask my wife; it is hers." Their favorite occupation is the decoration of their own bodies with painted patterns; and before a festival (as in more favored lands) every imagination is ransacked for fresh ideas by which all rivals may be outshone. The sister of King Munza, Kallenghe, had on the first arrival of the Nubians in the country led a body of troops against them and gained the day, though her soldiers had never been confronted with firearms before.

Dr. Schweinfurth was disappointed of going further south to visit the "Akka," the pygmy race. He saw some specimens of them, however, from four feet seven inches to four feet ten inches in height, and of ape-like appearance resembling the Bushmen of the south. One, indeed, Nsewue by name, he adopted, and brought as far north as Berber, where he died from the effects of over-eating. We get glimpses of other smaller tribes—the Babucker, with their inextinguishable love of freedom; the Nueir, another of the "flamingo" races; the Krédys, with their wretched huts, their gigantic fishing-nets, and their ponderous corn-mills; the merry, light-hearted Sehre, as full of jokes and fun as boys let loose from school—"If we are hungry," they say, "we sing and forget it;" the A-Banga, who lost their chignons on the field of battle, to be brought home in triumph on the point of the conquerors' lances. The most painful part of Dr. Schweinfurth's story is that relating to his experience of the slave trade. The resting-places of the dealers were marked with burnt bones of men, and helpless and abandoned children. Starvation and cruelty on the journey is the ordinary lot of the wretched beings torn from their homes. Dr. Schweinfurth's work proves how little effect the sovereignty of Egypt had in putting down these horrors. A deceptive show of energy was displayed at Khartoom and Fashoda, but the overland trade was then (1870) more brisk than ever. It is little wonder after all if, when a "prophet" arose calling on the people to turn out the invaders, each tribe had some bitter moment to remember when vengeance had been vowed against the Egyptian dominion.—*The Fortnightly Review.*

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

IN "C. S. C.," the world of letters has lost one of the most skilful and ingenious of writers. Mr. Calverley (in these days, Mr. Blaydes) won a scholarship at Balliol, then, as now, perhaps more emphatically then than now, the "blue ribbon" among such distinctions. A disagreement with the authorities caused his migration to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he graduated as second classic in 1856. Shortly afterwards appeared his first volume, "Verses and Translations."

Mr. Calverley's reputation as a scholar has been so thoroughly well established, that we venture to recall, for the encouragement of learners, and perhaps we may add, of teachers, two curious mistakes which occurred on the first page of a Latin version of "Lycidas." *Baccar* (commonly translated "foxglove," but possibly "valerian"), was confounded with *bacca*, a "berry;" and *prae* was constructed with an accusative. These were mistakes which the ideal "fifth-form boy," of course, would not have made; but which, it is instructive to observe, were quite possible to one of the most elegant and accomplished scholars of his day. The "Translations" which formed part of this volume were republished in 1867, with many additions. Some of these are as masterly in their way as anything which modern scholarship has produced. It would not be easy to surpass, or perhaps to match, this rendering of a stanza from "In Memoriam:"—

> We keep the day with festal cheer,
> With books and music. Surely we
> Will drink to him, whate'er he be,
> And sing the songs he loved to hear:
>
> Hunc dedicamus laetitiae diem,
> Lyraeque, musisque. Illius, illius
> Da quicquid audit: nec silebunt
> Qui numeri placuere vivo.

As we are speaking of Mr. Calverley's Latin verse, we must not pass over without notice the exquisitely humorous "Carmen Seculare." What could be happier than the warning to the purchaser of tobacco, a slander, we

should say, too funny for even the slandered to resent?—

> O fumose puer! nimium ne crede Baconi:
> Manillas vocat, hoc praetexit nomine caules;

or than the description of the freshman taking to billiards,—

> Ille petit virides (sed non e gramine) mensas,
> Pollicitus meliora patri, tormentaque flexus
> Per labyrinthëos plusquam mortalia tentat,
> Acre tuens, loculisque pilas immittit et aufert,

a passage to which are appended the annotations, "*Tormenta p. q. mortalia.* Eleganter, ut solet, Peile, 'unearthly cannons.' *Loculis*, bene vertas 'pockets.'"

In this volume, which, a few years afterwards, was followed up by another, bearing the title of "Fly-Leaves," Mr. Calverley worked a peculiar vein of humor with a success which we venture to think scarcely any writer, in the past as well as in the present, has equalled. He had, in the first place, an extraordinary facility of expression. His rhymes flow with an ease and an abundance which are absolutely astonishing. He seldom, indeed, indulges in the *tours de force* with which "Ingoldsby" so often dazzles us; but there is never the faintest sign of constraint,—however heavy the fetters which he chooses to impose upon himself, he moves under them in the airiest and lightest fashion. In "Play" and "Under the Trees," for instance, he disports himself with a multitude of rhymes which would be sufficient to set up half-a-dozen minor poets in business. Here are some sample lines from "Under the Trees:"—

> Some sit in twos or (less frequently) threes,
> With their innocent lambswool or book on their knees,
> And talk, and enact, any nonsense you please,
> As they gaze into eyes that are blue as the seas;
> And you hear an occasional, "Harry, don't tease!"
> From the sweetest of lips, in the softest of keys;
> And other remarks which to me are Chinese.
> And fast the time flies; till a lady-like sneeze,
> Or a portly papa's more elaborate wheeze,
> Makes Miss Tabitha seize on her brown muffatees,
> And announce as a fact that it's going to freeze.
> And that young people ought to attend to their P's
> And their Q's, and not court every form of disease;
> Then Tommy eats up the three last ratafias,
> And pretty Louise wraps her *robe de cerise*
> Round a bosom as tender as Widow Machree's;

and so on, till he comes to an end, because all things human must so come, not in the least, it would seem, because he is exhausted. Then, again, he is very great in the art of the unexpected. We know that he is preparing for us some ludicrous contrasts to his beginning with its grace and tenderness and pathos; but when the contrast comes, when the "young, fair thing with a shy, soft eye," turns out to be a water-rat, and "the perfect shape, that lay still warm and fresh and fair," in "Motherhood," is found to be an egg, it is always a surprise. Who could guess what these exquisite stanzas, entitled "Waiting," are leading up to?—

> O come, O come, the mother pray'd,
> And hush'd her babe; let me behold
> Once more thy stately form array'd
> Like autumn woods in green and gold!
>
> I see thy brethren come and go;
> Thy peers in stature, and in hue,
> Thy rivals, some like monarchs glow
> With richest purple; some are blue
>
> As skies that tempt the swallow back;
> Or red as, seen o'er wintry seas,
> The star of storm; or, barr'd with black
> And yellow, like the April bees.

We do not deal in conundrums, so we shall tell our readers that "the stately form" is the St. John's Wood omnibus. Another kind of the unexpected we have in such pieces as "Sad Memories," the sorrows of a misunderstood cat, of which these are a sample:—

> Men prize the heartless hound who quits dry-eyed his native land,
> Who wags a mercenary tail, and licks a tyrant hand;
> The real, true cat they prize not, that if e'er compelled to roam,
> Still flies when let out of the bag precipitately home.

In parody, of course, as we should expect, some of his happiest successes are made. He parodies particular poems, and—a far more difficult art—he parodies style. "Disaster" is perhaps as good a specimen of the former kind as we can choose. Here is a stanza from it:—

> I never nursed a dear gazelle;
> But I was given a parroquet—
> (How I did nurse him if unwell!)
> He's imbecile, but lingers yet.
>
> He's green, with an enchanting tuft;
> He melts me with his small black eye;
> He'd look inimitable stuffed,
> And knows it—but he will not die.

The "Ballad," too, with its refrain, "Butter and eggs, and a pound of cheese," has a prototype which it is easy to recognize; and so has "Lovers and a Reflection:"—

> Through God's own heather we wound together,
> I and my Willie (O love, my love!)
> I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,
> And flitter-bats waver'd alow, above.
>
> Boats were curtseying, rising, bowing,
> (Boats in that climate are so polite),
> And sands wore a ribbon of green endowing,
> And O the sun dazzle on bark and bight!
>
> Through the rare red heather we danced together,
> (O love, my Willie!) and smelt for flowers;
> I must mention again it was gorgeous weather,
> Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours.
>
> By rises that flush'd with their purple favors,
> Thro' becks that prattled o'er graver sheen,
> We walked and waded, we two young shavers,
> Thanking our stars we were both so green.

Of parodies of style there is nothing better than "Forever:"—

Forever; 'tis a single word!
Our rude forefathers deemed it two;
Can you imagine so absurd
A view?

Forever! what abysms of woe
The word reveals, what frenzy, what
Despair! For ever (printed so)
Did not.

. . . . . .

And never more must printer do
As men did long ago; but run
"For" into "ever," bidding two
Be one.

Forever! passion-fraught, it throws
O'er the dim page a glow, a glamour;
It's sweet, it's strange; and I suppose
It's grammar.

Forever! 'tis a single word!
And yet our fathers deem'd it two;
Nor am I confident they err'd:
Are you?

We must not forget to mention that masterpiece of ingenuity, the "Pickwick Examination Paper." Not only is it funny, but it would puzzle many, who, like the present writer, have studied "Pickwick" from their youth up. Here is a sample: "Προβατογνώμων: a good judge of cattle; hence, a good judge of character." "Note on Æsch., *Ag.*—Illustrate the theory involved by a remark of the parent Weller."

It has been doubted whether Mr. Calverley was really a poet. Only once, as far as we remember, is he serious, and that is in the last ten stanzas of "Dover to Munich;" but these forty verses are almost enough to prove his title. And now and then, when he is in his lightest mood, there is a touch of pathos in him which goes to show the same thing. The little maiden in "First Love" (possibly a reminiscence of "little Em'ly" in "David Copperfield") is not altogether comic, even when we read:—

There she sat—so near me, yet remoter
Than a star—a blue-eyed, bashful imp;
On her lap she held a happy bloater,
'Twixt her lips a yet more happy shrimp.

It matters but little, however; he followed his own bent, and followed it with a success which has enriched our literature with work which is quite perfect in its way.

Mr. Calverley published in 1869 a verse translation of Theocritus, a work of elegant scholarship, and exhibiting much of the felicity of diction, which was his peculiar gift. His life, though not as busy as it might have been had the stimulus of necessity been present in it, was not inactive. He had begun to acquire considerable practice as a local barrister when, about two years ago, an accident on the ice shattered his powers both of mind and body.—*The Spectator.*

ROUGH NOTES OF A NATURALIST'S VISIT TO EGYPT.

III.

To most people it may seem a trivial question to ask whether a river was before its valley or the valley before the river. But to a geologist any river at once suggests such inquiries, and it would seem that there is the more excuse for this in the case of the Nile, since questions of this kind have been asked respecting it at least as far back as the time of Herodotus.

If we are to form any intelligent opinion on this subject we must go back some distance in geological time. What may have been the condition of what is now Egypt in that Palæozoic age in which so large portions of the European formations were deposited, we do not certainly know; but, inasmuch as there is a vast gap in time between the old probably Laurentian and Huronian crystalline rocks which appear at Assouan and the Nubian sandstone, their next successors in age, we may reasonably infer that in the long lapse of the Palæozoic and early Mesoroic ages Northern Africa was in the main a continental area, and may even have possessed a great river approximately corresponding to the Nile. However this may have been, it is certain that so soon as the still nearly horizontal beds of sandstone and limestone which now constitute the sides of the Nile valley had been raised out of the sea in the middle and later Tertiary period, there must have been a discharge of the waters of tropical Africa towards the north, and the existence of the present Nile must have begun. It may have wandered in the first instance somewhat widely over the flat surface of the country, and probably had at first both lakes and rapids in its course, but it must have been on the whole limited and guided by the previous formation of the region.

The general features which must have been influential in this are the following:—

First, a long ridge of old rocks, hard and elevated, extended northward from the African table-land along the west side of the Red Sea, and prevented the water from escaping in that direction.

Secondly, the existence of this ridge must have so determined the currents of the ocean, as the land was slowly rising, that the softer rocks were more cut away here than farther to the west, thus causing a slight depression between the Libyan table-land and the Arabian hills.

Thirdly, in the elevation of the sandstones and limestones out of the sea, certain cracks or faults were developed approximately in

two directions, east and west and north and south; and along these the rocks were more friable than elsewhere; and besides this the slipping of the beds up and down had caused hard beds to come opposite soft, in such a way as to produce considerable inequality in the resisting power of the surface, obliging any river that might flow over it to take a more or less zigzag course. The evidence of these faults along the Nile valley are quite obvious to a geologist, and some of the more important north and south fractures must have coincided with the position of the river.

Fourthly, but before the river began to run, while the country was still in great part under the sea, the waves and currents had already acted upon the surface, cutting away the softer beds where exposed, and leaving the harder portions in relief. The great terrace cut back into the Mokattam hill at Cairo, at an elevation of 500 feet, is a proof of this denuding action at an early stage of the process, and the lower terrace of 200 feet, in which Fraas and Schweinfurth have found the burrows of lithodonous mollusks, and oysters of modern species attached to the rock, shows its action at a later stage, and probably as recently as the Pleistocene period of geology.

It may be added that these sea-cut terraces may be traced up the Nile valley as far at least as Silsilis, and show that before the final elevation of the country there must have been a long inland sea, into which the primitive Nile emptied its waters far to the south of the Delta. But at different portions of the history of the river these conditions must have so varied that, while at one period the Nile must have ended at the head of a long gulf of the sea, extending nearly to the First Cataract, at another it flowed through an elevated desert plain as far north as Alexandria.

To sum up these conditions of the prehistoric Nile—the character of the valley as we now see it has been determined by the original structure of the country, by the fractures and denudation which it has experienced in times of emergence and submergence, and by what the river itself has done in cutting away and depositing material along its course.

Before proceeding farther, it may be well to fix the relations of these changes to time and to the human period; and fortunately we are now in a position to do this more certainly than was possible some time ago. When the sea passed over the two-hundred-foot terrace behind Cairo, and washed the terrace on which the Pyramids stand, what is now the Delta was, of course, a part of the sea bottom, and the sea must have extended a long way up the Nile valley, as at the First Cataract its level is now scarcely three hundred feet above the sea. Some have supposed that the time of this depression was as old as the Miocene tertiary. From the very fresh condition of the bored surfaces and the shells attached to them, and the modern character of the species, as well as the nature of the Miocene deposits elsewhere, I am, however, inclined to refer them to a later date, possibly the later Pliocene or early Pleistocene. The subsequent elevation, which threw the sea farther out than its present boundary, and brought up the Delta to the condition of a desert plain, must, as stated in a previous paper, have occurred in the Second Continental or Post-glacial period, corresponding with the Antediluvian period of history; and the close of this and the bringing of Egypt to its present level may be approximately fixed by the time required for the formation of the modern alluvial deposit. The depth of this in the Delta, as determined by the recent borings of Colonel Ardagh and his staff, would appear as I am informed, to be from thirty-five to forty feet in the deeper parts, and from this it diminishes to nothing in approaching the more elevated portions of the old floor of the Delta bay. It may be fair, therefore, to take the average depth of the modern Nile mud at thirty feet. The rate of deposit has been estimated at one-twentieth of an inch annually, but this is certainly a minimum rate, and there is good reason to believe that in earlier times the rate must have been much greater than at present. Taking one-fifteenth as a probable average rate, we have 5400 years as the time required for the Delta deposits, and consequently the time when the production of the present alluvial plain began. Such a calculation may, indeed must, only roughly approximate the truth, but I feel convinced that no geologist who fairly weighs the facts can arrive at a very different conclusion. We may, in short, fix a date of between five and six thousand years ago as the geological limit for the possible existence of man on the modern alluvial land of Egypt—in so far, at least, as the Delta is concerned.

We may now notice some of the local features of the valley, and its later history in connection with the agency of man.

As we ascend the Nile from Cairo to Silsilis we pass along an alluvial plain, from five to ten miles in width, with steep and often precipitous banks mostly of Eocene limestone, bounding it on both sides, and quite abrupt on the east. Owing to the transverse faults already referred to, these cliffs often jut out in bold headlands, deflecting the course of the river, which winds through the alluvial

plain, sometimes skirting the base of rocky promontories or running near to the long lines of cliff, at others leaving a broad belt of green alluvial flat on either side, or even dividing to make room for alluvial islands built up by itself. There is no good reason to suppose that any important obstruction of the river by rocky barriers has occurred in this part of its course, though it is possible that landslips from some of the great cliffs on the Arabian side may have determined changes in its course. It is interesting to observe, however, that points where the river has been obliged to bend in order to avoid rocky promontories, or passes close to their bases, have been selected for towns. This is the case with Cairo, also with Assiout, and very markedly with great Thebes itself and other ancient cities in Upper Egypt. At the last-mentioned place, where the greatest bend that the river makes to the east occurs, this is caused by the protrusion from the west of that great spur of the Libyan hills in which the tombs of the kings have been excavated. The early and great prosperity of Thebes, as well as of other ancient cities along this eastern bend, was, however, also due to the fact that here the Nile approaches nearest to the Red Sea, and consequently affords the greatest facilities for access to the mines in the Arabian hills and also to the sea-port of Koseir. One cannot help thinking that this old commercial highway had to do with the Egyptian traditions as to the early foundation of Coptos, Abydos, and other cities in that region, and as to the origination in these places of many features of the Egyptian religion. Colonists and ideas from the East, as well as merchandise, may have entered the Nile valley by this route. Such influences must have been especially potent at these times, as during the rule of Hyksos, when the hostile occupation of Lower Egypt made this the main means of access to the outer world.

Some of the traditions respecting early changes in the river are explicable by reference to its present operations. Of this nature is the story of the dam said to have been constructed by Menes at Memphis. A few years ago the village of Beni Hassan was on an island, with the principal branch of the Nile to the east of it. Now it is on the mainland, the eastern branch having been quite filled up. Had it been desired to prevent this, the end might have been secured by forming a dike of stones in the eastern channel, in the manner now sometimes done on the Nile. If in the time of Menes Memphis was insular, he may by some such operation have obstructed the channel on the west side, and converted it into a canal. The river at Thebes is at present much less convenient for communication between the two sides than in ancient times. A large quantity of land north of Luxor has been swept away by the river, and an island has been deposited in the middle instead. Had the city continued in its palmy state this catastrophe could no doubt have been averted by the Egyptian engineers. The work of the Nile in historic times has, however, been mainly that of deposition and of making new cuts in its own alluvial deposits. Its work of rock-cutting probably belongs mostly to prehistoric times, or at least to the earlier part of the modern period. The most remarkable operation of this kind is that at the gorge of Silsilis, where the river is less than eleven hundred feet wide, and hemmed in by sandstone cliffs at both sides.

In approaching this place from the north the high banks of Eocene limestone give place to low broken mounds, belonging apparently to the softer beds of the Lower Eocene and Upper Cretaceous. These are followed by comparatively hard, thick-bedded sandstones, the so-called Nubian sandstones, which have been extensively quarried by the ancient Egyptians, and constitute, indeed, the principal building stone of the temples of Upper Egypt. These beds form a continuous ridge running transversely to the river, and over which it must in former times have poured in a waterfall or rapid, while banks of old Nile mud to the south at a much higher level than the modern deposit indicate that its waters were dammed back. The most remarkable fact, however, is that the ridge of sandstone extends for only a few miles, and that farther up the shore again becomes low. This arises apparently from a line of fault extending from east to west, and throwing down the sandstone to the south, as immediately south of it white limestone appears at the level of the river, and must be one of the overlying beds brought down to this level. Thus the Silsilis ridge must have dammed up a wide and long lake, spreading over a large district to the south of it. The rupture of this barrier must have been a slow process, the river cutting gradually through it from north to south, and the waters held in above would gradually drain out, unless, indeed, the last remains of the barrier might be cut away in some unusual inundation or broken by an earthquake shock. In any case the temples of Kom Ombos above the Silsilis dam, and which date from Thothmes III., would appear to have been built after the river had reached its present level, or nearly so.

The most remarkable example of cutting in ascending the Nile is, however, that seen at Assouan. At this place hard crystalline

rocks apparently belonging to two distinct formations, both of the Eozoic age, appear in the river bed and surrounding hills.* These rocks have been deeply and very unequally eroded by weathering and sea action before the deposition of the Nubian sandstone, by which they were eventually covered to a depth of at least one hundred feet. When the Nile began to cut its way through the sandstones its task was similar to that at Silsilis, until it reached the projecting points and ridges of the older rocks, which it was unable rapidly to erode. It then divided into two main branches running between these hard obstacles. Eventually one of the channels was obstructed at bottom by the hard rocks, and the other being capable of deeper erosion carried off, as at present, the whole of the waters. The deserted channel remains at the back of the town of Assouan, and is about forty or fifty feet above the present level of the river in January. Banks of old Nile mud may be seen in it near Philæ and behind Assouan.

Though the gorge of Silsilis must have been cut in prehistoric times, it does not follow that the cutting at the Cataract of Assouan is as ancient. On the contrary, as rivers cut back along their beds rather than down from the surface, it is certain that the cutting of the dam at Silsilis must have preceded that of the First Cataract. So to speak, Father Nilus did not know where his First Cataract was to be till he had cut back to Assouan and cleared off the Nubian sandstone from the hard crystalline rocks. But before this could be done the lake south of Silsilis must have been drained by the cutting of the barrier. It is therefore quite possible that the Egyptian tradition referred to by Herodotus of the Nile cutting through a barrier within the historic period may be that of the final cutting of the gorge for the First Cataract and the discharge of water dammed up above that point.

The Nile can have made little appreciable difference in its bed at the Cataract within historic times, and its present cutting action must be very slight. The main effect which it seems to have produced is the boring of round "pot-holes" by the revolution of hard stones and sand under the influence of the current, and many of these seem to have been formed at an early period when it still had a considerable fall over the Nubian sandstone.

The result of all these complex and long-continued processes is the production of a river valley unique of its kind, and whose beauties grow upon the traveller as he becomes more familiar with it. The bare mud of its immediate bank contrasting with the brilliant verdure of its alluvial plains, its graceful palms, its picturesque and often savage precipices, its contrasts of the barest desert and the most exuberant fertility, and of its sombre remains of perished empires and superstitions with modern squalor and struggling life, its strange modes of culture and irrigation—these are but parts of a picture which as a whole no other part of the world presents.

One other question remains. What was the aspect of the Nile valley in a state of nature? In its cultivated portions all is now so artificial and dependent on man that it is difficult to imagine a natural condition of the Nile. The river, the mud-banks, and the rocks no doubt are as they were; but what was the condition of the belt of cultivated ground when the first wanderer from the cradle of the human race looked out upon it, perhaps from some hill-top of the Arabian range, and ventured with timorous steps to explore the lower grounds bordering the great river? The higher portions of the plain were no doubt occupied with dense and tangled forests of palms, tamarisks, acacias, and sycamores, while the swamps were filled with tall reeds and papyrus, and pools were gay with the beautiful pale-blue lotus. This luxuriant vegetation would contrast on the one hand with the arid desert, and on the other with the verdureless mud-flats recently deserted by the water. We may add to the picture crocodiles basking on the flats or sunning in the shallows, the unwieldy hippopotamus floundering in the waters, antelopes pasturing on the meadows, leopards, wolves, and jackals prowling in the woods and on the margin of the desert, swarms of wild-fowl on the waters and in the swamps, and multitudes of fishes in the waters. It must have appeared on the one hand a solitude terrible in its luxuriance and its monsters, and on the other a perfect garden of the Lord in its riches and fertility. When to this one adds its strange rainless climate, and the periodical inundations of the river, we can readily understand that such a country might draw out the highest powers and capacities of man in

*These older rocks at Assouan appear to constitute two distinct series. The lower consists of gneiss and hornblendic and micaceous (biotite) schist, penetrated by great dikes and veins of hornblendic granite and diorite. The series is of great thickness and nearly vertical. Resting on its edges are hard black slate, fine-grained gneiss, and a peculiar dark-colored porphyritic rock. This second series is penetrated by veins of reddish felsite and of basalt, which of course also traverse the lower series. The lower series has distinctly the mineral characters of the Laurentian, the upper may be Huronian. In some places the lower series is deeply decomposed, and the harder dikes and the beds of the upper series form, at Philæ and elsewhere, most rugged and grotesque masses and heaps of boulders.

controlling the great river and dealing with a land so strange in its vicissitudes. On the other hand one can easily understand its influence in producing a superstitious veneration for certain natural objects as representatives of divine power and majesty.

But whence and in what way did the first Egyptians enter Egypt, and where did they first settle? A very ancient tradition of their own places their first settlement at Thinis or Abydos, where was said to be the tomb of Osiris, who is probably the same with the Mosaic Mizraim, son of Ham; and at this place is also said to have been the first seat of the earliest king, Mena, who afterwards extended his sway into Lower Egypt and established a capital at Memphis. Abydos stands at the foot of the Libyan chain, in front of an unusually broad and fertile plain of alluvial soil, where we saw immense fields of beans standing five and six feet in height. It is just where the broad expanse of alluvium extending along the Libyan side of the Nile is narrowed in by that great promontory of the western mountains which lies between it and Thebes, and forces the river to bend abruptly to the eastward, cutting off the alluvial plain. It is opposite the route to the Red Sea at Koseir, and commands the way of access to the Great Oasis on the west. It is in short precisely the place where a tribe crossing the Red Sea, and penetrating the Arabian mountains from the east, would be sure to effect a first settlement. So far, therefore, these facts give countenance to the old belief that the first immigrants into Egypt came from the east by way of the Red Sea. This accords also with the importance attached to the Ark or sacred-boat at this place, as evidenced by the sculptures on the magnificent temples erected here by early Egyptian kings. On the other hand it may be argued that if the colonists came by the Isthmus of Suez, Abydos is precisely the place where their upward progress along the valley would be likely for a time to pause. In this case, however, such an advanced post would be less likely to be a first seat of government, or to have so much sacredness in the eyes of the Egyptians. On the whole, therefore, the historical statements respecting Abydos and its geographical position lend probability to that view which supposes the early colonization of Egypt to have taken place by way of the Red Sea rather than of the isthmus, and they also confirm the impression which, as stated in a previous paper, is produced by other considerations, to the effect that at this early period the Delta was in a condition less favorable for settlement than the Nile valley.—PRINCIPAL DAWSON, in *The Leisure Hour*.

THE LIVERPOOL OF INDIA.

WHEN I was at Hong-kong I heard a plaintive protest against the ignorance prevalent in England on matters pertaining to the colony.

"They do not even know," the indignant colonist said by way of climax, "that Hong-kong is an island."

That is a just and unanswerable reproach, and by way of averting its adaptation to Bombay, I hasten to say that the city is actually an island, extending over an area of twenty-two square miles. It is one of the few valuable acquisitions that came with the Stuarts, being ceded to this country in 1661 as part of the dowry of the Portuguese princess Catharine on her marriage with Charles II. Some little difficulty followed upon this arrangement, the Portuguese captain in possession declining to fulfil the treaty, and the British soldiers who had been sent out to take over the place were landed on the island off Carwar to await the settlement of the dispute, which many anticipated by dying. Charles II. was exceedingly wrath with his father-in-law, blustered a good deal, demanded 100,000*l*. by way of compensation, and finally took nothing. Two years later the English troops somehow or other got into Bombay, and in 1668, nothing in the way of money being squeezable out of the new possession, King Charles handed it over to the East India Company for an annual payment of 10*l*.

The Company proceeded in business-like manner to improve the attractiveness of the place, and had succeeded so well that in 1675, when Dr. John Fryer visited it, the original population of 10,000 souls had been multiplied sixfold. They were, according to the early traveller's account, a very mixed lot—"a set of the most confounded rascals in the world," as Sir John Astley, on an historical occasion, urbanely described the Irish Home Rulers in the House of Commons. What the East India Company wanted was men and women to fill up the new settlement, which speedily became the Alsatia of India.

Strangely enough, this early characteristic of mixed nationality clings to Bombay to the present day. All the nations of the world jostle each other in its teeming streets. According to the last census, the population of 10,000 which owned the sway of Portugal in 1661 had, in the course of 220 years, reached over 773,000. Of these only 10,451 were European, a mere handful of the dominant race planted out amid the luxuriance of native growth. Considerably more than half the population is Hindoo, of various castes and divers principalities; 158,000 are Mahomme-

dans; the rest are Parsees, Jews, Portuguese, negroes, half-breeds, and Chinese.

These last, which form so important and numerous a section of other countries on the coast of the Eastern hemisphere, have gained no foothold in Bombay. After all these years there are only 169 in the city. The reason for this is perhaps not far to seek. The work which the Chinese successfully undertake in Hong-kong, the Straits Settlements, and the Malay Peninsula is accomplished in Bombay by natives or earlier settlers. Where the Chinese would set up as a banker he is faced by the Marwaree; where he would embark as a merchant or shipowner he finds the Parsee in possession. He is an excellent cook and household servant; but so are the Indo-Portuguese, who have an earlier claim; whilst for the lower arts, the washing and tailoring, the native is more than equal to demands upon his time and energies.

Bombay had at one time an evil reputation for its fatal insanitariness. It was a common saying that the duration of a European's life was spanned by two monsoons. On one side of the town there was, and in bettered condition still is, a wide expanse of low land called the Flats. Over these the ocean washed when the monsoon blew; and when the wind ceased, the sea, sullenly retreating, left behind a morass which bred malarious fever. This evil was grappled with, just a hundred years ago, by Governor Hornby. He had frequently represented to the Directors of the East India Company the perils of the situation, and had pointed out how they might be averted by the creation of an embankment that would keep the sea off the Flats. The proposed improvement would, however, cost a lac of rupees, and such wilful extravagance the Court of Directors resolutely declined to sanction. Repeated application met with persistent refusal. But Governor Hornby was a man of courage and resource. He estimated that the work might, if undertaken in a liberal spirit, be completed in a year. He waited till his term of office was within eighteen months of expiring, and then began the embankment.

There was no telegraph in those days, nor any overland mail expedited by swift ships and express trains. News travelled slowly to Leadenhall Street, and the embankment grew apace. The Directors, either getting wind of the project or suspecting the Governor of evil intent, sent an urgent despatch bearing on the subject. It duly reached Governor Hornby, but he, desiring not to have his mind distracted whilst the great work was in progress, left the despatch unopened in his desk. When the embankment was completed and the lac of rupees spent, he opened the letter, and found it was an order for his suspension from the office and authority of Governor of Bombay. It was too late to prevent the creation of the embankment, and the Governor could only write and express his regret for the series of circumstances that had baffled the intent of the Court of Directors. The Honorable Court momentarily went mad with rage; but it could not tear up the embankment, which remains to this day—the salvation of Bombay, and an enduring monument to the memory of the audacious Governor.

Oddly enough, within the last twenty years Bombay has permanently benefited by a somewhat similar high-handed proceeding on the part of an official. Any one who lived in Bombay in 1860 and returned to it now would scarcely recognize his old acquaintance. Within that period, chiefly between 1861 and 1872, Bombay was visited by something like an epidemic of palatial building. It began during the American War, when the price of cotton steadily went up, pouring sovereigns by the million into the lap of Bombay. It is estimated that between 1861 and 1866 Bombay received eighty-one millions sterling over and above what she had during the previous five years gladly accepted as full value for her cotton. A great deal of this fabulous wealth disappeared during the mad rush of speculation which whelmed the city in 1864; but a good deal of it stuck, and its proceeds may be seen to this day. Wealthy natives, making *coup* after *coup* in cotton, and scarcely knowing what to do with their money, determined to keep their memories green by dowering the city with some stately gift in stone.

One presented a lac of rupees wherewith to build the clock tower which looks abroad over island, sea, and mainland. When the inevitable crash came, this benefactor was ruined. Only recently the tower has been completed, and it was found that, so munificent had been the money gift, it was impossible to spend the last 5000*l*. The original donor, pathetically setting forth his present condition of comparative destitution, petitioned the Government to refund him this overplus, which would be sufficient to give him a fresh start in business. The Government, in a minute which cannot be read without a glow of admiration, frigidly rebuked the unfortunate man for even submitting such a proposition to them, and reminded him that the money, should they loose their grasp of it, belonged not to him but to his creditors. Hereupon the creditors pricked up their ears and hailed a "Daniel come to judgment." But the Government felt they

had done all that could be expected in the cause of commercial morality by laying down this principle; and they hold on to the money.

It was during these hilarious times, when money flowed in like the rising tide, that Bombay found its Haussmann. The municipal administration of the city was conducted in some not very clearly established manner by a Commissioner and a bench of Justices. The Commissioner happened to be a gentleman of much ability, overmastering energy, and a fine taste for street architecture. He pulled down and built up, broadened thoroughfares, created squares, levelled rookeries, and, above all, built a magnificent market, the finest in India, or, for the matter of that, in the world, which was named after himself —Christian and surname, so that there should be no mistake. Bombay was delighted. From a commonplace town it was growing into a beautiful city, compared with which Paris under the wand of Baron Haussmann would have to take second rank. Then the bills began to come in, and there followed a period of consternation, broken by a blast of indignation. The popular edile became the execrated spoiler. He stood gallantly to his post for some time, asserting the inviolability of his office; but the wrath of the taxpayer prevailed, and finally the once autocratic Commissioner was smuggled out of Bombay something after the fashion in which Sir John Falstaff escaped from Dame Quickly's in the hour of peril.

But, like Governor Hornby, his works were indestructible. There remained for Bombay nothing but to pay the bill and enjoy with whatever grace was possible the fair buildings and broad boulevards it had unwittingly purchased. Fortunately the active Commissioner had not the opportunity, even if he had the desire, to deal with the native streets. Consequently Bombay presents within convenient area the full contrast of a modern and magnificent European quarter with the narrow alleys flanked by lofty buildings in which the natives live. Here one may stroll for hours as far remote from sign of Western life as if India were still under her native princes or her Mogul conquerors.

Leading out of Bombay in the direction of Parell, where the Governor lives, is a street a mile and a half long, which, whether by day or night, is thronged with a motley multitude. Here, with pointed turban, glorious in red and gold, is the Banian, the earliest foreign trader of India, who to this day controls much of the trade with Africa and Arabia. These are good church-going Hindoos, and, holding the Buddhist theory of the transmigration of souls, they will not destroy animal life in any form. In various parts of the city there are homes for decayed dogs, cats, and other animals—pinjrapoles they are called—endowed and supported by these shrewd traders. Driving early one morning along the Queen's Road I saw a Hindoo apparently dropping seed by the wayside. He was scattering it close by the grass-grown wall that here skirts the road. When he had gone his way I went to see what he had been doing, and found he had been strewing bits of sugar for the refection of an army of ants, who, some ten deep and in endless stream, were passing and repassing, engaged upon one of their mysterious enterprises.

On this same morning, in the same road, nearer to the city, I saw a Mussulman produce his prayer-carpet and perform his morning devotions; a few paces off was a Parsee in high glazed hat, white cotton bed-gown, and bright red trousers, hailing his deity in the rising sun; whilst on the sward close by was an Englishman in flannels and sun-helmet diligently riding round, taking his exercise at the only hour possible in this Christmas weather. The low wall which flanks Queen's Road at this part serves other purposes than that of patrol ground of the ants. It is a favorite sleeping quarter for the fastidious native who finds his overcrowded dwelling too hot. Nothing is more common, passing here in the early morning, than to see a bundle on the wall move, a cloud of white drapery parted, and behold! a mild Hindoo, a truculent Moslem, or a half-caste out of place rises from a comfortable night's sleep. His ablutions are performed as publicly as his night's rest is taken. From some of the coolies passing by with leather skins tightly filled he begs as much water as will fill his *lota*, the small circular brass vessel without which no native moves many yards from his headquarters. This he pours over his hands, rubs his face withal, washes out his mouth, and is ready for anything else that Allah or Vishnu may send him.

This capacity on the part of the Hindoo for sleeping anywhere where night may chance to find him is rather embarrassing in hotels. The personal servant who invariably accompanies the Anglo-Indian sleeps outside his master's door, and till this habitude grows familiar is apt to be stumbled over. It makes no difference where or how the door may be situated, there the servant sleeps. At Benares our room was one of a range facing the courtyard, with an open veranda skirting it. On the stone flags of this veranda, with the thermometer at freezing point, slept three servants, like dogs at their masters'

doors, one I know having come from the far South.

The orthodox Hindoos who are under the domination of the Brahmins are most frequently passed in the press of the bazaars or the hurry of the Parell Road. An easy means of distinguishing between Mussulman and Hindoo is found in the cut and fold of the cholis or breast-cloth. The Hindoo fastens his near his right shoulder, a small space cut away disclosing the bare flesh. The Mussulman fastens his near the left shoulder. The Hindoos are divided into two broadly defined camps—the one worshippers of Vishnu the Preserver, and the other of Shiva the Destroyer. You may know a follower of Shiva by his having a mark stamped in color horizontally on his forehead. The adherents of Vishnu have a similar mark, but it is stamped perpendicularly. The Mahommedans also have their two camps—one the Soonees, who claim to be orthodox, and the other the Sheeahs, who accept as the successor of the Prophet Ali the fourth Caliph, and his sons Hassan and Hoosein. Of this latter sect are the Borahs, the peddlers of India, who drop down on the new-comer at hotels with the sureness and swiftness of a hawk.

In the street throng are to be found many coolies, whom the observant Fryer, surveying Bombay two hundred years ago, bracketed with Christians, or rather put in a higher place.

"At a distance enough from the Fort," he wrote. "lies the town in which confusedly live English, Portuguese, Topazes, Gentoos, Moors, Coolies, and Christians."

Topaz is the name quaintly given to the Indo-Portuguese, and evidently refers to the lighter color of their skin as compared with the natives. Other half-breeds, result of European and native connection, are called Eurasians, a sonorous word, the origin of which sounds obscure till we perceive it is formed by elision of the compound word Europe-Asia. Notable even among this many-colored crowd, in which no two people are in respect of style and color dressed exactly alike, are the Parsees. This industrious and wealthy section of the population have a strong and lamentable tendency to rig themselves out in European clothes. But with broadcloth coat and trousers on their body they never forsake their curious headgear, the tall, brimless, glazed hats slanting backwards. All day long this crowd passes and repasses, an ever-varying picture of enduring interest. The ordinary liveliness of a busy street scene is added to by the fact that all shop work is done in public. Here, as in Japan, there are no shop-fronts, the proprietor, his family, his friends, and his customers squatting on the floor of the excavation in the lower part of the house, called the shop.

Bombay thought itself ruined when, with the sudden conclusion of the American war, prices of cotton tumbled down, carrying with them all the fabric of speculative enterprise built on the foundation. But, as statistics show, Bombay trade has not only survived the crash, but has considerably increased. More cotton is now exported, and a larger aggregate sum paid for it, than during the most inflated period of exceptional war-born prosperity. Naturally in these circumstances the population is increasing, whilst that of Calcutta is standing still and Madras declining. There is a familiar saying in India which illustrates the general appreciation of the more favored condition of Bengal as being the seat of the Government. When the punkah is pulled the stronger current of welcome air goes to the side on which the boy stands, the other side benefiting only by the return swing; the better position is called "the Bengal side of the punkah." But it is clear that at the present rate of relative progress this term will become obsolete.

Not content with exporting cotton, Bombay is now spinning it. Several mills, giving employment to some thousands of hands, are now in operation, and others are projected. Apart from considerations local to Bombay, this is an enterprise that will be watched with kindly interest by all who have at heart the welfare of India. It is amongst the undisputed axioms bearing upon the recurrence of famine that the more manufactures spread, withdrawing men and women from the over populated labor market in the agricultural districts, the less frequent will famine be. In addition to cotton, Bombay exports opium to the extent of about six millions sterling per annum. Wheat also is a considerable item in its export returns, though the quantity greatly varies through succeeding years. These are transactions conducted through the houses of the great Banian merchants or of English firms.

But the six hundred thousand natives who populate the city have their hands full of work in smaller ways. The brass-workers are a great guild in Bombay, clustering together in long rows of shops that extend for some way down the Parell Road, which they make resonant with the clatter of their hammers. Printing is another industry which finds bread for many people. The printers—chaparias, as they are called—do not set up type, but stamp muslins, calicoes, and silks with simple designs and in bold colors. Some confine themselves to dyeing the calico, which

comes either from the Manchester looms or the local mills. When a Mahommedan or Hindoo woman wants a new gagras or cholis, she buys the necessary length of calico and takes it to the printer, selecting her own colors. These often seem bold regarded by themselves; but, gracefully wrapped around the swarthy limbs and shoulders, and mingling with the parti-colored throng, they are enchanting. After a pretty extensive journey through the largest towns in North-West India, I do not remember to have seen among the lowest classes five women who were badly dressed, and these exceptions were probably Persians. The innate art taste of the natives of India is shown not less in their magnificent monuments at Benares than in the art of dressing themselves.

In the School of Art at Bombay an experiment has for some time been carried on with conspicuous success to revive the ancient art of Indian pottery. Mr. Terry, the director and moving spirit of the Institution, works upon a very simple plan. He takes boys out of the street, gives them a few elementary lessons in drawing and designing, and then, providing them with a wheel and a stock of clay, bids them create whatever their fancy or their genius, if they have it, suggests to them. The result is seen in some original compositions of shape and color, not in the most highly finished style, it is true, but preferable to some tastes by reason of their unconventionality. The Prince of Wales, when he was here, took home a large packing-case of the products of the school. A more generally accessible collection is to be found in the South Kensington Museum, though I confess that it was not till I had travelled all the way to Bombay that I made the acquaintance of the work.

The extension of the dock accommodation and the opening of the Rajpootana Railway, a link on the way to the far North, have already given to the trade of Bombay a notable impulse, which is certain to increase. The city now has a regular municipality, which keeps a sharp eye on all means of adding to the prosperity of its charge. A remarkably fine body of police answer for order. Great care is taken with their training, amongst other things in which they are tutored being the practice of giving first aid to the wounded. Sir James Fergusson told me a capital story about this class, an examination of which he had just attended. The men were being catechised as to what steps they would take in the event of various street accidents of common occurrence.

"Now supposing," the director asked, looking round the class, all burning to distinguish themselves in the august presence of the Governor of Bombay—"supposing a buggy driving along the street were to run over a man and fracture his ribs, what would you do?"

"Run after the buggy-wallah (driver) and take him to prison," promptly answered one of the men, policeman instinct overcoming humanitarian impulse.—HENRY W. LUCY, in *Belgravia*.

THE SINS OF LEGISLATORS.

BE it or be it not true that man is "shapen in iniquity" and conceived in sin, it is unquestionably true that Government is begotten of aggression and by aggression. In small, undeveloped societies where for ages complete peace has continued, there exists nothing like what we call Government: no coercive agency, but mere honorary headship, if any headship at all. In these exceptional communities, unaggressive and from special causes unaggressed upon, there is so little deviation from the virtues of truthfulness, honesty, justice, and generosity, that nothing beyond an occasional expression of public opinion by informally-assembled elders is needful.* Conversely, we find proofs that, at first recognized but temporarily during leadership in war, the authority of a chief is permanently established by continuity of war; and grows strong where successful aggression ends in subjection of neighboring tribes. And thence onward, examples furnished by all races put beyond doubt the truth that the coercive power of the chief, developing into king, and king of kings (a frequent title in the ancient East), becomes great in proportion as conquest becomes habitual and the union of subdued societies extensive.† Comparisons disclose a further truth which should be ever present to us—the truth that the aggressiveness of the ruling power inside a society increases with its aggressiveness outside the society. As, to make an efficient army, the soldiers in their several grades must be subordinate to the commander; so, to make an efficient fighting society, must the citizens be subordinate. They must furnish recruits to the extent demanded, and yield up whatever property is required.

An obvious implication is that the ethics of Government, originally identical with the ethics of war, must long remain akin to them, and can diverge from them only as warlike activities and preparations become less. Cur-

* "Political Institutions," §§ 437, 573.
† Ibid., §§ 471-473.

rent evidence shows this. At present on the Continent, the citizen is free only when his services as a soldier are not demanded; and during the rest of his life he is largely enslaved in supporting the military organization. Even among ourselves, a serious war would, by the necessitated conscription, suspend the liberties of large numbers and trench on the liberties of the rest by taking from them through taxes whatever supplies were needed—that is, forcing them to labor so many days more for the state. Inevitably the established code of conduct in the dealings of Governments with citizens must be allied to their code of conduct in their dealings with one another.

I am not, under the title of this article, about to treat of the trespasses and the revenges for trespasses, accounts of which constitute the great mass of history; nor to trace the internal inequities which have ever accompanied the external inequities. I do not propose here to catalogue the crimes of irresponsible legislators, beginning with that of King Khufu, the stones of whose vast tomb were laid in the bloody sweat of tens of thousands of slaves toiling through long years under the lash; going on to those committed by conquerors, Egyptian, Assyrian, Persian, Macedonian, Roman, and the rest; and ending with those of Napoleon, whose ambition to set his foot on the neck of the civilized world cost not less than two million lives.* Nor do I propose here to enumerate those sins of responsible legislators seen in the long list of laws made in the interests of dominant classes —a list coming down in our own country to those under which there were long maintained slavery and the slave-trade, inflicting on immense numbers of negroes the horrors of "the middle passage" and killing thirty per cent. of them, and ending with that of the corn laws, by which, says Sir Erskine May, "to insure high rents, it had been decreed that multitudes should hunger." †

Not, indeed, that a presentation of the conspicuous misdeeds of legislators, responsible and irresponsible, would be useless. It would have several uses—one of them relevant to the truth above pointed out. Such a presentation would make clear how that identity of governmental ethics with military ethics which necessarily exists during primitive times, when the army is simply the mobilized society and the society is the quiescent army, continues through long stages, and even now affects in great degrees our law-proceedings and our daily lives. Having, for instance, shown that in numerous savage tribes the judicial function of the chief does not exist, or is nominal, and that very generally in early stages of the civilized races each man had to defend himself, and rectify his private wrongs as best he might —having shown that in mediæval Europe the right of private war among members of the military order was brought to an end, not because the head ruler thought it his duty to arbitrate, but because private wars interfered with the efficiency of his army in public wars —having shown that the administration of justice long continued to display in large measure its primitive nature in trial by battle, carried on before the king or his deputy as umpire, and which among ourselves continued nominally to be an alternative form of trial down to 1819, it might then be pointed out that even now there survives trial by battle under another form: counsel being the champions and purses the weapons. In civil cases the ruling agency cares scarcely more than of old about rectifying the wrongs of the injured; but, practically, its deputy does little more than to enforce the rules of the fight: the result being less a question of equity than a question of pecuniary ability and forensic skill. Nay, so little concern for the administration of justice is shown by the ruling agency, that when, by legal conflict carried on in presence of its deputy, the combatants have been pecuniarily bled even to the extent of producing prostration, and when, an appeal being made by one of them, the decision is reversed, the beaten combatant is made to pay for the plunders of the deputy or a preceding deputy; and not unfrequent y the wronged man, who sought protection or restitution, is taken out of court pecuniarily dead.

Adequately done, such a portrayal of governmental misdeeds of commission and omission, proving that the partially surviving code of ethics arising in and proper to a state of war still vitiates governmental action, might greatly moderate the hopes of those who are anxious to extend governmental control.

But leaving out the greater part of the large topic comprehended under the title of this article, I propose here to deal only with a comparatively small remaining part—those sins of legislators which are not generated by personal ambitions or class interests; but result from a lack of the study by which legislators are morally bound to prepare themselves.

A druggist's assistant who, after listening to the description of pains which he mistakes for those of colic, but which are really caused by inflammation of the cæcum, prescribes a sharp purgative and kills the patient, is found

* "Study of Sociology," p. 42.

† "Constitutional History of England," ii. p. 617.

guilty of manslaughter. He is not allowed to excuse himself on the ground that he did not intend harm, but hoped for good. The plea that he simply made a mistake in his diagnosis is not entertained. He is told that he had no right to risk disastrous consequences by meddling in a matter concerning which his knowledge was so inadequate. The fact that he was ignorant how great was his ignorance is not accepted in bar of judgment. It is tacitly assumed that the experience common to all should have taught him that even the skilled, and much more the unskilled, are liable to mistakes in the identification of disorders and in the appropriate treatment; and that, having disregarded the warning derivable from common experience, he was answerable for the consequences.

We measure the responsibilities of legislators for mischiefs they may do, in a much more lenient fashion. In most cases, so far from thinking of them as deserving any kind of punishment for causing disasters by laws ignorantly enacted, we scarcely think of them as deserving reprobation. It is held that common experience should have taught the druggist's assistant, untrained as he is, not to interfere; but it is not held that common experience should have taught the legislator not to interfere till he has trained himself. Though multitudinous facts are before him in the recorded legislation of our own country and of other countries, which should impress on him the immense evils caused by wrong treatment, he is not condemned for disregarding these warnings against rash meddling. Contrariwise, it is thought meritorious in him when—perhaps lately from college, perhaps fresh from keeping a pack of hounds which made him popular in his county, perhaps emerging from a provincial town where he acquired a fortune, perhaps rising from the bar at which he has gained a name as an advocate—he enters Parliament, and forthwith, in quite a light-hearted way, begins to aid or hinder this or that means of operating on the body politic. In this case, there is no occasion even to make for him the excuse that he does not know how little he knows; for the public at large agrees with him in thinking it needless that he should know anything more than what the debates on the proposed measures tell him.

And yet the mischiefs wrought by uninstructed law-making, vast in their amount as compared with those caused by uninstructed medical treatment, are conspicuous to all who do but glance over its history. The reader must pardon me while I recall a few familiar instances. Century after century statesmen went on enacting usury laws which made worse the condition of the debtor—raising the rate of interest "from five to six when intending to reduce it to four,"* as under Louis XV.; and producing undreamed-of evils of an indirect kind, such as preventing the reproductive use of spare capital, and "burdening the small proprietors with a multitude of perpetual services."† So, too, the endeavors which in England continued through five hundred years to stop forestalling, and which in France, as Arthur Young witnessed, prevented any one from buying "more than two bushels of wheat at market,"‡ went on generation after generation, increasing the miseries and mortality due to dearth; for, as everybody now knows, the wholesale dealer, who was in the statute "De Pistoribus" vituperated as "an open oppressor of poor people,"§ is simply one whose function it is to equalize the supply of a commodity by checking unduly rapid consumption. Of kindred nature was the measure which, in 1315, to diminish the pressure of famine, prescribed the prices of foods, but which was hastily repealed after it had caused entire disappearance of various foods from the markets; and also such measures, more continuously operating, as those which settled by magisterial order "the reasonable gains" of victuallers.‖ Of like spirit and followed by allied mischiefs have been the many endeavors to fix wages, which began with the statute of laborers under Edward III. and ceased only sixty years ago; when, having long galvanized in Spitalfields a decaying industry, and fostered there a miserable population, Lords and Commons finally gave up fixing silk-weavers' earnings by magisterial order.

Here I imagine an impatient interruption: "We know all that; the story is stale. The mischiefs of interfering with trade have been dinned in our ears till we are weary; and no one needs to be taught the lesson afresh." My first reply is, that by the great majority the lesson was never properly learned at all, and that very many of those who did learn it have forgotten it. For just the same pleas which of old were put in for these dictations are again put in. In the statute 35 of Edward III. which aimed to keep down the price of herrings (but was soon repealed because it raised the price), it was complained that people "coming to the fair . . . do bargain for herring, and every of them, by malice and envy, increase upon other, and, if one proffer

* Lecky, "Rationalism," ii. pp. 293, 294.

† De Tocqueville, "The State of Society in France before the Revolution," p. 491.

‡ Young's "Travels," i. pp. 128, 129.

§ Craik's "History of British Commerce," i. p. 134.

‖ Ibid., i. pp. 186, 187.

forty shillings, another will proffer ten shillings more, and the third sixty shillings, and so every one surmounteth other in the bargain."* And now the "higgling of the market," here condemned and ascribed to "malice and envy," is being again condemned. The evils of competition have all along been the stock cry of the socialists; and the council of the Democratic Federation denounced the carrying on of exchange under "the control of individual greed and profit." My second reply is, that interferences with the law of supply and demand, which a generation ago were admitted to be habitually mischievous, are now being daily made by acts of Parliament in other fields, and that, as I shall presently show, they are in these fields increasing the evils to be cured and producing new ones, as much as of old they did in fields no longer intruded upon.

Returning from this parenthesis, I go on to explain that the above acts are named to remind the reader that uninstructed legislators have in past times continually increased human suffering in their endeavors to mitigate it; and I have now to add that if these evils, shown to be legislatively intensified or produced, be multiplied by ten or more, a conception will be formed of the aggregate evils caused by law-making unguided by study of social science. In a paper read to the Statistical Society in May, 1873, by Mr. Janson, Vice-President of the Law Society, it was stated that from the statute of Merton (20 Henry III.) to the end of 1872, there had been passed 18,110 public acts, of which he estimated that four-fifths had been wholly or partially repealed. He also stated that the number of public acts repealed wholly or partly, or amended, during the three years 1870–72 had been 3532, of which 2759 had been totally repealed. To see whether this rate of repeal has continued, I have referred to the annually-issued volumes of "The Public General Statutes" for the last three sessions. Leaving out amended acts and enumerating only acts entirely repealed, the result is that in the last three sessions there have been repealed separately, or in groups, 650 acts *belonging to the present reign.* This, of course, is greatly above the average rate; for there has of late been an active clearance of the statute-book going on. But, making every allowance, we must infer that within our own times repeals have mounted some distance into the thousands. Doubtless a number of them have been of laws that were obsolete, others have been demanded by changes of circumstances (though seeing how many of them are of quite recent acts this has not been a large cause); others simply because they were inoperative; and others have been consequent on the consolidations of numerous acts into single acts. But unquestionably, in multitudinous cases, repeals came because the acts had proved injurious. We talk glibly of such changes—we think of cancelled legislation with indifference. We forget that before laws are abolished they have generally been inflicting evils more or less serious, some for a few years, some for tens of years, some for centuries. Change your vague idea of a bad law into a definite idea of it as an agency operating on people's lives, and you see that it means so much of pain, so much of illness, so much of mortality. A vicious form of legal procedure, for example, either enacted or tolerated, entails on suitors costs, or delay, or defeat. What do these imply? Loss of money, often ill-spared; great and prolonged anxiety; frequently consequent illness; unhappiness of family and dependents; children stinted in food and clothing—all of them miseries which bring after them multitudinous remoter miseries. Add to which there are the far more numerous cases of those who, lacking the means or the courage to enter on lawsuits, and submitting to frauds, are impoverished, and have similarly to bear the pains of body and mind which ensue. Seeing, then, that bad legislation means injury to men's lives, judge what must be the total amount of mental distress, physical pain, and raised mortality which these thousands of repealed acts of Parliament represent! Fully to bring home the truth that law-making unguided by adequate knowledge brings immense evils, let me take a special case which a question of the day brings before us.

Already I have hinted that interferences with the connection between supply and demand, given up in certain fields after immense mischiefs had been done during many centuries, are now taking place in other fields. This connection is supposed to hold only where it has been proved to hold by the evils of disregarding it: so feeble is men's belief in it. There seems no suspicion that, in cases where it seems to fail, it is because it has been traversed by artificial hindrances. And yet in the case to which I now refer—that of the supply of houses for the poor—it needs but to ask what laws have been doing for a long time past, to see that the terrible evils complained of are mostly law-made.

A generation ago discussion was taking place concerning the inadequacy and badness of industrial dwellings, and I had occasion to

* Craik, *loc. cit.*, i. p. 187.

deal with the question. Here is a passage then written:

An architect and surveyor describes it [the Building Act] as having worked after the following manner: In those districts of London consisting of inferior houses, built in that unsubstantial fashion which the New Building Act was to mend, there obtains an average rent, sufficiently remunerative to landlords whose houses were run up economically before the New Building Act passed. This existing average rent fixes the rent that must be charged in these districts for new houses of the same accommodation—that is, the same number of rooms, for the people they are built for do not appreciate the extra safety of living within walls strengthened with hoop-iron bond. Now, it turns out upon trial, that houses built in accordance with the present regulations, and let at this established rate, bring in nothing like a reasonable return. Builders have consequently confined themselves to erecting houses in better districts (where the possibility of a profitable competition with pre-existing houses shows that those pre-existing houses were tolerably substantial), and have ceased to erect dwellings for the masses, except in the suburbs where no pressing sanitary evils exist. Meanwhile, in the inferior districts above described, has resulted an increase of over-crowding—half a dozen families in a house, a score lodgers to a room. Nay, more than this has resulted. That state of miserable dilapidation into which these abodes of the poor are allowed to fall is due to the absence of competition from new houses. Landlords do not find their tenants tempted away by the offer of better accommodation. Repairs, being unnecessary for securing the largest amount of profit, are not made. . . . In fact, for a large percentage of the very horrors which our sanitary agitators are now trying to cure by law, we have to thank previous agitators of the same school!—"Social Statics," p. 384 (first edition).

These were not the only law-made causes of such evils. As shown in the following further passage, sundry others were recognized:

Writing before the repeal of the brick-duty, *The Builder* says: "It is supposed that one fourth of the cost of a dwelling which lets for 2*s.* 6*d.* or 3*s.* a week is caused by the expense of the title-deeds and the tax on wood and bricks used in its construction. Of course, the owner of such property must be remunerated, and he therefore charges 7¼*d.* or 9*d.* a week to cover these burdens." M. C. Gatliff, secretary to the Society for Improving the Dwellings of the Working-Classes, describing the effect of the window-tax, says: "They are now paying upon their institution in St. Pancras the sum of £162 16*s.* in window-duties, or one per cent. per annum upon the original outlay. The average rental paid by the society's tenants is 5*s.* 6*d.* per week, and the window-duty deducts from this 7¼*d.* per week."—*Times*, January 31, 1850. "Social Statics," p. 386 (original edition).

Neither is this all the evidence which the press of those days afforded. There was published in the *Times* of December 7, 1850 (too late to be used in the above-named work, which I issued in the last week of that year), a letter dated from the Reform Club, and signed "Architect," which contained the following passages:

Lord Kinnaird recommends in your paper of yesterday the construction of model lodging-houses by throwing two or three houses into one.

Allow me to suggest to his lordship, and his friend Lord Ashley to whom he refers, that if—

1. The window-tax were repealed;
2. The Building Act repealed (excepting the clauses enacting that party and external walls shall be fire-proof);
3. The timber duties either equalized or repealed: and
4. An act passed to facilitate the transfer of property—

There would be no more necessity for model lodging-houses than there is for model ships, model cotton-mills or model steam-engines.

The first limits the poor man's house to seven windows.

The second limits the size of the poor man's house to twenty-five feet by eighteen (about the size of a gentleman's dining-room), into which space the builder has to cram a staircase, an entrance-passage, a parlor and a kitchen (walls and partitions included).

The third induces the builder to erect the poor man's house of timber unfit for building purposes, the duty on the good material (Baltic) being fifteen times more than the duty on the bad or injurious article (Canadian). The Government, even, exclude the latter from all their contracts.

The fourth would have considerable influence upon the present miserable state of the dwellings of the poor. Small freeholds might then be transferred as easily as leaseholds. The effect of building-leases has been a direct inducement to bad building.

To guard against misstatement or overstatement, I have taken the precaution to consult a large East-End builder and contractor of fifty-five years' experience, Mr. C. Forrest, Museum Works, 17 Victoria Park Square, Bethnel Green, who, being church-warden, member of the vestry, and of the board of guardians, adds extensive knowledge of local public affairs to his extensive knowledge of the building business. Mr. Forrest, who authorizes me to give his name, verifies the foregoing statements with the exception of one, which he strengthens. He says that "Architect" understates the evil entailed by the definition of "a fourth-rate house"; since the dimensions are less than those he gives (perhaps in conformity with the provisions of a more recent Building Act). Mr. Forrest has done more than this. Besides illustrating the bad effects of great increase in ground-rents (in sixty years, from £1 to £8 10*s.* for a fourth-rate house), which, joined with other causes, had obliged him to abandon plans for industrial dwellings he had intended to build—besides agreeing with "Architect" that this evil has been greatly increased by the difficulties of land-transfer due to the law-established system of trusts and entails, he pointed out that a further penalty on the building of small houses is inflicted by additions to local burdens ("prohibitory imposts" he called them): one of the instances he named being, that to the cost of each new house has to be added the cost of pavement, roadway, and sewerage, which is charged according to length of frontage, and which, consequently, bears a far larger ratio to the value of a small house than to the value of a large one.

From these law-produced mischiefs, which were great a generation ago and have since been increasing, let us pass to more recent law-produced mischiefs. The misery, the disease, the mortality in "rookeries," made continually worse by artificial impediments to the increase of fourth-rate houses, and by the necessitated greater crowding of those which existed, having become a scandal, Government was invoked to remove the evil. It responded by Artisans' Dwellings Acts; giving

to local authorities powers to pull down bad houses and provide for the building of good ones. What have been the results? A summary of the operations of the Metropolitan Board of Works dated December 21, 1883, shows that up to last September it had, at a cost of a million and a quarter to rate-payers, unhoused 21,000 persons and provided houses for 12,000—the remaining 9,000 to be hereafter provided for being, meanwhile, left houseless. This is not all. Another local lieutenant of the Government, the Corporation of London, working on the same lines, has cleared four spaces amounting to several acres; but has unhappily failed to get them covered with the substituted houses needed, and has thus added a further thousand or two to those who have to seek homes in miserable places that are already overflowing!

See, then, what legislation has done. By ill-imposed taxation, raising the prices of bricks and timber, it added to the cost of houses, and prompted, for economy's sake, the use of bad materials in scanty quantities. To check the consequent production of wretched dwellings, it established regulations which, in mediæval fashion, dictated the quality of the commodity produced: there being no perception that, by insisting on a higher quality and therefore higher price, it would limit the demand and eventually diminish the supply. By additional local burdens, legislation has of late still further hindered the building of small houses. Finally, having, by successive measures, produced first bad houses and then a deficiency of better ones, it has at length provided for the increasing overflow of poor people by diminishing the house capacity which already could not contain them!

Where, then, lies the blame for the crying evils of the East-End? Against whom should be raised "the bitter cry of outcast London"?

The German anthropologist, Bastian, tells us that a sick native of Guinea who causes the fetich to lie by not recovering is strangled;* and we may reasonably suppose that among the Guinea people any one audacious enough to call in question the power of the fetich would be promptly sacrificed. In days when governmental authority was enforced by strong measures, there was a kindred danger in saying anything disrespectful of the political-fetich. Nowadays, however, the worst punishment to be looked for by one who questions its omnipotence is that he will be reviled as a reactionary who talks *laissez-faire*. That any facts he may bring forward will appreciably decrease the established faith is not to be expected; for we are daily shown that this faith is proof against all adverse evidence. Let us contemplate a small part of that vast mass of it which passes unheeded.

"A Government office is like an inverted filter; you send in accounts clear and they come out muddy." Such was the comparison I heard made many years ago by the late Sir Charles Fox, who, in the conduct of his business, had considerable experience of public departments. That his opinion was not a singular one, though his comparison was, all men know. Exposures by the press and criticisms in Parliament leave no one in ignorance of the vices of red-tape routine. Its delays, perpetually complained of, and which in the time of Mr. Fox Maule went to the extent that "the commissions of officers in the army" were generally "about two years in area," is afresh illustrated by the issue of the first volume of the detailed census of 1881, more than two years after the information was collected. If we seek explanations of such delays, we find one origin to be a scarcely credible confusion. In the case of the delayed census returns, the registrar-general tells us that "the difficulty consists not merely in the vast multitude of different areas that have to be taken into account, but still more in the bewildering complexity of their boundaries": there being thirty-nine thousand administrative areas of twenty-two different kinds which overlap one another—hundreds, petty sessional divisions, lieutenancy divisions, urban and rural sanitary districts, unions, school-board districts, school-attendance districts, etc. And then, as Mr. W. Rathbone points out,* these many superposed sets of areas with intersecting boundaries, have their respective governing bodies with authorities running into one another's districts. Does any one ask why for each additional administration Parliament has established a fresh set of divisions? The reply which suggests itself is, To preserve consistency of method. For this organized confusion harmonizes completely with that organized confusion which Parliament each year increases by throwing on to the heap of its old acts a hundred new acts, the provisions of which traverse and qualify in all kinds of ways the provisions of multitudinous acts on to which they are thrown: the onus of settling what is the law being left to private persons, who lose their property in getting judges' interpretations. And again this system of putting networks of districts over other networks, with their conflicting authorities, is quite consistent with the method under which the reader of the Public Health Act of 1872,

* "Menech," iii. p. 235.

* *The Nineteenth Century*, February, 1883.

who wishes to know what are the powers exercised over him, is referred to twenty-six preceding acts of several classes and numerous dates.*

So, too, with administrative inertia. Continually there occur cases showing the resistance of officialism to improvements: as by the Admiralty when use of the electric telegraph was proposed, and the reply was, "We have a very good semaphore system"; or as by the Post-Office, which the late Sir William Siemens years ago said had obstructed the employment of improved methods of telegraphing, and since then has impeded the general use of the telephone. Other cases, akin to that above set forth in detail, now and then show how the state with one hand increases evils which with the other hand it tries to diminish: as when it puts a duty on fire-insurances and then makes regulations for the better putting out of fires; dictating, too, certain modes of construction, which, as Captain Shaw shows, entail additional dangers.† Again, the absurdities of official routine, rigid where it need not be and lax where it should be rigid, occasionally become glaring enough to cause scandals: as when a secret state document of importance put into the hands of an ill-paid copying-clerk, who is not even in permanent Government employ, is made public by him; or as when the mode of making the Moorsom fuse, which was kept secret even from our highest artillery-officers, was taught to them by the Russians, who had been allowed to learn it; or as when a diagram showing the "distances at which British and foreign ironclads could be perforated by our large guns," communicated by an enterprising *attaché* to his own Government, then became known "to all the Governments of Europe," while English officers remained ignorant of the facts.‡ So, too, with state-supervision. From time to time it is pointed out that coal-mine explosions continue notwithstanding coal-mine inspection: the only effect being that more inspection and more stringent regulations are demanded. Even where the failure of inspection is most glaring, no notice is taken of it; as instance the terrible catastrophe by which a train full of people was destroyed along with the Tay Bridge. Countless denunciations, loud and unsparing, were vented against engineer and contractor; but little, if anything, was said about the government officer from whom the bridge received state-approval. So too with prevention of disease. It matters not that under the management or dictation of state-agents some of the worst evils occur: as when the lives of eighty-seven wives and children of soldiers are sacrificed in the ship Accrington;* or as when typhoid fever and diphtheria are diffused by a state-ordered drainage system, as in Edinburgh;† or as when officially-enforced sanitary appliances, ever getting out of order, increase the evils they were to decrease.‡ These and multitudinous such facts leave unabated the confidence with which sanitary inspection is invoked—invoked, indeed, more than ever, as is shown in the recent suggestion that all public schools should be under the supervision of health-officers. Nay, even when the state has manifestly caused the mischief complained of, faith in its beneficent agency is not at all diminished; as we see in the fact that, having a generation ago authorized, or rather required, towns to establish drainage systems which delivered sewage into the rivers, and having thus polluted the sources of water-supply, the water-companies have come to be daily denounced for the impurities of their water; and, as the only remedy, there follows the demand that the state by its local proxies shall undertake the whole business. The state's misdoings become, as in the case of industrial dwellings, reasons for praying it to do more.

This work of the Legislature is, in one respect, indeed, less excusable than the fetich-worship to which I have tactily compared it. The savage has the defence that his fetich is silent—does not confess its inability. But the civilized man persists in ascribing to this idol, made with his own hands, powers which in one way or other it confesses it has not got. I do not mean merely that the debates daily tell us of legislative measures which have done evil instead of good; nor do I mean merely that the thousands of acts of Parliament which repeal preceding acts are so many tacit admissions of failure. Neither do I refer only to such *quasi*-governmental confessions as that contained in the report of the Poor-Law Commissioners, who said that "we find, on the one hand, that there is scarcely one statute connected with the administration of public relief which has produced the effect de-

* "The Statistics of Legislation." By F. H. Janson, Esq., F.L.S., Vice-President of the Incorporated Law Society. (Read before the Statistical Society, May, 1873.)

† "Fire Surveys; or, a Summary of the Principles to be observed in estimating the Risk of Buildings."

‡ See *Times*, October 6, 1874, where other instances are given.

* Hansard, vol. clvi. p. 718, and vol. clvii. p. 4464.

† Letter of an Edinburgh M.D. in the *Times* of January 17, 1876, verifying other testimonies: one of which I have previously cited concerning Windsor, where, as in Edinburgh, there was absolutely no typhoid in the undrained parts, while it was very fatal in the drained parts.—"Study of Sociology," chap. i. notes.

‡ say this partly from personal knowledge; having now before me memoranda made twenty-five years ago concerning such results produced under my own observation. Verifying facts have recently been given by Sir Richard Cross in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1884, p. 155.

signed by the legislature, and that the majority of them have created new evils and aggravated those which they were intended to prevent." I refer rather to those made by statesmen, and by state-departments. Here, for example, in a memorial addressed to Mr. Gladstone, and adopted by a highly influential meeting held under the chairmanship of the late Lord Lyttelton, I read:

We, the undersigned, peers, members of the House of Commons, rate-payers, and inhabitants of the Metropolis, feeling strongly the truth and force of your statement made in the House of Commons, in 1866, that "there is still a lamentable and deplorable state of our whole arrangements, with regard to public works—vacillation, uncertainty, costliness, extravagance, meanness, and all the conflicting vices that could be enumerated, are united in our present system," etc., etc.*

And here again is an example furnished by a recent minute of the Board of Trade (November, 1883), in which it is said that since "the Shipwreck Committee of 1836 scarcely a session has passed without some act being passed or some step being taken by the Legislature or the Government with this object" (prevention of shipwreck); and that "the multiplicity of statutes, which were all consolidated into one act in 1854, has again become a scandal and a reproach"—each measure being passed because previous ones had failed. And then comes presently the confession that "the loss of life and of ships has been greater since 1876 than it ever was before." Meanwhile, the cost of administration has been raised from £17,000 a year to £73,000 a year.†

It is surprising how, spite of better knowledge, the imagination is affected by artificial appliances used in particular ways. We see it all through human history, from the war-paint with which the savage frightens his adversary, down through religious ceremonies and regal processions, to the robes of a Speaker and the wand of an officially-dressed usher. I remember a child who, able to look with tolerable composure on a horrible cadaverous mask while it was held in the hand, ran away shrieking when his father put it on. A kindred change of feeling comes over constituencies when, from boroughs and counties, their members pass to the legislative chamber. While before them as candidates, they are, by one or other party, jeered at, lampooned, "heckled," and in all ways treated with utter disrespect. But, as soon as they assemble at Westminster, those against whom taunt and invective, charges of incompetence and folly, had been showered from press and platform, excite unlimited faith. Judging from the prayers made to them, there is nothing which their wisdom and their power cannot compass.—HERBERT SPENCER, in *The Contemporary Review.*

(To be continued.)

* The *Times*, March 31, 1873.

† These are just a few additional examples. Masses of those which I have on earlier occasions given, will be found in "Social Statics" (1851); "Over-Legislation" (1853); "Representative Government" (1857); "Specialized Administration" (1871); "Study of Sociology" (1873), and Postscript to ditto (1880); besides some cases in smaller essays.

MAX MULLER ON BUDDHIST CHARITY.

THE following is a summary of a lecture on "Buddhist Charity," delivered by Prof. Max Müller at the Kensington Town Hall on Thursday last, April 25, M. Clermont-Ganneau in the chair. It was the first of a series upon "The Charities of the World," undertaken on behalf of the Metropolitan Society for Befriending Young Servants.

"I come in obedience to a promise which I had given because I always sympathize with those who have the courage to do small things. The work of the Society for Befriending Young Servants was such hopeless and yet such hopeful work. The spirit in which it must be undertaken is that of the child who tried to pick up all the pebbles on the sea beach, and when carried home by her nurse, dropping her treasures as she went along, still proudly showed one she retained, and said, 'Mother, I have saved one.' And so to save even one young girl in the ebb and flow of modern London life would be a work to which I felt that if I could contribute I must not say No.

"The subject of Buddhist charity is a very attractive one. It was the late Dean of Westminster who said, 'In former times Gautama was unknown to us, and now he is second to one only.' There was a time when you could not be a true believer in your own religion without believing all the others to be false—one a voice from heaven, and all others voices from the very opposite. Each religion was held to the exclusion of all the rest. But now we have learned to treat all dialects of faith, or all religions, with perfect equality. The more belief we have in our own, the more we are inclined to regard others with tenderness, and even indulgence. An ever-increasing interest is taken in the sacred books of the East. Formerly the theological student never read more than his Old and New Testaments, and perhaps, if learned, the Koran. Now the Clarendon Press has published in twenty-four volumes translations of the most important among the canonical books of the ancient religions of the world.

"By Buddhism I mean no fashionable fancy religion, esoteric or exoteric, but the genuine historical Buddhism founded about 500 B.C. There is no doubt about its date. The inscrip-

tions of King Asoka in the third century B.C. are scattered all over Northern India, from Afghanistan to Orissa, and are as clear as the inscriptions of the Scipios. Secondly, we have the canonical books. These are the Northern books in Sanskrit, and the Southern in Pâli. We have, in the latter, the accounts of the first council after Buddha, 477 B.C., and the second, 377 B.C. The title of the Buddhist canon is Tripitaka, the Three Baskets. The Southern Buddhist Church comprises Ceylon, Burmah, and Siam; the Northern, India, Tibet, Mongolia, China, Japan. No doubt Buddhism has greatly changed, and its supporters differ very much. The metaphysical Hindu and the Chinaman differ as much as Bishop Berkeley differs from a plough-boy, but historical Buddhism is really that of the received historical records. It seems to me, after a study of the Vedas, that Buddhism is really the natural development of the Indian mind in all its aspects—religious, political, and social. It is of this last side I am to speak. Buddhism is here the full bloom, while the Vedas were the bud. We wonder what room there can be for charity in so bountiful a land as India, where man is so easily satisfied. The woods, rivers, and plains bring forth abundantly. Even now a man lives on one shilling a week, a woman on even less, and a married couple on £5 a year. Yet in Buddha's time men came and begged for a few rags or a handful of rice. The Hindus have always complained of being poor. Contrast the modern English beggar and the ancient Buddhist. Now we punish the beggar by law; then the man who did not give was considered impious, and a heretic, and the beggar was regularly protected and honored. Look at Brahmanism and its ideal life. True, we only see the ideal, but a man's ideals often give a truer self than his miserable failures. There were four stages in the life of an orthodox Hindu—(1) The youth at the age of eight years was apprenticed to a master sage, and learned studiously the Vedas. Every day he begged bread for himself and his teacher. This was less charity than an educational rate on the whole community. (2) At the age of twenty he was to marry and found a family, to perform sacrifices, give alms, and show hospitality. (3) When he got gray and his sons grew up, he was to retire into the forest to mortify the flesh, to give up all sacrifices, to live as an ascetic, entitled, if need be, to receive alms, but commanded also to show hospitality and to meditate on the mysteries of the world. (4) He was to become a Bhikshu, or beggar, a homeless hermit, with his head shaven, and dependent upon charity for his very life, regarding God as his own highest life. This is the ideal life in Vedic times. The first and second periods of life are entirely priestly, but at last all ceremonies and books are regarded as vain; polytheism is given up; the devotee believes in one God, and then finds that one God to be Brahman, or his own highest self. All Buddhism came from this. Young and old began to ask why all this preliminary preparation was necessary; why not proceed at once to the third and fourth stages? and at last the Brahmanic dikes gave way before the flood of Buddhism. Sacrifices were forbidden; the Vedas were to be treated as ordinary books; futile penances were abolished. 'If the solitary life is better, why not be at once homeless?' it was asked, and so Buddha named his disciples the 'homeless.' The Buddhist Church was founded. The new society was a refuge for the poor, the destitute, and the weary. No one outside it was upbraided, if only he gave alms. Within it no one owned any personal property. Such was the misery of this country, seemingly an earthly Paradise, that many thronged to get in. Once admitted (and there were restrictions), the neophyte is shaved, wears a yellow cloak, and is supported on alms. Twice daily did the brothers collect alms. Some gave rice, some gave lands; and so the communities became rich. This was Buddha's solution of the question of poverty. His attempt to found a new state of society deserves our whole attention. The regulations of the brotherhood will be found translated in 'The Sacred Books of the East,' Clarendon Press, Oxford, vols. xiii., xviii. and xx. Buddhism and charity are synonymous. The brothers lived on the alms of the lay supporters. Charity is the very soul of Buddhism. 'Charity, courtesy, and unselfishness are to the world what the lynchpin is to the rolling chariot,' say the Pitakas. The six virtues or Paramitâs are charity, morality, earnestness, concentration, wisdom, and prudence.

"The East is the home of parables; most of ours come from Buddhist sources; and I will relate one or two in illustration of charity. First, however, I must explain to you the character of the stories of former lives called Gâtakas. No Hindu is silly enough to believe that his life begins with his existence here. The perpetual puzzle of virtue not being co-extensive with happiness, which some solve by a future life, and rewards and punishments there, the Buddhist solves by a former life. Is a man unhappy? he is so because of his former misdeeds. Let him beware of repeating them. Is he happy? let him continue the virtue which has such a result. No one is exempt from this law of cause and effect, not even Buddha himself; for before he reached Buddahood (which is far above the gods), he

went through many preparatory stages. In one of these, when he was fighting Mâra (or spirit of evil), Buddha asks his opponent, 'Canst thou witness to thy charity?' Mâra calls to his many followers, who shout unanimous testimony for him. 'And thou, Buddha?' Buddha replies, 'I am all alone, but I will call on the earth to witness that I have performed 700 acts of charity,' and, taking his hand from under his cloak, he calls on the earth. Immediately in thunderous tones the earth bears witness, and the followers of Mâra are smitten to the ground, and a voice exclaims 'Death [Mâra] is conquered; Prince Buddha is victor.'

"Here is a very early *G*âtaka story, and one of the most popular. King Sanda had a son named Vessantara (Visvam-tara, all-giving), who from his birth was full of charity. When he grew up, he married, and begat two children. One day he was riding upon the white elephant (this was a real white elephant, and could cause rain to fall). Eight Brahmans arrived from a neighboring State and begged the elephant as an alms, saying that their State was suffering from a drought. The prince at once gives them the elephant, regretting that they had asked nothing more. The enraged people, however, ask the king to punish Vessantara, who is therefore banished to the rock Vankagiri, with his wife and children. All his treasures are given away by the prince before he sets out, and 1000 wagons sent by the queen-mother are distributed in alms. Two beggars ask for the horses of the chariot, and are given them. Indra, chief of the gods, replaces them by four divine horses, but Vessentara soon gives away the chariot, and the little family go forth living on the fruits and drinking pond water. For seven days they stay in the kingdom of the wife's father, and then proceed to their place of exile. When they arrive at the rock, they live as ascetics in separate huts. At last comes an old Brahman, grim as an executioner, and asks for the two children as slaves. Even this the father grants, but the poor mother swoons when she hears it. When she recovers, however, she exclaims, 'Better is the Buddhahood than 100 children, if only we may share the reward with all the world.' Indra comes disguised as a Brahman and asks for the wife. After a moment's pause she, too, is given up, but Indra reveals himself, and bids them never more part. Finally, the old Brahman dies, the children return, the royal family come in state to reclaim Vessantara, who reigns, and is born only once more, as Gautama, the Buddha.

"Such is the Buddhist solution of poverty by charity. To give not only alms out of our abundance, but all that is dearest to us in the world, life, wife, children, and thus to save the world from ignorance, sin, and transmigration—this is Buddhist charity. One more Buddha is expected to appear on earth, under the name of Maitreya, a name derived from *maitrī* love. Love is more than the law, more than charity. Buddha says: 'As a mother at the risk of her own life protects her child, so let love prevail.' Then the saying will be fulfilled, 'Even in this world holiness has appeared.' Has that Maitreya, that Buddha of Love, been manifested? Will Buddhists ever learn it? Or has he not yet appeared? and are we, like Gautama, still five hundred years before Christ? No doubt Buddhist charity has its metaphysical side. We are to love our neighbors as ourselves, because they are as ourselves. We are all rays of one light, glances of one mind; and in loving our neighbors we love our true and larger selves. Then, as now, poverty and misery had reached a climax. Absurd wealth was face to face with hopeless penury. One man who would buy land for the Buddhists could cover it with gold coin, another begged a pitiful handful of rice. Buddha recommended no workhouses or parish relief. He did not say to the poor, 'Might is right.' He turned to the rich and said, 'Give; give all that is wanted; give, because nothing belongs to you; give, because life is a shadow; give to all, because what you leave to your own children only may become a curse rather than a blessing.' We have our clubs and our slums, our St. James' and St. Giles', and social economy stands helpless at the bedside of the dying man. One of the names of Buddha was the Great Physician. He mixed a grain of faith, a grain of pity, a grain of wisdom, and offered it. Buddha saw, as Christ saw, that charity, true charity, is the only remedy. Living seeds are small. Buddha began with only five followers, but now 'he is second to one only.'"—*The Academy.*

A PILGRIMAGE TO SELBORNE.

A SHORT time ago I had an opportunity of visiting a scene the features of which had long dwelt in my imagination, though I had never yet been able to bring the accuracy of the picture which it formed out of them to the test of personal observation. In the middle of last January, however, finding myself at the town of Alton, not more than five miles distant from the peaceful old Hampshire village which the loving hand of its native historian has immortalized, I resolved no

longer to postpone my pilgrimage to what must always be known to posterity as White's Selborne. I started from Alton on foot, about eleven in the morning, the day being all that could be desired—a cloudless blue sky, the air freshened and nothing more by a slight frost, and all the range of woods which spread along the ridges of the downs just tinged with that hazy purple flush

> That shows the year is turned.

All the way, on the right-hand side, the ground slopes down to a little valley, threaded by a narrow brook, rising again at the distance of a mile or two into the long hills which at Selborne turn abruptly southwards, and of which the Selborne Hanger forms the elbow. You see little or nothing of the village till you are quite close to it; for it lies in a little bottom, into which the Alton road descends by a steep decline—not the old rocky lane which was literally the only channel of communication with Alton in the last century, and which is now disused, as are the lanes on the other side of the village in the direction of Liss and Petersfield, but a good modern road—from which, however, little is visible but the church tower and one end of the Parsonage. which lie on some rising ground to the left.

On this side of the Parsonage the ground sinks abruptly into a narrow dingle, divided by the infant stream which forms the north-west. boundary of the village; and White used to delight himself with imagining how easily this green knoll might be made to represent a fortified position.

> High on a mound th' exalted gardens stand;
> Beneath deep valleys scooped by Nature's hand;
> A Cobham here exulting in his art
> Might blend the general's with the gardener's part;
> Might fortify with all the martial trade
> Of rampart, bastion, fosse, and palisade;
> Might plant the mortar with wide threatening bore,
> Or bid the mimic cannon seem to roar.
>
> *Invitation to Selborne.*

Approaching Selborne from this quarter, we have the Hanger immediately to our right, running parallel with the south side of the village, and rising to the height of about three hundred feet. Keeping straight up the village street, we are confronted by a high garden wall, forming one side of a road turning towards the Hanger. Inside this wall is the kitchen garden of "The Wakes," as the house is still called, in which the old naturalist lived; and a few yards further on, and facing the street, is the north side of the house itself, and the entrance from the road. Leaving it behind us for the present, we come upon a wide open space upon our left, which we at once pronounce to be the "Plestor," for the origin of which we must refer our readers to the historian, and above this again lies the church and churchyard, in which still stands the enormous yew-tree, twenty-five feet in girth, the finest, I think, I have ever seen. Beyond the church, on the same side of the way, is the principal village inn, the "Queen's Arms," and beyond this again the other little stream which, rising from a spring in the Nore Hill, forms one branch of the river Wey, and bounds the village on the east, as the other one does upon the west. The road out of Selborne in this direction leads to Woolmer Forest, Temple, the Priory Farm, and Blackmore, now the property of Lord Selborne.

Before, however, we reach the little bridge which spans the tiny brook, we observe a kind of cart-track to the right which seems to lead up to the Hanger, and, consulting a laborer on the subject, find that it is so; and, having now got a general idea of the village and its bearings, it is time to examine it more particularly. I feel that I am bound to climb up the Hanger, and turn down the path accordingly; but when I get to the foot of the hill, I see that my work is cut out for me. A winding path called "the zigzag," literally corresponding to the name, has here been cut in the side of the hill; and as it is nearly perpendicular, and yesterday's rain and the morning's frost combined have made the chalk as slippery as ice, by the time I arrive at the top I am not sorry to sit down upon a stile and rest. White himself had either made, or caused to be made, another road up the hill called the Bostal, which I could not find, and in his time the whole village was divided into the two rival factions of Zigzagians and Bostalians. From a cottage close by a very civil old lady now emerges and offers to describe the prospect. I am here, it must be premised, standing at the eastern extremity of the Hanger, with the village behind and below me on the left, and the long line of the Sussex Downs in front. It seems to have been from this point that White took the view which he describes in his "Invitation:"

> Romantic spot, from whence in prospect lies
> Whate'er of landscape charms our feasting eyes.

And it was here, we learn from the same poem, that he and his friends used to come to drink tea on a fine summer's evening. The old lady has her lesson by heart. That bold swelling hill thickly covered with wood on our right front is Nore Hill, "that noble chalk promontory," as White calls it. Straight before us is Temple, where are still some vestiges of a preceptory, described at length in the antiqui-

ties of Selborne; and beyond lies "'Oolmer Farst," as our guide pronounces it, where she tells me that when a child she used often to go "a hurting," which means, being interpreted, Woolmer Forest, and gathering whortleberries or bilberries. There is the broad, flat, sandy, heathery tract, which, in White's time, was entirely uncultivated, and full of game and wild fowl. One of the principal ponds which he describes has been drained. But Woolmer Pond, "the vast lake," as he calls it, is still there, though invisible from the summit of the Hanger, whence the traveller looks down only on a bare brown expanse gradually terminating in highlands which bound the horizon to the east. That abrupt, broken point of hill just opposite in the extreme distance is Rake Down in Sussex, and the one which seems to nod to it on the left is Blackdown, not far from Haslemere: still further to the left is Hindhead; and the two peaks just visible on one side of it are the Devil's Jumps. Hard by, though of course not visible from Selborne, is the Devil's Punch Bowl, and the reader will remember how Nicholas Nickleby and Smike, plodding along the Portsmouth road, walk upon the rim of it, and read the inscription on the stone commemorating the murder once committed there.

Still ranging round towards the left, the eye falls on Farnham Holt and the village of Kingsley, and nearer home again, on a corner of Lord Selborne's park, on the Priory Farm, and on a low woody dingle, as it seems at this distance, leading up to it, once a favorite walk of Gilbert White's, and still known as "The Liths" or "Lyths," otherwise "bends" or winding paths. In the first edition of the book there is an engraving of the "Short Lyth," with gentlemen and ladies standing and sitting in the foreground, the full wigs and long canes of the former not looking very much in harmony with the landscape. Where the Priory Farm now stands was the site of Selborne Priory, of which the old lady can only tell us that "they have dug up a many things there for burying folk," and that great multitudes of people go to see it in the summer-time. She went on to say that I ought to come again in the summer myself, and undertook to make tea for me, if I would, near the spot, as I conjecture, where White himself used to make it. So giving her the required promise, and having drunk my fill of the landscape, which White must have loved as Wordsworth loved the English lakes, and Walter Scott his gray hills—as only one can love such things who is thoroughly in sympathy with nature and nature's works—I turn my back on "'Oolmer Farst" and proceed westward along the summit of the Hanger, looking down upon the village at intervals through the leafless beech-trees, and searching for some other mode of descent than the one by which I came up.

Presently I hear sounds of talking and laughing near at hand, and come upon a group of village girls in a spot which would have fascinated Linnell; a little broken glade with its felled trunks lying among patches of brushwood, and hemmed in by the tall beech-trees, whose smooth glistening stems of gray russet and yellow stretch far away into the sylvan gloom. The girls, who are gathering firewood, can show me no regular path down the hill; and I have let myself down as well as I can with the help of an ash stick which I have just cut, steadying my steps where it is possible against either the trees themselves or their "old fantastic roots," and gradually arriving at the bottom without any serious misadventure. The Hanger, as I have said, is about three hundred feet high, very steep, and perhaps three-quarters of a mile in length. It forms the northern slope of Selborne Hill, which stretches a long way in the opposite direction, and at each end it just overlaps the village, from which it is separated by a strip of cultivated land some three or four hundred yards in breadth. It is covered from end to end with beech-trees, which, as they are very close, are not very large in the girth, but which, looked at from the outside, must in summer seem a solid wall of green. A footpath runs along the bottom just inside the wood, and from this I think some of the prettiest views of the village are to be obtained: one in particular I noticed, where the church tower, and the great yew-tree, and a portion of the Parsonage-house mingle themselves with the mossy thatched roofs of some barns and cottages, into a very picturesque group. But it is now nearly two o'clock. I have yet to see the house, the garden, and the church, and, though last, not least, to obtain some modest refreshment after my fatiguing scrambles. I strike away to the village once more, and make the best of my way to the "Queen's Arms."

While consuming the cheese, bottom crust, and Hall's Alton ale which this hostelry affords I questioned my host about the village and its traditions; but he knows nothing, and thinks I had better consult the sexton, whose father and grandfather were both sextons before him. In the mean time, however, I must see "The Wakes," which, having stood empty for some time after the death of its late owner, Professor Bell, has now again a tenant, who very courteously showed us over the whole house, in which most of the old rooms

are still left, though the arrangements of them have been altered, and the whole has been considerably enlarged. What was the kitchen in White's time is now the present occupier's study, looking out upon the garden and the Hanger. What was White's study is the drawing-room, floored and panelled with oak just as he left it; but the west wall has been pulled down, and a large additional space taken into the room, which nearly doubles the size of it. On the garden side it has been refronted, and this is that new part of the house which alters the general effect of it so much. On this side, too, was White's "new parlor," now the dining-room; to which he refers in his letters to his brother, while his old dining-room, looking towards the village street, is now the kitchen—a most comfortable-looking room, in which it is easy to imagine the old gentleman sipping his glass of port or punch, or that famous strong beer brewed with rain water, which was so highly appreciated by his neighbors; and ruminating on the various sights and sounds which had greeted him during the morning: the appearance of the first swallow, the first note of the missel-thrush, or the strange fancy of his guinea-fowls for roosting on the tops of high trees during a hard frost. His dinner hour seems to have been about three o'clock, and it was in this very room that he was just sitting down to dinner almost exactly a hundred years ago—to be more particular, on June 5, 1784—when the great thunderstorm burst over Selborne, and the hailstones broke all his north windows. His bed-room is now used as a nursery.

On the south side of the house the view is very pretty. The lawn and garden run down to a low fence dividing them from a large paddock of about twenty acres, dotted over with fine old trees and running close up to the Hanger, which bounds the prospect. From this side the house looks almost like two houses. At one end, to the right, is the old gable covered with creepers and untouched by the hand of renovation; to the left is the new red-brick front, where are the dining-room and drawing-room of the present owner; yet the whole effect is not bad, and when time has toned down the colors and fresh creepers have had time to grow, it will probably be as pretty as it ever was. In the garden is White's sundial, and in the paddock, about a hundred yards from the garden, are the remains of his summer-house. A narrow bricked path about a foot wide laid down by White himself leads across the grass from the garden to the summer-house, which also was the work of the naturalist's own hand. This summer-house, though now in ruins, is a very interesting relic, as what there is of it is quite unaltered. The very table at which he used to sit, a little round piece of oak, once supported by a single claw, lies broken in two upon the floor. The sides are lined with moss and heather as fresh as on the day he died; and though the wind has blown off the roof, and levelled one of the trees by which the sides were supported, it is still propped up by an ash, a maple, and a holly, which keep it from tumbling down altogether. The iron railings by which it was surrounded have been torn down, and it has a desolate and forlorn appearance. But it requires no effort of the imagination to restore it as it was when our dear old friend used to trot down his little brick path on a summer morning, spectacles on nose, and the newly-arrived packet from Pennant or Barrington in hand, to study at leisure what they had to say about his theories of migration; about the habits of the chaffinch or the reed-sparrow; or to concoct, perhaps, an answer to any crude hypothesis which might have been incautiously suggested to him on the subject of fieldfares.

I stood and gazed at the old summer-house and the little brick path with immense interest and attraction, and felt myself for the first time really in the presence of Gilbert White as he lived and moved among his own contemporaries. His square-skirted coat, knee-breeches, and ribbed worsted stockings; his square-toed thick shoes, his wig, his loose cravat, his spectacles, his cane, were all before me. My eyes became moist, and I turned slowly away to look for Timothy, whom I almost expected to find "made up" for the winter in some "dry wholesome sunny spot in the fruit border." To the kitchen garden, at all events, I wended my way next; and that must be very little altered from what it was in the days when Timothy roamed about it, screening himself from the sun under a large cabbage leaf or "the waving forest of an asparagus bed." There is the same wall, I make no doubt, which in 1773 produced "10 dozen lovely peaches and nectarines." Here were his cucumber frames; and here what remains of the "fine sloping laurel hedge," another favorite haunt of Timothy, which was so damaged by frost in 1784. But to enumerate all the objects which I recognize or seem to recognize in this hallowed spot would carry me far beyond my limits; and it is time I said a few words about the *genius loci* himself.

It is difficult in these days to realize the complete seclusion of a place like Selborne a hundred years ago, or the difference which time has wrought both in its social and its natural productions. In bad weather it must have been almost isolated; and even when the

roads were passable the experience of the majority of its inhabitants did not probably extend beyond the two quiet little towns of Alton and Petersfield. We can gather the best idea of what such a village must have been from the "Raveloe" of Silas Marner, and it is easy to understand how in this

Rural, sheltered, unobserved retreat

White's days glided tranquilly away, "with scarcely any other vicissitudes than those of the seasons." It would be hard to find a better exemplification of that happy rural life depicted by the ancient poets than we find in the blameless and untroubled existence of this amiable man. *Fortunate senex*—to whom was allotted neither riches nor poverty, a secure and certain home in the house of his fathers, abundant leisure for the prosecution of his favorite studies, and, greater boon than all, to grow old among the scenes of his childhood—

Felix qui patriis ævum transegit in agris;
Ipsa domus puerum quem vidit, ipsa senem.

This is that "sweet monotony" extolled by George Eliot as a deeper source of happiness than all the variety in the world; and it is this undisturbed repose, this confirmed tranquillity, by which the life of the last century was prominently distinguished from our own. In those blissful days of non-improvement no land-marks were removed, either moral or material; and a man could rise every morning and go to bed every night in the happy confidence that all around him would be the same to-morrow as it was to-day, and for what he knew to the end of time. It seems probable that some such moral atmosphere is necessary to the growth of men like Gilbert White. For it is not only the closeness of his observation and the extent of his knowledge in natural history which delight us in his pages. The tone of satisfaction and contentment which they everywhere breathe; a love of, and devotion to, nature, unbroken by that strife and trouble of the outer world which nowadays penetrates to the remotest recesses of our island; the image, in short, of a perfectly happy man which they constantly reflect, contribute at least an equal share of the pleasure which they inspire.

It is this peculiar combination which constitutes the charm of White's Selborne, and enables us thoroughly to enjoy a walk with him in the woods or in the forest without sharing all his scientific curiosity. He possesses, too, a quiet humor of his own, not seldom found in similar characters, which appears most frequently in his more familiar letters, and only glimmers very faintly, even if it is visible at all, in his natural history. As an example of what we mean, we would instance his account of his hayrick in a letter to Mr. Barber in 1786, and Timothy's letter to his former mistress, which is quite in the style of the *Spectator*. He is said to have been a taciturn man, of rather retiring manners; and few anecdotes or reminiscences of his private life survive among the representatives of his family. But his character and habits have been perpetuated forever by his own hand, and creep into our study of imagination during a stroll through his beloved Selborne "as though he lived indeed."

Were he to rise from the dead, he would find the fauna of the district much changed. The village boys would look in vain for a raven's nest in "Losels," and the kite has wheeled himself away to far remote regions. I remember that many years ago I saw a wild raven, the only one I ever did see, in the woods near Trotton, at no great distance from Selborne. But his voice had a sound of "nevermore" in it even then; and he has croaked his last by this time, I should think, through the whole district. White tells us that a large flock of wood-pigeons used to haunt the Hanger from November to February. I saw none about the fields in January, though of course there must be wood-pigeons—ringdoves I mean—at Selborne as in every other part of England. But with the multiplication of guns and the decrease of the beech woods their numbers have probably diminished. He mentions what I can corroborate myself, that a flock of wood-pigeons, when disturbed at roost, make a noise like thunder when they rush out in a body from the tree-tops. I remember once stopping to light a pipe under a long avenue of elm trees one pitch-dark winter's night, and the sudden roar of wings as I struck the match was quite appalling. It appears from White's book that the stockdove—the real wood-pigeon with no white ring round his neck—did not breed about Selborne; and that White was very uncertain whether it built at all in England. But Professor Bell found a nest in the hollow of an old pollard ash, and I have known one myself in a similar situation. The rooks, however, I suppose, are as numerous as ever, and I saw them in the evening wending their way towards the large woods at Tisted just as White himself describes them.

It now only remained for me to discover the sexton and view the interior of the church, which had but lately been restored. I found in this official a very civil and intelligent guide, but even he could tell me little of what I was in search of—the personal appear-

ance, habits, and conversation of the Rev. Gilbert. His grandfather, he said, had known him well; but all that he had overheard was that he was "a square-built man of what you'd call medium statue," and that he was "very quiet." During the last seven years of his life he took the duty for the Vicar, and regularly read prayers and preached. My companion, however, remembered his niece very well, Miss Mary White, who lived in the house after her uncle's death, down to 1839, when the property was bought by Mr. Bell. There is nothing very remarkable inside the fine old church, which consists of a chancel, nave, and two aisles. It contains several monuments to the White family, and one to Gilbert in the chancel. The pew in which he sat was in the middle of the nave; and the grave in which he now sleeps is on the north side, distinguished by a simple stone with the letters G. W. engraved on it.

The Plestor was formerly much larger than it is, and the old oak, which was blown down in 1703, stood within what is now the churchyard. A sycamore now stands in the Plestor, which the sexton thought must have stood there in White's time. But I did not see this part of the village to much advantage, as the ground had been poached up by carts during the restoration of the church, and still bore a rather squalid and uncared-for look.

It was now four o'clock, and I had a six-mile walk home to my friend's house on a short winter afternoon: so, as I had expended my three hours to pretty good advantage, though of course I had not seen nearly all which a lover of Gilbert White would wish to see, I dismissed my cicerone, and, turning my back on the village, set off again up the hill to Alton. I need not carry my adventures any further, and only hope my readers will not think me an egotist if I mention the lively satisfaction with which I sat down to a well-earned dinner, and gave my entertainers the benefit, in two senses, of a thoroughly well-spent day.—T. E. KEBBEL, in *Longman's Magazine.*

CHARLES READE.

"I OWE the larger half of what I am to my mother, the rest to the accident of my father's grandfather having married the daughter of the village blacksmith."

That was the sincere self-analysis of a soul before all things honest. Brains first; virility next; ancestry in the background. And yet, in spite of this insistance on the paramount lordship of mind, and the worth of a perfect body, Charles Reade at heart cherished the knowledge that he was by descent a gentleman. Men seldom boast a strain of plebeian blood unless it happens to be blended with *sang azul;* and this chevalier of the chrysostyle, this independent citizen of the Republic of Letters, this unmastered mind, to the last adhered beneath the surface to such old-world beliefs as religion and birth. His pen was so far *con amore* on the side of virtue that his readers, erroneously, may have imagined him to be a saint; and his passionate appeal to the people in one of his grandest dramatic scenes, no less than his habit of constituting his countrymen the real arbiters of every issue, including, as in the Staunton case, life and death, may have conveyed the impression that his political sentiments were democratic. As a matter of fact, he was alike a believer in Christianity, and a Tory in his reverence for proprietary rights, albeit he recked little of the claims of creed and less of those of royalty. According to the popular canons of this year of grace, many of his ideas were hardly up to date; enough that, unlike some dwellers in the land of Bohemia, he never forgot the distinction between vice and virtue, and if he demanded for the frail the respect due to noble impulse, if, in a word, Peg Woffington was his ideal of exalted womanhood, he had the truth to paint her a Magdalen and not a Madonna.

Charles Reade, however, is so universally known that to generalize on his literary characteristics would be to reiterate what has been already well said, both during his lifetime and since his departure. It will be a more faithful tribute to his memory to place on brief record the outline of his life and labor, to tell the story of the man, such as he really was.

On the western side of the grand Chiltern range there lies one of the sweetest little hamlets of Old England; "Le Rede" is mentioned as one of its owners in Doomsday Book, and "Rede" bought the manorial rights in 1536. On the hills the land is forest; in the valley rich arable. To his quaint old home at Ipsden, young John Reade, then a gentleman-commoner of Oriel and under age, brought his bride in the year of grace 1795. He had met her at a Blenheim ball, and they wedded impetuously; she being magnitized by the handsome squire who inherited the beauty of Miss Blacksmith, he equally fascinated by the brilliance of the little lady whom Curran called "my pretty Puritan." The little lady boasted as her sire a gentleman who was cutting a bold figure just then, as the defender of Warren Hastings and the boon companion of Prince Florizel. It was perhaps the depravity of Major Scott that

caused his daughter to revolt from the world; anyhow, she contrived to Puritanize her husband, and as her creed did not interfere with the field sports which were his idolatry, the pair lived happily to the end of the chapter. Eleven bairnies blessed their union, son Charles being the youngest; and a very bonnie, quick-witted family they all were, for Mr. Curran's Puritan happened to be a woman of extraordinary brain-power, with an intuitive love of letters, and a contempt for mediocrity. Among her intimate friends she reckoned such men as Lord Chancellor Thurlow, George Grote, Frederick William Faber, and Samuel Wilberforce; while during her reign, Ipsden House was emphatically the home of high culture—albeit the atmosphere was perhaps rather surcharged with prelacy and the professoriate. It is necessary, in order to give a fair estimate of the environment of circumstance which influenced our author, to notice particularly the nature of his earlier associations. His mother was bookish, sparkling, and ambitious in a very intense degree. Charles, too, was emphatically her pupil, and, in all except inches and breadth of physique, her *alter ego*. Five sons had been devoted to India, and of these one had died the death of Sir Giles D'Argentine, and hence Mrs. Reade registered a resolve that she would keep the last but not the least by her side. She did so; and if the squire made a man of him, his mother laid the lines of his future reputation, and it was to her personal influence that he owed his nomination to a demyship at Magdalen.

In his undergraduate days the future novelist seems to have been rather Byronic. A tall graceful youngster, with a splendidly-proportioned figure and muscles to match, he attracted attention by his long flowing curls. Abhorring alcohol in every form as well as tobacco, he did not assimilate largely with his junior common-room, though he was far from unpopular. He read—in his own fashion—and at the age of twenty-one figured in the third class, and was at once elected fellow. His fellowship rendered him independent, and for the best part of twenty years he lived a life of incessant action, mostly in the open air. Nevertheless, unlike Lord Beaconsfield's fine young English gentleman, he was devoted to books, and in effect was storing up material which afterwards enabled him to construct situations, not only stagey but real. At the time the man was very much a Guy Livingstone. He was a dead shot; he knocked Alfred Mynn round the field at Liverpool; he excelled as an archer and as a pedestrian; few if any could beat him in throwing a cast-net, and among other accomplishments he reckoned theatrical dancing. Anon he was in Scotland herring-fishing, a rather dangerous amusement, for which he entertained a passionate preference; anon for the shooting at Ipsden, delighting the family circle by a geniality which he lost in later life; anon in the vicinity of Leicester Square, where his chambers were alive with uncaged squirrels; anon in Paris, where he studied to some purpose the art of dramatic construction, and, oddly enough also, by way of pastime, the arcana of the violin-trade. He was through the terrible revolution of 1848, and after that the French capital seemed to have lost the fascination it once had for him. Moreover, about this period he had begun seriously to contemplate authorship, and already had commenced to try experiments with the weapon whereof he was to become the master. Not, however, just yet. We all are the children of opportunity, and his had not yet come.

In 1851 he was persuaded, not without some pressure on the part of his brothers, to serve the office of Vice-President of Magdalen for the year. Enforced residence within the college walls afforded him leisure to concentrate and mature his experiences, and what was to him at the moment a period of penance proved highly advantageous. He was then thirty-seven years of age; he had been formally called to the Bar, but had no notion of practice; his tastes and his talents impelled him towards authorship. He was a member of the society which boasted Addison, Gibbon, Collins, and "Noctes Ambrosianæ" Wilson. He desired, in short, to enter the ranks of literature, and as a dramatist. But how? He had penned to no purpose a few crude dramas, and was then hard at work on one, which his instinct told him possessed magnificent merit. But he could not get a hearing.

The story of Charles Reade's first meeting with the woman who was destined to mould his future has been so often narrated, and with so many embellishments, that it would seem almost superfluous to repeat it. But as it was the turning-point of a career that was fruitful of the highest results it cannot well be omitted from this brief sketch. It may be termed, indeed, with truth his apology.

Like Oliver Goldsmith, he was, as has been said, quite unable to place his copy, and ready enough to part with it for an old song, so that it should not be buried in oblivion. Now, there happened to be at the time on the boards of the Haymarket Theatre a brisk comedy woman, who was supposed to possess the ear of Mr. Buckstone, the manager. To this actress Charles Reade addressed himself by letter—written possibly in that singular vein of eccentric originality which was his wont. The

lady in response requested him to call and bring his play. He did so. She was chatty but not encouraging. He inclined to quarrel with fate. He left, and the next day there arrived a note from his actress. The play, she declared, had merit; but he had better turn it into a novel, in which case she would find him a publisher. Moreover, she added a postscript to the effect that being sincerely sorry to see a gentleman of his obvious birth and breeding so low in the world she begged to enclose a five-pound note—as a loan.

The actress was Mrs. Laura Seymour. The play was "Masks and Faces."

Charles Reade was profoundly affected. He did not want five pounds, never having dropped quite to that level—in fact, the benevolent light-comedy woman had mistaken his despondence for impecuniosity. But he called, and in his own grand way—and assuredly no one of his contemporaries had a more magnetic presence—begged that she would allow him to return her money and give him instead her friendship. The offer was accepted, and from henceforward Laura Seymour and Charles Reade became partners. She took the eccentric genius by the hand, and being a hard-headed business woman, turned his brain to the best pecuniary advantage. By her advice "Masks and Faces" appeared as "Peg Woffington," a novel; by her advice, too, instead of running it as a drama of his own, he invited Tom Taylor to take half-profits in consideration of the loan of his name. And then, as he prospered, they joined forces; first in Bolton Row, where she was landlady and he lodger; afterwards at Albert Gate, where the positions were reversed. She was his philosopher, guide, and friend. She discussed with him every MS. that went to press. The arrangement as a mere question of pounds, shillings, and pence was immensely profitable to her, but far more so to a man who had never the very faintest notion of the value of money.

Here, by way of parenthesis, it is but just to state emphatically that Charles Reade held Mrs. Seymour in romantic reverence, and was at especial pains to emphasize in every way possible his denial of their relations being equivocal. The world, of course, thought otherwise, and said so; but the world may have been mistaken. Anyhow, the motto of Albert Gate was *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* Mrs. Seymour went to the Oxford Commemoration, and was introduced by Charles Reade to his friends and relatives—an experiment, by the way, not very successful, since, apart from her antecedents, Mrs. Seymour in private life was hardly up to the strict Society level. Mr. Winwood Reade, Charles Reade's nephew, and himself an author of a certain celebrity, who was a constant inmate of Bolton Row and Albert Gate, and who, to judge by his *littera scripta*, held morality in profound contempt, declared in the most positive terms that the friendship of Charles Reade for Laura Seymour was platonic. In the absence of a scintilla of evidence to the contrary, it is but equitable to the memory of one who always upheld good, and never quite lost grasp of the fervid Puritanism implanted by his magnanimous mother, to adopt the generous and charitable view—the more so because after Mrs. Seymour became a widow, and when Charles Reade was a comparatively wealthy man and had no need of his fellowship, she said positively, "If Mr. Reade were to ask me to marry him, I should refuse." It is by no means certain that such an offer was not made and repeated.

From the date of the production of "Masks and Faces" to the last, the career of Charles Reade was an unbroken success, and no author ever worked harder, or so incessantly. His passion was the drama, but the more exalted aim of his life was to combat injustice. The Theatre was his luxury, and upon it he squandered thousands of pounds, the sum total of his losses in theatrical speculations representing a large fortune; philanthropy was his work, and upon it he lavished both love and money. The former was his *parergon;* the latter his *ergon.* Hence he has left a name as a social reformer; he will be remembered as the author whose life was threatened by ratteners of Sheffield not less than as the master of fiction and the playwright who enriched our national literature by at least one comedy that Sheridan might have envied. Once and once only during his life of authorship he abandoned his ordinary realistic method, and in "The Cloister and the Hearth" gave the world a grand historical study; but this was not repeated, being at the time only a *succès d'estime*, though certainly the verdict of posterity will be in its favor. And once and once only in "The Terrible Temptation" he deserted pure for lubricious morality, and thereby almost jeopardized the reputation he had throughout merited. He was writing then with a pen that betrayed evidences of fatigue, and with an absence of that mass of material which it was his custom to collect before commencing on fresh work. It was a blunder from a literary point of view, and in other respects an error he lived to regret; but it would be affectation to deny that Charles Reade was ever aught else but Bohemian, with a very tender eye both for his own and other people's frailties.

It is impossible in the limits of an article to

write a biography. Enough if slender justice be rendered in feeble outline to a soul whose aspirations, whether human or literary, were from the first most exalted. The man, in truth, justified Lavater; for his physiognomy was noble, and his body the perfection of symmetry and grace. Nature gave him a forehead as high as Shakespeare's but broader; the mild, pensive, ox-eye so dear to the old Greek æsthetes; a marble skin, and a mouth that was sarcasm itself. His personal attractiveness was phenomenal. In any roomful of people, however illustrious, he became, involuntarily—for he was as little self-asserting off his paper as he was dogmatic on it—the centre. Living immersed in Bohemianism, and in the society of a large-hearted yet not very cultured woman, he never parted company with his Ipsden breeding, and his natural bearing was that of one born to command. It was only under the load of intense anguish, when Mrs. Seymour passed away in Faith—almost with the sacramental elements on her lips—that his erect form was bowed; nor did he again—from the moment when he laid his friend to rest—recover his elasticity. His loneliness was perhaps partially alleviated by the society of the one brother who had been his companion and playmate, and had not been condemned, like the rest, to India; but a settled melancholy fell upon him, and it is questionable whether at the last he really grieved to go. It is no libel on his memory to affirm that his nature coveted and keenly relished recognition, and latterly he seemed bitterly conscious of having outlived the sympathies of his day and generation. True, the fresher and more vigorous as well as less conventional brains across the Atlantic remained loyal to their love of his genius, and from America he received a homage that was most gratifying; but at home it was his lot to be left unnoticed. Even the small Scotch universities, supposed to appreciate *literati* and literature, overlooked him. Disraeli was jealous of him, and on the last occasion when they met, positively rude. With the present Prime Minister he had no acquaintance, but Lord Selborne was one of his brother fellows at Magdalen, and so also was Lord Sherbrooke; and there was a time—not so very long before Laura Seymour passed away—when he contemplated the possibility of a seat in Parliament. Her decease fatally crushed whatever ambition he may have possessed either for himself or his family, and left him inconsolable. To the last, however, his pen could not bring itself to be idle. Habit had become so strong that he could not leave his ink alone, and had he been spared he would have given the world a series of Bible characters that would have fascinated even those who regard dogma as undemonstrable, and revelation as romance. With decaying physical yet quickened mental powers, his mind reverted to the old world of his youth, with its sweet and solemn memories. From Cannes he wrote to beg that his brother would join him at Ipsden in the summer of this year, that they might roam its glorious woods once more, and act their childhood over again in the ancient home. It was not to be. He returned prostrate to his much-loved brother's side, but in the suburbs of London; and he died bequeathing his huge volumes of commonplace books, the compilations of forty years, to any public library that may treat them with reverence, and to mankind his last words of Faith and Hope, which are to be graven on his tombstone in Willesden Churchyard.—Rev. COMPTON READE, in *The Contemporary Review*.

COLOR, SPACE AND MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE.*

I BELIEVE I may assume that many Londoners have a general idea of the objects and ways of action of the Kyrle Society, and have seen enough of the poorer inhabitants of their city to realize that they need the gifts it brings them; but the work of the Society increases year by year, and the Committee feel that it is now necessary to secure if possible a larger measure of public support. I propose, therefore, here to indicate what forms of useful action this might take.

Before I enter upon this, the main subject of my paper, let me say, once for all, that I am not among those who have any tendency to exaggerate the importance of beauty. The Kyrle Society might be described as one formed for giving pleasure to the poor, but its founders certainly have no idea that it brings to them the principal sources of joy. The certainty of loving guidance, the near presence of a Father by us day by day, form so immeasurably the greatest joy in life that it seems to me both sad and extraordinary to hear people talk as if music and painting filled so large a part of their horizon, and assume that under what they call "wretched circumstances" life is necessarily cheerless. To any one who knows the way in which a thought of God transcends all sorrow and subdues all fear, the idea of there being *any* life which need be forlorn sounds strange. Again, the second great source of human joy lies in family ties: these exist in all classes,

* Adapted from a paper read before the Kyrle Society at Grosvenor House on the 24th of March last.

and circumstances, however trying, only bring out more strongly the blessing of this family life to every man and woman who enters into the inheritance of love by the fulfilment of duty. These two primary blessings, the power of entering into divine and human love, we all possess—high and low, rich and poor.

But how about the secondary gifts—music, color, art, nature, space, quiet? Let us pause for a moment to reflect how unequally are these divided. In late years, I suppose, many of us have tried to share them with those who have least of them, but how far—how very far—are they yet from reaching with any sort of frequency thousands upon thousands of our fellow-citizens! Can we do more than alter this state of things? That is the question I propose to consider here. Can this little society help any one to do more, can it expand to anything like the extent which is needed?

I said I would certainly not exaggerate the value of the things it provides. I believe I would rather ask my readers to pause and consider whether they should not try to supply these things, not because they are large gifts, but because they are small; or, to speak more precisely, to give them not because they are magnificent gifts, but because they should be so common. Think, those of you who have had any country life as children, how early the wild flowers formed your delight; remember, those of you who can, what the bright color of flag, or dress, or picture was; recall the impression of concerted music when first its harmonies reached you; live over again the glad burst out of doors into any open space where you could breathe and move freely; trace onward from earliest childhood what, in developed forms, these gifts of nature, color, painting, music, and open space have been, and then, summoning before you the scene you best remember in poor London—I will not describe any—picture it for yourselves this time—resolve whether you will try for your part henceforward silently, but steadily, to send there something of all the splendor, brightness, harmony, you gather round you in your London homes.

For instance, there are doubtless on your own walls pretty papers, various and harmonious colors, and probably something in the way of pictures. I went the other day to see the Hospital for Accidents at Poplar, which has applied to the Society for decorations which cannot be completed without more money. The hospital is mainly for men. It is close to the docks, where there are many accidents. Most of the patients are strong men, or big lads, suddenly struck down, breadwinners cut short in their work—many of them crippled for life. Tedious enough at best will be to them the six weeks' idleness till the broken leg or arm is healed. It is little enough, but will those of you who can paint give them anything more cheerful to look at than the distempered wall? "He will never get up again," said the nurse to me as she looked towards the bed of a man whose spine was injured. "How long shall you keep him here?" I asked. "As long as ever we can spare a bed," she replied. While he pauses there, before going back to the cramped room at home, or to the hopeless workhouse, what shall his surroundings be? Can you carry his thoughts anywhere away from his own blasted life? Can you do so through his eyes, by means of those vivid and abiding images which penetrate deep through organs formed to be links between God's visible world and our minds? Shall any picture of our Lord's life recall the Great Healer? Shall any cottage scene carry the man's mind back to his child-life in the country? Shall story in form make him forget himself, even for a few minutes, in some other life, the illustration of an incident transporting him into other scenes and times? You think a good deal of an amusing book if time drags when you lie ill, and books are much needed in hospitals too, but to those who are not accustomed to read much, to many who are more used to *things* than to books, a picture is more living and easier to look at, than a book.

Again, color is intended to be a perpetual source of delight. From the early pleasure in a scarlet dress for dolly, and a gilt top, on to the glow and splendor of Venetian art, from the buttercup to the sunrise, all bright color exhilarates and gives a sense of gladness. Till you stay a little in the colorless, forlorn desolation of the houses in the worst courts, till you have lived among the monotonous, dirty tints of the poor districts of London, you little know what the colors of your curtains, carpets, and wall-papers are to you. See how the first thing the Irishwoman does when she gets any affection for her tiny room is to pin up a colored print, or put a gay quilt on her bed. Notice the effort of the prosaic English workman to procure pictures in gilt frames, wax flowers, or a red or green table cover. Instantly, if we come upon these little signs of care and taste, however rude, we feel a sense of relief if we have been wading through the multitudes of monotonous, colorless, dreary rooms, approached by staircases as desolate, which disgrace our courts and alleys. Let the room we enter be small, low, even dark, if but one touch of color strike the eye it rests there thankful. So instantly, so

strangely, does the human soul recognize, and rest in, one of God's gifts even when surrounded by the degradation man has too often brought into his Father's bright world of beauty.

In their own little homes we may trust the human heart, which is the same everywhere, wherever it has a chance of scope for the elasticity which is in it, to teach the inhabitants to provide these natural sources of simple pleasure. When not quite oppressed by toil and poverty, the father makes window-boxes for his nasturtiums, the girl puts on her bright ribbon, the mother hangs up the red curtain. But there are certain rooms where we ask the poor to come in to see us, or to enjoy entertainments. Call them schoolrooms, mission-rooms, parish-rooms, what you will. Thanks to the better understanding of the wants of those who work all day, these are increasingly used for parties and amusements. I asked you just now to consider what your own London sitting-rooms would be if you withdrew all color from them; I will ask you now to think what you would feel if you were giving a party and all the color were suddenly to disappear. You feel at once that, though your guests come from bright homes and will return to them, the loss would be depressing. Do you not think we ought to be ashamed if we any longer leave in their present ugliness the parish-rooms which are the only drawing-rooms where our various hard-working clergy and ministers can entertain their poor neighbors, and our fellow citizens, for us? I have visited many a one for the Kyrle Society when decorations have been asked for, I have accepted the loan of many, kindly lent me for parties of my own tenants, and I must say my heart has sunk at the forlorn look. Dirty distemper, or at best of a pale, dingy, yellowy brown if quite new; flat ceilings often blackened with gas and smoke; heavy, long, comfortless benches, frequently without backs; old dusty cords to the windows; no mantel-piece, bracket, or pillar where one can put a glass of flowers; not a picture on the walls unless some wretched rolled glazed print or map; not a curtain to introduce color, or break the line of square, flat windows; draughts under the doors; black coal-scuttles, broken fenders—everything ugly, everything dingy. If there are any tea-things, they are sure to be of the commonest; if there are any urns they probably leak. Bare and hideous, their surfaces broken with nothing but holes made by nails torn out from the plaster, the walls stare at one. Cleanliness and good repair are the primary needs, and these the Kyrle Society does not profess to supply. But when these are secured, the place still looks cheerless without color or decoration. Many such rooms have been put in order by their owners, encouraged by the promise of the Society that decoration would then be supplied. Many such now await treatment. More volunteers to paint, more money to buy what is needed, are now asked for, for fresh applications reach us continually; there are some hundreds of such rooms which ought to be done. When from the bare homes, when out of the streets, when from the dark courts, you ask your poor neighbors to turn in to their parish-parlor, I am sure you do not wish this to be your preparation to receive them, you, whose walls blaze with gold and mirrors, and who put down red cloth to step from carriage to hall. Paint the walls, lighten them, brighten them, for the love of color is a human instinct.

We often have to lend from our store of flags and mottoes, colored table-covers, and pretty vases, a number of things for evening parties in rooms such as these. Increase our stock of such if you can; they are borrowed continually by workers in poor districts, and transform the ugliest rooms for the time, and make pleasant variety in those which are not dreary. If you send scrap-books or illustrated books, try, so far as is easily possible, to send them in bright covers.

The workers who live habitually in a dingy, shabby district feel this need of color quite as much as the poor. We ought to think of them; they are leading a forlorn hope against enemies we only fight from a distance. It would strike you very much to hear many of them speak, as they have often done to us, as if the ugliness of the eastern districts were almost unbearable after a time; and I remember well happening to be present at a Committee of the House of Commons when a deputation of hardy working men, representing sixty-eight trades, came up to speak about model lodging-houses. There was no sentiment or nonsense about them, but it was evident from every sentence how painfully the ugliness oppressed them: "dreadful sameness," "dreary whitewash," "miserable monotony," and similar expressions occurred over and over again from them as they protested against the uniform, barrack-like look of many blocks of buildings.

To come now to the musical branch of the Kyrle work. We have a choir which meets every Wednesday evening either for practice at the West End of the town, or for performance in poor neighborhoods. Its main function is to perform oratorios in churches, chapels, and halls. The company, as far as possible, accept invitations to perform in large and central buildings, and go to different quarters

of London. The singers reach home very late at night, owing to the enormous distances. Often they have to go as far beyond Aldgate station as that is from Hyde Park; in fact, at Aldgate they feel almost home, so far does that waste of small houses extend which we call the East End. This fact serves to show how far many of the audiences live from the main centres of good, cheap music Sometimes the church is filled with the very poor, to some of whom the impression made by the music is evidently new: the worn face often looks as if the listener were wrapped away, penetrating in thought into some vista of awe, wonder, and peace. Sometimes the church is crowded by working people, intelligent, very attentive, and tolerably comfortable-looking, but, one would guess, rarely carried beyond the somewhat prosaic routine of their daily lives.

May I say here how small and mean appears to me the common habit of indifference about helping industrious, thrifty working people, who show no evidence of want? Indeed, I notice not only an indifference about helping them, but a want of interest in them. There is a depraved hunger for rags, sharp need, and slums, which pollutes some who profess charity. "I should like to go where there is condensed misery," a lady said lately in the cheeriest tone. "My dear madam," I should like to have said, "are you indeed so uneducated and dull? You have, I presume, never felt any. If you had known what misery was, you might have known what blessing it brought if rightly met; but if you had yourself known what meeting it thus costs, what ruin and havoc it leaves, if the human soul is overwhelmed by it instead of riding on the crest of its great wave, you would pause a little before you take courage to look at it." But, short of this utter callousness, there is a certain excited temper abroad which almost amounts to a longing to see extreme want. There is, in a court I know well, a great blank, high, bare, black wall, which rises within a few feet of the back windows of a number of rooms inhabited by the poor. I have shown it to many ladies and gentlemen, and have said how cheerless it made the rooms. Some feel it, and seem to realize what sitting opposite to it day after day would be. Some say it isn't so *very* dark, and almost seem to add, "Can you show us nothing worse?" Then I never do. I know it is partly a difference of imaginative sympathy, not necessarily of kindliness, but to me the want felt by those who have little of this world's goods is too solemn to disclose it to those who haven't imagination enough to feel it other than as an exciting show. Those who haven't the power to feel even a slight pain affecting any man as if it hurt them too, those who cannot enter into the sense of satisfaction in rendering a little fuller and gayer the somewhat same life of worthy working people, who by thrift and industry have raised, or kept, themselves above the brink of pauperism, can have no human sympathy which can entitle them to lift the veil of greater want, or enter the haunts of sin. So at least I feel.

To return to the music. Besides the choir, for which additional members are needed, the musical secretary is glad to receive the names of those who will sing or play at any of the numerous smaller concerts in school and mission-rooms, for which help is asked. Fourteen oratorios have been performed by the choir during the past year, and thirty-three smaller concerts.

One of the musical branches owes its rise and main support to the kindness of Lady Brabazon. It has for its object the provision of concerts in hospitals and workhouses. Thirty-one performances have taken place during the past year. Singers and other performers are gladly welcomed for these concerts also. I ought to point out that money is needed for the musical branch of the Society. So large a body of volunteers requires—so my experience teaches—always a certain amount of paid work if their full power is to be made available. Kind as they are, one cannot expect conductors, organists, accompanists, and professional singers to give their time week after week; then there is often printing to be paid for, and the hire of pianos. Our performances cost about 128*l.* in the past year, an average of about 1*l.* 12*s.* each. The choir has done much, it has brought in a large number of those who give valuable time freely, and we ask earnestly for funds to carry on the work.

Let me say a few words about the distribution of flowers. All must know how much pleasure it gives. Many, I hope, send flowers somewhere for the poor, and I would not be understood as for a moment suggesting any alteration to those who now send to *any one*. But to those who do not I should like to point out that we have special facilities for introducing flowers among those who are not easily reached by other organizations. The sick and old in hospitals and workhouses have many claims to every sort of alleviation of their condition, and those who come to class or library where flowers are distributed should certainly have them too if possible; but let it be remembered also that we have a machinery for giving them quickly, and therefore quite fresh, in the worst courts among those who have not yet reached the point of availing themselves

of any of the good work near them. The houses under the care of myself and the ladies working with me contain a number of such families, and our frequent visits to every room bring us, and with us the flowers, into the homes of those who for various reasons are not going to any school, chapel, or mission-room.

I come now to the largest and most costly branch of the Kyrle Society's work—that of providing Open Spaces. During the past year three disused burial grounds have been handed over to the Society to be laid out, previous to their being taken over by the several vestries of the parishes in which they are situated; funds to the amount of 700*l.* have been collected, which will enable us to complete all three: one of them is already open to the public, the other two will be opened as soon as the grass is ready. After long negotiations with the vestries concerned, arrangements have just been made that they should take over and open to the public another such garden in the south of London, so soon as the Kyrle Society has laid it out. The spring is coming on, and, if the year is not to be lost, the work ought to be put in hand at once. It will cost, I believe about 300*l.*, of which 50*l.* is in hand. This burial ground is situated in a very crowded neighborhood. I am sure if you saw the swarming population, locked out from such a garden of the future, and thought what it would be to them if opened next July or August, you would help us to render it available by that time if possible. The process is somewhat costly; the paths must be strong and wide, the drainage must be good; such a space is often very useful in affording light and air to a whole row of cottages if the high brick wall surrounding it is replaced by an iron railing; then there are grass guards to be provided, beds for flowers to be made, grass to be sown, perhaps trees and shrubs to be planted, and a great number of strong seats to be placed. After these are once paid for, the vestry undertakes the whole cost of maintenance and caretaking.

To those, however, who wish to make a gift to a neighborhood which will be valued by thousands, these gardens form an excellent opportunity for doing so. It came out in evidence before the House of Lords Committee, at the time the Kyrle Society helped to save the St. James's burial ground from being absorbed by the London and North-Western Railway, that as many as 10,000 persons often visited another ground in the parish on a fine summer Sunday afternoon. If, then, you wish to give what will be enjoyed by many, you may enrich these gardens. One lady has just given us a fountain. As an example what has been found in other places to enhance the pleasure such gardens afford, I may enumerate aviaries full of bright birds, or gold-fish for the fountains; summer houses for the old or feeble to sit in; invalid chairs to be borrowed to bring the delicate woman or child to the garden; periodicals to be lent by the gatekeeper; filters and mugs for drinking water. All are appropriate and valued gifts. One friend from Southampton, and one from Reading, sent a large contribution of suitable shrubs; one lady gave money to buy red and white hawthorn-trees, laburnums, almonds, and lilacs; and we have also had welcome presents of bulbs and of ferns.

Besides this living color, we are trying to introduce inscriptions in permanent mosaic on the blank walls which often bound the gardens. In my printed letter to my fellow-workers this year, I referred to one such scheme in the following words:—

> I had hoped to have received contributions to pay for placing an inscription in a Lambeth garden. The design was most kindly drawn and given to the Kyrle Society by Mr. Statham. The words were George Herbert's:—
>
> "All may have,
> If they dare try, a glorious life or grave."
>
> I liked to think of the words being there; they were to run the whole length of the blank outside wall of the church which bounds the garden. I believed the words might go home to many a man as he hurried along the crowded thoroughfare near, if he caught sight of them between the trees, their color attracting his notice perhaps, first, in its contrast with the dreary dinginess all round.

May I here express, as I have no other way of thanking the kind donor, my great delight on returning home a few days after that letter was circulated, to find on my table 30*l.* in notes, accompanied by a few words from an anonymous friend to say that the gift was for this inscription? This donation so nearly completed the amount required that the mosaic is now being executed.

The need of these small gardens is now so generally recognized, and so much has lately been written about it, that I will not dwell on it here, except to point out the near connection of the subject with one just now attracting special attention, namely, the overcrowding of the homes of the poor. We all know that if people go into the country in summer with a large family, they say often, "It will not matter having so small a house; the garden is so large." What the private garden is to the one family, that the common garden is to the many families. These little London spaces become to the people summer nurseries, play-rooms, sitting-rooms, and dining-rooms. Think how, when the hot sun renders all the little houses in the London Court oppressively stifling, the air blows cooler by the seats under the plane-trees; fancy how much fresher the

rooms are for the children to return to if they have been skipping out of doors in the twilight up to bed-time. I saw a woman with her work-basket comfortably settled in a summer-house in a garden at Stepney the other day making a shirt: she told me she always brought her work there in summer. I have seen dozens of men take their dinners into these gardens in hot weather instead of going to the public-houses. All this makes the at best too narrow homes more healthy, more comfortable, more quiet.

May I in this connection mention a gift which one landowner is about to make? He notices that at Kensington and Paddington, where it is no longer possible to give separate gardens even to the rich, a strip of common garden is sometimes allotted to a row of houses or a square; for this advantage presumably much higher rent is paid by the householders. His poor tenants cannot pay for separate gardens, nor even for a space in common, but he has resolved to set apart freely, and devote in perpetuity for a public garden, at least two acres of land on the estate which he owns. So far as I know, this will be the first land which could have been sold for building which has been given, in perpetuity, for garden or recreation ground to Londoners by any one. Let the name of Mr. Evelyn be remembered as the man who has led the way in this particular form of public benefit.

There are two legislative measures bearing on this subject which I believe to be greatly needed, and which I earnestly trust may be secured this year. One is the passing of the Disused Burial Grounds Bill, now before the House of Commons, which was introduced by Mr. John Holland. It is intended to preserve from the encroachments of builders all burial grounds, consecrated or unconsecrated. The want of such an Act has been felt for some time, and has been specially illustrated lately by the difficulty of preventing the Peel Grove Burial Ground from being used as a site for workmen's dwellings. The builder there and in other places proposes to put a layer of concrete over the graves, and to build on that. He avoids disturbing the bodies, and hopes thus to conform to the letter of the law. To say nothing of the importance of preserving these grounds as breathing spaces, the danger to health would be great if such houses were erected: hollowed by graves as the earth is, the concrete is sure to settle, cracks in it will be made, and the gases will rise into the warmed houses. Yet it seems doubtful whether any one has power to interfere; the Home Secretary, I believe, cannot, as no bodies are moved. The houses can indeed be closed as insanitary after they are built, but it remains to be seen whether a vestry will "ruin a poor man;" as it will be called, if they condemn the houses when once the builder has expended money on building. It is to be earnestly hoped that in the hurry of an exciting session nothing will happen to interfere with the passing of the Bill.

The other legislative reform which seems to me needed is one in the Metropolitan Building Acts, or by-laws of the Metropolitan Board which regulate the amount of space to be left behind all new dwelling houses. The amount should not be a fixed one, as at present, but should vary in proportion to the height of the house. London has no such provision, and it is sad to see the miserable allowance of yard left between the very high houses now so common. The permission thus to build probably only acts as a means of enabling ground landlords to command higher ground rents. Certainly it has of late years become impossible to build houses of moderate height, for land is let at a price calculated on the assumption that many stories will be built.

There is one branch of the open space question to which I specially desire to ask attention. Not that many of us can do very much to forward it, except by cultivating that large hope which often leads to great results, because it keeps before the mind of hundreds objects which it would be good to attain, and then, when opportunity arises, people care to attain them. The hope I would desire that we should all keep steadily before us is that of securing additional large open spaces on the outskirts of London. If all our little churchyards, if the few available squares, were all thrown open, if our School Board playground were not, as now, closed on the children's one holiday Saturday, we have still, taking into account the Embankment and the parks, very little open space in proportion to the population. More and more as the houses creep out over the fields in the suburbs, and especially as they cover the hills near London, the people feel the loss. I can remember when one had not far to walk to reach the country; now the places which were then hayfields are covered with villas. Where working people used to wander out on Saturdays and holidays by Highgate, by Hampstead, by Camberwell, by Deptford, everywhere the ground is being built over. Common after common has indeed been saved, Epping Forest and Burnham Beeches; but, so far as I know, no land which could legally have been sold for building has ever yet been given to, or bought for, the people of London, by any of her citizens, to be kept as open space, except the few acres about to be given by Mr. Evelyn. We lost the Swiss Cottage Fields, we lost Paddington

Park, but that is no reason for despondency; year by year, from tiny beginnings, we have seen the interest in this subject deepen and grow, and the day will come when more open space will be given for the people, I believe. There is now once more a movement in this direction set on foot, which to the utmost of our power we may each help. I refer to that for providing additional open space on the north of London. Papers explaining what is proposed may be procured from Mr. Edmund Maurice, Sydney Cottage, Hampstead. Some may know that many commons have been saved on the south of London, but that only one existed on the north. The rights of the lord of the manor over that one—Hampstead Heath—were bought up by the Metropolitan Board of Works. It is, however, only 240 acres in extent. Beyond it Kilburn, Willesden, Finchley, are becoming masses of houses; up to it, over our lost Swiss Cottage Fields, Fitz-John's Avenue and many other roads are uniting Hampstead to London. For all that vast district the small 240 acres will soon be the only park. It will have to serve as well, unless the hands of the leaders of this new movement are adequately strengthened, for a great new district also which will assuredly creep up the Highgate slopes as soon as the land north of Kentish Town is in the market. There is a hill—Parliament Hill—just north of that large crowded district of Kentish Town; up this hill the poor now stream in thousands; from its top you can see all London lie at your feet; there you always get a breeze, and sight of the sunset; there the children can still play on the grass. We are getting more and more —quite necessarily, but rather sadly—in our parks to regard grass as too rare and costly to step on. Near Kentish Town we can still walk on and pick buttercups. Is there really no one who will save even a few acres of this land near the homes of the poor, the more valuable as it saves them from having to approach the Heath by a long, weary walk through streets?

Other efforts are being made in the south to preserve Pepys Hill and the Hilly Fields. These attempts all spring from the instinct which makes people long to keep the power of walking up the hills near their homes.

Will it ever occur to any very rich man or woman to buy some such place for London? I sometimes think so, and hope it may be soon, for every year the country is further off, and land grows dearer.

There are many kinds of gifts which have now a demoralizing effect on the poor; never did men more desire to be generous, never did their generosity find expression in ways which proved so mischievous. The gift of a man's time and heart is now, as ever, helpful, but we want to offer money too, in such measure as we are entrusted with it. Such gifts as this of common land could do nothing but unmixed good. The space, the quiet, the sight of grass and trees and sky, which are a common inheritance of men in most circumstances, are accepted as so natural, are enjoyed so wholly in common, that, however largely they were given, they could be only helpful. Have you ever thought what the sense of quiet is to the member of a poor family? Many of them have never for years been alone, hardly ever been in silence; crowd, noise, dirt, confusion all round. Your excursion trains and vans only carry noise into the country; let the people stroll from their own homes up the hilly fields, and you may be sure it will do them good.

I have been asked to add a few words about the houses of the people, but what can I say? There has been so much said. Is it not better just now silently to do? If, after all the talking and writing, you yourselves are meaning henceforward quietly and naturally to know a few poor people as your friends, you will soon learn how to help them, and how they help you. Then, perhaps, the homes will be better. We are all parts of one great human family; you know very well that your friends in general provide themselves with houses and the necessaries of life. It is not otherwise with these poorer neighbors. You can give them flowers and come nearer to them thereby, but if their intercourse with you is mainly that of receiving chance half-crowns or dinners, or living as recipients of your bounty, you will find little manly human fellowship possible. See, then, first that the homes are not bolstered up with gifts.

And, secondly, may I add that much has been said lately of Miss Octavia Hill's plan of managing houses for the poor? There is, believe me, no plan in it at all. There is indeed some technical knowledge essential—more, perhaps, than people realize who seem to think they can manage houses without training. But success in this depends no more on any plan than does that of a young lady who begins housekeeping. Certain things she should indeed know, but whether she manages well or ill depends mainly on what she is. So it is with me and all the fellow-workers who undertake tke charge of houses for or with me. If we are patient, firm, gentle, punctual, persevering, courteous, ready to learn, quick to see, and swift to execute what is needed, economical as to expenditure, and liberal in plans for good, clever as to tangible things, and full of sympathy in spiritual ones, then the houses and families under our care will

steadily progress, but in so far as we fail in these characteristics—and we fail often—so far our courts and tenants, like our homes and families, suffer.

Only, somehow, if we set our desires on trying to help, and lose thought of ourselves in others, our mistakes and failings seem to sink into insignificance, and the great purpose we have at heart prospers, and little by little, as the years go on, steady progress is made in the outward things, and the sense of affection and relationship between us and our tenants deepens, and out of our imperfect work our Father leads us, and all we love, onward towards His own perfection.—OCTAVIA HILL, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

POSSIBILITIES OF BALLOONING.

FROM the days of Lauretus Laurus, Albertus Magnus, and Roger Bacon, the possibility of navigating the air has occupied men's minds. The last-named *savant*, who was born A.D. 1214, believed that, like the ocean, the atmosphere is a resisting body, and that extremely light vessels could float in it. He imagined and maintained that a large copper globe, very thinly constructed and containing fire, which would be lighter than the surrounding atmosphere, could be directed on a principle analogous to that of steering a ship. This idea, however, was nothing in comparison with that which occurred to the King Kai-Kaoos, as related by a Persian story-teller.* That monarch ordered a light framework to be constructed, javelins were thrust into each corner, goat's meat was bound to the points of the javelins, and eagles were attached by light cords to the framework in such a manner that their dinner was just beyond their reach. Kai-Kaoos took his seat; the eagles became hungry, began to flap their wings; this raised the frail woodwork, and up went the king, soaring through the realms of space. When at last the eagles grew tired the sovereign in his aerial machine tumbled from the sky on some desert in China; where he perished from starvation. These two examples demonstrate that in and before the dark ages of the world's history, since the mythological days of Dædalus, men have been dreaming how they could emulate birds. Nothing, however, came of their poetic conceptions till Montgolfier made his experiment at Annonay in 1783.

A hundred years have passed since that date. It will be the object of this article to show whether we are one whit nearer the solution of the problem how to guide balloons than we were when De Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes made the first ascent; to indicate what has been, and what has yet to be, accomplished for science, and how movable captive balloons, attached to reconnoitering parties of cavalry, may be of great use in war. A very few months after Montgolfier established his fame, M. Charles ascended in a silk aerostat inflated with hydrogen. To him we owe balloons such as are now employed. It was M. Charles who, one hundred years ago, supplied himself with ballast to be used at will, with a valve to let out gas when required, with netting to surround the globe, and with a car suspended by ropes from the hoop. In fact, with the exception of a grapnel, its accompanying cord, and some other apparatus which will be alluded to later on, M. Charles's balloon was almost as completely fitted up as any aerostat which leaves the Crystal Palace grounds on a summer's fête-day. The next year a small gas balloon without car or passengers was inflated at Sandwich. Three hours afterwards it was found near Lisle, this being the first aerostat that crossed the Channel. The attention of the whole civilized world was called to aerial navigation. Great things were prognosticated. Balloons were to eclipse stage-coaches and ships. Although a little progress has taken place, so far none of these prophecies has been fulfilled. Many endeavors were made to give direction to balloons by the aid of oars and paddles, but these attempts, although the aeronauts themselves frequently claimed success for them, proved on investigation to be worthless. Nor is this wonderful, considering that an aerostat for the conveyance of even two passengers is of enormous size, and contains about 30,000 feet of gas. The effect of a pull of three or four pounds—the most that a man could obtain by rowing in such a thin element as the air—would be insignificant. To illustrate our meaning better, let us suppose a strong man standing on a machine which has a dial and a hand to show to a nicety any momentary variation in his weight, and let him take a large carriage umbrella and hold it open above his head. The hand of the dial will mark exactly his own weight and that of the umbrella. Let him then pull the umbrella with all his force in a downward direction, and the diminution marked on the dial will be found only to amount to a few pounds. Hence every attempt to steer balloons by manual force proved a failure, and although M. Giffard claimed to have succeeded in guiding an aerostat by means of screws set in motion by a steam-engine in the car, there is no proof that

* (1) Astra Castra.

this has ever been accomplished. I may say that the preponderance of evidence is strongly in the other direction, for M. Giffard's experiment was made in 1852, and if he had been able to guide a balloon, his invention would certainly have been used by the friends of the beleaguered Parisians in 1870. One of the first endeavors made by aeronauts was to obviate the necessity of having constantly to throw out ballast. It must be remembered that, from the moment a free aerostat leaves the ground, there is either a waste or a deterioration of the gas it contains. The neck of the balloon is left open; through it passes a line which is attached to the valve above. As a consequence, common air is constantly mixing with the hydrogen and destroying its buoyancy. Again, as the globe rises the pressure of the atmosphere diminishes. A balloon only three-parts full on the ground, when a mile and a half high is already filled and losing gas; when it passes into a cloud, condensation or gas contraction takes place, and the globe begins to fall, the descent being checked by throwing out a weight of ballast equivalent to the lifting power of the gas expended. It is a very difficult thing to keep a balloon in the air many hours. With the action of the sun, which expands the gas, and with the cold and damp which contract it, the largest globe becomes speedily emptied of its original contents. This only applies to free aerostats. With a captive balloon it is different. The latter has no orifice or open neck, and there is sufficient space in its interior to allow for the expansion of hydrogen. It was determined to prevent, if possible, the constant loss of gas in a free balloon by a combination of the two systems, the Montgolfier and the Charles. The gas balloon was to have a small Montgolfier attached to it; when they began to descend, a fire in the furnace of the Montgolfier was to be lighted; the under globe would become inflated and relieve the upper aerostat of its weight. It was a very nice scheme on paper, but a highly hazardous one in practice, as it subsequently proved. The inventors gave no thought to the danger of allowing gas and fire to be in such close proximity. A spark from the furnace of the Montgolfier set alight to the inflammable air in the upper balloon, and the unfortunate aeronauts who made the first experiment perished.

Parachutes, now seldom used, were next invented. Garnerin, a Frenchman, had the courage to cut himself away from a balloon at an elevation of 6000 feet. His parachute oscillated violently, but reached *terra firma* in safety. Parachutes turned out to be of little benefit to aeronauts. To support a man they must be of considerable size and weight. If one of a party of aeronauts wished to descend from a balloon, there would be less gas expended in opening the valve of the globe and lowering the balloon to the earth than in lifting the parachute from the ground and in its subsequent release. Balloons, it may be mentioned, were used at Maubeuge and Fleurus with great success by the French Republican army, and in our own time at the siege of Richmond by the army of the North, whilst they were the only means by which the besieged Parisians could communicate with the outer world.

No improvements were made in aerostats for many years after the first ascent of M. Charles, not in fact until Mr. Green made his celebrated journey to Weilberg. His balloon would hold 85,000 feet of gas and raise about 4000 pounds, including its own weight and that of its accessories, which may be reckoned at one-fourth. Mr. Green conceived the idea of fastening a very long guide-rope round a windlass in his car. At night the aeronaut has no means of knowing his elevation save by an aneroid barometer, and if he were passing over a mountainous district he might, whilst believing himself to be several thousand feet above the ground, strike against a peak. The guide or trail rope, to which a small miner's lamp can be attached, points out this danger, for instead of hanging perpendicularly under the car, it appears at an angle caused by its dragging on the ground. Floating ballast was also taken, to be used when passing over water, thus avoiding loss of sand. A machine was invented by Mr. Green for warming coffee and other liquors, heat being developed by slaked lime, thus doing away with the risk incurred by lighting a fire in the car. The journey across the sea was performed satisfactorily, and after a voyage of about eighteen hours' duration—the longest time a balloon with passengers has ever been kept in the air—a safe descent was accomplished; the total distance travelled being about 500 miles. Subsequent to this aerial journey there is little to note in the history of aeronautics until we come to the very remarkable ascents of Mr. Coxwell and Mr. Glaisher. They were the most interesting and useful that have ever been made, and proved of considerable value to the scientific world. Mr. Glaisher had long wished to ascertain the nature of the air at a great elevation. Many accounts have been penned by aeronauts of the extraordinary altitude they had attained, but little credence was given to their reports by men practically acquainted with the subject; for, to reach a high elevation, the balloon employed must be a very large one.

Mr. Coxwell, eager to facilitate the meteorological observations of Mr. Glaisher, constructed a balloon which would hold 100,000 feet of gas, or 15,000 feet more than the one with which Mr. Green had crossed the channel. The leading objects to be gained were—first, a knowledge of the law of the decrease of the temperature in proportion to the elevation, and, secondly, of the distribution of moisture throughout the atmosphere. A start was made from Wolverhampton, the balloon only containing 66,000 feet of gas. An altitude was reached of nearly five miles; the temperature being 16 degrees, the air very dry, and electricity positive. Another ascent was made in September the same year. At an elevation of one mile and three-quarters the aerostat, which was only two-thirds full of gas at starting, was quite filled. At three miles a pigeon was thrown out of the car; the air was so light that the bird could not fly, but fell like a stone. A second and third experiment of a similar kind were tried, but with the same result. Two other pigeons were in the car; one died, the other nearly so. when five miles high, symptoms of blindness were felt by Mr. Glaisher, whose last entry was 37 degrees below freezing-point; he subsequently saw, but was unable to register, the barometer at 10 inches, which would indicate a height of five and a quarter miles. Mr. Glaisher then became unconscious; the balloon continued rising rapidly, and Mr. Coxwell's reading, subsequently calculated by Mr. Glaisher's aneroid barometer, gave a height of six miles. Mr. Coxwell now felt faint, and on attempting to open the valve found that his hands were paralyzed, and had to pull the string with his teeth. Terrestrial sounds were heard at an altitude of three miles. We thus see that Mr. Coxwell has demonstrated that it is possible to exist up to the height of six miles. At the same time it must be remembered that both he and his companion had previously made somewhat similar ascents, and had accustomed themselves to the rarefaction of air met with at such an altitude. It must also be considered whether Mr. Glaisher's fainting fit was caused by the attenuation of the atmosphere he was inhaling, or by the diminished pressure of the air upon his body.

Thirteen years after this ascent, MM. Tissandier, Spinelli, and Sivel started from La Villette to make similar experiments. The aeronauts carried with them three small bags filled with oxygen and air to inhale, so as to sustain life at high altitudes, whilst an aspirator, filled with essence of petroleum, which would not solidify owing to the fall of temperature, was suspended outside the car. This was to be set up vertically at an height of about 10,000 feet, for the purpose of injecting air into tubes of potassium intended for the determination of carbonic acid. Spinelli took with him his spectroscope, and in a sealed box, carefully packed in sawdust, were eight barometric test tubes to record the greatest height attained. A mistake was committed in filling the aerostat too full at starting, the result being that at an elevation of 10,500 feet gas escaped with force from its neck. At a height of 23,000 feet Sivel felt oppressed, and inhaled a moisture of air and oxygen. More ballast was thrown out. The aeronauts, soaring higher, gradually became drowsy. At 25,000 feet, M. Tissandier says, the condition of stupefaction which ensues is extraordinary; the mind and body weaken by degrees and imperceptibly; although conscious of it, no suffering is experienced. The vertigo of the upper regions is not an idle word; vertigo appears, and at the last moment annihilation. Suddenly the three aeronauts became insensible; a few minutes later M. Tissandier partly recovered, and found his two companions dead in the bottom of the car. Sivel's face was black, his eyes dull, his mouth open and full of blood; Spinelli's eyes were half closed, and his mouth was also bleeding. The question that now arises is, what caused the death of these two men? Did they perish owing to not being able to breathe the rarefied air, or owing to the diminished pressure on their bodies at so great an elevation? Was their death the result of a combination of these causes, or effected by their inhaling the gas which constantly streamed from the neck of the balloon? As to which hypothesis is correct it is impossible to say; but, judging from the experience gained by old and practical aeronauts, we are inclined to believe that the inhalation of gas which escaped from the balloon was the chief cause of the disaster. Any how, the question is undecided, and although the air has been explored up to an elevation of six miles, it appears to us that, with the aid of modern science, an ascent might be made to a much greater altitude and meteorological experiments conducted, with comparative safety to the aeronauts. A short time ago a helmet was invented by M. Fleuss containing oxygen and some purifying substances; with this helmet he can remain several hours under water without having communication with the air. This invention would settle the question as to respiration at high altitudes. The diminution of pressure on the body would be another difficulty, but that might be obviated by a dress containing air impervious to the atmosphere, and which could be contracted at the will of the wearer, so as to make up for the diminution of atmospherical pressure.

Should such appliances be used, we firmly believe that, with a very large balloon having a capacity of 200,000 feet of gas, and which would be only a quarter full when leaving the ground, an altitude of from ten to twelve miles might be gained. The experiment needs a certain outlay. The balloon and apparatus would cost at least £1500. In these days of enterprise and thirst for knowledge, how long will it be before one of our great scientific associations determines to make the trial?

It has been mentioned that aerostats have been frequently used in time of war. Up to the present, stationary captive balloons have been employed for this purpose, chiefly at the siege of Richmond, when a telegraph-wire was connected with the car, and the President, although many miles distant, knew what was going on at the scene of operations at the same moment as his general on the field of battle. In the last century it was shown that a captive balloon could be easily transported from place to place by means of ropes attached to infantry soldiers who marched on each side of the road towing the aerostat, which was suspended at an altitude of a few hundred feet. This mode of moving captive balloons might, we believe, be still further developed, particularly in unenclosed countries, and where there is little wind. Twelve well-trained horsemen could easily convey a balloon holding 25,000 feet of pure hydrogen, and floating at a considerable altitude above them, at a rate of from seven to eight miles an hour. A staff officer in the car could sweep the horizon with his field-glass for many miles, and obtain much important information in the shortest space of time. Had such a machine been employed at Tel-el-Kebir, the general in command would have known that there was a detached fort some distance in front of the enemy's lines, and the mistake made by the officer who surveyed the position a few days before the battle could not have occurred. Again at Teb, only the other day, a balloon reconnaissance would have been very useful. It was important to know whether the Arabs had intrenched themselves, and mounted the guns taken from the Egyptians. This could easily have been ascertained by an aeronaut at an elevation of 700 feet above Fort Baker or even Trinkitat. At the same time he would have informed his general that rifle pits had been constructed by the enemy, and could have told him their exact position. Since writing these lines we are glad to learn that owing to the exertions of Captain Templar and Major Elsdale the Woolwich authorities have determined to establish a balloon corps. Better late than never, and should an autumn expedition leave these shores to relieve Gordon, a captive balloon manœuvred from the bank, or from a flat-bottomed boat, on the low-lying region along the valley of the Nile between Korosko and Khartoum, would enable an officer to scan the horizon for a considerable distance, to signal to stations in the rear, and would also diminish the employment of cavalry. In still weather a light Gardner gun might be used with effect from the car. It may be said that the position of the men directing the piece would be somewhat precarious, but it must always be remembered that a balloon is a very difficult object to hit, owing to the aeronaut who manipulates it being able at any moment to increase or diminish his distance from the earth. At the bombardment of Alexandria an aerostat might have been the means of the admiral learning the movement of the enemy's troops from the forts. This would at once have been detected by an officer in the car, whilst on a calm day it would be as easy to manage a captive aerostat from the deck of an ironclad as on land.

Much has been said as to the possibility of reaching the North Pole in a balloon, and the present writer has received numerous letters from people who declare that they can direct an aerostat. His reply to such communications is, that he will be very glad to make the gentlemen in question a present of £100 if they will select two places, twenty miles apart, go in a free aerostat from one spot to the other and return without anchoring the balloon or recharging it with gas, provided that they, on failing to do this, will give *him* £5 to assist a charity. Any person who subscribes to a scheme for reaching the North Pole in a balloon, with our present knowledge of aerostatics, cannot be practically acquainted with the matter.

So far as the solution of the problem how to navigate the air is concerned, we believe that balloons have done more harm than good. The attention of inventors has been diverted from what is probably the only feasible way to obtain the desired end—namely, the construction of a machine which, itself heavier than the atmosphere, will be able to strike a blow on the air in excess of its own weight. Machinery worked by steam is much too heavy for this purpose; electricity some day, perhaps, will be available. An engineer who has made electricity his study recently informed an assembly of gentlemen that, in the course of the next ten years, he believed it would be possible to compress enough electricity in a substance the size of an eggshell to drive an express train from London to Liverpool. Science has not ar-

rived at this point yet, but who can tell, after the telephone, the phonograph, and the other marvellous discoveries of Edison, what it may do in the future? Inventors should never forget that a bird is heavier than the air, and that the bird flies because its strength enables it to overcome the difference between its weight and that of the atmosphere it displaces. To put the case in a nutshell, aerial navigation is a mere question of lightness and force.—Col. FRED. BURNABY, in *The Fortnightly Review.*

EMERSON.*

FORTY years ago, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, voices were in the air there which haunt my memory still. Happy the man who in that susceptible season of youth hears such voices! they are a possession to him forever. No such voices as those which we heard in our youth at Oxford are sounding there now. Oxford has more criticism now, more knowledge, more light; but such voices as those of our youth it has no longer. The name of Cardinal Newman is a great name to the imagination still; his genius and his style are still things of power. But he is over eighty years old; he is in the Oratory at Birmingham; he has adopted, for the doubts and difficulties which beset men's minds to-day, a solution which, to speak frankly, is impossible. Forty years ago he was in the very prime of life; he was close at hand to us at Oxford; he was preaching in St. Mary's pulpit every Sunday; he seemed about to transform and renew what was to us the most national and natural institution in the world—the Church of England. Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music—subtile, sweet, mournful? I seem to hear him still, saying: "After the fever of life, after wearinesses and sicknesses, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding; after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state—at length comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision." Or, if we followed him back to his seclusion at Littlemore, that dreary village by the London road, and to the house of retreat and the church which he built there—a mean house, such as Paul might have lived in when he was tent-making at Ephesus, a church plain and thinly sown with worshippers—who could resist him there either, welcoming back to the severe joys of church-fellowship, and of daily worship and prayer, the firstlings from a generation which had well nigh forgotten them? Again I seem to hear him: "The season is chill and dark, and the breath of the morning is damp, and worshippers are few; but all this befits those who are by profession penitents and mourners, watchers and pilgrims. More dear to them that loneliness, more cheerful that severity, and more bright that gloom, than all those aids and appliances of luxury by which men nowadays attempt to make prayer less disagreeable to them. True faith does not covet comforts; they who realize that awful day, when they shall see Him face to face, whose eyes are as a flame of fire, will as little bargain to pray pleasantly now as they will think of doing so then."

Somewhere or other I have spoken of these "lost enchantments of the Middle Age" which Oxford sheds around us, and here they were! But there were other voices sounding in our ear besides Newman's. There was the puissant voice of Carlyle; so sorely strained, over-used, and misused since, but then fresh, comparatively sound, and reaching our hearts with true, pathetic eloquence. Who can forget the emotion of receiving in its first freshness such a sentence as that sentence of Carlyle upon Edward Irving, then just dead: "Scotland sent him forth a herculean man; our mad Babylon wore and wasted him with all her engines—and it took her twelve years!" A greater voice still—the greatest voice of the century—came to us in those youthful years through Carlyle: the voice of Goethe. To this day—such is the force of youthful associations—I read the "Wilhelm Meister" with more pleasure in Carlyle's translation than in the original. The large, liberal view of human life in "Wilhelm Meister," how novel it was to the Englishman in those days! and it was salutary, too, and educative for him, doubtless, as well as novel. But what moved us most in "Wilhelm Meister" was that which, after all, will always move the young most—the poetry, the eloquence. Never surely was Carlyle's prose so beautiful and pure as in his rendering of the Youths' dirge for Mignon: "Well is our treasure now laid up, the fair image of the past. Here sleeps it in the marble, undecaying; in your hearts, also, it lives, it works. Travel, travel, back into life! Take along with you this holy earnestness, for earnestness alone makes life eternity." Here we had the voice of the great Goethe—not the stiff, and hindered, and frigid, and factitious Goethe who speaks to us too often

* Address delivered in Boston, U. S. A.

from those sixty volumes of his, but of the great Goethe, and the true one.

And besides those voices, there came to us in that old Oxford time a voice also from this side of the Atlantic—a clear and pure voice, which for my ear, at any rate, brought a strain as new, and moving, and unforgetable, as the strain of Newman, or Carlyle, or Goethe. Mr. Lowell has well described the apparition of Emerson to your young generation here, in the distant time of which I am speaking, and of his workings upon them. He was your Newman, your man of soul and genius visible to you in the flesh, speaking to your bodily ears—a present object for your heart and imagination. That is surely the most potent of all influences! nothing can come up to it. To us at Oxford Emerson was but a voice speaking from three thousand miles away. But so well he spoke, that from that time forth Boston Bay and Concord were names invested to my ear with a sentiment akin to that which invests for me the names of Oxford and Weimar; and snatches of Emerson's strain fixed themselves in my mind as imperishably as any of the eloquent words which I have been just now quoting. "Then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of art, poetry, and science, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men." "What Plato has thought, he may think; what a saint has felt, he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man, he can understand." "Trust thyself! every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the Divine Providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age; betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest spirit the same transcendent destiny; and not pinched in a corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but redeemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to be noble clay plastic under the almighty efforts, let us advance and advance on chaos and the dark!" These lofty sentences of Emerson, and a hundred others of like strain, I never have lost out of my memory; I never *can* lose them.

At last I find myself in Emerson's own country, and looking upon Boston Bay. Naturally I revert to the friend of my youth. It is not always pleasant to ask oneself questions about the friends of one's youth; they cannot always well support it. Carlyle, for instance, in my judgment, cannot well support such a return upon him. Yet we should make the return; we should part with our illusions, we should know the truth. When I come to this country, where Emerson now counts for so much, and where such high claims are made for him, I pull myself together, and ask myself what the truth about this object of my youthful admiration really is. Improper elements often come into our estimate of men. We have lately seen a German critic make Goethe the greatest of all poets, because Germany is now the greatest of military powers, and wants a poet to match. Then, too, America is a young country; and young countries, like young persons, are apt sometimes to evince in their literary judgments a want of scale and measure. I set myself, therefore, resolutely to come at a real estimate of Emerson, and with a leaning even to strictness rather than to indulgence. That is the safer course. Time has no indulgence; any veils of illusion which we may have left around an object because we loved it, Time is sure to strip away.

I was reading the other day a notice of Emerson by a serious and interesting American critic. Fifty or sixty passages in Emerson's poems, says this critic—who had doubtless himself been nourished on Emerson's writings, and held them justly dear—fifty or sixty passages from Emerson's poems have already entered into English speech as matter of familiar and universally current quotation. Here is a specimen of that personal sort of estimate which, for my part, even in speaking of authors dear to me, I would try to avoid. What is the kind of phrase of which we may fairly say that it has entered into English speech as matter of familiar quotation? Such a phrase, surely, as the "Patience on a monument" of Shakespeare; as the "Darkness visible" of Milton; as the "Where ignorance is bliss" of Gray. Of not one single passage in Emerson's poetry can it be truly said that it has become a familiar quotation like phrases of this kind. It is not enough that it should be familiar to his admirers, familiar in New England, familiar, even, throughout the United States; it must be familiar to all readers and lovers of English poetry. Of not more than one or two passages in Emerson's poetry can it, I think, be truly said, that they stand ever-present in the memory of even most lovers of English poetry. Very many passages of his poetry are no doubt perfectly familiar to the mind and lips of the critic whom I have mentioned, and perhaps of a wide circle of American readers. But this is a very different thing from being matter of universal quotation, like the phrases of the legitimate poets.

And, in truth, one of the legitimate poets,

Emerson, in my opinion, is not. His poetry is interesting, it makes one think; but it is not the poetry of one of the born poets. I say it of him with reluctance, although I am sure that he would have said it of himself; but I say it with reluctance, because I dislike giving pain to his admirers, and because all my own wish, too, is to say of him what is favorable. But I regard myself, not as speaking to please Emerson's admirers, not as speaking to please myself; but rather, I repeat, as communing with Time and Nature concerning the productions of this beautiful and rare spirit, and as resigning what of him is by their unalterable decree touched with caducity, in order the better to mark and secure that in him which is immortal.

Milton says that poetry ought to be simple, sensuous, impassioned. Well, Emerson's poetry is seldom either simple, or sensuous, or impassioned. In general it lacks directness; it lacks concreteness; it lacks energy. His grammar is often embarrassed; in particular, the want of clearly marked distinction between the subject and the object of his sentence is a frequent cause of obscurity in him. A poem which shall be a plain, forcible, inevitable whole he hardly ever produces. Such good work as the noble lines graven on the Concord Monument is the exception with him; such ineffective work as the "Fourth of July Ode" or the "Boston Hymn" is the rule. Even passages and single lines of thorough plainness and commanding force are rare in his poetry. They exist, of course; but when we meet with them they give us a sense of surprise, so little has Emerson accustomed us to them. Let me have the pleasure of quoting one or two of these exceptional passages:—

> So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
> The youth replies, *I can*.

Or again this:—

> Though love repine and reason chafe
> There came a voice without reply:
> "'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
> When for the truth he ought to die."

Excellent! but how seldom do we get from him a strain blown so clearly and firmly! Take another passage where his strain has not only clearness, it has also grace and beauty:—

> And ever, when the happy child
> In May beholds the blooming wild,
> And hears in heaven the bluebird sing,
> "Onward," he cries, "your baskets bring!
> In the next field is air more mild,
> And in yon hazy west is Eden's balmier spring."

In the style and cadence here there is a reminiscence, I think, of Gray; at any rate the pureness, grace, and beauty of these lines are worthy even of Gray. But Gray holds his high rank as a poet, not merely by the beauty and grace of passages in his poems; not merely by a diction generally pure in an age of impure diction: he holds it, above all, by the power and skill with which the evolution of his poems is conducted. Here is his grand superiority to Collins, whose diction in his best poem, the "Ode to Evening," is purer than Gray's; but then the "Ode to Evening" is like a river which loses itself in the sand, whereas Gray's best poems have an evolution sure and satisfying. Emerson's "Mayday," from which I just now quoted, has no real evolution at all; it is a series of observations. And, in general, his poems have no evolution. Take, for example, his "Titmouse." Here he has an excellent subject; and his observation of Nature, moreover, is always marvellously close and fine. But compare what he makes of his meeting with his titmouse with what Cowper or Burns makes of the like kind of incident! One never quite arrives at learning what the titmouse actually did for him at all, though one feels a strong interest and desire to learn it; but one is reduced to guessing, and cannot be quite sure that after all one has guessed right. He is not plain and concrete enough—in other words, not poet enough—to be able to tell us. And a failure of this kind goes through almost all his verse, keeps him amid symbolism and allusion and the fringes of things, and, in spite of his spiritual power, deeply impairs his poetic value. Through the inestimable virtue of concreteness, a simple poem like "The Bridge" of Longfellow, or the "School Days" of Mr. Whittier, is of more poetic worth, perhaps, than all the verse of Emerson.

I do not, then, place Emerson among the great poets. But I go further, and say that I do not place him among the great writers, the great men of letters. Who are the great men of letters? They are men like Cicero, Plato, Bacon, Pascal, Swift, Voltaire—writers with, in the first place, a genius and instinct for style; writers whose prose is by a kind of native necessity true and sound. Now the style of Emerson, like the style of his transcendentalist friends and of the "Dial" so continually—the style of Emerson is capable of falling into a strain like this, which I take from the beginning of his "Essay on Love:" "Every soul is a celestial being to every other soul. The heart has its sabbaths and jubilees, in which the world appears as a hymeneal feast, and all natural sounds and the circle of the seasons are erotic odes and dances." Emerson altered this sentence in the later editions. Like Wordsworth, he was in later life fond of altering; and in general his later alterations,

like those of Wordsworth, are not improvements. He softened the passage in question, however, though without really mending it. I quote it in its original and strongly marked form. Arthur Stanley used to relate that about the year 1840, being in conversation with some Americans in quarantine at Malta, and thinking to please them, he declared his warm admiration for Emerson's "Essays." However, the Americans shook their head, and told him that for home taste Emerson was decidedly two *greeny*. We will hope, for their sakes, that the sort of thing they had in their heads was such writing as I have just quoted. Unsound it is, indeed, and in a style impossible to a born man of letters.

It is a curious thing, that quality of style which marks the great writer, the born man of letters. It resides in the whole tissue of his work, and of his work regarded as a composition for literary purposes. Brilliant and powerful passages in a man's writings do not prove his possession of it; it lies in their whole tissue. Emerson has passages of noble and pathetic eloquence, such as those which I quoted at the beginning; he has passages of shrewd and felicitous wit; he has crisp epigram; he has passages of exquisitely touched observation of nature. Yet he is not a great writer; his style has not the requisite wholeness of good tissue. Even Carlyle is not, in my judgment, a great writer. He has surpassingly powerful qualities of expression, far more powerful than Emerson's, and reminding one of the gifts of expression of the great poets—of even Shakespeare himself. What Emerson so admirably says of Carlyle's "devouring eyes and portraying hand," "those thirsty eyes, those portrait-eating, portrait-painting eyes of thine, those fatal perceptions," is thoroughly true. What a description is Carlyle's of the first publisher of "Sartor Resartus," to whom "the idea of a new edition of 'Sartor' is frightful, or rather ludicrous, unimaginable;" of this poor Fraser, in whose "wonderful world of Tory pamphleteers, conservative Younger-brothers, Regent-street loungers, Crockford gamblers, Irish Jesuits, drunken reporters, and miscellaneous unclean persons (whom nitre and much soap will not wash clean), not a soul has expressed the smallest wish that way!" What a portrait, again, of the well-beloved John Sterling! "One, and the best, of a small class extant here, who, nigh drowning in a black wreck of Infidelity (lighted up by some glare of Radicalism only, now growing *dim* too), and about to perish, saved themselves into a Coleridgian Shovel-Hattedness." What touches in his invitation of Emerson to London! "You shall see blockheads by the million; Pickwick himself shall be visible—innocent young Dickens reserved for a questionable fate. The great Wordsworth shall talk till you yourself pronounce him to be a bore. Southey's complexion is still healthy mahogany brown, with a fleece of white hair, and eyes that seem running at full gallop. Leigh Hunt, man of genius in the shape of a cockney, is my near neighbor, with good humor and no commonsense; old Rogers with his pale head, white, bear, and cold as snow, with those large blue eyes, cruel, sorrowful, and that sardonic shelf chin." How inimitable it all is! And finally, for one must not go on forever, this version of a London Sunday, with the public-houses closed during the hours of divine service! "It is silent Sunday; the populace not yet admitted to their beer-shops till the respectabilities conclude their rubric mummeries—a much more audacious feat than beer." Yet even Carlyle is not, in my judgment, to be called a great writer; one cannot think of ranking him with men like Cicero and Plato and Swift and Voltaire. Emerson freely promises to Carlyle immortality for his histories. They will not have it. Why? Because the materials furnished to him by that devouring eye of his, and that portraying hand, were not wrought in and subdued by him to what his work, regarded as a composition for literary purposes, required. Coming in conversation, breaking out in familiar correspondence, they are magnificent, inimitable: nothing more is required of them; thus thrown out anyhow they serve their turn and fulfil their function. And, therefore, I should not wonder if really Carlyle lived, in the *long* run, by such an invaluable record as that correspondence between him and Emerson, of which we owe the publication to Mr. Charles Norton—by this and not by his works, as Johnson lives in Boswell, not by his works. For Carlyle's sallies, as the staple of a literary work, become wearisome; and as time more and more applies to Carlyle's works its stringent test, this will be felt more and more. Shakespeare, Molière Swift—they too had, like Carlyle, the devouring eye and the portraying hand. But they are great literary masters, they are supreme writers, because they knew how to work into a literary composition their materials and to subdue them to the purposes of literary effect. Carlyle is too wilful for this, too turbid, too vehement.

You will think I deal in nothing but negatives. I have been saying that Emerson is not one of the great poets, the great writers. He has not their quality of style. He is, however, the propounder of a philosophy. The Platonic dialogues afford us the example of exquisite literary form and treatment given

to philosophical ideas. Plato is at once a great literary man and a great philosopher. If we speak carefully, we cannot call Aristotle or Spinoza or Kant great literary men, or their productions great literary works. But their work is arranged with such constructive power that they build a philosophy, and are justly called great philosophical writers. Emerson cannot, I think, be called with justice a great philosophical writer. He cannot build; his arrangements of philosophical ideas has no progress in it, no evolution; he does not construct a philosophy. Emerson himself knew the defects of his method, or rather want of method, very well; indeed, he and Carlyle criticise themselves and one another in a way which leaves little for any one else to do in the way of formulating their defects. Carlyle formulates perfectly the defects of his friend's poetic and literary production when he says of the "Dial;" "for me it is too ethereal, speculative, theoretic; I will have all things condense themselves, take shape and body, if they are to have my sympathy." And speaking of Emerson's orations he says: "I long to see some concrete Thing, some Event, Man's Life, American Forest, or piece of Creation, which this Emerson loves and wonders at, well *Emersonized*—depictured by Emerson, filled with the life of Emerson, and cast forth from him, then to live by itself. If these orations balk me of this, how profitable soever they may be for others, I will not love them." Emerson himself formulates perfectly the defect of his own philosophical productions when he speaks of his "formidable tendency to the lapidary style. I build my house of boulders." "Here I sit and read and write," he says again, "with very little system, and as far as regards composition with the most fragmentary result; paragraphs incompressible, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle." Nothing can be truer; and the work of a Spinoza or Kant, of the men who stand as great philosophical writers, does not proceed in this wise.

Some people will tell you that Emerson's poetry, indeed, is too abstract, and his philosophy too vague, but that his best work is his "English Traits." The "English Traits" are beyond question very pleasant reading. It is easy to praise them, easy to commend the author of them. But I insist on always trying Emerson's work by the highest standards. I esteem him too much to try his work by any other. Tried by the highest standards, and compared with the work of the excellent markers and recorders of the traits of human life—of writers like Montaigne, La Bruyère, Addison—the "English Traits" will not stand the comparison. Emerson's observation has not the disinterested quality of the observation of these masters. It is the observation of a man systematically benevolent, as Hawthorne's observation in "Our Old Home" is the work of a man chagrined. Hawthorne's literary talent is of the first order. His subjects are generally not to me subjects of the highest interest; but his literary talent is of the first order, the finest, I think, which America has yet produced—finer, by much, than Emerson's. Yet "Our Old Home" is not a masterpiece any more than "English Traits." In neither of them is the observer disinterested enough. The author's attitude in each of these cases can easily be understood and defended. Hawthorne was a sensitive man, so situated in England that he was perpetually in contact with the British Philistine; and the British Philistine is a trying personage. Emerson's systematic benevolence comes from what he himself calls somewhere his "persistent optimism;" and his persistent optimism is the root of his greatness and the source of his charm. But still let us keep our literary conscience true, and judge every kind of literary work by the laws really proper to it. The kind of work attempted in the "English Traits" and in "Our Old Home" is work which cannot be done perfectly with a bias such as that given by Emerson's optimism or by Hawthorne's chagrin. Consequently, neither "English Traits" nor "Our Old Home" is a work of perfection in its kind.

Not with the Miltons and Grays, not with the Platos and Spinozas, not with the Swifts and Voltaires, not with the Montaignes and Addisons, can we rank Emerson. His work of different kinds, when one compares it with the work done in a corresponding kind by these masters, fails to stand the comparison. No man could see this clearer than Emerson himself. It is hard not to feel despondency when we contemplate our failures and shortcomings; and Emerson, the least self-flattering and the most modest of men, saw so plainly what was lacking to him that he had his moments of despondency. "Alas, my friend," he writes in reply to Carlyle, who had exhorted him to creative work—"Alas, my friend, I can do no such gay thing as you say. I do not belong to the poets, but only to a low department of literature—the reporters; suburban men." He deprecated his friend's praise; praise "generous to a fault," he calls it; praise "generous to the shaming of me—cold, fastidious, ebbing person that I am. Already in a former letter you had said too much good of my poor little arid book, which is as sand to my eyes. I can only say that I heartily wish the book were better; and I must try and deserve so much favor from the kind gods

by a bolder and truer living in the months to come—such as may perchance one day release and invigorate this cramp hand of mine. When I see how much work is to be done; what room for a poet, for any spiritualist, in this great, intelligent, sensual, and avaricious America—I lament my fumbling fingers and stammering tongue." Again, as late as 1870, he writes to Carlyle: "There is no example of constancy like yours, and it always stings my stupor into temporary recovery and wonderful resolution to accept the noble challenge. But 'the strong hours conquer us;' and I am the victim of miscellany—miscellany of designs, vast debility, and procrastination." The forlorn note belonging to the phrase, "vast debility," recalls that saddest and most discouraged of writers, the author of "Obermann," Senancour, with whom Emerson has in truth a certain kinship. He has in common with Senancour his pureness, his passion for nature, his single eye; and here we find him confessing, like Senancour, a sense in himself of sterility and impotence.

And now I think I have cleared the ground. I have given up to envious Time as much of Emerson as Time can fairly expect ever to obtain. We have not in Emerson a great poet, a great writer, a great philosophy-maker. His relation to us is not that of one of those personages; yet it is a relation of, I think, even superior importance. His relation to us is more like that of the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Marcus Aurelius is not a great writer, a great philosophy-maker; he is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. Emerson is the same. He is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. All the points in thinking which are necessary for this purpose he takes, but he does not combine them into a system, or present them as a regular philosophy. Combined in a system by a man with the requisite talent for this kind of thing, they would be less useful than as Emerson gives them to us; and the man with the talent so to systematize them would be less impressive than Emerson. They do very well as they now stand—like "boulders," as he says;—in "paragraphs incompressible, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle." In such sentences his main points recur again and again, and become fixed in the memory. We all know them. First and foremost, character—character is everything. "That which all things tend to educe—which freedom, cultivation, intercourse, revolutions, go to form and deliver—is character." Character and self-reliance. "Trust thyself! every heart vibrates to that iron string." And yet we have our being in a *not ourselves*. "There is a power above and behind us, and we are the channels of its communications." But our lives must be pitched higher. "Life must be lived on a higher plane; we must go up to a higher platform, to which we are always invited to ascend; there the whole scene changes." The good we need is ever close to us, though we attain it not. "On the brink of the waters of life and truth we are miserably dying." This good is close to us, moreover, in our daily life, and in the familiar, homely places. "The unremitting retention of simple and high sentiments in obscure duties—that is the maxim for us. Let us be poised and wise, and our own to-day. Let us treat the men and women well—treat them as if they were real: perhaps they are. Men live in their fancy, like drunkards whose hands are too soft and tremulous for successful labor. I settle myself ever firmer in the creed, that we should not postpone and refer and wish, but do broad justice where we are, by whomsoever we deal with; accepting our actual companions and circumstances, however humble or odious, as the mystic officials to whom the universe has delegated its whole pleasure for us. Massachusetts, Connecticut River, and Boston Bay, you think paltry places, and the ear loves names of foreign and classic topography. But here we are; and if we will tarry a little we may come to learn that here is best. See to it only that thyself is here." Furthermore, the good is close to us *all*. "I resist the scepticism of our education and of our educated men. I do not believe that the differences of opinion and character in men are organic. I do not recognize, besides the class of the good and the wise, a permanent class of sceptics, or a class of conservatives, or of malignants, or of materialists. I do not believe in the classes. Every man has a call of the power to do something unique." Pretension is useless. "Pretension never feigned an act of real greatness. Pretension never wrote an 'Iliad,' nor drove back Xerxes, nor christianized the world, nor abolished slavery." Exclusiveness is deadly. "The exclusive in social life does not see that he excludes himself from enjoyment in the attempt to appropriate it. The exclusionist in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself in striving to shut out others. Treat men as pawns and ninepins, and you shall suffer as well as they. If you leave out their heart you shall lose your own. The selfish man suffers more from his selfishness than he from whom that selfishness withholds some important benefit." A sound nature will be inclined to refuse ease and self-indulgence. "To live with some rigor of temperance, or some extreme of generosity, seems

to be an asceticism which common good-nature would appoint to those who are at ease and in plenty, in sign that they feel a brotherhood with the great multitude of suffering men." Compensation, finally, is the great law of life; it is everywhere, it is sure, and there is no escape from it. This is that "Law alive and beautiful, which works over our heads and under our feet. Pitiless, it avails itself of our success when we obey it, and of our ruin when we contravene it. We are all secret believers in it. It rewards actions after their nature. The reward of a thing well done is to have done it. The thief steals from himself, the swindler swindles himself. You must pay at last your own debt."

This is tonic indeed! And let no one object that it is too general; that more practical, positive direction is what we want; that Emerson's optimism, self-reliance, and indifference to favorable conditions for our life and growth have in them something of danger. "Trust thyself;" "what attracts my attention shall have it;" "though thou shouldst walk the world over thou shalt not be able to find a condition inopportune or ignoble;" "what we call vulgar society is that society whose poetry is not yet written, but which you shall presently make as enviable and renowned as any." With maxims like these, we surely, it may be said, run some risk of being made too well satisfied with our own actual self and state, however crude and imperfect they may be. "Trust thyself!"—it may be said that the common American or Englishman is more than enough disposed already to trust himself. I often reply, when our sectarians are praised for following conscience: Our people are very good in following their conscience; where they are not so good is in ascertaining whether their conscience tells them right. "What attracts my attention shall have it?" Well, that is our people's plea when they run after the Salvation Army, and desire Messrs. Moody and Sankey. "Thou shalt not be able to find a condition inopportune or ignoble?" But think of the turn of the good people of our race for producing a life of hideousness and immense ennui; think of that specimen of your own New England life which Mr. Howells gives us in one of his charming stories which I was reading lately; think of the life of that ragged New England farm in the "Lady of the Aroostook," think of Deacon Blood and Aunt Maria, and the straight-backed chairs with black horse-hair seats, and Ezra Perkins with perfect self-reliance depositing his travellers in the snow! I can truly say that in the little which I have seen of the life of New England, I am more struck with what has been achieved than with the crudeness and failure. But no doubt there is still a great deal of crudeness also. Your own novelists say there is, and I suppose they say true. In the New England, as in the Old, our people have to learn, it may be said, not that their modes of life are beautiful and excellent already; they have rather to learn that they must transform them.

To adopt this line of objection to Emerson's deliverances would, however, be unjust. In the first place, Emerson's points are in themselves true if understood in a certain high sense; they are true and fruitful. And the right work to be done, at the hour when he appeared, was to affirm them generally and absolutely. Only thus could he break through the hard and fast barrier of narrow, fixed ideas, which he found confronting him, and win an entrance for new ideas. Had he attempted developments which may now strike us as expedient, he would have excited fierce antagonism, and probably effected little or nothing. The time might come for doing other work later, but the work which Emerson did was the right work to be done then.

In the second place, strong as was Emerson's optimism, and unconquerable as was his belief in a good result to emerge from all which he saw going on around him, no misanthropical satirist ever saw shortcomings and absurdities more clearly than he did, or exposed them more courageously. When he sees "the meanness," as he calls it, "of American politics," he congratulates Washington on being "long already happily dead," on being "wrapt in his shroud and forever safe." With how firm a touch he delineates the faults of your two great political parties of forty years ago! The Democrats, he says, "have not at heart the ends which give to the name of democracy what hope and virtue are in it. The spirit of our American radicalism is destructive and aimless; it is not loving; it has no ulterior and divine ends, but is destructive only out of hatred and selfishness. On the other side, the Conservative party composed of the most moderate, able, and cultivated part of the population, is timid, and merely defensive of property. It vindicates no right, it aspires to no real good, it brands no crime, it proposes no generous policy. From neither party, when in power, has the world any benefit to expect in science, art, or humanity, at all commensurate with the resources of the nation." Then with what subtle though kindly irony he follows the gradual withdrawal in New England, in the last half century, of tender consciences from the social organizations—the bent for experiments such as that of Brook Farm and the like—follows it in all its "dissidence of dissent and Prot-

estantism of the Protestant religion." He even loves to rally the New Englander on his philanthropical activity, and to find his beneficence and its institutions a bore. "Your miscellaneous popular charities, the education at college of fools, the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many of these now stand, alms to sots, and the thousandfold relief societies—though I confess with shame that I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, yet it is a wicked dollar, which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold." "Our Sunday-schools and churches and pauper societies are yokes to the neck. We pain ourselves to please nobody. There are natural ways of arriving at the same ends at which these aim, but do not arrive." "Nature does not like our benevolence or our learning much better than she likes our frauds and wars. When we come out of the caucus, or the bank, or the Abolition convention, or the Temperance meeting, or the Transcendental Club, into the fields and woods, she says to us: 'So hot, my little sir?'"

Yes, truly, his insight is admirable; his truth is precious. Yet the secret of his effect is not in these; it is in his temper. It is in the hopeful, serene, beautiful temper wherewith these, in Emerson, are indissolubly joined; in which they work, and have their being. He says himself: "We judge of a man's wisdom by his hope, knowing that the perception of the inexhaustibleness of nature is an immortal youth." If this be so, how wise is Emerson! for never had man such a sense of the inexhaustibleness of nature and such hope. It was the ground of his being; it never failed him. Even when he is sadly avowing the imperfection of his literary power and resources, lamenting his fumbling fingers and stammering tongue, he adds: "Yet, as I tell you, I am very easy in my mind and never dream of suicide. My whole philosophy, which is very real, teaches acquiescence and optimism. Sure I am that the right word will be spoken, though I cut out my tongue." In his old age, with friends dying and life failing, his tone of cheerful, forward-looking hope is still the same: "A multitude of young men are growing up here of high promise, and I compare gladly the social poverty of my youth with the power on which these draw." His abiding word for us, the word by which being dead he yet speaks to us, is this: "That which befits us, embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavor to realize our aspirations. Shall not the heart, which has received so much, trust the Power by which it lives?"

One can scarcely overrate the importance of thus holding fast to happiness and hope. It gives to Emerson's work an invaluable virtue. As Wordsworth's poetry is, in my judgment, the most important work done in verse, in our language, during the present century, so Emerson's "Essays" are, I think, the most important work done in prose. His work is more important than Carlyle's. Let us be just to Carlyle, provoking though he often is. Not only has he that genius of his which makes Emerson say truly of his letters, that "they savor always of eternity." More than this may be said of him. The scope and upshot of his teaching are true; "his guiding genius," to quote Emerson again, is really "his moral sense, his perception of the sole importance of truth and justice." But consider Carlyle's temper, as we have been considering Emerson's; take his own account of it: "Perhaps London is the proper place for me after all, seeing all places are *im*proper: who knows? Meanwhile, I lead a most dyspeptic, solitary, self-shrouded life; consuming, if possible in silence, my considerable daily allotment of pain; glad when any strength is left in me for writing, *which* is the only use I can see in myself—too rare a case of late. The ground of my existence is black as death; too black, when all *void* too; but at times there paint themselves on it pictures of gold, and rainbow, and lightning; all the brighter for the black ground, I suppose. Withal, I am very much of a *fool*." No, not a fool, but turbid and morbid, wilful and perverse. "We judge of a man's wisdom by his hope."

Carlyle's perverse attitude towards happiness cuts him off from hope. He fiercely attacks the desire for happiness; his grand point in "Sartor," his secret in which the soul may find rest, is that one shall cease to desire happiness, that one should learn to say to oneself: "What if thou wert born and predestined not to be happy, but to be unhappy!" He is wrong; Saint Augustine is the better philosopher, who says: "Act we *must* in pursuance of what gives us most delight." Epictetus and Augustine can be severe moralists enough; but both of them know *and* frankly say that the desire for happiness is the root and ground of man's being. Tell him and show him that he places his happiness wrong, that he seeks for delight where delight will never be really found; then you illumine and further him. But you only confuse him by telling him to cease to *desire* happiness; and you will not tell him this unless you are already confused yourself.

Carlyle preached the dignity of labor, the necessity of righteousness, the love of veracity, the hatred of shams. He is said by many people to be a great teacher, a great helper

for us, because he does so. But what is the due and eternal result of labor, righteousness, veracity?—Happiness. And how are we drawn to them by one who, instead of making us feel that with them is happiness, tells us that perhaps we were predestined not to be happy but to be unhappy?

You will find many earnest preachers of our popular religion to be fervent in their praise and admiration of Carlyle. His insistence on labor, righteousness, and veracity pleases them; his contempt for happiness pleases them too. I read the other day a tract against smoking, although I do not happen to be a smoker myself. "Smoking," said the tract, "is liked because it gives agreeable sensations. Now it is a positive objection to a thing that it gives agreeable sensations. An earnest man will expressly avoid what gives agreeable sensations." Shortly afterwards I was inspecting a school, and I found the children reading a piece of poetry on the common theme that we are here to-day and gone to-morrow. I shall soon be gone, the speaker in this poem was made to say—

> And I shall be glad to go,
> For the world at best is a dreary place,
> And my life is getting low.

How usual a language of popular religion that is, on our side of the Atlantic at any rate! But then our popular religion, in disparaging happiness here below, knows very well what it is after. It has its eye on a happiness in a future life above the clouds, in the New Jerusalem, to be won by disliking and rejecting happiness here on earth. And so long as this ideal stands fast, it is very well. But for many it stands fast no longer; for Carlyle, at any rate, it had failed and vanished. Happiness in labor, righteousness, and veracity—in the life of the spirit—here was a gospel still for Carlyle to preach, and to help others by preaching. But he baffled them and himself by choosing the paradox that we are not born for happiness at all.

Happiness in labor, righteousness, and veracity; in all the life of the spirit; happiness and eternal hope—that was Emerson's gospel. I hear it said that Emerson was too sanguine: that the actual generation in America is not turning out so well as he expected. Very likely he was too sanguine as to the near future; in this country it is difficult not to be too sanguine. Very possibly the present generation may prove unworthy of his high hopes; even several generations succeeding this may prove unworthy of them. But by his conviction that in the life of the spirit is happiness, and by his hope that this life of the spirit will come more and more to be sanely understood, and to prevail, and to work for happiness—by this conviction and hope Emerson was great; and he will surely prove in the end to have been right in them. In this country it is difficult, as I said, not to be sanguine. Many of your writers are oversanguine, and on the wrong grounds. But you have two men who in what they have written show their sanguineness in a line where courage and hope are just, where they are also infinitely important, but where they are not easy. The two men are Franklin and Emerson.* These two are, I think, the most distinctively and honorably American of your writers; they are the most original and the most valuable. Wise men everywhere know that we must keep up our courage and hope; that hope is, as Wordsworth well says—

> The paramount *duty* which Heaven lays,
> For its own honor, on man's suffering heart.

But the very word *duty* points to an effort and a struggle to maintain our hope unbroken. Franklin and Emerson maintained theirs with a convincing ease, an inspiring joy. Franklin's confidence in the happiness with which industry, honesty and economy will crown the life of this work-day world, is such that he runs over with felicity. With a like felicity does Emerson run over, when he contemplates the happiness eternally attached to the true life in the spirit. You cannot prize him too much, nor heed him too diligently. He has lessons for both the branches of our race. I figure him to my mind as visible upon earth still, as still standing here by Boston Bay, or at his own Concord, in his habit as he lived, but of heightened stature and shining feature, with one hand stretched out towards the East, to our laden and laboring England; the other towards the ever-growing West, to his own dearly loved America—"great, intelligent, sensual, avaricious America." To us he shows for guidance his lucid freedom, his cheerfulness and hope; to you his dignity, delicacy, serenity, elevation.—MATTHEW ARNOLD, in *Macmillan's Magazine.*

* I found with pleasure that this conjunction of Emerson's name with Franklin's had already occurred to an accomplished writer and delightful man, a friend of Emerson, left almost the sole survivor, alas! of the famous literary generation of Boston—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Dr. Holmes has kindly allowed me to print here the ingenious and interesting lines, hitherto unpublished, in which he speaks of Emerson thus:

> Where in the realm of thought, whose air is song,
> Does he, the Buddha of the West, belong?
> He seems a winged Franklin, sweetly wise,
> Born to unlock the secret of the skies;
> And which the nobler calling—if 'tis fair
> Terrestrial with celestial to compare—
> To guide the storm-cloud's elemental flame,
> Or walk the chambers whence the lightning came
> Amidst the sources of its subtile fire,
> And steal their effluence for his lips and lyre?

ANARCHY:

BY AN ANARCHIST.

I.

To most Englishmen the word anarchy is so evil-sounding that ordinary readers of the *Contemporary Review* will probably turn from these pages with aversion, wondering how anybody could have the audacity to write them. With the crowd of commonplace chatterers, we are already past praying for: no reproach is too bitter for us, no epithet too insulting. Public speakers on social and political subjects find that abuse of anarchists is an unfailing passport to popular favor. Every conceivable crime is laid to our charge, and opinion, too indolent to learn the truth, is easily persuaded that anarchy is but another name for wickedness and chaos. Overwhelmed with opprobrium and held up to hatred, we are treated on the principle that the surest way of hanging a dog is to give it a bad name.

There is nothing surprising in all this. The chorus of imprecations with which we are assailed is quite in the nature of things, for we speak in a tongue unhallowed by usage, and belong to none of the parties that dispute the possession of power. Like all innovators, whether they be violent or pacific, we bring not peace but a sword, and are in nowise astonished to be received as enemies.

Yet it is not with light hearts that we incur so much ill-will, nor are we satisfied with merely knowing that it is undeserved. To risk the loss of so precious an advantage as popular sympathy without first patiently searching out the truth and carefully considering our duty, were an act of reckless folly. To a degree never dreamt of by men who are borne unresistingly on the great current of public opinion, are we bound to render to our conscience a reason for the faith that is in us, to strengthen our convictions by study of nature and mankind, and, above all, to compare them with that ideal justice which has been slowly elaborated by the untold generations of our race. This ideal is known to all, and is almost too trite to need repeating. It exists in the moral teaching of every people, civilized or savage; every religion has tried to adapt it to its dogmas and precepts, for it is the ideal of equality of rights and reciprocity of services. "We are all brethren," is a saying repeated from one end of the world to the other, and the principle of universal brotherhood expressed in this saying implies a complete solidarity of interests and efforts.

Accepted in its integrity by simple souls, does not this principle seem to imply as a necessary consequence the social state formulated by modern socialists: "To each according to his needs, from each according to his powers?" Well, we are simple souls, and we hold firmly to this ideal of human morality. Of a surety there is much dross mixed with the pure metal, and the personal and collective egoisms of families, cities, castes, peoples and parties have wrought on this groundwork some startling variations. But we have not to do here with ethics of selfish interests it is enough to identify the central point of convergence towards which all partial ideas more or less tend. This focus of gravitation is justice. If humanity be not a vain dream, if all our impressions, all our thoughts, are not pure hallucinations, one capital fact dominates the history of man—that every kindred and people yearns after justice. The very life of humanity is but one long cry for that fraternal equity which still remains unattained. Listen to the words, uttered nearly three thousand years ago, of old Hesiod, answering beforehand all those who contend that the struggle for existence dooms us to eternal strife. "Let fishes, the wild beasts and birds, devour one another—but our law is justice."

Yet how vast is the distance that still separates us from the justice invoked by the poet in the very dawn of history! How great *is* the progress we have still to make before we may rightfully cease comparing ourselves with wild creatures fighting for a morsel of carrion! It is in vain that we pretend to be civilized, if civilization be that which Mr. Alfred R. Wallace has described as "the harmony of individual liberty with the collective will." It is really too easy to criticise contemporary society, its morals, its conventions and its laws, and to show how much its practices fall short of the ideal justice formulated by thinkers and desired by peoples. To repeat stale censures is to risk being called mere declaimers, scatterers of voices in the market-place. And yet so long as the truth is not heard, is it not our duty to go on speaking it in season and out of season? A sincere man owes it to himself to expose the frightful barbarity which still prevails in the hidden depths of a society so outwardly well-ordered. Take, for instance, our great cities, the leaders of civilization, especially the most populous, and, in many respects, the first of all—that immense London, which gathers to herself the riches of the world, whose every warehouse is worth a king's ransom; where are to be found enough, and more than enough, of food and clothing for the needs of the teeming millions that throng her streets in greater numbers than the ants which swarm in the never-ending labyrinth of their

subterranean galleries. And yet the wretched who cast longing and hungry eyes on those hoards of wealth may be counted by the hundred thousand; by the side of untold splendors, want is consuming the vitals of entire populations, and it is only at times that the fortunate for whom these treasures are amassed hear, as a muffled wailing, the bitter cry which rises eternally from those unseen depths. Below the London of fashion is a London accursed, a London whose only food are dirt-stained fragments, whose only garments are filthy rags, and whose only dwellings are fetid dens. Have the disinherited the consolation of hope? No: they are deprived of all. There are some among them who live and die in dampness and gloom without once raising their eyes to the sun.

What boots it to the wretched outcast, burning with fever or craving for bread, that the Book of the Christians opens the doors of heaven more widely to him than to the rich! Beside his present misery, all these promises of happiness, even if he heard them, would seem the bitterest irony. Does it not appear, moreover—judging by the society in which the majority of preachers of the Gospel most delight—that the words of Jesus are reversed, that the "Kingdom of God" is the guerdon of the fortune of this world—a world where spiritual and temporal government are on the best of terms, and religion leads as surely to earthly power as to heavenly bliss? "Religion is a cause for preferment, irreligion a bar to it," as a famous commentator of the Bible, speaking to his sovereign, said it ought to be.*

When ambition thus finds its account in piety, and hypocrites practise religion in order to give what they are pleased to call their conscience a higher mercantile value, is it surprising that the great army of the hopeless should forget the way to church? Do they deceive themselves in thinking that, despite official invitations, they would not always be well received in the "houses of God?" Without speaking here of churches whose sittings are sold at a price, where you may enter only purse in hand, is it nothing to the poor to feel themselves arrested on the threshold by the cold looks of well-clad men and the tightened lips of elegant women? True, no wall bars the passage, but an obstacle still more formidable stops the way—the dark atmosphere of hatred and disgust which rises between the disinherited and the world's elect.

Yet the first word uttered by the minister when he stands up in the pulpit is "Brethren," a word which, by a characteristic differentiation, has come to mean no more than a sort of potential and theoretic fraternity without practical reality. Nevertheless, its primitive sense has not altogether perished, and if the outcast that hears it be not stupefied by hunger, if he be not one of those boneless beings who repeat idiotically all they hear, what bitter thoughts will be suggested by this word "brethren," coming from the lips of men who feel so little its force! The impressions of my childhood surge back into my mind. When I heard for the first time an earnest and eager voice beseech the "Father who is in heaven" to give us "our daily bread," it seemed to me that by a mysterious act a meal would descend from on high on all the tables of the world. I imagined that these words, repeated millions and millions of times, were a cry of human brotherhood, and that each, in uttering them, thought of all. I deceived myself. With some the prayer is sincere; with the greater part it is but an empty sound, a gust of wind like that which passes through the reeds.

Governments at least talk not to the poor about fraternity; they do not torment them with so sorry a jest. It is true that in some countries the jargon of courts compares the Sovereign to a father whose subjects are his children, and upon whom he pours the inexhaustible dews of his love; but this formula, which the hungry might abuse by asking for bread, is no longer taken seriously. So long as Governments were looked upon as direct representatives of a heavenly Sovereign, holding their powers by the grace of God, the comparison was legitimate; but there are very few now that make any claim to this *quasi*-divinity. Shorn of the sanctions of religion, they no longer hold themselves answerable for the general weal, contenting themselves instead with promising good administration, impartial justice and strict economy in the administration of public affairs. Let history tell how these promises have been kept. Nobody can study contemporary politics without being struck by the truth of the words attributed to alike Oxenstjerna and Lord Chesterfield: "Go, my son, and see with how little wisdom the world is governed!" It is now a matter of common knowledge that power, whether its nature be monarchic, aristocratic or democratic, whether it be based on the right of the sword, of inheritance or of election, is wielded by men neither better nor worse than their fellows, but whose position exposes them to greater temptations to do evil. Raised above the crowd, whom they soon learn to despise, they end by considering themselves essentially superior beings; solicited by ambition in a thousand forms, by

* Alexander Cruden, Preface to the "Concordance."

vanity, greed and caprice, they are all the more easily corrupted that a rabble of interested flatterers is ever on the watch to profit by their vices. And possessing as they do a preponderant influence in all things, holding the powerful lever whereby is moved the immense mechanism of the State—functionaries, soldiers and police—every one of their oversights, their faults, or their crimes repeats itself to infinity and magnifies as it grows. It is only too true: a fit of impatience in a Sovereign, a crooked look, an equivocal word may plunge nations into mourning and be fraught with disaster for mankind. English readers, brought up to a knowledge of Biblical lore, will remember the striking parable of the trees who wanted a king.* The peaceful trees and the strong, those who love work and whom man blesses; the olive that makes oil, the fig-tree that grows good fruit, the vine that produces wine, "which cheereth God and man," refuse to reign; the bramble accepts, and of that noxious briar is born the flame which devours the cedars of Lebanon.

But these depositaries of power who are charged, whether by right divine or universal suffrage, with the august mission of dispensing justice, can they be considered as in any way more infallible, or even as impartial? Can it be said that the laws and their interpreters show towards all men the ideal equity as it exists in the popular conception? Are the judges blind when there come before them the wealthy and the poor—Shylock, with his murderous knife and the unfortunate who has sold beforehand pounds of his flesh or ounces of his blood? Hold they always even scales between the king's son and the beggar's brat? That these magistrates should firmly believe in their own impartiality and think themselves incarnate right in human shape, is quite natural; every one puts on—sometimes without knowing it—the peculiar morality of his calling; yet judges, no more than priests, can withstand the influence of their surroundings. Their sense of what constitutes justice, derived from the average opinion of the age, is insensibly modified by the prejudices of their class. How honest soever they may be, they cannot forget that they belong to the rich and powerful, or to those, less fortunate, who are still on the look-out for preferment and honor. They are moreover blindly attached to precedent, and fancy that practices inherited from their forerunners must needs to be right. Yet when we examine official justice without prejudice, how many iniquities do we find in legal procedures! Thus the English are scandalized—and rightly so—by the French fashion of examining prisoners, those sacred beings who in strict probity ought to be held innocent until they are proved to be guilty; while the French are disgusted, and not without reason, to see English justice, through the English Government, publicly encourage treachery by offers of impunity and money to the betrayer, thereby deepening the degradation of the debased and provoking acts of shameful meanness which children in their schools, more moral than their elders, regard with unfeigned horror.

Nevertheless law, like religion, plays only a secondary part in contemporary society. It is invoked but rarely to regulate the relations between the poor and the rich, the powerful and the weak. These relations are the outcome of economic laws and the evolution of a social system based on inequality of conditions.

Laissez faire! Let things alone! have said the judges of the camp. Careers are open; and although the field is covered with corpses, although the conqueror stamps on the bodies of the vanquished, although by supply and demand, and the combinations and monopolies in which they result, the greater part of society becomes enslaved to the few, let things alone—for thus has decreed fair play. It is by virtue of this beautiful system that a *parvenu*, without speaking of the great lord who receives counties as his heritage, is able to conquer with ready money thousands of acres, expel those who cultivate his domain, and replace men and their dwellings with wild animals and rare trees. It is thus that a tradesman, more cunning or intelligent, or, perhaps, more favored by luck than his fellows, is enabled to become master of an army of workers, and as often as not to starve them at his pleasure. In a word, commercial competition, under the paternal ægis of the law, lets the great majority of merchants—the fact is attested by numberless medical inquests—adulterate provisions and drink, sell pernicious substances as wholesome food, and kill by slow poisoning, without for one day neglecting their religious duties, their brothers in Jesus Christ. Let people say what they will, slavery which abolitionists strove so gallantly to extirpate in America, prevails in another form in every civilized country; for entire populations, placed between the alternatives of death by starvation and toils which they detest, are constrained to choose the latter. And if we would deal frankly with the barbarous society to which we belong, we must acknowledge that murder, albeit disguised under a thousands insidious and scientific forms, still, as in the times of primitive savagery, terminates the majority of lives. The economist sees

* Judges ix. 8.

around him but one vast field of carnage, and with the coldness of the statistician he counts the slain as on the evening after a great battle. Judge by these figures. The mean mortality among the well-to-do is, at the utmost, one in sixty. Now the population of Europe being a third of a thousand millions, the average deaths, according to the rate of mortality among the fortunate, should not exceed five millions. They are three times five millions! What have we done with these ten million human beings killed before their time? If it be true that we have duties, one towards the other, are we not responsible for the servitude, the cold, the hunger, the miseries of every sort, which doom the unfortunate to untimely deaths? Race of Cains, what have we done with our brothers?

And what are the remedies proposed for the social ills which are consuming the very marrow of our bones? Can charity, as assert many good souls—who are answered in chorus by a crowd of egotists—can charity by any possibility deal with so vast an evil? True, we know some devoted ones who seem to live only that they may do good. In England, above all, is this the case. Among childless women who are constrained to lavish their love on their kind are to be found many of those admirable beings whose lives are passed in consoling the afflicted, visiting the sick, and ministering to the young. We cannot help being touched by the exquisite benevolence, the indefatigable solicitude shown by these ladies towards their unhappy fellow-creatures; but taken even in their entirety, what economic value can be attached to these well-meant efforts? What sum represent the charities of a year in comparison with the gains which hucksters of money and hawkers of loans oftentimes make by the speculations of a single day? While ladies bountiful are giving a cup of tea to a pauper, or preparing a potion for the sick, a father or a brother, by a hardy stroke on the Stock Exchange, or a successful transaction in produce, may reduce to ruin thousands of British workmen, or Hindoo coolies. And how worthy of respect soever may be deeds of unostentatious charity, is it not the fact that the bestowal of alms is generally a matter of personal caprice, and that their distribution is too often influenced rather by political and religious sympathies of the giver than by the moral worth of the recipient? Even were help always given to those who most need it, charity would be none the less tainted with the capital vice, that it infallibly constitutes relations of inequality between the benefited and the benefactor. The latter rejoices in the consciousness of doing a good thing, as if he were not simply discharging a debt; and the former asks bread as a favor, when he should demand work as a right, or, if helpless, human solidarity. Thus are created and developed hideous mendicity with its lies, its tricks, and its base, heart-breaking hypocrisy. How much nobler are the customs of some so-called "barbarous countries" where the hungry man simply stops by the side of those who eat, is welcomed by all, and then, when satisfied, with a friendly greeting withdraws—remaining in every respect the equal of his host, and fretting under no painful sense of obligation for favors received! But charity breeds patronage and platitudes—miserable fruits of a wretched system, yet the best which a society of capitalists has to offer us!

II.

Hence we may say that, in letting those whom they govern—and the responsibility for whose fate they thereby accept—waste by want, sink under exposure and deteriorate by vice, the leaders of modern society have committed moral bankruptcy. But where the masters have come short, free men may, perchance, succeed. The failure of Governments is no reason why we should be discouraged; on the contrary, it shows us the danger of entrusting to others the guardianship of our rights, and makes us all the more firmly resolved to take our own cause into our own care. We are not among those whom the practice of social hypocrisies, the long weariness of a crooked life, and the uncertainty of the future have reduced to the necessity of asking ourselves—without daring to answer it—the sad question: "Is life worth living?" Yes, to us life does seem worth living, but on condition that it has an end—not personal happiness, not a paradise, either in this world or the next—but the realization of a cherished wish, an ideal that belongs to us, and springs from our innermost conscience. We are striving to draw nearer to that ideal equality which, century after century, has hovered before subject peoples like a heavenly dream. The little that each of us can do offers an ample recompense for the perils of the combat. On these terms life is good, even a life of suffering and sacrifice—even though it may be cut short by premature death.

The first condition of equality, without which any other progress is merest mockery—the object of all socialists without exception—is that every man shall have bread. To talk of duty, of renunciation, of ethereal virtues to the famishing, is nothing less than cowardice. Dives has no right to preach morality to the beggar at his gates. If it

were true that civilised lands did not produce food enough for all, it might be said that, by virtue of vital competition, bread should be reserved for the strong, and that the weak must content themselves with the crumbs that fall from the feasters' tables. In a family where love prevails things are not ordered in this way; on the contrary, the small and the ailing receive the fullest measure; yet it is evident that dearth may strengthen the hands of the violent and make the powerful monopolizers of bread. But are our modern societies really reduced to these straits? On the contrary, whatever may be the value of Malthus' forecasts as to the distant future, it is an actual, incontestable fact that in the civilized countries of Europe and America the sum total of provisions produced, or received in exchange for manufactures, is more than enough for the sustenance of the people. Even in times of partial dearth the granaries and warehouses have but to open their doors that every one may have a sufficient share. Notwithstanding waste and prodigality, despite the enormous losses arising from moving about and "handling" in warehouses and shops, there is always enough to feed generously all the world. And yet there are some who die of hunger! And yet there are fathers who kill their children because when the little ones cry for bread they have none to give them!

Others may turn their eyes from these horrors, we socialists look them full in the face, and seek out their cause. That cause is the monopoly of the soil, the appropriation by a few of the land which belongs to all. We anarchists are not the only ones to say it: the cry for nationalization of the land is rising so high that all may hear it who do not wilfully close their ears. The idea spreads fast, for private property, in its present form, has had its day, and historians are everywhere testifying that the old Roman law is not synonymous with eternal justice. Without doubt it were vain to hope that holders of the soil saturated, so to speak, with ideas of caste, of privilege, and of inheritance will voluntarily give back to all the bread-yielding furrows; the glory will not be theirs of joining as equals their fellow citizens; but when public opinion is ripe—and day by day it grows—individuals will oppose in vain the general concourse of wills, and the axe will be applied to the upas tree's root. Arable land will be held once more in common; but instead of being ploughed and sown almost at hazard by ignorant hands, as it has hitherto been, science will aid us in the choice of climate, of soils, of methods of culture, of fertilizers and of machinery. Husbandry will be guided by the same prescience as mechanical combinations and chemical operations; but the fruits of his toil will not be lost to the laborer. Many so-called savage societies hold their land in common, and humble though in our eyes they may seem, they are our betters in this; want among them is unknown. Are we then too ambitious in desiring to attain a social state which shall add to the conquests of civilization the privileges of these primitive tribes? Through the education of our children we may to some extent fashion the future.

After we have bread for all, we shall require something more—equality of rights; but this point will then soon be realized, for a man who needs not incline himself before his fellows to crave a pittance is already their equal. Equality of conditions, which is in no way incompatible with the infinite diversity of human character, we ardently desire and look upon as indispensable, for it offers us the only means whereby a true public morality can be developed. A man can be truly moral only when he is his own master. From the moment when he awakens to a comprehension of that which is equitable and good it is for him to direct his own movements, to seek in his conscience reasons for his actions, and to perform them simply, without either fearing punishment or looking for reward. Nevertheless his will cannot fail to be strengthened when he sees other men, guided like himself by their own volition, following the same line of conduct. Mutual example will soon constitute a collective code of ethics to which all may conform without effort; but the moment that orders, enforced by legal penalties, replace the personal impulses of the conscience, there is an end to morality. Hence the saying of the Apostle of the Gentiles, "the law makes sin." Even more, it is sin itself, because instead of appealing to man's better part, to his bold initiative, it appeals to his worst—it rules by fear. It thus behoves every one to resist laws that he has not made, and to defend his personal rights, which are also the rights of others. People often speak of the antagonism between rights and duties. It is an empty phrase; there is no such antagonism. Whoso vindicates his own rights fulfils at the same time his duty towards his fellow-men. Privilege, not right, is the converse of duty.

Besides the possession of a man's own person, sound morality involves yet another condition—mutual good-will, which is likewise the outcome of equality. The time-honored words of Mahabarata are as true as ever: "The ignorant are not the friends of the wise; the man who has no cart is not the friend of him who has a cart. Friendship is the daugh-

ter of equality; it is never born of inequality." Without doubt it is given to some men, great by their thoughts, by sympathy, or by strength of will, to win the multitude; but if the attachment of their followers and admirers comes otherwise than of an enthusiastic affinity of idea to idea, or of heart to heart, it is speedily transformed either into fanaticism or servility. He who is hailed lord by the acclamations of the crowd must almost of necessity attribute to himself exceptional virtues, or a "grace of God," that marks him in his own estimation as a predestined being, and he usurps without hesitation or remorse privileges which he transmits as a heritage to his children.

But while in rank exalted he is morally degraded, and his partisans and sycophants are more degraded still; they wait for the words of command which fall from the master's lips; when they hear in the depths of their conscience some faint note of dissent, it is stifled; they become practised liars, they stoop to flattery, and lose the power of looking honest men in the face. Between him who commands and him who obeys, and whose degradation deepens from generation to generation, there is no possibility of friendship. The virtues are transformed; brotherly frankness is destroyed; independence becomes a crime; above is either pitying condescension or haughty contempt, below either envious admiration or hidden hate. Let each of us recall the past and ask ourselves in all sincerity this question: "Who are the men in whose society we have experienced the most pleasure?" Are they personages who have "honored" us with their conversation, or the humble with whom we have "deigned" to associate? Are they not rather our equals, those whose looks neither implore nor command, and whom we may love with open hearts without afterthought or reserve?

It is to live in conditions of equality and escape from the falsehoods and hypocrisies of a society of superiors and inferiors, that so many men and women have formed themselves into close corporations and little worlds apart. America abounds in communities of this sort. But these societies, few of which prosper while many perish, are all ruled more or less by force; they carry within themselves the seeds of their own dissolution, and are reabsorbed by Nature's law of gravitation into the world which they have left. Yet even were they perfection, if man enjoyed in them the highest happiness of which his nature is capable, they would be none the less obnoxious to the charge of selfish isolation, of raising a wall between themselves and the rest of their race; their pleasures are egotistical, and devotion to the cause of humanity would draw back the best of them into the great struggle.

As for us anarchists, never will we separate ourselves from the world to build a little church, hidden in some vast wilderness. Here is the fighting ground, and we remain in the ranks, ready to give our help wherever it may be most needed. We do not cherish premature hopes, but we know that our efforts will not be lost. Many of the ignorant, who either out of love of routine or simplicity of soul now anathematize us will end by associating themselves with our cause. For every man whom circumstances permit to join us freely, hundreds are hindered by the hard necessities of life from openly avowing their opinions, but they listen from afar and cherish our words in the treasury of their hearts. We know that we are defending the cause of the poor, the disinherited, the suffering; we are seeking to restore to them the earth, personal rights, confidence in the future; and is it not natural that they should encourage us by look and gesture, even when they dare not come to us? In times of trouble, when the iron hand of might loosens its hold, and paralyzed rulers reel under the weight of their own power; when the "groups," freed for an instant from the pressure above, reform themselves according to their natural affinities, on which side will be the many? Though making no pretension to prophetic insight, may we not venture without temerity to say that the great multitude would join our ranks? Albeit they never weary of repeating that anarchism is merely the dream of a few visionaries, do not even our enemies, by the insults they heap upon us and the projects and machinations they impute to us, make an incessant propaganda in our favor? It is said that when the magicians of the Middle Ages wanted to raise the devil, they began their incantations by painting his image on a wall. For a long time past modern exorcists have adopted a similar method for conjuring anarchists.

Pending the great work of the coming time, and to the end that this work may be accomplished, it behoves us to utilize every opportunity for rede and deed. Meanwhile, although our object is to live without government and without law, we are obliged in many things to submit. On the other hand, how often are we enabled to disregard their behests and act on our own free will? Ours be it to let slip none of these occasions, and to accept tranquilly whatever personal consequences may result from doing that which we believe to be our duty. In no case will we strengthen authority by appeals or petitions, neither shall we sanction the law by demanding justice from the

courts nor, by giving our votes and influence to any candidate whatsoever, become the authors of our own ill-fortune? It is also easy for us to accept nothing from power, to call no man "master," neither to be called "master" ourselves, to remain in the ranks as simple citizens and to maintain resolutely, and in every circumstance, our quality of equal among equals. Let our friends judge us by our deeds, and reject from among them those of us who falter.

There are unquestionably many kind-hearted men that, as yet, hold themselves aloof from us, and even view our efforts with a certain apprehension, who would nevertheless gladly lend us their help were they not repelled by fear of the violence which almost invariably accompanies revolution. And yet a close study of the present state of things would show them that the supposed period of tranquillity in which we live is really an age of cruelty and violence. Not to speak of war and its crimes, from the guilt of which no civilized State is free, can it be denied that chief among the consequences of the existing social system are murder, maladies and death. Accustomed order is maintained by rude deeds and brute force, yet things that happen every day and every hour pass unperceived, we see in them a series of ordinary events no more phenomenal than times and seasons. It seems little less than impious to rebel against the cycle of violence and repression which comes to us hallowed by the sanction of ages. Far from desiring to replace an era of happiness and peace by an age of disorder and warfare, our sole aim is to put an end to the endless series of calamities which has hitherto been called by common consent "The Progress of Civilization." On the other hand, vengeances are the inevitable incidents of a period of violent changes. It is in the nature of things that they should be. Albeit deeds of violence, prompted by a spirit of hatred, bespeak a feeble moral development, these deeds become fatal and necessary whenever the relations between man and man are not the relations of perfect equity. The original form of justice as understood by primitive peoples, was that of retaliation, and by thousands of rude tribes this system is still observed. Nothing seemed more just than to offset one wrong by a like wrong. Eye for eye! Tooth for tooth! If the blood of one man has been shed another must die! This was the barbarous form of justice. In our civilized societies it is forbidden to individuals to take the law into their own hands. Governments in their quality of social delegates, are charged on behalf of the community with the enforcement of justice, a sort of retaliation somewhat more enlightened than that of the savage. It is on this condition that the individual renounces the right of personal vengeance; but if he be deceived by the mandatories to whom he entrusts the vindication of his rights, if he perceives that his agents betray his cause and league themselves with his oppressors, that official justice aggravates his wrongs; in a word, if whole classes and populations are unfairly used, and have no hope of finding in the society to which they belong a redresser of abuses, is it not certain that they will resume their inherent right of vengeance and execute it without pity? Is not this indeed an ordinance of Nature, a consequence of the physical law of shock and counter-shock? It were unphilosophic to be surprised by its existence. Oppression has always been answered by violence.

Nevertheless, if great human evolutions are always followed by sad outbreaks of personal hatreds, it is not to these bad passions that well-wishers of their kind appeal when they wish to rouse the motive virtues of enthusiasm, devotion, and generosity. If changes had no other result than to punish oppressors, to make them suffer in their turn, to repay evil with evil, the transformation would be only in seeming. What boots it to him who truly loves humanity and desires the happiness of all that the slave becomes master, that the master is reduced to servitude, that the whip changes hands, and that money passes from one pocket to another? It is not the rich and powerful whom we devote to destruction, but the institutions which have favored the birth and growth of these malevolent beings. It is the medium which it behoves us to alter, and for this great work we must reserve all our strength; to waste it in personal vindications were merest puerility. "Vengeance is the pleasure of the gods," said the ancients; but it is not the pleasure of self-respecting mortals; for they know that to become their own avengers would be to lower themselves to the level of their former oppressors. If we would rise superior to our adversary, we must, after vanquishing him, make him bless his defeat. The revolutionary device, "For our liberty and for yours," must not be an empty word.

The people in all times have felt this; and after every temporary triumph the generosity of the victor has obliterated the menaces of the past. It is a constant fact that in all serious popular movements, made for an idea, hope of a better time, and above all, the sense of a new dignity, fills the soul with high and magnanimous sentiments. So soon as the police, both political and civil, cease their functions and the masses become masters of the streets,

the moral atmosphere changes, each feels himself responsible for the prosperity and contentment of all; molestation of individuals is almost unheard of; even professional criminals pause in their sad career, for they, too, feel that something great is passing through the air. Ah! if revolutionaries, instead of obeying a vague idea as they have almost always done, had formed a definite aim, a well-considered scheme of social conduct, if they had firmly willed the establishment of a new order of things in which every citizen might be assured bread, work, instruction, and the free development of his being, there would have been no danger in opening all prison-gates to their full width, and saying to the unfortunates whom they shut in, "Go, brothers, and sin no more."

It is always to the nobler part of man that we should address ourselves when we want to do great deeds. A general fighting for a bad cause stimulates his soldiers with promises of booty; a benevolent man who cherishes a noble object encourages his companions by the example of his own devotion and self-sacrifice. For him faith in his idea is enough. As says the proverb of the Danish peasants: "His will in his paradise." What matters it that he is treated as a visionary! Even though his undertaking were only a chimera he knows nothing more beautiful and sweet than the desire to act rightly and do good; in comparison with this vulgar realities are for him but shadows, the apparitions of an instant.

But our ideal is not a chimera. This, public opinion well knows; for no question more preoccupies it than that of social transformation. Events are casting there shadows before. Among men who think is there one who in some fashion or another is not a socialist—that is to say, who has not his own little scheme for changes in economic relations? Even the orator who noisily denies that there is a social question, affirms the contrary by a thousand propositions. And those who would lead us back to the Middle Ages, are they not also socialists? They think they have found in a past, restored after modern ideas, conditions of social justice which will establish forever the brotherhood of man. All are awaiting the birth of a new order of things; all ask themselves, some with misgiving, others with hope, what the morrow will bring forth. It will not come with empty hands. The century which has witnessed so many grand discoveries in the world of science cannot pass away without giving us still greater conquests. Industrial appliances, that by a single electric impulse make the same thought vibrate through five continents, have distanced by far our social morals, which are yet in many regards the outcome of reciprocally hostile interests. The axis is displaced; the world must crack that its equilibrium may be restored. In spirit revolution is ready; it is already thought—it is already willed; it only remains to realize it, and this is not the most difficult part of the work.

The governments of Europe will soon have reached the limits to the expansion of their power and find themselves face to face with their increasing populations. The superabundant activity which wasts itself in distant wars must then find employment at home—unless in their folly the shepherds of the people should try to exhaust their energies by setting Europeans against Europeans, as they have so often done before. It is true that in this way they may retard the solution of the social problem, but it will rise again after each postponement, more formidable than before.

Let economists and rulers invent political constitutions or salaried organizations, whereby the workman may be made the friend of his master, the subject the brother of the potentate, we, "frightful anarchists" as we are, know only one way of establishing peace and goodwill among men—the suppression of privilege and the recognition of right. Our ideal, as we have said, is that of the fraternal equity for which all yearn, but almost always as a dream; with us it takes form and becomes a concrete reality. It pleases us not to live if the enjoyments of life are to be for us alone; we protest against our good fortune if we may not share it with others; it is sweeter for us to wander with the wretched and the outcast than to sit crowned with roses, at the banquets of the rich. We are weary of these inequalities which make us the enemies of each other; we would put an end to the furies which are ever bringing men into hostile collision, and all of which arise from the bondage of the weak to the strong under the form of slavery, serfage, and service. After so much hatred we long to love each other, and for this reason are we enemies of private property and despisers of the law.—ELISÉE RECLUS, in *The Contemporary Review.*

THE OAKS OF SHERWOOD FOREST.

HAVING wandered for about three miles along a highway overhung with the fragrant lime and the deepening foliage of the elm, the first object of interest is to be seen close beside the road; and this old memorial of the dead past is often unnoticed by the visitor as

he saunters leisurely along. It is the skeleton, so to speak, of an oak-tree that at one time must have been of huge dimensions, and capable of giving shade to hundreds of men. It is generally known by the name of the "Parliament Oak," tradition asserting that King John, of Magna Charta fame, who was an ardent devotee of sport, and occupied during certain seasons of the year a palace in the woods at Clipstone, for the purpose of facilitating his deer-hunting proclivities, once had occasion to call his parliament together, and the senators of his court assembled under the gigantic oak which now stands near the highway. Whether such traditional information is correct cannot well be ascertained; but great care is taken of the "relic," and it is chained together, so that a dissolution of the trunk cannot easily take place. For six hundred years it is supposed to have withstood the blasts of winter, and many years will yet elapse before it ceases to give that cooling, leafy shade which the pedestrian is so grateful for in the hot days of summer. Turning to the right, a very remarkable sight is reached. This is the "Shambles Oak," the remnant of an immense tree, with a trunk half hollow, and half destroyed by fire by some forest Vandal. It is stated that here Robin Hood used to conceal the venison he had procured in the chase, and from the size of the interior, it may easily be conjectured what amount of booty might be concealed. Like the first-named "relic," this *ci-devant* monarch of the forest is carefully chained, and sustained, like a paralytic, with crutches and supports, so that the traditional monument shall be allowed to escape the fate of Lucifer, "to fall and never to rise again." Travelling on, the division line between the estates of the Duke of Portland and the Earl of Manvers is reached; and it will be seen that the fenced line of one mile consists entirely of holly-trees of singular height and size. Between the two estates a splendid glade runs down to the confines, and a fine old oak occupies the sole position in the open space of green. Everything in this part of Sherwood is tropical in its profusion and wildness, and the silvery birch nestles under the giant oak, while the elm bends over the turfy footpath, and shelters the traveller from scorching heat. A long line of turf alone shows where the pedestrian may proceed; but if he is wise, he will turn to the right and proceed along the carriage-way, which is as full of pebbles as the seashore. Bracken and gorse almost envelope him, while millions of flies come from all parts of the forest to pay him homage. Half a mile further on he may sit down and rest on the roots of a forest king, the "Simon Forester," as it has been designated by the dwellers in the vicinity, and admire the immensity of the trunk, and the extent of the shade it affords. Such a monster is rare in the forest, or indeed in England, and it is to be hoped that no forester, whether the famed "Simon" or his descendants, will ever be allowed to lay the axe to its roots. During the interval the "sublime weed" will help to dispel the flying pests which are so demonstrative in their affection, and he will be able to proceed along the pebbled way refreshed, cooled, and invigorated.

Three furlongs further on, through a wilderness of tangled forest, presenting every variety of foliage and tint, the crowning triumph of his labor is reached, and he again sits down under the shade of one of the mightiest oaks that exist in England. This is the famous "Major Oak," the photographic picture of which he will be able to purchase from the old man of the woods who constantly inhabits its vicinity. He will be lucky indeed if he can sit down on the immense roots without being interrupted *in his* cogitations by the presence of a party bent on enjoyment. This is the "happy hunting-ground" of the Nottingham lacemaker and the Sheffield grinder, and no better *locale* could be imagined. The venerable oak stands in the centre of an acre of beautiful turf, and can be viewed in all the glory of its proud position. The size of its trunk can be imagined from the fact that seven full-grown persons can only clasp hands around it, while its hollow interior has been known to accommodate a dozen persons. The spectator is astounded with its size, and not only is it the monarch of the forest, but its branches spread out to form a picture of grace and surpassing beauty. These are no lightning-shivered branches or ungainly growth: all the *pose* of the tree is exceptionally majestic, and such as many an artist has loved to delineate. Here he may rest and gaze upon the aspect of loveliness which surrounds him, and when he has sufficiently admired the thousands of birches with their shimmering leaves—the chestnuts with their wealth of foliage—the golden-crested gorse, and the undulations of woodland scenery, unmatched in its beauty, he will be content to seek the quietude of the village inn, and ruminate on his wanderings through one of the most picturesque forests in the kingdom. Further on he would encounter an army of great oaks, and the magnificent mansion of Thoresby, standing in a park of three thousand acres, with pretty Pearlthorpe Church, and historic Clumber—the heritage of the young Duke of Newcastle—in the far distance. But premising he is

content with his walk through one section of the forest, he had better strike a "bee-line" from his resting-place, and in a few minutes he will be approaching the village of Edwinstowe, with its quaintly constructed church, where Maid Marian is said to have been united in the bonds of matrimony to her forest lover Robin Hood. In this old-world village he will be able to find the needful rest and accommodation, and will not be ungrateful for the simple fare set before him, nor unthankful that he has been able to enjoy a sight of nature's beauties in their lavish loveliness.—*Forestery.*

INDIAN FABLES.

THE BIRDS AND THE LIME.

A FOWLER in the East once went to a wood, scattered some grain on the ground, spread a net over it with some lime in it, and was watching from a distance to see what luck would attend his efforts. A great many birds assembled on the trees around the net and said, "What fine corn that is! We can seldom hope to get anything like it." An owl that was close by said, "How nice that white thing in the net is!" "What is it?" said the birds. "Why, it is our best friend in the world; it is lime. When it holds us in its embrace we can never hope to get away." The birds left the place at once. The fowler said, "A clever bird knows the lime."

THE WEALTHY MAN AND THE STRING.

A wealthy man in the East had no knowledge of music; yet he pretended to know a great deal of it. So, whenever a famous singer came to him, he would tie one end of a string to his coat-tail and give the other end to his wife, who understood music well, and who generally sat behind a screen according to the custom of ladies in the East. The understanding was that whenever there was anything in the singing that was specially praiseworthy, the wife should pull that the man might nod his approbation of it. Once a great singer was displaying his skill, and suddenly the string snapped; the man cried, "Wait a bit, good singer, the string hath snapped!" The whole audience was amazed, and in the end, knowing what he really meant, exclaimed, "A parrot and a fool can do nothing without prompting!"

THE SWORD, THE RAZOR, AND THE STRAP.

A razor once said to a sword, "How is it men always speak of you with respect, while they hardly make any mention of me?" "Because," said the sword, "you skim over the surface, while I go deeper." "Just so," said the razor, "and thereby do them more harm than ever I can." "You are quite right," said the strap, who was of course an ally of the razor; "men always call them great that do them the greatest amount of harm. The more the evil the more the glory!"

THE WELL-BRED AND THE ILL-BRED.

A man once stood up at a market-place in the East and said, "I have been ordered by the king to collect all the well-born and well-bred and bring them before him, because he wishes to reward them." Everybody that heard him joined him, and he went towards the palace surrounded by the whole town. Then he suddenly turned round and said: "The king has just sent me word that he means to help only those that have been ill-born and ill-bred to make up for their misfortunes." The crowd lingered behind for awhile, and then one after another joined the man as ill-born and ill-bred to merit the king's gifts. The man said, "The world goes as the wind blows!"

THE DRUM AND THE SOLDIERS.

A detachment of soldiers was marching through a wood to avoid meeting a larger detachment of the enemy in the neighborhood. The drummer kept beating his drum, though not loud. The sound, however, attracted the attention of the enemy, and they surrounded the party. The captain bade the drummer beat with all his energy to inspire his men with courage. So he did. They fought like lions and won the day. The captain said, "Good and evil often flow from the same source."

THE OWLS AND THE CROWS.

The owls, which can't see during the day, and the crows, which can't see during the night, were foes. So the owls said to the crows, "We don't want the sun as you do; we can do without him; we can see in the dark." The crows said, "We don't believe you see in the dark; because those who can't see in the day can much less see in the night." They became friends. Then the owls said to the crows, "You don't see in the night because you are a part of it; else how could you be so black!" The crows returned the compliment, saying, "You don't see during the day because your eyes are a part of the sun; else how could they be so brilliant and round!" Then they said together, "As we love or hate, we think of each estate!"—*Collected from original sources by* P. V. RAMASWAMI RAJU, B.A.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MINERALS AND WATER AS FOOD CONSTITUENTS.

THE mineral parts of our food play an important part in the maintenance of the frame. We thus require iron for the blood, phosphorus for the brain and nerves, and lime for the bones; whilst a variety of other minerals is likewise found in the blood and other fluids of the frame. The uses of the mineral constituents of our body are still a matter of speculation. Small as may be the quantity of certain minerals required for the support of the body, serious health-derangement may result when we are deprived of these substances. Thus, scurvy appears to be a disease associated with the want of the mineral potash in the blood; and the cure of this disease is therefore accomplished when we supply to the blood those mineral elements which have previously been deficient. Common salt, or chloride of sodium, as it is chemically termed, although not entering into the composition of the body, appears to form an important part of all the secretions; and there can be little doubt that this mineral aids the formation and chemical integrity of the gastric juice of the stomach.

Of all foods, water is, perhaps, the most important, seeing that it is a substance which, in the absence of all other nourishment, can sustain life for a period numbering many days. Thus, whilst a man dies in from six to seven days when deprived of solid food and water, life may be prolonged to as many as sixty days on water alone. The high importance of water as a food is abundantly proved, when we discover that it constitutes about two-thirds of the weight of the body; that it enters into the composition of the brain to the extent of eighty per cent.; that the blood consists of nearly eighty per cent. of water; and that even bone contains ten per cent. of this fluid. Entering thus into the composition of every fluid and tissue of the body, and being perpetually given off from lungs, skin, and kidneys in the ordinary work of life, there is little wonder that water assumes the first place amongst foods. Regarding the uses of water as a food, we see that it dissolves and conveys other foods throughout the system; that it assists in removing waste products; and that it also takes a share in regulating the temperature of the body through its evaporation on the skin.

A SPIDER'S INGENUITY.

A CORRESPONDENT writes as follows to *Science:* Last summer, while at Lynchburg, Va., I observed a spider—probably an Epeira—spinning a thread down from the upper section of a large fountain on the lawn of the Arlington hotel. He was some eight feet from the surface. I watched him descend to the water, where he captured a beetle that had unfortunately fallen into the large basin. The beetle must have been an inch long. Our Epeira made a turn of his line around his captive, and ascended all the way to his nest; immediately descending, he threw another loop around his prey, and again ascended to his nest, continuing this process for full ten minutes: to my surprise, while the spider was at his web, apparently overhauling and tightening the several threads that he had spun to and from the beetle, it left the water, and, evidently by elastic contraction of the threads, ascended full an inch from the surface. The spider spun down another lasso, and threw it round his victim, then retired and was busy with his lines, when the beetle again moved upwards. These operations were repeated, until, at the end of forty-five minutes, he had snugly secured his prey in his nest, at a distance of at least eight feet from the water, by this curious and interesting method.

LIQUEFACTION OF GASES.

SOME important researches on the liquefaction of the refractory gases have been recently conducted by Messrs. Von Wroblewski and Olszewski. In their ingeniously constructed apparatus they are able to liquefy oxygen under a pressure of about twenty atmospheres at a temperature of — 130° C. The oxygen then appears as a colorless, transparent, exceedingly mobile liquid. In order to liquefy nitrogen and carbon monoxide, they require a pressure of at least fifty atmospheres. In the course of their researches they have succeeded in solidifying alcohol at about — 130·5° C., the substance appearing first as a viscous liquid, like thick oil, and then as a white solid body. The method of operation has been described in Poggendorff's *Annalen* and in the *Annales de Chimie.*

ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

AT a recent meeting of the London Anthropological Institute, W. J. Knowles read a paper on the Antiquity of Man in Ireland. He exhibited a series of flints discovered by him at Larne and other parts of the north-east coast of Ireland, some of which he believed to have been dressed in imitation of certain pear-shaped nodules or hammer-stones found at the same spot, while others showed more evident signs of human workmanship. One large chipped implement was found in what appeared to be true, undisturbed boulder-clay, and hence the author contended that the implements he exhibited were not only older than the Neolithic Age in Ireland, but older even than those previously known as Palæolithic, and that they carry the age of man back into the Glacial period.

WATER-FILTER.

DR. TITUS MUNSON COAN gives in Harpers' *Weekly* the following directions for the construction of a filter for family use: A two-gallon stone jar, rather tall and narrow, makes the best container. A keg of about equal size will answer as well, if it is kept constantly in use, so that the taste of the wood shall not get into the water. Put in a tin stopcock within an inch of the bottom, and a little above this an earthenware plate pierced with small holes like a sieve. The conical shape of the jar or barrel will keep this in place if it is properly fitted. Upon this the filtering substances are laid. First, clean, dry, coarse sand, or clean, dry, small flint pebbles, to the depth of one inch; then a layer of sand of medium fineness one and one-half inches thick; then a half-inch layer of charcoal, broken up into small lumps; and then an inch layer of fine sand. The whole will settle together into a layer some three inches thick. Top off with pebbles as large as an egg, to prevent the water, when poured in, from displacing the filtering substances below. The whole apparatus should be snugly covered; and two or three times a year the charcoal should be changed, and the sand and pebbles thoroughly washed and dried in the sunlight.

This apparatus, Dr. Coan says, will supply a household of ten or a dozen people with all the pure water they need.

INOCULATING WITH THE VIRUS OF RABIES.

M. PASTEUR, who has already made so many valuable discoveries in connection with diseases that are propagated by germs, has, in his own name and that of his assistants, MM. Chamberlan and Roux, communicated to the French Academies of Sciences and Medicine the results of his experimental inoculations with the virus of rabies. He finds that the virus may remain in the nervous tissues without manifestation for three weeks, even during the summer months. Virulence is manifested not merely in the nervous tissues, but in the parotid and sub-lingual glands. The granulations observed in the fourth ventricle, when in a state of virulence, are finer than the granulations in the fourth ventricle when in a healthy state, and they can be colored by means of aniline derivatives. The virus of rabies injected into the veins or beneath the skin produces paralytic rabies, while inoculations into the spinal cord or the brain produce the paroxysmal form. Inoculations with quantities of the virus too small to be effective, have no preservative influence against subsequent inoculations. Whether the virus is propagated by means of the nervous tissues or by absorption through the surfaces of the wound, has not been ascertained. Finally, the experiments have shown that the protective "attenuation" of the virus is possible. The energy or the nature of the virus varies in each species of animals. By passing the virus through different animals, "cultures," or varying qualities of virus, are obtained, whose precise effects can be predicted. Thus a "culture" has been obtained which certainly kills a rabbit in five or six days, and another which certainly kills a guinea-pig in the same time. Other things being equal, the virulence varies inversely with the duration of the incubation. M. Pasteur and his assistants have good reason to believe that by means of a special culture they have succeeded in making twenty dogs absolutely proof against rabid inoculations. M. Pasteur, with his usual caution, asks for a little longer time before finally pronouncing on the condition of the dogs in question. To devise a means of making the dog proof against rabies is, of course, to devise a means of almost certainly preserving man (including children) from this frightful disorder; for hydrophobia is almost invariably communicated to man and other animals by the bites of rabid dogs.

FISH CULTURE.

When the "Great International Fisheries Exhibition" of 1883 was finally closed, and the varied collection of objects which had attracted to it so many thousands of visitors had been rapidly removed, those who had felt an anxious interest in its objects and its success had leisure to reflect upon its probable results. The first questions that suggested themselves to every thoughtful mind were, "What has this exhibition taught us?" and "Will it really conduce to the improvement of our fisheries, and the amelioration of the condition of our fishermen and those dependent on them?"

That much important instruction was to be gained from it was, from the first, perceptible; but there was grave reason for doubt whether the benefit to be derived from this would be confined to the acquisition of additional theoretical knowledge by a few persons capable of appreciating it, or whether it would be rendered permanently, practically, and publicly useful.

The committee of the exhibition did everything in their power to promote the interchange of national opinions and experience by the holding of conferences open to free discussion of the views and systems of practical men of various countries. That the advantage obtained from the statements thus elicited should not be merely transitory, the papers read and the discussions of them were published at a low price. Treatises upon various special subjects connected with the exhibition were also issued. It was a great thing accomplished that, so far as was possible, the knowledge acquired was recorded, but more than this was necessary. If this knowledge were to be fully utilized it must be progressive. The exhibition was not to be looked upon as a camp from which, when it was broken up, the army of students was to return to its old quarters, but as a strong position from which a fresh advance might be made.

The first lesson learned was that Great Britain is far behind other countries, and even some of her own colonies, in practical fish-culture. The artificial hatching of the eggs of the Salmonidæ, and their protection by laws prohibiting their capture at certain seasons of the year, and other judicious regulations, have been carried on for many years with very gratifying and increasing success: but even in this it was found that Canada could give us many valuable hints. Every reader of these lines probably knows that the salmon quits the sea annually, and runs up some suitable river (some say that in which it was born), in order to deposit its eggs in the gravel of the upper waters of the stream. During the long journey which this often involves, the gravid fish has to pass through dangers innumerable, and to incur such risks of capture, by lawful or unlawful means, that it is surprising how any salmon reach the spawning beds at all. If this be achieved, and the natural process of the deposition and fertilization of the ova be successfully performed, the return journey down the river has its dangers also; and even if these be escaped many of the male fish die exhausted before they reach the invigorating water of the estuary or the open sea. Mr. Samuel Wilmot, who was the commissioner for the Canadian Government at the Fisheries Exhibition, showed a model and plans of a Canadian fishery establishment, where the salmon are intercepted in the salt water whilst on their way to the spawning grounds in the fresh water far away from the sea, and allowed to remain in salt-water pools until their eggs are ready to be shed. They are then artificially spawned, and their eggs impregnated, and placed in troughs of running water, where the young fish are developed in them, and in due time hatched, whilst the parent fish, male and female, are turned loose into the sea-water; and, having no longer any motive for undertaking the long and perilous voyage up-stream, go to sea at once, and immediately begin to increase in size and weight.

The cultivation of pond fishes and those which are known as the "coarse fish" of rivers, which is largely practised on the Continent, has fallen into disuse amongst us. When Roman Catholicism was the religion of the country the growth of freshwater fishes in ponds and "stews" was everywhere encouraged, and was, in fact, necessary to the inland population for their compliance with the due observance of fast-days. There is no doubt whatever that this might be made a profitable industry, and that in view of the enhanced price of our sea-fish it would be publicly beneficial. The Jews, who are noted for their excellent cookery of fish, are the principal consumers of freshwater fishes in this country, and so large a quantity is sometimes required to supply the demand during some of their religious festivals that even small roach find ready purchasers.

The multiplicity of inventions for the carriage and transport to long distances of living fishes and their eggs exhibited by the United States testified to the great attention bestowed on the subject in that country. Travelling railroad cars, fitted as completely for this purpose as are the travelling postal vans for the arranging and sorting of the mails on our various railways, are there regarded as part of the necessary appliances; and the investigations of the United States Fish and Fishery Commission are carried on with an earnestness and method and to an extent which are unequalled amongst ourselves. And these are not restricted to the artificial cultivation of freshwater fishes, but are directed also to the improvement of the sea fisheries in the various departments of fish, crustacea and mollusca. It is unnecessary to follow in detail the progress made by each country in the cultivation, protection, and preservation of fish. The fact remains, and it is a very unsatisfactory one, that in this work almost every other nation is in advance of ourselves.

The Fisheries Exhibition of last year is now a thing of the past, and another connected with a different subject is already occupying its place; but it is only within the past few weeks that the influence of the former on the work of practical fish-culture has become definitively apparent.

1. The National Fish-Culture Association, which was founded in 1883, has recently held several meetings, one result of which has been that it has agreed to take charge of the aquarium at South Kensington during the time that the Health Exhibition is open, to give the Government time to decide whether they will place the tanks and apparatus permanently under the superintendence of the Science Department, as an aid to biological investigation. The smack-owners and fish-merchants of Billingsgate have promised their cordial assistance, and will help to keep the tanks furnished with living fish and crustacea, though the principal supply will be obtained by a trawling-boat especially employed by the Association for that purpose.

2. A Freshwater Fisheries Bill has been passed by Parliament, which, if it does not meet the wishes of every one, is at any rate a step in the right direction.

3. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in announcing recently that the surplus of profit of the Fisheries Exhibition amounted to £15,000 (with a further prospective £10,000 from the rental of its buildings for other exhibitions), recommended that whilst £10,000 should be devoted to the alleviation of distress of widows and orphans of fishermen, £3,000 should be devoted to the founding of a "Royal Fisheries Society."

4. It has been proposed that a "Marine Zoological Station," on the principle of that of Naples, shall be established somewhere on the coast, which shall be fitted and conducted as a seaside laboratory and observatory for the improvement of knowledge of the structure, habits, etc., of marine animals, not only with a view to the advancement of science, but to the application of science to practice. The meeting, held in the rooms of the Royal Society, under the presidency of Professor Huxley, was a most influential one, and the best zoologists of the day are in favor of the establishment of the proposed station if funds for the purpose can be found.

We have already had experience of the practical value of observations made in our marine aquaria. In 1866 Dr. George Ossian Sars, of Christiania, announced his discovery that the eggs of the cod tribe, the mackerel, the gurnard, and other fishes, float on the surface of the sea during the whole period of their development, instead of, as was formerly supposed, being deposited by the parent fish in the sand or sediment at the bottom. In 1873, whilst I had charge of the Naturalists' Department at the Brighton Aquarium, I was able to confirm Dr. Sars's observations, and also to spawn artificially some of the fishes mentioned. One great objection made to deep-sea trawling—that the trawl destroyed the spawn of fish at the bottom—was thus at once proved to be fallacious in the case of the fishes referred to, whose eggs never sank to the bottom at all. The ova of the herring do, however, sink to the bottom, and adhere so tightly to the first substance they touch that they cannot be torn away from it without their tough outer membrane being ruptured. The American Fishery Commission state that they have artificially impregnated the ova of the cod, and conveyed them to localities far distant from that where they were taken; and that they have thus induced the mature fish to visit the American coasts in summer. This is merely an instance of the kind of observations that may be expected to be turned to practical account by such a marine observatory as that suggested.

Whether the three societies above mentioned will be combined, or whether each will pursue a different course and take in hand a different line of work, is at present uncertain. It is evident, however, that a fresh impetus has been given to the consideration of all matters connected with fish culture and fisheries-regulation, the importance of which in relation to the food supply of the people is being daily forced upon our notice by the scarcity and high price of many kinds of fish.

Whilst looking forward hopefully to the advancement of fish-culture, we may well pause a moment to look back upon its past. It is not so long ago that the number of salmon which annually spawned in our rivers had become so diminished that the supply was partially exhausted, and it seemed probable that this fish would become a scarce and expensive luxury. It is doing no injustice to others to say that to the late Mr. Frank Buckland it is due, above all men in this country, that salmon is now abundant. He devoted himself to the restocking of our salmon rivers, and his enthusiasm enlisted the sympathy of riparian proprietors, land-owners, noblemen, and conservators, and inspired them with a desire to co-operate in the good and interesting work of rendering the rivers of our country suitable and fit for the noble fish which had almost deserted them. The Government took up the matter in no listless spirit, and wisely appointed as inspector of fisheries the man whose heart was so completely in the work and the objects to be achieved. So strong was Frank Buckland's faith in the possibility of restoring the salmon fisheries of Great Britain, that in the exuberance of his enthusiasm he publicly declared that "if he did not succeed in bringing down the price of salmon to 6*d.* or 8*d.* per lb. he would eat his hat." He was laughed at; people shrugged their shoulders and called him a madman. He himself was half afraid that he had been too confident; for I well remember that the day after that on which he made the bold announcement, he asked me, with a rueful expression on his bright face, "if I could tell him of the best way of cooking a hat to make it tender and digestible, for he feared his 'golgotha' was doomed." But he set to work earnestly, and, aided by his able and prudent colleague, Mr. Spencer Walpole, soon effected numerous improvements. By judicious legislation rivers were freed from pollutions which had befouled their waters and poisoned the fish, and from obstacles in the shape of weirs, dams, and "fixed engines," which had prevented the passage of the salmon to their spawning grounds, and—last season prime salmon was sold in Farringdon Market at and under 8*d.* per pound.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, when presiding over the first preliminary meeting held at the Mansion House for the promotion of the International Fisheries Exhibition of 1883, paid a well-merited tribute to the memory of Mr. Frank Buckland, and, in language which touched a sympathetic chord in the hearts of many of his hearers, expressed regret that the well-known naturalist and fish-culturist had not lived to see the vast collection of fishery appliances of all nations for which, as a pioneer, he had done so much to prepare the way.—HENRY LEE, F. G. S., in *The Leisure Hour*.

VEGETATION IN THE FAR NORTH.

Recent researches of Professor Schubeler develop some interesting facts regarding vegetation in high latitudes. He found that dwarf beans taken from Christiania to Trondhjem, about four degrees further north, and grown there, gained more than 60 per cent. in weight, and that thyme from Lyons, planted at Trondhjem, gained 71 per cent. Seed from Norway, sown in Breslau, decreased greatly in the first year, and, generally speaking, those plants which are capable of maturing at all in or near the Arctic regions, produce much heaver seed than when grown nearer to the equator.

It has long been known that the color and aroma of flowers are much more decided in higher latitudes. The saxifrage, to which Londoners commonly apply the name of "London pride," may be seen growing in the northern parts of Norway on perpendicular rock walls, with flowers drooping in masses as large as ordinary grape bunches, while in Britain they compare in size with currant bunches, and W. Mattieu Williams declares that the largest wild strawberries and wild raspberries he has ever gathered or seen were growing on the mountain-side, above the Etnedal, latitude 61°, and about 2,000 feet above sea-level. The cause of this luxuriance is doubtless the continuous summer sunshine. It can only operate thus on plants that arrive quickly at maturity, as the sun soon descends, and the short summer is ended. Hops are successfully cultivated in Norway, where they grow with marvelous rapidity, and seem to be less subject to failure from bad seasons than in Kent. That Siberia should be a country of great agricultural resources is a startling idea to many, but it is such nevertheless, and, were it easy of access, might supply Western Europe with much agricultural produce.

JABLOSHKOFF, whose electrical candle is well known, has invented a sodium battery which is stated to possess a much higher electro-motive force than any other hitherto devised. The sodium is used in thin plates coupled with compressed carbon. When not in action the sodium is kept covered with naphtha. A company has been formed in Paris for working this sodium battery.

THE COLONIES OF FRANCE.

AT the present moment, when the spirited colonial policy of France is attracting general attention, when this policy is being supported by armed expeditions in Tonkin, in Madagascar, and on the Congo, it may be of interest to give a general summary of the present position of the French colonial possessions. As Englishmen we are wont to ridicule the pretensions of the French as colonizers, and though the Parisian press warmly resents such views, a study of history and of the general feelings of the middle and lower classes of the French population, laying on one side entirely the unfortunate pecuniary condition of the colonies, is more than enough to confirm an impartial observer in the generally accepted idea that the French cannot colonize. It is true that under Louis the Fourteenth the white flag of the Bourbons covered many a possession long since transferred to other Powers, and it is possible that, had these territories remained in the hands of the early French settlers, they might now have been profitable appendages to the Republic; it is equally true that the colonies restored to France by the Treaties of Paris of 1814 and 1815 were situated in climes where colonization is difficult, and where the life of a European laborer is practically forbidden, and thus the prosperity of her distant possessions was, as it were, heavily handicapped. Still the fact remains that the colonies which France possesses at the present day are a serious drain on the expenditure of the mother country, afford no field for the emigration of its surplus poorer population, are so over-ridden by bureaucracy as to be very unpleasant places of residence for all but the official classes, and swallow up in garrisons a force larger than the standing army of Great Britain, and far larger than that with which we hold India.

The French colonies in round numbers consist of 386,000 square miles, with a population of five and a-half millions and a garrison of 121,000 men.

In Asia she has the establishments: in India of Pondicherry, Karikal, Chandernagore, and Mahé, besides the comparatively recently conquered province of Cochin China.

In Africa: the islands of Réunion, Mayotte, and Nossi Bé: Senegal, the Gold Coast and Gaboon.

In America: the islands of Martinique, Guadaloupe, and their dependencies, French Guiana, and the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon off the Newfoundland coast.

In the southern Pacific Ocean: New Caledonia, the penal settlement, Tahiti and the neighboring islands, which have lately been placed under French protection.

On the first occupation of these colonies, the government was as a rule left in the hands of the early settlers, who, either by purchase or by force of arms, became lords of the soil; but as time rolled on and the direction of affairs was entrusted to trading companies (analogous to our East India Company as it was in the seventeenth century), it became evident that some permanent official connection must be established with the parent kingdom. In or about the year 1635, Governors-General were appointed to the various French colonies by order of the King, but they were expressly forbidden from interfering in any way with matters concerning commerce or the sale of lands; they were, in fact, Captains-General and Governors-in-Chief entrusted with all measures for the defence of the colonies to which they were appointed, and for the efficient carrying on of legislation. It was not long, however, before the anomalous position of these officials was shown by the acrimonious quarrels which arose between them and the settlers, and in the year 1679 a civilian administrator was appointed to assist Governors in the more purely administrative portion of their duties, their hands being further strengthened in the year 1789 by the nomination of colonial assemblies in all the chief dependencies. The Constitution of 1791, overwhelming as it was in its effects on the mother country, did not deal with the colonies, but a special decree of September of that year introduced fundamental changes in the government of the French possessions. Pressure of business at home prevented the Directory from giving effect to its new ruling, and it was not until a decree of the Senate dated the 4th of August, 1803, that any actual alteration was carried out, when the Captains-General were supported by colonial Préfets and colonial judges. In 1814, fresh steps became necessary, in order to put an end to the endless bickerings between colonial officials, and special laws were passed defining the power of the various authorities and granting municipal councils to the chief towns in the colonies. Rest has never been an attribute of the French legislator, and the colonies have suffered in no small degree from the never-ending tinkering at the hands of the Chambers. In 1825, 1827, 1828, 1830, 1833, 1840, and 1844, fresh laws were passed dealing with colonial administration, and each fresh law brought with it fresh taxation and raised fresh grievances.

At last, in 1848, the abolition of slavery fell with such a heavy blow on colonial proprietors that the Senate was compelled to sanction

the formation of a Commission to study the measures best calculated to ameliorate the condition of the impoverished landlords, and to insure the social and economic progress of the threatened dependencies. The recommendations of this Commission were again annulled by a decree of the 3d of May, 1854, which laid down that all colonial matters of a local character should be entrusted to the Governor; that those referring to property, to criminal jurisdiction, and to the military forces should be decided by the Senate; whilst the organization of the legal courts, of the episcopal services, and services of public instruction should be reserved for the "Conseil d'Etat." At the same time the commercial system was modified. Up till 1854 France reserved to herself the right of furnishing her colonies with all goods of which they had need, the importation of foreign produce was interdicted, and the colonies were likewise compelled to send their produce to the mother country. The transport of merchandise between France and her colonies was also reserved for French vessels. It was not until the year 1861 that this absurd Protectionist doctrine was abolished, and even now, owing to the inequalities of the customs, foreign countries trading with French colonies, and foreign merchants residing therein, are placed at a very great disadvantage.

The fall of the Empire witnessed great changes in the constitution of the colonies. A decree of the Senate of the 3d of December, 1870, declared the establishment of universal suffrage throughout the French dependencies. Martinique, Guadaloupe, Réunion, Senegal, Guiana, and the East Indies were each permitted to send a representative to the National Assembly, and later on the same privilege was extended to Cochin China. Shortly after this "Conseils Généraux" were established in all the large colonies, the internal administration of the lesser dependencies being entrusted to municipal councils, who lightened the labors of the Governors.

At the present moment the French colonies may be divided into two great classes:—

I. Those endowed with representative institutions; these comprise Martinique, Guadaloupe, Réunion, Guiana, Senegal, the East Indies, and Cochin China; and

II. Those where the Governor and the council have practically absolute power, as in New Caledonia, the Oceanic Islands, Mayotte, Nossi Bé, St. Pierre, and Miquelon.

In the former category the administrative power is wielded by a Governor, who has under him a chief justice, an inspector of the civil service, a chief of the medical department, an officer commanding the forces, naval and military, a bishop or other head of the church; these senior officials, aided by two of the inhabitants elected by the suffrages of their fellows, constitute as it were a supreme council to adjudicate on local matters which it is not considered advisable to refer to Paris. In these colonies all fiscal and financial questions are disposed of by the "Conseils Généraux," which are composed of members elected by universal suffrage of all male inhabitants above twenty-one years of age. These councils legislate on all matters which specially concern the colony. They vote the amount of rates and taxes; they deliberate and furnish reports on all questions which relate to the trade between the colony and the mother country; they decide on the local budget. Their sittings are public, and they can refer to the Minister of Marine all claims and protests with regard to their own local interests. The Conseils Généraux of colonies can discuss amongst themselves questions of mutual interest, either verbally, by means of delegates sent from other colonies, or by dispatches. No decision can, however, be arrived at without the consent of the Minister of Marine or without the unanimous approval of the colonies interested. In addition to the Conseils Généraux the Governor of each of these colonies is aided in his duties by a colonial commission, which corresponds to the "Commissions Départementales" in France: it is elected each year, and is presided over by the senior member in point of age; it must consist of at least four, and of not more than seven, members, and they elect their own secretary. This commission meets once a month. Its services are gratuitous, and it is assisted in its labors by the chief of the civil administration, who is at liberty to call on the heads of other departments when matters affecting them are under discussion. This "Commission Coloniale" relieves the Conseils Généraux of many of their functions; when the work of the latter is extremely heavy, a certain proportion of the questions are referred for decision to the commission, and as a general rule it fixes the mode of issue of local loans, the collection of local rates, and the contracts for public works.

The colonies of New Caledonia, the Oceanic Islands, Mayotte, Nossi Bé, St. Pierre, and Miquelon, which I have mentioned as coming under the second category, do not possess "Conseils Généraux," otherwise their administration is carried on much in the same manner as the large dependencies. In all, the Governor is assisted by a council which consists of the heads of all Government departments; to these official members are added two gentlemen elected by universal suffrage

from amongst the members of the Municipal Council, who naturally can afford very valuable assistance on questions dealing with local budgets, with public works, or those relating to the internal administration of the colony, as well as on commercial topics.

The civil administration of each colony is placed under an officer styled "Directeur de l'Intérieur." The duties of these officials were clearly laid down afresh in 1883, when a decree of the Senate was issued constituting a species of "Civil Service," the members of which were to receive a training qualifying them for the performance of all duties likely to be required in colonial offices. In order the more efficiently to supervise the working of these officials, permanent inspectors are appointed in Martinique, Gaudaloupe, and Réunion, the East Indies, Guiana, New Caledonia, Senegal, and Cochin China. These inspectors are entrusted with the inspection and control of all civil and financial establishments, although subordinate to the governors of colonies as regards rank; they report direct to the Minister of Marine, and being, as it were, irresponsible to the colonial authorities, very great tension often exists between inspectors and governors.

The main principle underlying the financial position of the French colonies is that the mother country charges itself with all expenses attendant on their government, civil administration, and protection, all other charges being arranged locally; thus the State is responsible for the salaries of the Governor, of all legal, financial, educational, and religious officials, as well as for the officers and men of the military services.

The colonial budgets are prepared by the senior member of the Local Financial Service, and are voted by the Conseils Généraux in those colonies where such assemblies exist, and, in the minor dependencies by the Governor, assisted by his council. They comprise ordinary receipts and payments, and such extraordinary items as may occasionally require to be included. The ordinary receipts are:—

a. Rates and taxes of all descriptions voted by competent assemblies.

b. Customs dues, sanctioned by the colonial assembly.

c. Revenues of colonial properties.

d. Loans or subsidies granted by the mother country.

The extraordinary receipts consist as a rule of local loans issued for the purpose of carrying on public works of acknowledged utility, and extra rates demanded by the Conseils Généraux; these loans and rates must, however, receive the sanction of the Minister of Marine before collection.

The expenditure of each colony is jealously watched over by the permanent inspectors appointed by the Minister of Marine; with the obligatory payments laid down by colonial statutes he has little to do, but all optional expenditure which require the consent of the Conseils Généraux is invariably strenuously opposed by these officials, whose aim and object seem to be not so much the material prosperity of the colonies as the growth of the reserve fund, which is laid down according to the following scale by a decree of the Senate, and which is formed by the investment in Rentes of the surplus, should there be any, in an annual budget:—

The maximum of the reserve fund is fixed in—

	£
Martinique	60,000
Guadaloupe	60,000
Réunion	60,000
Guiana	40,000
Senegal and its dependencies	52,000
Gaboon	20,000
St. Pierre and Miquelon	16,000
St. Marie in Madagascar	4,000
Mayotte	8,000
Nossi Bé	8,000
Islands in the Pacific	16,000
New Caledonia	16,000
The East-Indian possessions	40,000
Cochin China	360,000

The object of these reserve funds is to provide a surplus on which to draw should unforeseen circumstances cause a deficit in the annual budget, or to enable the local government to meet any extraordinary expenditure which might become necessary. All loans, either to private or public institutions, from this fund are absolutely forbidden. In order to aid the colonies in maintaining an equilibrium between receipts and expenditure, the mother country annually accords subsidies, the amount of which varies, and is fixed by a decree of the Senate.

In addition to the permanent inspectors of finance to whom I have alluded above, there is in each colony a Treasurer-General in charge of the Accountant-General's office at the chief town, and he is aided by subordinates scattered throughout the colonies. Besides his salary the Treasurer-General receives a percentage on the taxation, and has other inducements to the keen discharge of his duties; on the other hand, a deposit of 100,000 francs (4000*l.*) is a sure guarantee for his honesty; and as he is responsible for the accuracy of the accounts of his subordinates it may readily be imagined that the supervision exercised over them is of the most searching nature. In fact, the French Government, by insisting on the deposit of heavy sums of

"caution money" by all Treasury officials, from the highest to the lowest, have hedged themselves in with safeguards which render the tampering with local cash-boxes a very losing game. The smallness of salaries of French officials renders honesty a difficult pursuit. It is but fair to say that cases of dishonesty to the State are few and far between. Bribery and corruption are the besetting sins of these gentlemen—not peculation.

In dealing with the financial administration of the colonies, it will be necessary to glance at the great part the State banks and Land Mortgage Companies have played in what prosperity these dependencies possess. On the abolition of slavery in the colonies, by the decree of the 30th of April, 1849, it was laid down that one-eighth of the indemnity allotted to the impoverished landowners, by the manumission of men slaves, should be put on one side to aid in the formation of State banks. The capital of the banks of Martinique, Guadaloupe, and Réunion was fixed at 3,000,000 francs (120,000*l.*), of Guiana at 600,000 francs (24,000*l.*), and of Senegal at 230,000 francs (9200*l.*). The State banks have the sole privilege of issuing bank-notes, which were to be considered legal currency, but the amount of notes in issue is never to exceed three times that of cash in reserve. They are permitted to lend money on the security of goods in the Customs warehouses, or on that of standing crops; and they are authorized, in event of the non-payment of advances, to proceed to a forced sale eight days after a simple summons has been served on the defaulting debtor. Still further to strengthen the security of advances upon crops, any proprietor, agent, farmer, tenant, or speculator who should be guilty of any fraud in regard to the crops under mortgage was liable to penal servitude for life. In order to supervise the working of these banks a standing committee of nine members sits in Paris to regulate their operations. One member represents the Conseil d'Etat, two are nominated by the Minister of Finance, two by the Bank of France, and four by the shareholders. Every six months, on the 30th of June and the 31st of December, the accounts of the colonial banks are made up and published, profits being disposed of as follows:—A sum equal to one-half per cent. on the original capital is first set aside towards the strengthening of the reserve fund, then a dividend of five per cent. is declared on the shares; the surplus is now divided into two equal parts, one-half being distributed as a bonus on the shares, the other half being still further subdivided, eight-tenths being placed to the reserve fund, one-tenth as a douceur to the managing director, and one-tenth distributed amongst the employés. The history of these colonial banks has been marked by the most striking success. Their shares now stand at a very high premium, their reserve funds have long since reached the figure laid down by the decree of the Senate, and they have contributed in no small degree to the financial progress of the colonies, though the penal clauses attendant on loans has operated with much hardship on unfortunate proprietors, to whom little grace and no mercy is shown.

The Land Mortgage Companies are likewise institutions which require notice, their objects being—

1. To make advances on the security of estates belonging to private individuals, or to the shareholders of "Land Companies" for the construction of the factories or the renewal of plants.

2. To lend sums on mortgage to the proprietors of landed property.

3. To make advances to the Colonial Government, or to commercial authorities, with the sanction of the Government. The interest which these societies are empowered to charge on mortgage is eight per cent., and as this is in addition to the expenses attendant on the loan, and as the colonies are compelled to furnish offices for these companies, and to pay the voyages out and home of their employés, and to guarantee interest on their share capital to the extent of 2½ per cent., it will readily be seen that the shares of the Crédit Foncier Colonial are by no means investments to be shunned.

Having briefly glanced at the financial arrangements of the colonies as a whole, it may be well to give a brief summary of their present position, commencing with them in the order in which they first came under French rule.

I. SAINT PIERRE AND MIQUELON.

The Basque fishermen assert that so far back as the commencement of the fourteenth century the cod fisheries of Newfoundland annually attracted fleets of fishing boats from the western ports of France, but the earliest authentic record of a settlement on these islands dates from the year 1604, when a group of Bretons from Granville established themselves on the islands and commenced trading with the parent country and with the French Canadian Provinces. The loss of Canada in 1763 was a grievous blow to the prosperity of the hardy fishermen—a blow intensified fifteen years later, when the islands were seized by England and their inhabitants compelled to return to France. The Peace of Versailles in

1783 once more enabled the Breton fishermen to return to their rocky home, but only to find themselves, ten years later, again prisoners under the British flag. The Peace of Amiens once more restored the islands to France; but six months later, in March, 1803, they were again seized by the British, and remained in our possession until by the Treaty of Paris in June, 1816, they were finally retroceded to Louis the Eighteenth.

This group of islands has a superficial area of 58,750 acres, with a population of 5534 souls, of whom 183 are officials. The administration of the colony is confided to a Governor, who is assisted by an official of the Civil Service and a judge. Colonial questions are decided by a council, which is composed of the three above-named officials and a leading inhabitant elected by the municipal council, when financial questions are discussed. Two additional members are named by the Municipal Councils of each island.

The judicial service of the colony is carried on by a procureur of the Republic, a chef du service judiciaire, a president of the Court of Appeal, and a recorder. A court of appeal in civil cases is constituted by the addition of two officers of the "Intendance Militaire," to be selected if possible from those who have passed an examination in law. In criminal cases the court is further strengthened by four civilians selected from amongst the leading inhabitants by the Governor. The statistics of the various tribunals do not show that they are over-burdened with work, for in the year 1881 the Court of Appeal, consisting in all of seven officials, adjudicated on twenty-seven civil appeals, no criminal cases being submitted to them. The Tribunal of the First Instance, comprising five officials, decided 198 civil and twenty-seven criminal cases, the latter being mainly offences committed by sailors on board the fishing fleet. The two juges de paix had still less work on their shoulders, these courts being only troubled with forty civil and fifty-three simple police cases.

The trade of the colony is of a meagre description, the imports consisting chiefly of food stuffs for the men employed in the cod fisheries, the exports entirely of salt fish. The following table gives the total value of imports and exports during the year 1882:—

	Imports from	Exports to
France..... ...	£80,000	£256,000
French colonies...	1,520	56,000
Other countries...	218,000	64,000

In order to encourage the fisheries bounties are given of 50 francs to every man engaged in the "dry cod" fisheries of St. Pierre and Miquelon, and 15 francs to those engaged on the Dogger Bank, whilst 20 francs per quintal (220 lbs.) is paid on all exports of salt fish to France or French colonies, a further bounty of 20 francs per quintal being paid on arrival in France.

The total receipts of the colony amount to 12,094*l.*, a sum far from sufficient to meet the expenditure, which, exclusive of the cost of the garrison and civil functionaries, necessitated a subsidy in 1882 from the mother country of 13,872*l.* to make both ends meet. Popular as the fisheries are with the hardy youth of Brittany and Normandy, loud complaints are made of the terrible burden of taxation, the total receipts from this source being 8871*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.*, or an average of 1*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* a head, of which sum 7*s.* 3½*d.* falls absolutely on all individuals inscribed on the voting register.

Bleak, barren rocks, almost destitute of cultivation (only 8000 acres have been brought under tillage), St. Pierre and Miquelon offer few resources for colonization, and though the hardy and dangerous calling on the cod banks presents many attractions to the fisher boys of Brittany, it is open to doubt whether the drain France annually sustains in the losses amongst her seaboard population in the rotten hulks which leave St. Malo and Granville for the Newfoundland coast is not far in excess of any gain that may accrue to her through the eventual development of this trade. Shipowners may thrive, but there are few Breton families which do not yearly mourn some fresh loss, and the hard fact remains, that the colony of St. Pierre and Miquelon costs the Government of the Republic a good 20,000*l.* a year.

II. RÉUNION.

This fertile little island, situated about 100 miles south of Mauritius, was discovered by the Portuguese traveller Don Pedro de Mascarenhas in the year 1545, and named after him, though it does not seem as if either the original discoverer, or the Dutch who visited it in 1598, or the English who landed there in 1613, attempted to colonize the place. In 1638 some French settlers landed, and in 1649 its name was solemnly changed to that of "Bourbon," in honor of Louis the Fourteenth. In 1664 the king ceded it to the French East India Company, and, being united with the Mauritius and Madagascar (which had also nominally been annexed), the three islands were formed into a separate dependency. In 1810 Bourbon was captured by the English, but, being retroceded to France by the Treaty of Paris of 1814, has ever since remained a French colony, though its many changes of name mark phases in the government of our neighbors. It has rejoiced successively in

the appellations of Bonaparte, Bourbon, and is now known as Réunion.

The superficial area of the country amounts to 650,000 acres, of which 124,773 are under sugar cultivation. For many years rice formed the staple commerce of the island, but a succession of bad harvests and the impetus given to the manufacture of beet sugar in France have ruined the industry in Réunion, though the French Government, with their usual protectionist policy, have recently subsidized a line of steamboats, in the hope of stimulating the exports to the Australian Colonies. In 1882 the total value of sugar exported from Réunion to France amounted in value to 600,000*l.*, whilst the value of exports to other countries only reached the sum of 240,000*l.* In addition to the sugar cultivation, 15,360 acres are devoted to coffee, and 4000 to vanilla. The centre of the island is occupied by a chain of mountains, forming two distinct groups, connected by a lofty plateau over 5000 feet above sea-level, styled the Plaine des Cafres. The western chain contains one lofty peak, the Piton des Neiges, over 10,000 feet in height.

The population of the island amounted at the last census to 172,083 souls; to which, however, must be added 64,411 emigrants, of whom 42,519 were from the East Indies, 21,284 from Africa, and 608 from China. The number of officials having employment in the colony is 648; to them we must add the garrison of 928 men. The judicial organization of the island consists of a Court of Appeal, numbering thirteen officials, which in 1882 decided 186 cases; a Tribunal of the First Instance at St. Denis, which adjudicated in the same year on 1107 cases, 506 of them being criminal causes; a Tribunal of the First Instance at St. Pierre, with six officials, before whom were settled 487 cases, 241 being criminal; and nine juges de paix, who were called upon to decide 8794 cases; of these 7841 were simple police punishments.

The total budget receipts for the colony in the year 1882 amounted to 176,530*l.* 5*s.*; but, in order to avoid the deficit between this and the expenditure, the home Government added a subvention of 104,636*l.*, which is independent of charges for civil and military functionaries and for the garrison. The rate of taxation per head amounted to 13*s.* 8*d.*

The commercial connection between Réunion and the mother country has since 1876 been steadily diminishing, as the following table will show.

Although Customs and post dues have been reduced to the lowest limits—so low, indeed, that their joint receipts do not exceed 31,000*l.*—there seems no prospect of a revival in trade. Coffee, the exports of which in 1852 amounted to 2,500,000 lbs., in 1882 only amounted to 1,500,000 lbs. Cloves, in like manner, have fallen from 1,638,000 lbs. in 1852 to 28,000 lbs. in 1882; cocoa, from 22,000 lbs. to 1600 lbs. Tobacco, on the other hand, has increased from 200,000 lbs. in 1852 to 972,000 lbs. in 1882, and the quality, too, is far superior. Yet the commercial depression throughout the island causes considerable uneasiness to the Directors of the State Bank, who have advanced large sums on mortgage to the chief landed proprietors. It is true that hitherto the Bank has had a most prosperous career, its dividends for many years averaging 16¼ per cent.; but this has been maintained by enforcing the sale of properties on which money has been advanced when a first instalment remained unpaid, and thus preventing any individual loan entailing a heavy loss. The resale of these lands on advantageous terms has propped up the credit of the Réunion Bank, which, it must be remembered, secured State assistance and acquired a substantial reserve during the more prosperous days of the colony.

	Exports to France.	Imports from France.
1876	£928,147	£343,198
1877	892,300	324,012
1878	874,704	389,168
1879	714,883	296,848
1880	691,900	367,945
1881	628,080	317,916
1882	611,341	298,857

III. SENEGAL.

Next in historical order, though not in importance, comes the West African settlement of Senegal, which first came into French hands through the daring venturesomeness of some Dieppe and Rouen merchants towards the end of the fourteenth century. In 1664 these private establishments were ceded to the French West India Company, then to the Compagnie du Sénégal et de Gorée, and then to the French East India Company, under which, in the eighteenth century, they had a very prosperous career. Captured by the British in 1758, these West African settlements were ceded to the French in 1783, only to be captured afresh in 1809. The Treaty of Paris, however, confirmed this insalubrious settlement to the French, in whose undisturbed possession it has remained ever since.

Justice is administered by a Court of Appeal, consisting of three officials, strengthened in criminal cases by four inhabitants taken by roster from a list kept by the Governor; a Court of the First Instance at Saint Louis, and another at Goree, each consisting of three officials; and three juges de paix in the communes. During the year 1882 the Court

of Appeal decided forty-two, the court at Saint Louis 178, that at Goree 179, and the juges de paix 643 cases.

The local receipts in 1882 amounted to 107,930*l.* 10*s.*, to which must be added the State subvention of 144,436*l.*; this is irrespective of the payments of civil and military officials and of the garrison. Every effort is being made by the French to develop the unhealthy district. Railways have been projected, and are actually in course of construction to connect the Senegal with the Niger; a second is ordered to join Saint Louis with Dakar, but as their cost has exceeded 44,000*l.* per mile it is scarcely to be anticipated that the dividends of the line will ever be very large; whilst comparatively large sums are being expended on barracks, hospitals, waterworks for the principal towns, quays, bridges, etc. Large concessions of ground have been made to individuals in the hopes of promoting the cultivation of cotton, but hitherto the terrible climate has proved a bar to all commercial enterprise; whilst the heavy taxation in the towns brought under direct French control, amounting as it does to 11*s.* 3*d.* a head, is sufficient to drive the agricultural element to the less unhealthy lands of the interior, where the tricolor and the Bureau de Perception have not yet appeared. The population of the dependency at the last census was estimated at 191,608. Of this number 2810 were French officials, including the military garrison, 1816 strong, in addition to which there were 2092 native troops borne on the rolls of the French army.

IV. GUADALOUPE.

The island of Guadaloupe was discovered on the 4th of November, 1493, by Christopher Columbus, who gave it its present name in consequence of the resemblance between its mountain ridges and those of the Sierra Guadalope in Spain. The Spaniards, however, made no attempt to colonize in the newly discovered island, and in 1635 it was seized and declared a French possession by the Governor of St. Christophe. In 1666, 1691, and 1703 it successfully resisted the attacks of the English, but in 1759 it fell a comparatively easy prey to the British fleet. Restored to France by the terms of the Treaty of 1763, it remained in the hands of the French until 1794, when it again was occupied by a detachment of British troops, and was again ceded to France by the Treaty of Amiens in 1802. On February 6, 1810, the island once more surrendered to a British force, the invaders not losing a man: but, by the terms of the Treaty of Paris, Guadaloupe, with its dependencies, Marie-Galante, Saintes, Désirade, Saint Martin, and Saint Barthélemy, were finally ceded to Louis.

The superficial area of Guadaloupe and its various dependencies amounts to 487,128 acres, the population amounting to 160,351 souls, of whom 1842 are civil functionaries and 921 are soldiers. Guadaloupe is represented in the Chamber by a senator and two deputies, and it possesses a Conseil Général of thirty-six members elected by universal suffrage. It comprises thirty-three communes, the local receipts of which amount to 65,104*l.*; the expenses being practically the same, the heaviest items on this side being emigration supervision, 19,800*l.*; police, 4200*l.*

Legal courts are on the same footing as in other colonies. The Court of Appeal, consisting of thirteen officials, in 1882 dealt with 118 cases. The Tribunal at Basse-Terre, 405; at Pointe à Pitre, 893; at Marie-Galante, 255; at Saint Barthélemy, 25; at Saint Martin, 52; whilst the nine juges de paix were called on to decide 3398 cases, of which 2600 were disposed of by fine.

The richness of the soil and the excellence of the climate alike tend to increase the wealth of the island, which consists chiefly in sugar and coffee plantations, the exports of the former amounting to 840,512*l.*, and of the latter to 81,132*l.*, in the year 1882. The cultivation of coffee, however, is gradually decreasing. At the commencement of this century 20,000 acres were devoted to its production, the exports being close on 8,500,000 lbs.

Despite its wealth and apparent prosperity, Guadaloupe receives as a subvention from the mother country 90,606*l.*, this being exclusive of payments for civil and military functionaries, its garrison, etc. The local receipts amount to 181,968*l.*, the actual taxation amounting to 17*s.* 9*d.* a head.

V. MARTINIQUE.

The early history of this colony is practically identical with that of Guadaloupe; discovered by Christopher Columbus, it was annexed to France in the year 1635 through the energy of the Marquis d'Esnambue, Governor of Saint Christophe, and, after passing through the hands of the West India Company, was finally incorporated into the French kingdom in the year 1675. A century later we find the people of Martinique actively engaged in fitting out privateers for service against the English, who, in 1762, despatched an expedition which, destroying the fortifications, took possession of the island. By the Treaty of Versailles, in 1763, we ceded it to the French; but in 1794 and in 1807 it successively fell into our hands. The Treaty of Paris, however,

finally confirmed it to the French, who have remained in possession ever since.

In Martinique, again, we have an island that, under careful and liberal management, might be converted into a valuable possession, instead of an everlasting clog on French finance. Of the 246,755 acres of which the island consists, 84,783 are under cultivation, no fewer than 61,693 being devoted to the produce of sugar, the exports of which, in 1882, reached the large figure of 1,101,116*l.*

The population of the island amounts to 167,181 souls, of whom 2140 are officials and their families, and 1472 comprise the garrison.

The Government of Martinique is entrusted to a Governor, who is assisted by a Conseil Général of thirty-six members elected by the islanders, who also furnish a senator and two deputies to represent their interests in Paris. The Supreme Council consists of the Governor, the commander of the forces, and the heads of the various government departments.

The legislative system of the island is analogous to that of the other colonies we have mentioned. The Court of Appeal, with thirteen officials, in the year 1882 disposed of 117 cases. The Tribunal of Port de France, with seven officials, decided 991; the Tribunal of Saint Pierre, 1114; and the nine juges de paix, 6978, of which 5945 were simple magisterial investigations.

The local budget of the colony amounts to 161,449*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, and to this must be added the subvention of 101,040*l.* granted by the mother country, which, in addition, undertakes the payment of all civil and military functionaries and of the garrison. The total amount of taxation per head reaches the alarming figure of 19*s.* 4*d.* In 1882 the exports of the colony amounted to 1,143,094*l.*, the imports to 1,045,028*l.*

VI. FRENCH GUIANA.

Guiana is said to have been discovered by Christopher Columbus in his third voyage to America in August, 1498, but it was not until 1626 that some adventurous Breton merchants visted the coasts and established a fort and town at the mouth of the Cayenne. The first settlers, as so many first settlers usually are, were unsuccessful, and the colony passed through many vicissitudes, and just as the future seemed free from difficulty, and commerce was being fairly established with France, some free-lances of the sea, who in those days more often than not flew the Cross of St. George, landed on the island, and only spared it from destruction on the payment of a heavy ransom. In 1672 it was conquered by the Dutch, but retaken two years later by Admiral d'Estrées, and it then remained quiet and prosperous until the abolition of slavery in 1794 threw all the plantations into disorder and ruined the commerce of the colony. In 1809 it was once more the object of an expedition on the part of the English, who remained in possession until by the Treaty of Paris of 1814 it was restored to the kingdom of France. The area of the country is difficult to determine, and it is so sparsely populated that cultivation is only practised on very limited areas. In 1882 the population consisted of—

Garrison	1,088
Civil officials	232
Religious orders	113
Emigrants	4,846
Liberated convicts	1,450
Natives	17,362

The law is administered by a Court of Appeal at Para consisting of 13 officials, which in 1882 disposed of 282 cases, a Tribunal of the First Instance which was called upon to decide 200 cases, and eight juges de paix, who were only troubled with 762.

During the last few years there have been many attempts to bring the gold mines of French Guiana into prominent notice. Eminent French speculators have been running about London with the concessions of the most marvellous "*placers*" in their pockets; but though gold does exist in the country, the total export in 1882 only amounted to 47,400 ounces, and this from twenty-three mines in full working order. At one time coffee and sugar were largely exported, but the cultivation has gradually dwindled away.

The actual commerce of the country is no doubt diminishing. I have not been able to obtain accurate tables of the total exports and imports, but it would appear that whilst Guiana imported from France goods to the value of 258,833*l.*, for the most part stores for the troops or for the penal settlement, she exported to the mother country only to the value of 22,869*l.*

Taxation, as in most French countries, is high, the average amount being 1*l.* 1*s.* 1½*d.* The local budget receipts in 1882 were 65,693*l.*; to this must be added the State contribution of 90,600*l.*, in addition to the pay of the higher civil functionaries and the troops, and, of course, the expense of the convicts, Cayenne vying with New Caledonia as the resting-place for the penal population of France.

VII. EAST INDIAN POSSESSIONS.

The earliest known attempts of the French to establish colonies in the East Indies date from 1503, but it was not until a century and a half later that the first French East India

Company succeeded in founding settlements in Madagascar, at Surat, at Trincomalee, and at Pondicherry. The latter town was, however, captured by the Dutch in 1693, but retroceded by the Peace of Ryswick. During the many wars which raged between France and England in the latter part of the eighteenth and the commencement of the nineteenth century, the various French colonies invariably fell into our hands, but as invariably were returned to their French owners at the conclusion of a peace. Since the Treaty of Paris of 1815 no wars have occurred to disturb their onward progress, and yet a visit to one of the Franco-Indian colonies discloses a condition of things far different from that which reigns in the contiguous Anglo-Indian districts.

At the present moment the French possess the following settlements in the East Indies:—Pondicherry, which comprises the town and roadstead of that name, and a surrounding tract of land of 58,244 acres; Karikal on the Coromandel coast, with a district 33,738 acres in extent; Yanaon in Golconda, containing 3573 acres; Mahé, in Malabar, which is 14,773 acres; and the town of Chandernagore on the Hooghly, near Calcutta. There are factories still existent at Calicut, Surat, Balacore, Dacca, and Patna, but these are inhabited by natives, and are situated within British territory. By means of these establishments, emigrants are obtained to carry on the labor of the distant colonies of Réunion, Martinique, and Guadaloupe, all of which are practically destitute of native-born workers.

The population of the East Indian colonies amounts to 1660 European officials, 1535 European troops, and 281,827 natives.

The government of the colonies is entrusted to a Governor, who is aided by a Supreme Council, consisting of the heads of all departments in the various districts, and by a Conseil Général composed as under:—

	Europeans	Natives
From Pondicherry	7	5
" Karikal	3	3
" Chandernagore	2	1
" Mahé	1	1
" Yanaon	1	1

As in the other colonies, the principle of manhood suffrage is here in force, but Europeans and natives are kept on separate registers, and they vote for their own representatives. In each district local affairs are managed by local councils consisting of twelve members in Pondicherry, eight in Karikal, six in Chandernagore, and four each in Mahé and Yanaon.

A Court of Appeal constituted as in the other French colonies sits permanently at Pondicherry, and there are Tribunals of the First Instance at Pondicherry, Karikal, Chandernagore, Mahé, and Yanaon, with juges de paix to settle minor cases at Pondicherry, Oulgaret, Villenour Bahour, Karikal, Grande Aldée, Chandernagore, Mahé, and Yanaon. The following table of judicial business transacted by these various Courts may be of interest as showing the litigious character of the natives of Hindustan; though even here it must be admitted that the sixty-five officials were at any rate sufficient in number for the work they were called upon to perform, those at Mahé and Yanaon being practically sinecurists.

	Officials	Cases
Court of Appeal at Chandernagore	13	279
First Tribunal of Pondicherry	6	1,819
" Chandernagore	4	237
" Karikal	6	626
" Mahé	3	76
" Yanaon	3	42
Ten Courts of various Juges de Paix	30	6,731

The total receipts in the various Indian colonies amount to 75,392*l.*, to which the home Government add a sum of 21,976*l.*, irrespective of the salaries of Government officials and the garrison. The average taxation only reaches the total of 5*s.* 6*d.* a head; the imports and exports being 262,222*l.* and 709,566*l.* respectively.

VIII. SAINTE MARIE DE MADAGASCAR.

On the 30th of July, 1750, King Ratzimiliao of Madagascar ceded a portion of his territories, amounting to 41,500 acres, to the French, but it was not until the year 1821 that a permanent settlement was effected there, and it is in virtue of this cession of a strip of land parallel to the coast that the French now lay claim to the sovereignty of the whole island. Except as a base whence to operate for the conquest of Madagascar, the present settlement is valueless; the population, only 7189 in number, are squalid, uneducated Malagasies, out of whom with difficulty the paltry sum of 642*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.* is squeezed in taxes, an amount totally inadequate for the government of the island, which is supported by a grant from the mother country of 2482*l.* The imports and exports amount respectively to 7264*l.* and 4400*l.* All serious cases, whether civil or criminal, are referred to Réunion for trial, whilst the minor offences, which in 1882 reached the respectable total of 253, are decided by a Tribunal of the First Instance presided over by an official from France.

IX. NOSSI-BÉ.

A small island situated on the north-western coast of Madagascar, Nossi-Bé was ceded to

France by a treaty with the Queen Tsoumeka of the Sakalaves on the 14th of July, 1840. The superficial area of the island amounts to 63,250 acres, of which 20,000 have been brought under cultivation, the principal crops being sugar and rice, the produce of which affords a precarious employment to the 9000 inhabitants, who, like all natives enjoying French protection, are taxed with a persistency that defies support. On the poor agriculturists, the Government of the Republic levies dues to the amount of 9600*l.*, the average taxation being 21*s.* 4*d.* But even this sum is insufficient for the support of the bevy of Republican officials who administer the little dependency, and a grant of 12,482*l.* was made in 1882 to cover the required expenditure. Naturally, a Tribunal of the First Instance and a juge de paix have been established in the island, and the five legal functionaries were called upon to decide 104 cases during the year 1882.

X. MAYOTTE.

About 180 miles to the west of Nossi-Bé lies the small island of Mayotte, which, discovered by the Portuguese in 1598, remained independent until 1841, when it was taken possession of on behalf of the French by Captain Passot. It possesses one advantage over Nossi-Bé in an excellent harbor, but the smallness of the island, which is only about five miles in length, and the extreme heat of the climate, render it anything but a valuable dependency. The population numbers but 8794 souls, who are called upon to contribute 5400*l.* for the privilege of being considered a dependency of the French Republic; they have, however, the satisfaction of knowing that the protection afforded them costs France 11,150*l.* Courts of justice and legal functionaries flourish on the island, though the labor demanded from these gentlemen cannot be considered excessive. During the year 1882 the five officials who constitute the Tribunal of the First Instance, and the Court of the Juge de Paix, were called upon to decide on 183 cases, or an average of about one every other day. Serious crimes are referred to Réunion for final disposal.

XI. GABOON.

By virtue of a treaty signed on the 18th of June, 1843, France obtained possession of considerable territories on the west coast of Africa, those on the right bank of the Gaboon River being considered the head-quarters of a colony which comprises establishments at Great Bassam, Dabore, and Assimi on the Gold Coast. Being situated in the very heart of the tropics these offer no inducements for the emigrant, nor has the trade yet assumed proportions such as to offer hope that the colonies will ever be self-supporting. The fact that a magnificent sheltered roadstead exists at the mouth of the Gaboon River seems in itself a sure guarantee for the future welfare of the dependency in the eyes of the French nation, who, without making efforts to develop the resources of their colonies, appear to think that the mere fact of their having faith in the future is all that is required to insure success. No census has yet been possible of the natives residing in these districts, and the white population is so shifting that no accurate estimate can be made of their strength. Some 200 officials, irrespective of the detachment of Senegal troops, are entrusted with the administration of the colony, which receives State aid to the extent of 2480*l.* per annum, its own budget receipts being 5600*l.* The imports, which are inconsiderable, consist of beads, Manchester goods, firearms, powder, and ironware, the exports being ivory, gold dust, and skins. The climate of the colony is appalling, and the death-rate high.

XII. POSSESSIONS IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN.

The necessity of obtaining harbors of shelter for their squadrons in distant waters induced the French to bring pressure to bear on the petty sovereigns of various island groups in the Pacific Ocean. When annexation is once determined on, France is not long in finding an excuse for exerting her influence over weaker powers, and the firm stand made by the sovereign of Tahiti against the introduction of Christianity soon gave France the long wished-for opportunity. The presence of a French squadron in the bay of Papeiti and the action of the Consul at that post resulted in an application being submitted to the Admiral by many of the principal natives, soliciting the protection of His Most Christian Majesty of France. This protection was most graciously accorded by Admiral Dupetit-Thouars. The Queen, however, strongly protested against these measures, and the French Admiral found it necessary to land troops, to declare the Queen deposed, and formally to take possession of the island on the part of France. This high-handed action was by no means approved of by the home Government. The attitude of the British Consul, who was warmly supported by the Court of St. James's, produced a feeling of tension between France and England which necessitated the adoption of milder measures; Dupetit-Thouars was recalled and Admiral Bruet deputed to arrange matters. This resulted in the re-establishment of the Sovereign on her throne, her po-

sition being guaranteed by the French, whose protection was of course willingly accorded, and since then native officials worked cordially by the side of French administrators until the death of Queen Pomare in 1877. Her eldest son felt the equivocal position in which he was placed, French influence was becoming stronger and stronger in the isle, the King's authority was a thing of naught, and at last, by virtue of a treaty signed on the 29th of June, 1880, the young King voluntarily abdicated his throne, when Tahiti and the neighboring islands were declared integral portions of the French Republic, and their administration and government were established on a basis similar to that of the other colonies, all Tahitian subjects, numbering 25,247, being considered free citizens of France. The total area of the new dependency amounted to 587,260 acres, and for its efficient protection a force of 500 men of the infantry and artillery of the marine were told off as a local garrison, whilst civil employment was immediately found for 1045 officials. Courts of justice similar to those in vogue in other colonies were established; and, the floodgate of bureaucracy being burst, taxes and rates, and levies of every description, were showered on the bewildered inhabitants. Loans were granted for the construction of public works, roads were pushed on with vigor, docks and wharves commenced, fresh land brought into cultivation, large plots being wrested from the original proprietors under various pretexts and bestowed as concessions on French-born applicants; in fact every legitimate and illegitimate method is being pursued to attract emigration to these islands.

At the present moment the cultivated area amounts to 179,000 acres, a very large proportion of which is, however, devoted to fattening cattle. The actual revenue of the colony amounts to 43,000*l.*, to which the State adds a further sum of 32,913*l.*, exclusive of the salaries of the civil officials and the garrison. Commerce is still in its infancy, in the year 1882 giving the following totals:—

	Exports to	Imports from
France	£15,400	£18,600
Elsewhere	98,640	107,640

the average taxation reaching the oppressive sum of 20*s.* 4*d.*

XIII. NEW CALEDONIA.

Discovered by Captain Cook on the 4th of September, 1774, this island was left unmolested by either French or British settlers until the year 1851, when a boat's crew of the French corvette "Alcmène" was massacred by the inhabitants. The desire of the Imperial Government to possess a distant penal station led to the despatch, in 1853, of a vessel under Rear-Admiral Febvrier Despointes, who solemnly took possession of the island by hoisting the tricolor at Balade, without meeting with any opposition on the part of the natives. From Balade the Admiral proceeded to the Ile des Pins, where a few weeks before an English frigate had endeavored to induce the natives to accept British protection; this had been indignantly rejected. Febvrier Despointes was, however, more successful, and the English officers had the mortification of seeing the inhabitants make their submission to France on the 29th of September, 1853. A. M. Tardy de Montravel was left in charge of the island with a small force, in order to thoroughly explore the coasts, decide on a suitable spot for a penal settlement and for a port, and cultivate friendly relations with the natives. From that time until 1878, despite the magnitude of the force employed, the whole history of the French connection with New Caledonia has been one long story of uprisings on the part of the natives, of stern reprisals on the part of their protectors. In 1878 a revolt occurred which cost the French some hundred of lives, a vast expenditure of money, and a campaign ten months in duration, to subdue. Even so recently as the month of January, 1884, we learn that the son of the commandant at one of the French outstations was seized and eaten by the descendants of the men who, in 1853, scoffing the English, sought French protection.

The superficial area of the colony is about 6240 square miles, Numea, the capital, being the headquarters of the Government, and the seat of one of the worst-managed penal colonies in the world. The cost of the necessaries of life in New Caledonia is excessive, and, though wages are high, they scarcely permit the free laborer to keep body and soul together. The native population of the island has been roughly estimated at 30,000; no correct census has been attempted. The number of Europeans is more accurately known, and thus estimated:—

Civil officials and prison warders, with their families	2,500
Officers and troops	2,041
Convicts	6,500
Other civilians	1,300

The government and legal administration are on the same principle as those of other colonies, nor do the judges appear to be more hardly worked than elsewhere. The Court of Appeal at Noumea in 1882 was called upon to decide fifty-three cases, in seven of which sentences of death were passed. The Tribunal of the First Instance at the same place

disposed of 671 cases, and the four juges de paix had before them 585 complaints.

The chief exports are copper, which in 1882 reached a total of 36,000 tons, and nickel 600 tons. As a rule the overseers in the mines are experienced Englishmen, the labor being performed by convicts. Energetic attempts are being made by the French Ministry to introduce emigrants: large grants of land and free passages are openly offered in every commune in France to all able-bodied men who have fulfilled their military obligations, but hitherto but little success has attended these efforts. Commerce is naturally at a low ebb where proprietors of mines, the only wealth of the colony, are practically dependent on hardened criminals for their labor. In 1882 the exports only amounted to the value of 61,360*l.*, the imports, chiefly consisting of food for the convicts and garrison, being 282,650*l.*

The receipts of the local budget amounted to 76,600*l.*, to which must be added a Government grant of 15,995*l.* for public works, 328,754*l.* for the convict establishment, and a further sum—the exact amount it is difficult to determine—for the payment of the higher civil officials and of the troops. Taxation falls heavy on the free man—in 1882 it averaged 29*s.* 4½*d.* per head.

XIV. COCHIN CHINA.

The operations of the French in Tonkin have done much to call attention to their colony in Cochin China. The first connection between France and Annam dates from 1787, when the son of a fugitive Annamite king sought and obtained aid from Louis the Sixteenth. Gialong, by means of the assistance then granted him, regained his throne, but ere he was firmly fixed in power in Hué, his ally had lost his head in Paris. Constant disputes between French missionaries and the Annamites led to the usual coast bombardments by which France endeavors to propagate the Gospel, and at last, finding that the King of Annam was powerless to retaliate, a joint Franco-Spanish expedition was decided on in 1861, and the six southern provinces of the kingdom were wrested from Tu Duc and formed into a new colony, to which the name Cochin China was applied. The superficial area of the conquered provinces amounted to about 23,000 square miles, their population at the last census being:—

French officials	1,835
French non-officials	89
Europeans	139
Garrison	5,275
Natives	1,550,497

the chief towns being Saigon with 14,000 inhabitants, and Cholen with 39,451.

Cochin China is represented in the Chambers by a deputy; it is administered by a Governor, who is assisted in grave matters by a Supreme Council, consisting of the heads of all departments, and in local affairs by a Conseil Général. Justice is administered in the usual way, there being a Court of Appeal at Saigon, and Tribunals of the First Instance at Saigon, Binh Hoa, Mytho Bintre, Vinh Long, Chandoc, Soc Irang, and Pone Penh.

Comparatively large sums are being spent by the Republican Government in improving and beautifying the various towns. A cathedral is being built in Saigon; in each town substantial courts of justice and other Government officers are being constructed, so that it may readily be conceived the local receipts amounting as they do to 800,000*l.*, are scarcely sufficient for the needs of a colony administered on so extravagant a basis. In 1881 the home Government granted 191,000*l.* to aid the State budget, and this in addition to the entire military charges and to the salaries of the higher civil officials.

The commerce of the country is steadily improving, the principal export being rice; but as the statistics of population show the French to be in a minority, so do the commercial statistics show that practically the trade of Cochin China has passed into other hands, though of course the heavy duties levied enable the Republican Government to provide for a large number of their nominees. The returns of 1882 show:—

	Exports to	Imports from
France	£70,000	£245,244
Elsewhere	2,069,529	1,437,616

The imports from France naturally include wine and spirits and other stores for the troops on which no duty was paid, whilst the whole of the other imports paid a heavy quota towards the colonial budget.

Although Algeria is now a French department, and Tunis scarcely a colony, it may not be out of place to show what a drain these two provinces are on the national exchequer, and how little probability there is of their ever becoming fields for French emigration. The total budget receipts for the former state in 1883 amounted to 840,780*l.*, and it was compelled to maintain an army upwards of 57,000 strong, whilst in Tunis are quartered 31,000 men. The table at the end of this paper clearly demonstrates the extent to which France supports her colonies, who, in return, offer a temporary home to a large number of discontented officials. Emigration in France is practically unknown, because it is virtually forbidden. The oppressive bureaucracy in all, and the intolerable climate in many, of the colonies make life a burden to emigrants, who

wisely prefer to bear the ills they have rather than fly to others they know not of; and thus it comes to pass that, in the year 1882, of the 3968 emigrants who left French shores, only 293 were bound for French colonies. This fact is in itself a sufficient rejoinder to the oft-repeated assertion in Parisian papers that the French are a nation of colonists. It is true that in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth France possessed enormous colonial possessions, and the manner in which she lost some and sold others forms a chapter in her history which redounds neither to the credit of her military nor political authorities, and opens up a question beyond the limits of a magazine article. The generosity of England at the Treaty of Paris restored to France islands which, though unsuited to European labor, might, by the judicious importation of coolies, have been continued in their career of prosperity. For close on three-quarters of a century these fertile islands have been left in undisturbed peace; they have had the blessings of manhood suffrage showered upon them; they have been honored by being permitted to return representatives to the Chambers, and yet they appear to be dying of inanition, their trade returns annually show a decrease, their native manufactures diminish. Excessive taxation, it is true, maintains their revenues at a high figure; but none are self-supporting, and the large sums spent by the mother country on injudicious public works do not compensate in any way for the destruction of their staple industries by that injurious protectionist system, supported by deputies in obedience to the cry of the electors. If English sugar merchants complain of the loss of their trade owing to French bounties, with how much more reason may the people of Réunion, of Guadaloupe, and of Martinique cry out, "For it is not an enemy that hath done this thing, but mine own familiar friend."

There are many who aver that England's colonial policy is a failure. Doubtless more might be done to bring about a closer legislative union between our dependencies and the home Government; but when we consider that, in 1882, the exports from those dependencies exceeded 145,000,000*l.*, that the population of 250,000,000 who own our sway were ruled by less than 70,000 British troops, and that the revenue of New South Wales, by no means our richest colony, was 7,647,000*l.*, nearly three times that of all the French colonies added together, I maintain that no man will be rash enough to assert that these colonies of ours have not been a gigantic success, and that much of our power, much of our wealth, is due to the enterprise, energy, and perseverance of our colonists.

When Frenchmen shun their colonies, how can it be claimed for them that these colonies are popular? When the State spends four

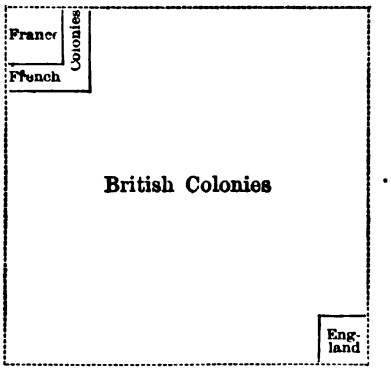

Diagram showing the comparative area of Great Britain and her colonies as compared with France and her colonies.

millions on them, how can it be asserted that they are a success? And when Frenchmen refuse to emigrate, how can it be maintained that they are a colonizing race? Facts are stubborn things; and though it is said statistics are fallacious, and figures can be made to prove anything, I opine I have given reasons enough and to spare in support of the generally accepted idea on this side of the Channel that the French do not understand how to colonize.

Table showing the Population, Numbers of Official Residents, Strength of Garrison, Amount of Taxation, Revenue, and State Aid of the French Colonies.

	Civil and native population	French officials	Garrison and police.	Revenue.	Taxation.	Amount of State aid
				£	£ s. d.	£
St. Pierre and Miquelon	5,534	183	157	12,094	1 12 6	60,432
Réunion	236,494	648	938	176,530	13 8 4	336,476
Senegal	191,608	2,810	3,908	107,330	11 3 6	309,330
Guadaloupe	160,351	1,842	921	181,968	17 9	274,800
Martinique	167,181	2,140	1,472	161,449	19 4	270,640
Guiana	22,658	232	1,032	65,603		214,920
East Indies	281,827	1,600	1,535	75,305	5 6	218,678
Ste. Marie (Madagascar)	7,189	147	108	642		83,382
Nossi-Bé	9,000	163	158	12,482	1 4	175,482
Mayotte	8,794	184	273	5,400		195,150
Gaboon	—	213	408	5,000		215,482
Tahiti	25,249	1,015	518	43,000	1 0 4	185,813
New Caledonia	31,300	2,500	2,041	76,000	1 9 4	944,749
Cochin China	1,550,625	1,825	5,275	800,000	12 8	613,400
Algeria	2,800,000	—	68,000	840,760	—	652,800
Tunis	—	—	34,700	—	—	—
Totals	5,547,810	16,502	121,494	2,565,562	—	4,107,532

C. B. NORMAN, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

OLD COMEDY ON A NEW STAGE.

THE drama of Plautus and Terence is Comedy within the modern acceptation of the term. But the Old Comedy of Athens is a kind of entertainment which has no proper analogue in any other age or country. This was the first source of the peculiar interest excited by the recent revival of the "Birds" at Cambridge. Would the piece be a good play, or only a bad pantomime? We propose to touch briefly on the salient points of the performance, and to add a few words on the general character of Aristophanic Comedy.

Introductory music by Mr. Hubert Parry, performed under the direction of Mr. C. V. Stanford, made a delicately bright and airy prelude. In front of the curtain the "thymele," or altar of Dionysus, on the platform destined for the chorus, was crowned with fruit and flowers. The proscenium was the same as last year, when on these boards the "Ajax" of Sophocles had so remarkable a success. It represented the front of the stage of a Greek theatre, subdivided by columns and pilasters of colored marbles, and surmounted by a pediment, filled by a group of statuary.

The curtain rose on a wild tract near the sea, with rocks and thickets of flowering plants; the back-scene, beautifully painted by Mr. O'Connor, shows a headland jutting forth on the blue waves; a rock and bush are at the side of the stage on the spectator's left. The two Athenians—Peithetaerus, or "Plausible" (Mr. James), and Euelpides, or "Hopeful" (Mr. Newton)—wear the *petasos* or "wide-awake" of travellers, and carry on the wrist a crow and a jay respectively, bought in the market at Athens, and "warranted sound" in their knowledge of the way to the Hoopoe's abode, of which the travellers are in search. The two birds presently make it clear that the Hoopoe lives in the bush on the left of the stage. Considering the rock as the front door, the men knock, and the Hoopoe's servant appears. In other words, the "runner-bird" (Mr. G. J. Maquay), with the plumage as of an enormous plover, bounds on to the stage. The Athenians fall flat on their faces, and the crow and the jay embrace this opportunity of escaping.

The "runner-bird" has some scruples about awakening his master, who is taking a nap after dining on myrtle-berries and a few gnats, but yields to persuasion. The Hoopoe (Mr. F. R. Pryor) presently appears, with an enormous beak, which moves his visitors to a merriment scarcely consistent with politeness. Delighted with Plausible's idea of founding an aerial bird-city, he resolves at once to convoke a parliament of birds. So he re-enters the bush, and chants a call to his mate Procne. If the nightingale's note is once heard, all the feathery tribes will flock together. The song, set to Mr. Parry's music, was sung from behind the bush by Mr. Maquay, and charmed the "creatures of a day" in front of the foot-lights no less effectually than the "immortal birds" behind them.

Hardly have the notes died away, when a strange sound is heard, and a huge scarlet ibis (unknown to Greece, but that does not matter) comes on the stage. Then another bird, another, and another, till a whole throng has crowded in, chirping, chattering, crowing, and flapping their wings in the liveliest excitement. The Chorus of birds is before the audience.

Ancient vase-paintings depicting scenes from this play show the dress of the bird-chorus to have been "purely conventional," as Mr. Waldstein, who so ably filled the arduous post of stage-manager, says in his preface to the acting text. Some advance on this was made in the present case. It was not attempted, indeed, to dress up the actor completely as a bird. He remained literally "a man-bird"; but his bird-attributes were in each case approximately correct for the species which he represented. He wore above his head the head of a bird, with the appropriate crest, beak, and eyes. Below this bird-head the human face was left visible, peering forth as from a feathery vizor. The effect was particularly grotesque in the case of the swan and one or two other birds, where the human face appeared a long way down—at the base, in fact, of the slender towering neck. The only exception to the head-dress plan was the owl (the coryphaeus, or leader of the chorus), who necessarily wore an owl-mask over his face. The wings (of canvas) were painted for each special plumage, and attached to the shoulders of the ordinary Greek tunic worn by the actor. A piece of bamboo represented the terminal quills. Holding this in his hand, the actor could expand or fold his wings at pleasure. Mr. John Willis Clark, with whom the idea of acting this play originated, took great pains with the bird-dresses, bringing to bear on them not only his taste and skill in things dramatic, but also the science of a naturalist, and being further aided by the counsels of so eminent an ornithologist as Professor Alfred Newton. Strict ornithological accuracy was not, of course, aimed at; but skins of the real birds were furnished to the costumier, M. Barthe, enabling him to reproduce closely enough the general form of the beak and the general marking of the wings. The species of birds composing the chorus were selected so as to sat-

isfy, as far as possible, the hints in the text, and at the same time to present the most effective variety. These included the hoopoe, plover, scarlet ibis, kingfisher, cuckoo, duck, magpie, jay, eagle, sparrowhawk, woodpecker, cormorant, spoonbill, white flamingo, swan, cock, and owl.

When the birds learn why they have been summoned, they are furious with the hoopoe. He has betrayed them by receiving these two enemies of their race. The men shall be torn to pieces at once. The scene on the stage here was excellent—Plausible and Hopeful defending themselves with pot, pan, and skewer, while the birds dart at them from every side with their beaks, the cocks being foremost in the fray. At last the Hoopoe obtains a hearing for Plausible. The birds withdraw from the stage proper to the lower stage which represents the "orchestra" of a Greek theatre. From the stage Plausible harangues them. The by-play of the birds during his oration was extremely droll. The proposal to found a cloud-city is carried by acclamation, the Hoopoe adding a hint that they must not dawdle, as the Athenian general is doing at the siege of Syracuse. He then takes the two men into his house, to provide them with the first necessary for a bird-life—wings.

Now comes the "parabasis," or address by the leader of the chorus to the spectators. In the "Birds," this is a magnificent piece of poetry and eloquence. If justice was to be done to it in delivery, it was essential that the actor should have freedom of gesture. This could not have been so if it had been given to the coryphaeus, since he, like the other birds, had his hands pre-engaged with his wings. It was therefore assigned to a special actor, Mr. C. Platts, who, with symbolical wings merely attached to the shoulders of the tunic, advanced to the front on the lower stage, the bird-chorus being grouped around him. His declamation of the parabasis was a fine piece of elocution, uniting fire with self-restraint in a manner which has been generally and justly admired.

The two choral songs interwoven with the parabasis were sung to Mr. Parry's music, the first from the lower stage, the second from the upper. This closed the first Act (at verse 793), and the curtain fell.

With Act II. the scene has changed from the seaside tract to the site of the new city in cloud-land. Fleecy white clouds are on either hand, and stretch far away in filmy perspective, while earth is dimly descried below, recalling the lines in "Tithonus":—

> A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes
> A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.

Small as was the stage for such a purpose, Mr. O'Connor had been very successful in conveying the idea of aerial space, while the effect of atmosphere was given by stretching a sheet of gauze across the back of the stage. Behind the gauze, the birds passed and repassed, as if flying.

Plausible and Hopeful now appear with wings fastened to their shoulders, but otherwise unchanged. Early in this Act,—where a raven appears, playing a flute,—Mr. Parry seized the opportunity to set the air of *Ween ich ein Vöglein wär* (already used in the *entr'acte* to Act II.) to the old Greek Lydian mode, with most comical effect.

The priest now offers sacrifice at an altar in the middle of the stage. As he duly scatters the salted meal around, the Chorus of Birds for a moment forget the solemnity of the occasion, and, rushing forward, begin to peck up the meal voraciously.

Hardly are the sacrificial rites over, when Plausible begins to be besieged by hungry applicants for his bounty. The acting in this scene was excellent throughout, both on the part of Plausible and on that of the successive charlatans, for, while it was spirited all through, it never fell from the level of comedy to that of pantomime, a result to which the successive drubbings might easily have led. The sense of a region attractive to impostors was so vividly conveyed, that it would have appeared quite natural and proper if the personages above mentioned had been followed by others more familiar to the spectators.

A second and shorter parabasis having given Plausible a well-earned breathing-space, enter a helmeted and winged messenger. The great design has been accomplished. The walls of Nephelococcygia have been built. They are about twice as high as those of Babylon, and so broad that if Longbow, driving four horses abreast, met Swagger with a like team, they could easily pass each other; and it has all been done by birds! But lo, a second messenger, a winged archer, clearly one of the city police. The goddess Iris (it seems) has slipped through the jays who guard the frontier, and has entered the city. Aristophanes seems to have imagined Iris as wearing a broad-brimmed hat, and with many-colored ribbons or streamers floating from her robe as she flies; hence, Plausible says to her, "What am I to call you? bark or bonnet?" (*πλοῖον ἢ κυνῆ*; v. 1203). Wisely, perhaps, no attempt was made to represent this, the Cambridge Iris being hatless, with ordinary wings painted in the rainbow tints. Hardly has Iris gone, breathing tragic threats, when a herald arrives from earth, with a gold wreath as a tribute from men, which finds a

different reception from the similar offering of Mr. Tracy Turnerelli. The dignified "Thanks!" of Plausible, as he placed the wreath on his head, was very good. The Informer, who presently appears, was most judiciously "made up," with long straight hair (was this touch consciously taken from Plato's "Euthyphro," where Meletus, the accuser of Socrates, is described as τερανθρις?) and generally with an unkempt air of hungry rascality which left nothing to be desired. From an historical point of view, nothing in the play is so luridly vivid as this Aristophanic sketch of the man whose trade it is, as it was his father's and grandfather's before him, to ruin innocent men by false accusations.

Anon Prometheus comes in disguised, under a huge sunshade (lest Zeus should see him), to whisper that the gods are starving. The broad burlesque has its climax at the point (v. 1547) where Prometheus permits himself the luxury of one shout of defiance to Zeus, and then instantly cowers down again under his umbrella. A Greek audience would have had the Prometheus of Æschylus before their minds. It is the humor of this tacit contrast which must lift the scene above the level of buffoonery. The exit of Prometheus closed Act II. (v. 1552).

When the curtain rises on Act III., the scene is on the ramparts of Cloud-cuckoo-borough. A still unfinished gateway reminds us that we are in a new-born city. In the foreground on the left, a canopy of bright color protects a stove at which Plausible, helped by slaves, is busy cooking some savory mess. Enter three envoys, sent by the starving gods to treat for peace. Poseidon is known by his trident and the tint of his robe. His nephew Heracles has the lion's skin dangling from his shoulders, and carries a truly formidable club —once the property, we believe, of an American Indian. The third envoy is a "Triballian," the delegate of the barbarian gods. He wears blue trousers, and carries a gaudy blue-and-gold shield. He has, indeed, adopted a Greek cloak for the nonce, but has put it on over his right instead of his left shoulder. Poseidon, as he notices this with horror, and hastens to readjust the cloak, exclaims, "Democracy, what will you bring us to when this fellow has been elected a god?" Mr. Tatham was very amusing as the Triballian, who is supposed to have exasperating little tricks of barbarian behavior. Thus, while his Greek companions are engaged in parley, he jangles a huge necklace which he wears until the jarring noise makes Poseidon turn round. Heracles, who has come resolved to throttle the rebel, cannot resist the fleshpots of the cloud city. The terms of Plausible are ultimately accepted. He is to marry Basileia ("Royalty"), guardian of the lightnings, the wisdom, and the wealth of Zeus. A short *entr'acte* precedes the closing scene. Mr. Parry's music for the choral song here raised the tone of the conclusion in just the right way—notably in the *coda*, which agreeably suggests a strain of romance in the character of a hero whose marriage might otherwise have appeared to have been dictated by considerations of a quite different order. The wedding march for the entry of Plausible and his bride is full of life, and is likely to be popular, if we may judge from the fact that it has already figured in the programme of more than one concert. The final tableau on the stage—the chorus of Birds grouped around Plausible and Basileia, while the Hoopoe, raised behind their thrones, seems to be saying, "Bless you, my children"—was in a high degree brilliant and beautiful.

The performance was, indeed, a complete and signal success, on which the managers and the actors are alike to be congratulated. Now that the experiment has been so entirely justified by the result, it seems worth while to think for a moment why it seemed so daring beforehand, and how far it was favored, or the reverse, by any tendencies of the present day in literature or drama.

At the end of Plato's "Symposium," a guest who had fallen asleep awakes at cock-crow to hear Socrates still discoursing with two of the company. These are the tragic poet Agathon and the comic poet Aristophanes. Socrates is constraining them to admit that "it belongs to the same man to know how to compose tragedy and comedy; and that the man who is in art a tragic poet is also a *comic* poet." Both the poets are by this time half asleep, and can scarcely follow him; Aristophanes drops off first, then Agathon; Socrates lays them in comfortable attitudes, and departs to take a morning bath, preparatory to visiting the Lyceum, and spending the day there in discourse as usual. The essential identity of tragic with comic art was for Socrates, of course, merely an illustration of the maxim that no one really knows a thing unless he knows its opposite. But there is another and quite different sense in which the saying happens to be true of that Greek Tragedy and Comedy which his two hearers respectively represented.

The origin of Greek drama was personal sympathy with the god Dionysus. He was imagined as bringing glad gifts and precious rites to men, which they most often embraced with thankful joy, but which sometimes they resisted, until their necks had been bowed to his yoke. Before Dionysus could fully exact

the worship due to him, he had to vanquish foes, human and divine. He was at times a sufferer as well as a conqueror; his fortune had its seasons of darkness, as dark days usher in the sunshine which is to make the vines ready for the vintage. Tragedy and Comedy were the corresponding moods of his worshippers. The motive of Comedy was to be in harmony with his mirth, as the motive of Tragedy was to honor him in the graver aspects of his godhead—in its passion and its anguish.

Hence the conception which made Aristophanic Comedy a thing by itself. The measure of its license was what Dionysus was believed to enjoy, or to tolerate, when he was in his happiest mood of wild frolic. How, then, was the personal character of Dionysus conceived? In the first place, he was conceived as a jovial and rollicking sensualist. Aristophanic Comedy, accordingly, reflects his free indulgence in the coarsest pleasures of the senses. Then he loved practical jokes, sometimes of a very rough kind. So Comedy had its element of horse-play, its rough-and-tumble "business," in which the jester and his butt are related, much as the clown and pantaloon of pantomime. But the mischievous humor of Dionysus had also a subtler and more sinister mood, such a mood as appears in the irony with which, in the "Bacchæ" of Euripides, he plays around Pentheus before he destroys him. And, therefore, Comedy has its scathing and merciless satire, satire directed alike against public men and against vice or folly in private life. Again, Dionysus is conspicuously a conqueror; he may be resisted for awhile, but in the end he bears down all opposition. Comedy, in like manner, has a ring of exultant, even insolent triumph for the cause which the poet espouses: what Pentheus is to Dionysus, Cleon is to Aristophanes. Lastly, Dionysus is one who, as the giver of physical rapture, turns the work-a-day world topsy-turvy, and opens to his votaries a region of fantastic ecstasy. And Comedy also had its flights into a wonderland of fancy, where gods, men, and beasts are mingled in grotesque action at the caprice of the poet.

The Greeks imagined all their principal deities as endued, more or less, with a sense of humor. The form in which this sense manifested itself might sometimes be rather grim, as when the "Furies" of Æschylus tell us that "the god laughs at the hot-blooded man" who is vainly struggling with his doom. But the Olympian sense of humor is normally marked rather by a not unkindly irony, such as is naturally associated with the restrained consciousness of vast power. The really great and strong are not usually apt to resent a little harmless mirth in their inferiors. The Greek paid his gods the compliment of believing that they could bear—indeed, rather liked—a certain amount of "chaff"—though some tact was required, of course, just as it is when the same delicate form of flattery is administered to the mighty of this world. An element of Dionysiac comedy, a spring of "unquenchable laughter," was deep in the heart of Greek polytheism; and when laughter ripples now and again over the noblest and most serious utterances of the popular faith—as when Hephaestus puffs and pants as he limps along before the laughing gods—this does not indicate a decay of belief, but exactly the reverse. It is a sign of hearty, natural vigor in the frank anthropomorphism on which the whole system rests. I emphasize this, because no one can understand the spirit of much that is best in Greek literature unless he clearly apprehends that the poetry which gives us the limping Homeric Hephaestus is absolutely distinct from—nay, is diametrically opposite to—the mocking scepticism which animates Lucian's "Dialogues of the Gods." The most extraordinary estimate of the "Iliad" which has perhaps ever appeared in print is based on a failure to perceive this distinction (the italics are ours):—

> *To me*, (says this writer) *the general tone of the "Iliad" sounds like that of Don Quixote: there runs through the greater part of it a mocking laugh which holds up to scorn all that had claimed the deepest reverence of the Greek people.* Time after time the heroes come before us like Hêraklês in the "Birds" of Aristophanês. . . . . But if the time-honored heroes of Greek legend fare badly, the gods fare much worse. The *depth of cynical unbelief* betrayed in such gratuitous narratives as the charming of Zeus by Hêrê (Il. xiv. 153 *sq.*), or the abuse lavished by Zeus on the two contumacious goddesses Hêrê and Athênê (viii. 447-56), or the wounding of Aphroditê, and Arês by Diomêdês (v. 330-43, 855-68), hardly finds its parallel in Aristophanês, and we must go to Lucian to meet with it again.*

Strangely as this misrepresents the "Iliad," it misrepresents Aristophanes not less completely. The comic poet was an orthodox Athenian Tory, "worshipping the gods whom the city worshipped," detesting new-fangled notions alike in religion, politics, and society, and thoroughly imbued with the genuine traditions of the popular national faith. The gods themselves, Aristophanes held, entered into the frolic of the Dionysiac carnival. At that season of licensed mirth Zeus himself would submit to be caricatured: Zeus himself would share the good-humor of the poet and of the audience.

Still, Comedy, like Tragedy, was, after all, an act of worship. I have never seen it noticed, but it seems worthy of remark, that, precisely in those comedies which most dar-

* Professor A. H. Sayce, in the *Journal of Philology*, vol. xii. p. 38.

ingly ridicule the gods, Aristophanes has given, as if by way of counterpoise, a serious expression of religious feeling. Thus in the "Birds" we have free mockery of the Olympians and the heroes. But we have also such a passage of grave and chastened beauty as this in the Hoopoe's song (I quote from Dr. Kennedy's translation):—

> So when thy brown beak is thrilling
> With that holy music-trilling.
> Through the woodbine's leafy bound
> Swells the pure melodious sound
> To the throne of Zeus: and there
> Phoebus of the golden hair,
> Hearing, to thine elegies
> With the awaken'd chords replies
> Of his ivory-clapsèd lyre,
> Stirring all the Olympian quire;
> Till from each immortal tongue
> Of that blessèd heavenly throng
> Peals the full harmonious song.

Take the "Frogs" again. There, Dionysus himself, with the lion's skin over his otherwise effeminate attire, is made a most ludicrous figure, and is placed in all manner of humiliating plights. On the other hand, the same comedy gives us the lofty choral chant of the Mystae, the votaries who have been initiated into the most solemn rites of his worship, as they move with flaming torches through the murky regions of the dead.

The "Peace" is as fantastic as the "Birds" or the "Frogs." But it does not point any mockery of similar boldness against any particular god. So far as the Olympians are satirized, the satire is general, and not very keen. And so, in the "Peace," we find no serious expression of a religious sentiment similar to those quoted above. The "Birds" and the "Frogs" are the most representative examples of Dionysiac Comedy, because they touch its limits. Daring travesty of the immortals is carried to the furthest point. The deeper feeling which was at the heart of the whole festival is also uttered in its noblest form. These two plays illustrate a principle of the old Attic Comedy which is not less important—if we desire to see it from the old Greek point of view—than the more obvious features on which critics have been wont chiefly to dwell. It might be described, perhaps, as the principle of compensatory reverence.

Our age has shown a relish for literary parody on the occasions—not too numerous—when really excellent parody has appeared. "Rejected Addresses," Thackeray's "Codlingsby" (etc.), Mr. Calverley's "Fly Leaves," are familiar instances, to which others might be added. Here, then, was a point in favor of Aristophanes with a modern audience. His parodies of graver poets—especially of Euripides—are quite in the vein of the nineteenth century. It would be natural to describe them as singularly "modern," if we did not remember that this apparent "modernism" which we find in them is really due to the universality of certain first principles which underlie the finest wit and the soundest taste of every nation and period. Then our theatre has in recent years been largely occupied with burlesque, classical or romantic, of every grade. And a distinct addition to the popular types of humor has been made by Mr. Burnand, who has shown how amusing it may be to make the average man think aloud with absolute veracity. Again, if our days have not been very favorable to the highest exercise of imagination, there has at least been a great deal in them to stimulate the fancy: the discoveries of science—suggesting flights of fancy such as those in the books of Jules Verne—the facilities for rapid change of scene, the kaleidoscopic effects for the mind produced by the swift diffusion of varied intelligence in the daily papers. On the whole, it may be doubted whether, since the revival of letters, there has ever been a time when Aristophanes stood quite so good a chance with a modern audience as he does to-day.

The writer of an article which appeared shortly before the Cambridge performance said that Greek Comedy was far better suited to the modern stage than Greek Tragedy. The fact is that any comparison of their respective claims in this respect is pointless, since the difficulties to be overcome and the objects to be attained are entirely different in the two cases. The value of Greek Tragedy is universal. A revival of the "Agamemnon" or the "Ajax" is a vivid lesson in the essential nature of the highest drama—reminding us especially, as we sorely need to be reminded, how fundamentally such drama rests on a study of the great primary emotions in human nature. A revival of a Greek comedy gives us, first, a striking spectacle, and then—as it proved in this case—an amusing play. Apart from these results, its value is relative to the particular age and civilization which gave it birth. It is instructive, not as a lesson in the genius of the noblest art, but as a powerful aid to the historical imagination. There is a sense in which Aristophanes is farther from us than Sophocles. His personal and local allusions are in many cases irretrievably lost. But, on the other hand, he brings the social life of his day wonderfully near to us. It is a real help to the better understanding of Thucydides when we have made the personal acquaintance of the Soothsayer and the Informer in the "Birds." Plato sent the "Clouds" of Aristophanes to Dionysius of Syracuse, telling him that it would give him the idea of things

at Athens. M. Taine found *Punch* invaluable in his studies of English life. After all deductions are made, Aristophanes has still the same kind of value for the study of ancient Greek society. A tolerably true and vivid picture of Greek life in that age—truer, assuredly, and more vivid than any which has yet been given—might be drawn by one who, thoroughly knowing and appreciating Aristophanes, combined the materials which he provides with those which are to be gathered from Plato.

What did Aristophanes mean by the "Birds"? An historical allegory of the Sicilian expedition, as Süvern thought? Or a philosophical allegory of self-will prevailing over sanity—the cloud-city being a sort of ideal Bedlam? Or a veiled plea for government by one man instead of mob-rule? Or an antidote to the religious fanaticism evoked by the mutilation of the Hermae?

I confess that I do not regard this much-debated question as a very profitable one nor as one which admits of a definite answer, except to this extent. We may safely say that the poetical and comic purpose was uppermost in the mind of Aristophanes. He laughs at all the Athenian weaknesses, and he alludes more than once to the Sicilian enterprise—but the feeling about it which pervades the play seems hardly more than this: "This is our last mad prank, and I hope it may turn out for the best, resulting, may be, in larger empire for Athens under some able leader." Prosaic unity of purpose is vainly sought in the "Birds." It does not exist there.

The Cambridge performance was full of instructive points. It also forcibly suggested certain reflections of a more general kind. Perhaps the first was that the comedy is not simply the masterpiece of a witty poet, but also the work of one who had a thorough practical intimacy with the work of the stage. A Spartan despatch could not be read until it had been rolled round a stick. It is only when a drama has been submitted to the test of acting that the stage-science of the dramatist can be gauged. Again, in seeing the "Birds," we are forcibly reminded of the qualities which such a comedy presupposes in the large popular audiences for whom it was originally written. They must have been equally capable of enjoying the broadest humor and the subtlest wit; their quickness in seizing allusions, political or personal, must have been extraordinary; and their knowledge of contemporary poetry must have been of a much closer kind than Sheridan, for instance, presupposes in the cultivated hearers for whom he wrote the "Critic." They were also united by sympathies which, at the Dionysaic festival, were rather domestic than merely civic; and in this respect it was peculiarly appropriate that, after an interval of nearly 2300 years, the most brilliant play of Aristophanes should have been revived before a University audience.—Prof. R. C. JEBB, in *The Fortnightly Review.*

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.*

THE publication of this book has been expected with eagerness, and it is not surprising that such has been the case. It is just twelve years since a unique personality passed away from among men; a name which had occupied a most prominent place in the world of thought and of controversy ceased to appear any longer as that of a contemporary, and a voice was silent which, within a certain range at least, had stirred the heart and spirit as no voice in modern times had ever done. If any surprise were expressed, it would almost seem to be caused by the patience with which the absence of any biography of Mr. Maurice has been borne; but the reason of this is, I think, not far to seek. Those who knew Mr. Maurice, either personally or by his writings, knew him so well—his presence was so constant, and his thoughts and convictions were so real to them, and had become so perfectly their own—that they felt less the need of a biography than in the case of almost any other man.

I am inclined to think, however, that all feeling of indifference will be exchanged for enthusiasm when the present volumes are perused, for, if the subject of the biography was unique, the work itself may, I think, be said to be unique also. It cannot be said to be an autobiography, for no autobiography could possibly be so spontaneous, or have contented itself so exclusively with thought and opinion; but for this very reason it is not so much a book at all as it is Mr. Maurice himself, not perhaps in the flesh, but certainly in the spirit. The book is unique in the position and circumstances of its editor, and it has been produced upon principles of candor and personal abnegation which, if not unique, are at least infrequent. Few biographers have said less about their subject than Colonel Maurice has said about his father, and few have allowed their subject to speak so largely and unreservedly. Colonel Maurice says in his Preface: "Nothing whatever has been kept back or concealed as to my father. My sole object has been to present

* "The Life of Frederick Denison Maurice." Edited by his son Frederick Maurice (London: Macmillan and Co. 1884).

him as he was." The question whether letters do represent a man is one which must, I think, be decided afresh in each individual case; but, *cæteris paribus*, no one can be so good a judge of this as a son can be, because he has fuller opportunities of knowing how far the private life corresponds to the public, and he is less liable to be biassed in his judgment by party or theological prejudice. Where Colonel Maurice has departed from his usual method, as in chapter viii. of the second volume, the result is so charming as to make us wish for more personal reminiscences. The candor with which the letters and extracts of letters have been given to us is remarkable, extending, I should say, in a few instances, to the publication of what Mr. Maurice himself would have suppressed. To some of those who have only known Mr. Maurice in his books, it is possible that some of these letters, written under circumstances of excitement and impulse, will convey an impression of unrest and anxiety foreign to the serene result to which, in the sermons, thought and experience had given a prophetic calm; but we shall all feel the privilege of being thus admitted into the workshop of the mind, obtaining, I think, by such means, as true, as vivid, and as detailed a presentment of the personality which it is our wish to realize as we could with any reasonableness expect.

His biographer says that Maurice's position was unique. I conceive that Mr. Maurice himself was absolutely unique. I conceive that no other man ever occupied his precise mental standpoint, for he combined two qualities which are generally found to be incompatible—he united an almost perfect freedom and toleration of thought with the most entire certitude of conviction and teaching. It was this quality beyond every other which made him emphatically the teacher of teachers; for a teacher who attracted the freest and most acute intellects by his sympathy with their doubts and speculations, believing, as he did, that God's guidance was to be perceived not so much in men's opinions and conclusions as in their struggles and questionings and glimpses of light (vol. ii. p. 338), and at the same time appeared possessed of a certitude at least equal to that of the narrowest dogmatist, could not fail to command an influence over thinking men. It is easy for a man who has not to teach to assume a generous breadth and freedom of opinion; but it is obvious that the teacher must have something to teach, and must have arrived at some point of certitude from which, as from a rock, he can draw up his hearers from among the waves of perplexity and unrest. This was what emphatically Mr. Maurice did.

There is, however, another point in Mr. Maurice's character which I think well to touch upon here at the outset as giving a note most important to be struck thus early—I mean his saintliness. "He was the only saint I ever knew," was said to me the other day by one well known in letters and in society; "others have aimed at it. He was a saint." Dr. Goodeve, of Clifton, his cousin, the companion of his boyhood, says of him (vol. i. p. 38):—

> He was the gentlest, most docile and affectionate of creatures; but he was equally earnest in what he believed to be right, and energetic in the pursuit of his views. It may be thought an extravagant assertion, a mere formal tribute to a deceased friend and companion, but, after a long and intimate experience of the world, I can say with all sincerity that he was the most saint-like individual I ever met—*Christ-like*, if I dare to use the word.

I wish thus early to insist upon this, because I have no doubt that to a character of this description only that secret is entrusted which becomes the method of attraction which Mr. Maurice possessed. Others may have been holy as he was, though I think they have been few; but none could have possessed his attraction, however gifted with like gifts, save the holy, for he himself would tell us that none but the pure can see God, and the secret of his certitude and of his charm was that he had seen God.

"I was sent into the world," he writes to his son, in one of his carefully prepared autobiographical letters—"I was sent into the world that I might persuade men to recognize Christ as the centre of their fellowship with each other, so that they might be united in their families, their countries, and as men, not in schools and factions;" that is, as I understand him, the bond of interest and union is not opinion, but that humanity which has been taken up into God.

Very early in life in the little Quaker village of Frenchay, with its quiet greens and leafy parks, it was borne in upon the mind of this exceptional boy that there was nothing strange or exceptional in his circumstances, but that he "*was one of a race.*" This, undoubtedly, is the keynote of Mr. Maurice's teaching to the end of his life—not children by election or adoption; not disciples or followers by choice or opinion, but children by natural birth, elect in virtue of the common humanity by which alone every human being is the son of God. The distinction between his view of baptism and Dr. Pusey's was just this: the latter regarded baptism as a change of nature; he saw in it the coming out of the infant into the first radiance of a light which had been ever shining for it and for all the world.

In the very remarkable mental atmosphere in which the boy grew up, amid those religious questionings which led to the entire family of the Unitarian minister leaving their husband and father to follow other forms of faith, it was perhaps natural that, to such a mind, this principle should be strengthened, if indeed it was not suggested; for a craving would arise in an affectionate and susceptible nature for some other bond of union than that of mere opinion. When, after many discussions, he went to Cambridge, he came under the influence of a remarkable man in a very characteristic way. In a most interesting extract from his own papers, he gives an account of Julius Hare's lectures during two terms, first upon the "Antigone" of Sophocles, and secondly upon the "Gorgias" of Plato. Hare himself wrote of him, "that there was in his class-room a pupil whose metaphysical powers were among the greatest he had ever come in contact with, but that the man was so shy that it was almost impossible to know him." Entirely unknown to the man who was afterwards to be his intimate friend and brother, this was what was passing in the boy's mind (he was eighteen):—

I *do* recollect Hare's class-room exceedingly well. I am often surprised how clearly all the particulars of what passed in it come back to me, when so much else that I should like to preserve has faded away.

You will suppose, perhaps, that this was owing to some novelty in his method of teaching. You will inquire whether he assumed more of a professional air than is common in a College, and gave disquisitions instead of calling on his pupils to construe a book? Not the least. We construed just as they did elsewhere. I do not remember his indulging in a single *excursus*. The subject in our first term was the "Antigone" of Sophocles. . . .

We hammered at the words and at the sense. The lecturer seemed most anxious to impress us with the feeling that there was no road to the sense which did not go through the words. He took infinite pains to make us understand the force of nouns, verbs, particles, and the grammar of the sentences. We often spent an hour on the strophe or antistrophe of a chorus. . . .

If there had been disquisitions about the Greek love of beauty, about the classical and romantic schools, and so forth, I should have been greatly delighted. I should have rushed forth to retail to my friends what I had heard, or have discussed it, and refuted it as long as they would listen to my nonsense. What we did and heard in the lecture-room could not be turned to this account. One could not get the handy phrase one wished about Greek ideals and poetical unity; but, by some means or other, one rose to the apprehension that the poem *had* a unity in it, and that the poet *was* pursuing an ideal, and that the unity was not created by him, but perceived by him, and that the ideal was not a phantom, but something which must have had a most real effect upon himself, his age, and his country. I cannot the least tell you how Hare imparted this conviction to me; I only know that I acquired it, and could trace it very directly to his method of teaching. I do not suppose that he had deliberately invented a method; in form, as I have said, he was adapting himself exactly to the practice of English Colleges; in spirit, he was following the course which a cultivated man, thoroughly in earnest to give his pupils the advantage of his cultivation, and not ambitious of displaying himself, would fall into. Yet I have often thought since, that if the genius of Bacon is, as I trust it is and always will be, the tutelary one of Trinity, its influence was scarcely more felt in the scientific lecture-rooms than in this classical one; we were, just as much as the students of natural philosophy, feeling our way from particulars to universals, from facts to principles.

One felt this method, without exactly understanding it, in reading our Greek play. The next term it came much more distinctly before us. Then we were reading the "Gorgias" of Plato. But here, again, the lecturer was not tempted for an instant to spoil us of the good which Plato could do us by talking to us about him, instead of reading him with us. There was no *résumé* of his philosophy, no elaborate comparison of him with Aristotle, or with any of the moderns. Our business was with a single dialogue; we were to follow that through its windings, and to find out by degrees, if we could, what the writer was driving at, instead of being told beforehand. I cannot recollect that he ever spoke to us of Schleiermacher, whose translations were, I suppose, published at that time; if they were, he had certainly read them; but his anxiety seemed to be that Plato should explain himself to us, and should help to explain us to ourselves. Whatever he could do to further this end, by bringing his reading and scholarship to bear upon the illustration of the text, by throwing out hints as to the course the dialogue was taking, by exhibiting his own fervent interest in Plato and his belief of the high purpose he was aiming at, he did. But to give us second-hand reports, though they were ever so excellent—to save us the trouble of thinking—to supply us with a moral, instead of showing us how we might find it, not only in the book but in our hearts, this was clearly not his intention.

Then Mr. Maurice goes on to say that Hare first set before his pupils

an ideal not for a few "religious" people, but for all mankind, which can lift men out of the sin which "assumes selfishness as the basis of all actions and life;" and secondly, the teaching them that "there is a way out of party opinions which is not a compromise between them, but which is implied in both and of which each is bearing witness." "Hare did not tell us this . . . . Plato himself does not say it; he makes us feel it."

I do not apologize for the length of these extracts: they are so interesting in themselves, and are so intensely valuable as showing the forces that were at work in the boy's mind. "The most enlightened men in Germany, France, and England," he wrote afterwards, "are acknowledging the deep obligation which they have owed to Plato for having enfranchised them from systems, and sent them to seek for wisdom, not in the strife of parties, but in the quiet of their own hearts." "Maurice says," writes his pupil, Edward Strachey, to Lady Louis—"Maurice says all little children are Platonists;" and we know of Another who said that only as little children could we enter the kingdom of God. It was through this portal, then, that young Maurice, like so many others, entered into intellectual life.

On leaving Cambridge, not having made up his mind to the required subscription to the 36th canon, he took his name off the University books, without taking a degree, declining the kindly suggestion of the Senior Tutor of his College that he should allow the full term of five years standing to expire before taking so decisive a step. Whatever his future opinions might be, he characteristically said he could not hazard their being influenced by any considerations of worldly interest. During his stay in London, where he

wrote for and finally edited the *Athenæum*, during an interval at home during which he wrote his novel, "Eustace Conway," and at Exeter College, Oxford, to which college he was attracted by the kindness of Dr. Jacobson, he was gradually forming those convictions which resulted in his taking orders in the English Church, of which, I imagine, it would be difficult to find a more ardent or a more thorough adherent than he became.

I have agreed with Colonel Maurice that his father's position with regard to the Church was unique, but in addition to this I should not hesitate to say that at first sight it seems, and all through his life it did seem, intensely subtle: so much so that he himself could scarcely expect it to be grasped by religious people of ordinary calibre; still further, I am not ashamed to admit that it has often appeared to me so subtle that I have failed for some time altogether to grasp it; nevertheless I am perfectly certain that it was of the simplest description. We have seen that Mr. Maurice's idea of God was that of a God of the natural human race. He conceived of a living God, the Author, Origin, and Support of the race—a God who in all ages had not only been speaking to it, but had been living in it, teaching, leading, drawing it to Himself—a God who was doing this now as much as ever. In the Hebrew Scriptures he found the fullest and clearest proof and exposition of this immortal fact. He believed, with his whole heart, in the existence of this ceaseless Energy, this unwearying Love and Power. He believed, also with his whole heart, that the English Church, in its formularies, in its Articles, in its Liturgy, in its Creeds, literally, and in the plain and ordinary English interpretation of the words, inculcated this truth; just as the English translation of the Hebrew Scriptures, in their literal sense, also inculcated it. "The errors of the Oxford Tracts," *i.e.* of the High Church movement, he wrote to Edward Strachey,

consist, I think, in opposing *to* "τὸ πνεῦμα τοῦ αἰῶνος τούτου" (the spirit of the present age) the spirit of a former age, instead of the ever-living and acting Spirit of God, of which the spirit of each age is, at once the adversary and the parody. The childlike spirit of the Fathers, say they, must be brought in to counteract the intellectual spirit of these times —the spirit of submission to Church authority against the spirit of voluntary association.

It was not that he objected to the spirit of the Fathers—so far from it, he was most deeply read in and conversant with them, especially with St. Augustine—but their utterance was not that ever-living and acting Spirit to which he believed the formularies of the English Church bore witness, and any slighting, or crippling, or ignoring of which Spirit he believed to be heresy against such formularies and articles.

Now this ever-living and acting spirit of God pervades the whole human race, absorbing all its functions into Himself, so that, as in the old Jewish times, king and priest and prophet were the instrument and mouthpiece of this Spirit, so now king and state and commonwealth are as much, and no more, manifestations of this Spirit as the Church itself. There is no power whatever but that of God: all else is mere lawlessness and anarchy. So far as the democracy declared itself absolute, he opposed it to the death, but he would have been the first to recognize in the most stifled outcry of a democracy the voice of God proclaiming, as by the wild cry of a gaunt and ragged prophet by the wayside, wrath and future judgment against the selfishness and atheism of kings and states. So far as the sectaries set themselves up against the visible unity of the one Kingdom and Church of God —so far he would have no fellowship with them; but he would have been the first to recognize the side of truth each of them had grasped, as a witness against the error and backsliding of the Church. "I write *of* Quakers," he says, "but I write *to* Churchpeople."

I will quote a passage from the "Prophets and Kings," partly because of its extreme beauty, but chiefly because it explains, more than any other word could do, this simple and clear position as to the relations of Church and State.

We have been hearing of a Vision. Does that word sound as if it belonged to times which we have left far behind, as if it pointed to something fantastical and incredible? Oh! if there were no such visions, brethren, what an utterly dark and weary and unintelligible place this world would be! How completely we should be given up to the emptiest phantoms, to the basest worship of phantoms! What mere shows and mockeries would the state and ceremonial of kings, the debates of legislators, the yearnings and struggles of people, become! How truly would the earth be what it seemed to the worn-out misanthropical libertine, "a stage, and all the men and women merely players;" a thousand times we have been all tempted to think it so. The same painted scenery, the same shifting pageants, the same unreal words spoken through different masks by counterfeit voices, the same plots which seem never to be unravelled: what does it all mean? How do men endure the ceaseless change, the dull monotony? Satirists and keen observers of the world's follies have asked this question again and again. The best man may often doubt what he should reply. But he hears a voice saying to him, "Try to be true to thyself; resist the powers which are tempting thee to go through thy acts, common or sacred, as if thou wert a mere machine; hold fast thy faith that God is, and is working, when thou seest least of this working, and when the world seems most to be going on without Him; assure thyself that there is an order in the universe when all its movements seem most disorderly. So will the things around thee by degrees acquire a meaning and a purpose. Those divine services and sacraments which have partaken of their insincerity, which have become shadows like them, will show thee what a truth and substance lies behind them. In English temples thou mayest hear "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts," resounding from the lips of seraphim. In them thou mayest know that thou art in the midst of a company of angels and archangels and just men made perfect; nay, that thou art in the presence of

Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, and of God, the Judge of all. And if the sense of that presence awaken all the consciousness of thine own evil, and of the evil of the people among whom thou dwellest, the taste of that sacrifice, which was once offered for thee and for all the world, will purge thine iniquity. When that divine love has kindled thy flagging and perishing thoughts and hopes, thou mayest learn that God can use thee to bear the tidings of His love and righteousness to a sense-bound land that is bowing to silver and gold, to horses and chariots. And if there should come a convulsion in that land, such as neither thou nor thy fathers have known, be sure that it signifies the removal of such things as can be shaken, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain.*

Now, if his position is so simple and so orthodox as it appears to be—and I think the fact cannot be disputed—how is it that Mr. Maurice's mental and doctrinal standpoint appeared so subtle and obscure? how was it that he seemed to be constantly contradicting and disappointing the expectations of simple-minded people? and how is it that this man, who was by every possibility of expression the most orthodox of Churchmen and the most unswerving of believers in the inspiration of the Bible, should have left his name as a by-word among a large and varied class of Churchpeople, for a monster of heresy and misbelief? The question seems to me full of interest both as it relates to peculiarities of character and of the times, and illustrates some traits of our common nature which are alike in all times.

Some reflection on Mr. Maurice's principle of interpretation of Scripture, if so simple a process can be called by such a name, will I think assist us in this perplexity. His faith in the letter of Scripture was entire. "If the Bible shrank from difficulties," he said, "if it had not a stronger evidence in itself than all the ingenuity of apologists could supply, it was not the book which I took it to be, it had not the power for which I gave it credit." The absence of all difficulty, the ease with which obstacles apparently insurmountable are overcome, give the reader at first a sense of amused surprise, as though some ingenious casuistry or legerdemain was at work; but this is only because we are so unused to his plain and simple principles. We are so accustomed to difficulties and apologies and German criticism and to etymological niceties and ethnological refinements, that when all our difficulties vanish before the simple story of a life like our own; when the record is revealed to us as being nothing but the history of struggles and failures, sins and repentances, of men and women and people like ourselves, and of the clear and still clearer shining of a light into their hearts and lives by which the mysteries of time and of the future appear, if not altogether vanquished and brought to naught, yet, at least, as ranging themselves on the side of righteousness and development, and not of anarchy and despair; when, instead of the elaborate exegesis we expected, we hear only the charmed rhythm of this divine message through page of story, and prophet's cry, and psalmist's song—we can hardly credit that our trouble has been in such sort laid to rest. And, as a matter of fact, it is certain that this method of interpretation staggered the so-called religious world. Indeed, to please this world it is not enough that you profess your belief that the Bible is inspired; this will serve you little, unless you add your conviction that the religious world is inspired in its interpretation of it. This is true of all times; but a wonderful change has passed over the religious world of England since Mr. Maurice took orders fifty years ago. It requires some effort to realize the position of those days: so many questions have been set at rest, so many outworks abandoned, so many crises which were to have ruined the Church and religion safely passed through. The whole power of the Church, and indeed of the religious world, was in the hands of the Evangelical party, a party only just entering on its decadence. The triumphs and spiritual victories of this great and missionary section of the Church were fresh in men's minds. The mental atmosphere was redolent with the names of such men as Simeon, Venn, and Romaine. The invariable result had occurred. The leaders of thought being removed, their followers adopted their formulas and, like the Israelites with the ark at Eben-ezer, supposed because of their adherence to these formulas, that God was still in the camp. The religious patronage of the country and the revenue of the religious societies was in their hands, and its distribution was decided, and the thought and opinions of the congregations guided, by the so-called religious newspapers. Now a man who believed that God's voice was heard not in formulas and systems, not in opinions and conclusions, but in "struggles and questionings and glimpses of light," could not expect much appreciation from excellent and formal people trained and drilled in a system like this. His interpretation of Scripture was to them naught, for they recognized in it none of their familiar phrases. To many of these people, to attempt to see two sides of a question is not only perplexing, it is positively wicked; to endeavor to discover the particle of truth which exists in your opponent's opinion is to pander to the Devil himself. The best and most charitable of these people would say, "I cannot understand him;" and no wonder, for it is impossible to give the reader who is unacquainted with his character, any

* "Prophets and Kings," p. 234.

just idea of the exquisite balance of Mr. Maurice's mind. If his whole life and writings failed to give it to so many thousands of his fellow-countrymen, it would be ridiculous to attempt it here. All I can do, it seems to me, is to insist as often as possible on this one point, that the distinguishing quality he possessed and the quality which prevented his position from being understood and his influence felt, which caused him to be suspected of casuistry and rejected as obscure and unintelligible, was simply and solely this exquisite balance of mind and thought.

But there were other forces which, while they could not cause this estrangement, yet strengthened and perpetuated it when caused. One of these was Mr. Maurice's connection with what was called, then as now, Christian Socialism. I shall allude very briefly to this. I would rather hope that some of those men, and they are many, now in orders in the English Church, who are carrying on his work under the influence of his spirit, and who look upon him as the inspirer and guide of their cause, will give us some account of the result of his connection with it. I will only say that the quality I have mentioned, a balanced intellect and a consequent wisdom superior to all those who worked with him, appears to me most prominent in this phase of his work. In those days, however, of continental revolution and of political excitement, a man who had actually converted some Chartists, and was known to be intimately associated with intelligent artisans, "naturally all atheists, you know," was regarded in many circles with horror. Nothing was too bad to believe of such a one. The clergy would say to younger men, with that recklessness of speech which is not confined to parsons, "Has no belief in the Atonement, you know"—an assertion about equivalent to denying to St. Paul any belief in the doctrine of Justification by Faith.

It is almost impossible at the present day to realize the anonymous and irresponsible tyranny wielded by the religious newspapers at the time of which we are speaking. Colonel Maurice contrasts the power of this tyranny in 1842-46, when the "Record" won its great victory over Bishop Blomfield, and the bishop, to escape the storm, actually had to abandon all those clergy who had followed his advice, and to approve of those who had refused to obey him, with its weakness in 1860, when in response to its demand that Bishop Tait should resist Mr. Maurice's appointment to St. Peter's, Vere Street, only twenty of the London clergy signed the address to the bishop, against three hundred and thirty-two who signed the counter-address to Mr. Maurice. Mr. Maurice's antagonism to the "immoral and godless domination of anonymous religious journalism" had been consistent, determined, and uncompromising from the beginning of his career; a great part of his unpopularity with Church people was earned in this single-handed combat with an impalpable malific power, and to him in great measure is to be attributed its fall. It would be necessary to study the files of these forgotten instruments of bigotry to understand the position truly, but this were a task before which even German conscientiousness and enterprise might well quail.

It was the chivalrous instinct which saw injustice in *ex parte* statements of an opponent's position which first roused his indignation against the religious newspapers, and it was this same habit of Mr. Maurice's mind which was a fertile source of misunderstanding between himself and the so-called religious world. To go out of your way to point out what truth there may be in the position of a man whom you firmly believe to be fighting against truth, seems to many people to be treason against the truth itself. When the honest acceptance of the Articles was in question, and an attempt was being made at Oxford to vindicate the act of subscription from an open avowal of dishonesty, to find the strong advocate of subscription, in the literal and plain sense, openly siding with the offender was no doubt puzzling to many simple people; and when Mr. Maurice approved the Dissenters' Chapels Bill, which appeared to confirm the possession of endowments to those who had departed from the faith in support of which such endowments had been bequeathed, many good and formal people who never saw below the crust of things, and to whom no distinction ever occurred between "the eternal verities on which their faith stands, and the points which must receive a different solution in each different age," a distinction vital to Mr. Maurice, were inclined to think his conduct disingenuous. Mr. Maurice did not accept the Articles and formularies as a particular righteous creed admirably expressed in language by the English Reformers, although he believed that the men of the sixteenth century were far more capable of such a task than those of the nineteenth; he accepted them as the plain testimony to the truth of an "ever-living and acting spirit of righteousness," which had ever taught the Church, and was still teaching her in his own day. He was apparently open to the retort that after all it was only Mr. Maurice's own opinion which he advocated, just as it was the opinion of other people which he opposed, but in his own mind he escaped this dilemma.

"For me to assume that I am right or you are wrong," he wrote to Mr. Strachey, "in the way of putting down idolatry or any form of error is hateful and immoral, confusing ends and means, leading to the most melancholy consequences to the mind of the individual and of the country, consequences which are every day making themselves manifest."

"The exquisite acuteness of his intellectual perceptions," to use Mr. Ludlow's words, was indeed always leading him to perceive distinctions which were quite imperceptible to ordinary minds; but it would be the very greatest of mistakes to suppose that there was in Mr. Maurice anything of the tolerant *laissez faire* of the worldly-minded statesman or divine, to whom life and religion are a fine art. On the contrary, an almost painful earnestness pervades his language at every crisis, and such crises were chronic, of religious matters in his time.

All Christian liberty, all manly divinity, and I believe all honesty of purpose, is in peril if one step be taken in this course,

he writes on one occasion.

To lie down and sleep till the fates accomplish their own purposes, which it seems impossible that we can promote, and very likely that we may hinder, is the inference which the devil has whispered to every one a thousand times, and which most of us have obeyed till a louder whisper has awakened us. Oh, there is nothing so emasculating as the atmosphere of Eclecticism! who that has dwelt in it has not longed for "the keen mountain" misty air of Calvinism, or anything however biting, that would stir him to action?

he writes again. In 1843 he writes this remarkable sentence to Archdeacon Hare:—

I have even thought of addressing a letter to him (Lord Ashley) on the fearful danger of making Tractarians, and Romanists too, by these violent efforts of suppressing them. But I scarcely dare meddle with such subjects; they are too exacting, and I sometimes think with trembling that that way madness lies. Nothing goes nearer to take away one's senses, than the clatter of tongues, when you feel every one is wrong, and know that if you tried to set them right you would most likely be as wrong as any. It would not be so if one had learnt how to keep Sabbath days in the midst of the world's din.

This intense earnestness, this terror of, and determination to grapple with, erroneous opinion, seems indeed at times almost inconsistent with the equally intense faith in the living and acting Spirit that was guiding the world. There are in the world two principles of action—I had almost said of culture—that of Luther and that of Erasmus. I mention these two names so often used in this connection, because it is very curious that, while we might have expected that Mr. Maurice's sympathies would have been on the side of the cultured, tolerant, sweet-tempered, and sweet-voiced reformer, the exact contrary is the fact. He despised Erasmus from his heart. He speaks of him as "the selfish *dilettante*," of Luther as "the Christian Hero." I think that this combination of tolerance with earnestness is the most unique thing about Mr. Maurice. His toleration was infinite; we feel disposed to wish sometimes that his earnestness had been a little less intense. Of the great controversy of his life, that with Mr., afterwards Dean, Mansel, he says that, had he listened to advice, he should have let it alone.

There is a passage on St. Augustine in the "Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy" which seems to show that he was incapable of realizing the position of a conscientious agnostic. We do not like to fancy even the slightest resemblance between him and those good people whose distress and dread would be pitiful if it were not grotesque. To hear some of these talk, for instance, at the present day, one would almost suppose that they believed that some twenty years ago there had been a God, but that Professor Huxley and Professor Tyndall had killed Him, and that, in consequence, not unnaturally, some considerable perplexity and distress was being felt. If there be a God it would seem probable that He will be able to protect Himself against Professor Tyndall, and I do not imagine that the Third Person of the Trinity was in such imminent danger of annihilation from Henry Longueville Mansel, D.D., as to make it necessary for Mr. Maurice to come to the rescue without an hour's delay.

It seems only yesterday, though it is a quarter of a century ago, that the controversy with Dean Mansel began. I remember with distinctness the effect that "What is Revelation?" had upon myself. The prominent feeling was how gracious it was of Mr. Maurice to lavish such a wealth of spiritual thought and vitality merely to crush that most unique, surely, of all champions of orthodoxy—the man who implicitly denied the existence and ridiculed the office and functions of the Third Person of the Trinity. It is difficult to believe that the effect of the lectures could have been such as to require such a confutation. Mr. Mansel was an acute logician, but he was not a metaphysician any more than he was a theologian. His position is utterly untenable except from a purely logical standpoint. He speaks indeed of a "revelation," but, whatever this may be, it is evident that it must be of the vaguest description, for he commences by stating that it is evident that no systematic theology has been given by it, and he exposes with admirable acuteness the absurd statements which dogmatism has made in its attempts to formulate one. As therefore Mr. Mansel denied the possibility of any communication or acquaintance with God except by means of this shadowy

nothing, it is not perhaps an unfair presumption that the tendency of the Bampton Lectures that year was towards practical atheism. His position at any rate was exactly that which Mr. Maurice felt himself, as his biographer points out, sent into the world to protest against—the establishment of some system, some idol of opinion—in place of the energizing Spirit of the living God. Mr. Mansel puts passages from the New Testament at the head of his lectures, and intersperses a few more in the course of them. It is therefore fair to suppose that he had looked into that book, otherwise it would be difficult to believe that he had even heard of it.

It is very doubtful whether personal controversy is at any time productive of an advance in the apprehension of truth, so much is lost by the introduction of the necessary personal allusion and recrimination; at any rate I think it will be admitted that Mr. Maurice did not shine in it. His conceptions and faculties were of a character too lofty for success in mere personal word-play. He is too much in earnest. He is absorbed by the splendor of his conception; dazzled, it may be, "by the abundance of the revelation." His line of argument, as relates to his opponent, is confused, it is needlessly protracted; the point seems constantly lost sight of; long extracts from his adversary confuse the reader, who at last does not know which of his teachers is speaking. Distracted between two disputants, neither of whom evidently in the least understand one another, attempting in vain to grasp the real meaning of the one in order that he may see how it is to be confuted by the other, the reader is at last tempted to exclaim in Mr. Maurice's own graphic words: "This way madness lies." Mr. Mansel's point of view is easily realized. He had written and preached his Bampton Lectures with considerable applause. He had previously had a correspondence with Mr. Maurice, which he appears to have conducted with courtesy. Suddenly there burst upon him an assault which he was utterly incapable of either comprehending or repulsing. He was somewhat in the position of a Weaver Bottom, who through a troubled dream is dimly conscious of a world of mystery and glamour, which he can in no way realize, of heights and depths of starry firmament, of the mountain full of horses of fire and chariots of fire round about the prophet. The certain deductions, as they seemed to him, of his logical sequences are perverted and misstated; the pure unaffected humility of Mr. Maurice appears to him to be sarcasm. The result on both sides is painful. How much better would it have been had Mr. Maurice ignored Mr. Mansel altogether, preached a series of sermons embodying all thoughts aroused by the lecturer, and left the good seed to produce its natural harvest. He might have lost some little publicity, but what an immeasurable gain! No loss of space and time on formal statement and denial; no waste of nerve-tissue and of physical power, of which nothing is more destructive than the irritation of personal conflict; nothing but a sublime calm, a ceaseless flow of the Divine Reason exalting, refining, purifying the reader, raising him above the partial understandings, the inadequate conceptions, of personal debate, into the certainties of absolute truth. He always spoke of the controversy in after times as forgotten, and while, as he could not fail to do, maintaining that his position was the true one, as regretting the personalities involved in it. At the very moment it was taking place he was writing of Mr. Spurgeon, and of what he conceived to be his errors, in a tone of perfect insight and calm, but Mr. Spurgeon's position at that time was very different to Mr. Mansel's, and his particular opinions did not touch Mr. Maurice so nearly. In one of the last things he wrote—the preface to the final edition of the "Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy"—he has the following passage, which forms so appropriate a conclusion to the remarks upon a once famous controversy that I hope to be allowed to quote it.

> I would not willingly have been spared one of these conflicts, for they have forced me to observe what conflicts there are in myself. Butler and Paley did not invent the questions about a conscience; they do not exist in a volume of sermons at the Rolls, or of lectures on moral philosophy. If thou hast not a conscience, Butler will not give it thee. If thou hast one, Paley cannot take it away. They can only between them set thee upon considering what it is or is not. Thou hast senses which Locke did not endow thee with; thou thinkest and thou actest, whether Descartes tells thee so or not. What signifies it that Bentham laughs at sympathy, if there are sympathies between thee and the members of thy kind? How canst thou feel otherwise than grateful to Bentham for showing thee that there is a something called happiness which men are striving after, and that it may be a general not a mere separate, happiness? If he can see nothing above or beneath but utility, was it not his function to speak of that?

The remarks which I have ventured to make upon Mr. Maurice as a controversialist apply only to pure controversy. Where he is simply stating his case, in reply forced upon him by attack, as in his "Letter to Dr. Jelf on the word 'Eternal,'" nothing can be clearer or more concise than his method and argument. Indeed, his position was so absolutely unassailable that it would have been difficult for any man to have gone wrong in it. It is not necessary to do more than allude to the miserable business of the King's College *fiasco*. A mere majority, promoted by selfish ignorance and bigotry, and snatched

by fraud, had no other real effect than that of increasing Mr. Maurice's influence twenty-fold. The one point which seems to me worthy of notice is the instance it affords of the supreme intolerance and ignorance of *laymen*. A fact well worth considering at a time when schemes of Church councils and government are constantly discussed.

We have seen Mr. Maurice as a teacher of theology; we have yet to consider him as a scholar and a man of letters. This is a point of view from which he is not perhaps usually regarded, but it is assuredly a necessary one if we wish really to understand his power and influence. The "Prophets and Kings," simple as its pages seem in the stately rhythm of their majestic thought, could never have been written save by a Platonic scholar, and a man of literary and dramatic genius; but what shall we say of his great work, the work of his life, which repeated editions and ceaseless labor had wrought to the point at which we have it in the last years of his life—the "Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy"? He would be a bold man who would undertake to criticize this book. Colonel Maurice cites the testimony of specialists in any particular period, and of teachers, who have used the book. They testify, in the only way in which, in the case of a book of such extent (not less, indeed, than the entire history of human thought), it is possible for any one to testify, to its value. If I might venture to add anything to what they have said, I should wish to call attention to the intellectual instinct which realized the later Latin genius, and, with it, the situations of absorbing interest, in which it was developed, amid the conflicts and alternating vices and virtues of the old and new faiths. No one, I imagine, can read the pages which describe the Emperor Julian, Augustine, Gregory the Great, and others, without being aware of the presence of this graphic perception, to which only genius attains—the grasp of what human thought was like during the procession of those weird centuries through which East and West passed alike, when the future of the race seemed perpetually to tremble in the balance "amid the extravagances, follies, tyrannies, rebellions of the world, which rose out of the ruins of the Empire of Augustus.". In the biography are one or two letters of great interest, addressed by Mr. Maurice to the author of "Hypatia," recommending to him the introduction of this Latin *race-spirit* in a more direct manner than Mr. Kingsley seemed to have intended. One passage upon St. Augustine I cannot resist quoting, it so exactly expresses the leading principle of Mr. Maurice's own life.

> He had no doubt a craving, felt in his youth and never lost, for a very definite system of opinions. But the influences which crossed this desire and drove him in search of another object were really the blessed influences of his life, those to which he owed all the strength of his own belief and all his power of teaching others. When he had got his system nearly complete, the voice which asked him "What art thou?" and forced him in the heights or in the depths to find an answer to the question, broke the thread of his speculations and forced him to begin anew. The oftener in his after life he heard that voice, and believed that it was the one which he was to make others to hear, the more fresh and living and full of instruction for all ages did his words become. When he forgot it, and sought to build earthly tabernacles for Moses and Elias and his Divine Lord, his spirit became confused, and he forged afresh for mankind some of those very chains from which he had been set free.

I should anticipate for the beautiful edition of this book published in 1882, with its etched portrait, an increasing and enduring recognition not only from scholars, but also from the general reader. For the latter will find in it a singular clearness and brilliancy of diction while treating of subjects usually dry and formal, and a picture of the real life of successive centuries through which runs a vein of quiet humor often very effective. It would be easy to select, indeed, from Mr. Maurice's letters, and even from his sermons, instances of this quiet humor and of perception of the characteristics of social life which go to form genial satire.

Colonel Maurice, in the chapter we have already alluded to, gives us the following charming passage:—

> It was almost painful to walk with him in any part of the town where it was necessary for him to ask his way. In the noisiest and most crowded places he would inquire his direction in the gentlest and most apologetic tone, perhaps of some bluff old costermonger woman, who, unaccustomed to hear such subdued language, would continue to shove her way along, utterly unconscious of having been addressed. He would instantly draw back as though he had been rebuffed in an intrusion which, on reflection, he felt to have been quite unwarrantable, and would watch for a more favorable opportunity of attracting the attention of some other passer-by.

This perfectly, I will not say sincere, but instinctive humility of Mr. Maurice is shown in numberless passages in his letters. One particular trait is, I think, worthy of notice. He believed that he was very deficient in a love of Nature, and says, in one place, that his first wife, whose approbation he valued above all things, was constantly regretting his deficiency in this respect. In spite of this, however, I cannot help connecting him in my own mind, with one for whom he had the greatest admiration and respect, and who, though essentially the poet of man, is most truly associated with the love of Nature—William Wordsworth. In the "Christian Year" are some lines which throw, I think, considerable light on this connection.

> And wilt thou seek again
> Thy howling waste, thy charnel house and chain?
> . . . . . .
> He, merciful and mild,
> As erst, beholding, loves his wayward child.

When souls of highest birth
Waste their impassioned might on dreams of earth,
He opens Nature's book.
. . . . . .

The revolution which Wordsworth wrought in the realm of English thought—the change from pseudo-civilization, from artificial emotion, from false taste to the true life of simple manhood—made it possible for the gospel of humanity to be heard again.

Thus Nature spoke. The work was done.

He laid us as we lay at birth
On the cool flowery lap of earth.

In Wordsworth's pages we breathe again the air of Palestine, when the world was young. The singleness of character and of life is before us, as in the old Hebrew pages which Maurice restored again to reality and being. Wordsworth, though perchance he was unconscious of it, was a Christian Platonist, as was Maurice. They are both of them poets in the highest sense, for they are both of them seers. They are raised above the slime of earth, into the life of the ideal. We are taught by a new philosophy, whose note seems to me to ring with a somewhat vulgar and false tone, that this is a shallow optimism; and we are referred to other poets and novelists who, we are told, are "courageous thinkers, and face the ghosts of the mind." "The business of intellect is to master, not to shun, the disturbing elements of life." This we shall all admit; but how can those poets be said to master such elements who pander to mankind in its lowest and vilest forms? He is not a regenerator who resigns all hope and effort towards the pure and the spiritual, and contents himself with describing, in forcible rhythm, the debased and distracted life of a reckless humanity, which he lives as well as they. An optimist, however "shallow," who believes, and acts as a believer, in a regenerating energy, which is permeating the race, is a truer friend to his kind than such as these. The "living God" of Frederick Maurice solves many questions that have perplexed the wise. His teaching solves that great perplexity which has haunted the students of Spinoza from before the time of Lessing, for it explains that belief of Spinoza in a God who exists within human consciousness alone, a belief which Dr. James Martineau says is atheism, and Mr. Frederick Pollock says is not. The God of Frederick Maurice, infinite and incomprehensible as He doubtless is, enters into human consciousness by virtue of His gracious will, and may be known in consciousness by whosoever seek Him. There is no dogma of Christianity, however grotesque it may appear in its popular form, but what has its germ in the profoundest scientific truth, and none can be more certainly traced to such truth than the "living God" of Platonism and of the Christian Church, whom Frederick Maurice was sent into the world to proclaim, who enters into consciousness by the Divine Humanity, and continues His energizing power by the living Spirit, which enlightens the world. It is not necessary to dispute of the "unknowable," or of the range of consciousness of all. *Within* consciousness, and as a man sees his friend, Frederick Maurice knew God. His portrait might tell us this, where

Promise and presage of sublime emprise
Wear evermore the seal of his believing
Deep in the dark of solitary eyes.

On the 15th of June, 1856, in the chapel of Lincoln's Inn, the sermon was drawing to a close. The somewhat strained attention became relaxed, for the well-known change in the preacher's face, the slight alteration of the voice, showed that the appeal to the reasoning faculty was over, and that the veil was rent for a moment, and that the High Priest had entered into the Holy of Holies, the "Cyte of Sarras in the Spyrituel Place":—

Towards this resurrection all creation is groaning and travailing, and that groan which burst from Christ at the grave of Lazarus was the expression of His sympathy in that groan of His creatures. . . . Do we not feel sometimes as if all power of believing in anything that is great and noble were departing from us? Do we not feel as if to believe in Him who is goodness and truth were the hardest effort of all? Does it not appear as if a second death were coming upon us, a death of all energy, of all trust, of all power to look beyond ourselves? Oh, if this numbness and coldness have overtaken us, or should overtake us—if we should be tempted to sit down in it and sink to sleep—let the cry which awakened Lazarus awake us. Let us be sure that He who is the Resurrection and the Life is saying to each of us, however deep the cave in which he is buried, "Come forth!"—however stifling the grave-clothes with which he is bound, "Loose him and let him go!"*

Yes: Emboldened by the gracious utterance of the divinest mercy, which permits us to believe that the servant may be even as his master, and the disciple as his lord, I do not hesitate to apply these words to him of whom we speak. For these two great cries, spoken centuries ago before an open grave, have re-echoed in men's hearts before all graves, whether of the flesh or of the spirit, ever since; and have formed the note of all prophetic utterance, and of none more so than of his. "Come forth! Loose him, and let him go!" Come forth out of the lower life: out of the life, lovely in its kind—the life of self, of fleshly beauty, the lust of the eyes and the pride of life;—and at his call the soul came forth. But this was not enough. The soul, thus aroused from death, and stirred into a strange activity, is still crippled and wrapped in the grave-clothes of the imperfect

* Gospel of St. John, p. 319.

dispensation in which we live—the grave-clothes of superstition, of formalism, of systems, and of burdens laid by humani mposition upon the righteous whom the Lord has not made sad. "Loose him, and let him go!" This was the distinctive proclamation which it was the mission of Frederick Maurice to announce. How true he proved to this mission I shall not ask. I leave it for those to testify from whose stiffened limbs the grave-clothes fell at his word. Much has happened since his voice was still, but, across the lapse of time, the words are still ringing in their ears, "Loose him, and let him go!"—J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

THE RELATION OF DARWINISM TO OTHER BRANCHES OF SCIENCE.*

IT was in the year 1831 that a naval expedition sailed from Devonport. That expedition consisted of a single vessel, Her Majesty's ship *Beagle*, a ten-gun brig under the command of Captain Fitzroy, R.N. The *Beagle* was a stout old wooden ship, destined on this occasion for a most pacific enterprise. Her duty was to survey parts of the coast of South America and some islands in the Pacific, and to carry a chain of chronometrical measurements round the world. Five years later the *Beagle* returned from this cruise, and thus brought to a close one of the most remarkable voyages that can be found in the annals of the British navy. Now, why was the cruise of the *Beagle* of such unparalleled importance? There have been many other surveying expeditions quite as successful. No doubt the memorable voyage of the *Challenger* accomplished much more surveying than the voyage of the *Beagle*. But we are gradually learning that even such achievements as those of the *Challenger* must sink into insignificance when compared with the voyage of the *Beagle*. I would rather liken the voyage of the *Beagle* to the immortal voyage of Columbus. In each case a new world was discovered.

When the voyage of the *Beagle* was planned, the captain expressed a wish that some scientific observer should join the expedition. A young naturalist, eager to see the glories of the tropics, volunteered his services and was accepted. He sailed in the ship. For the whole five years he diligently sought every opportunity to gain a knowledge of nature. He pondered on that knowledge when he came home. He added to it by further observation and matured it by careful thought. After many years of labor and of thought the naturalist of the *Beagle* produced a book. The name of the book was the "Origin of Species," the name of the author was Charles Darwin.

The "Origin of Species" appeared when I was a student in college, and I can recall at this day the intense delight with which I read it. I was an instantaneous convert to the new doctrines, and I have felt their influence so much during all my subsequent life that I have ventured to choose this subject as the one on which to address you this evening. And here let me hasten to anticipate an objection. It is in the domain of natural history that the great achievements of Darwin have been wrought. It might be urged that the discussion of such a subject lay within the province of biologists or of geologists, but could hardly be considered a legitimate enterprise for those whose studies led them in other directions. But this is a view from which I dissent. I cannot admit the "Origin of Species" to be the exclusive property of biologists. In a more capacious view of the subject it will be seen that the great doctrine of Evolution is of the very loftiest significance, and soars far above the distinction between one science and another to which we are accustomed.

It is interesting to note the wondrous change that is taking place, I might almost say that has taken place, in the popular estimate of the Darwinian theory. It has been well said that a new theory has often to run through three different phases. In the first place, every one exclaims that the theory is not true; then it is urged that the theory is contrary to religion; and, lastly, that everybody knew it long ago. The great doctrine of natural selection promulgated by Darwin has run through these courses. At its first publication it was received with an outburst of incredulity among the unthinking part of the community. Every one recollects the denunciations it received and the ridicule which the new doctrine had to encounter. But the theory of Darwin has survived that stage. It has also survived the attacks of those who denounce the theory as contrary to religion. The truth inherent in the principles of Darwin has quietly brushed aside such opposition, and now we hear but little of it. The funeral of Darwin at Westminster Abbey must be regarded as marking a momentous epoch in the history of thought. That the great doctrine would some day be accepted was a necessary truth, but I do not think that any one who recollects the publication of the "Origin of Speceis" could then have antici-

* A Lecture delivered at the Midland Institute, Birmingham, on November 20, 1882.

pated the enormous change in educated opinion which the next quarter of a century was to disclose. Still less likely would it have seemed that the whole nation would have so far acknowledged Darwin that with one accord they demanded that his remains should be interred in the national mausoleum.

Darwin has worked out one of the most splendid details in the history of the universe. His methods and his theory have intimate connections with other branches of science, and some of these it is our object to consider in this discourse. In particular I propose to sketch the position which the Darwinian theory occupies with reference to a celebrated branch of astronomical speculation.

The sun is hot and the sun is pouring forth heat. Now heat, we know, is capable of measurement; quantities of heat can be measured as accurately as tons of coal. The daily outflow of heat from the sun is as measurable a quantity as the daily outflow of gas from the gas-works. The total amount of heat which the sun pours forth cannot, it is true, be very accurately estimated by our present knowledge. All that we are here concerned to know is that it is of the most stupendous magnitude. Even the daily consumption of the sun's heat by the earth is enormous; but that is only a minute fraction, less, indeed, than the 2000-millionth part of the total torrent which pours from the sun. Sir John Herschel gave an elegant illustration of the splendid extravagance of the sun's daily expenditure. Suppose, he said, that a cylindrical glacier of ice, 45 miles in diameter, were to be incessantly darted into the sun with the velocity of light, about 180,000 miles in a second, the entire of this ice would be continuously liquefied by the daily radiation of heat.

It is a momentous question to inquire what replenishes the heat of the sun, or whether the sun's heat is ever replenished at all. Mark the significant consequence which is at issue. If the sun be not replenished, then its heat must gradually wane. Various sources of replenishment have been suggested. It would be leaving my present subject too far on one side to attempt to discuss this subject in any detail, but I must briefly indicate the resolutions that have been proposed. Every one is acquainted with the pleasing phenomenon of shooting stars which dash into our air with a train of light and sparks. Every shooting star is thus a source of heat: the heat is produced by the friction of the air against the rapidly moving body. The shooting stars fall into the earth's atmosphere by thousands and by millions. It is believed that they fall into the sun in vastly greater numbers. They must rain in on the sun with a profusion corresponding to his vast surface, and with a velocity corresponding to his intense power of attraction. Each shooting star develops vastly more heat at its plunge into the sun than it would have done had it fallen upon the earth. The heat derived from all the shooting stars which fall upon the earth is utterly insignificant, but it may be that the heat from the torrent of shooting stars which rain in upon the sun is not insignificant. It may reach very large proportions. Some have, indeed, supposed that the influx of heat to the sun from the perennial showers of shooting stars is adequate to compensate for the loss of heat which the sun sustains by his incessant radiation. I do not believe that this view can be even approximately correct. No one will deny that the descent of meteors contributes *some* heat to the sun; but what we do deny is, that the quantity of heat thus acquired is at all comparable with the colossal daily expenditure. The whole question is to a great extent merely one of calculation. It can be shown that a certain quantity of meteors would suffice, but that quantity is enormously great. If the sun swallowed up every century a mighty host of meteors so numerous and so heavy that their collective mass was equal to that of our entire earth, then the view I am attempting to confute would be maintained. But a little consideration will show that the existence of so mighty a quantity of meteoric matter as this would require lies far beyond all reasonable probability. It should be remembered that the sun could only absorb each year a very small fraction of the total number of meteors that are roaming through the system. If, therefore, the meteors were as abundant as this supposition would require, the whole solar system would teem with them to an incredible extent. It therefore seems certain that the heat of the sun cannot be entirely sustained by the influx of meteoric matter.

If the sun were merely like a vast incandescent mass of stone or of metal, it would cool at the rate of 5° or 10° a year. A few thousand years would reduce it to such a degree that it would no longer be the source of light and of heat, which it certainly has been for thousands of years. At first sight it would seem as if the result at which we have arrived is paradoxical, but this is not really the case. I cannot now attempt to go fully into the matter. It may be sufficient to state generally that the sun is really parting with its heat, but that the rate at which heat is lost is affected by a special and very remarkable property. As the sun loses heat it contracts,

and in the act of contraction heat is developed. The heat thus developed ekes out the sun's resources, so that the losses due to radiation are partly compensated. The result of the whole inquiry can be very easily stated, and it embraces a truth of which it is difficult to overestimate the importance. The sun possesses a certain quantity of heat or of energy, and that energy is being gradually wasted in the depths of space. It would not perhaps be true to say that the sun is at present actually falling in temperature. If the sun be actually gaseous, it may strangely enough be getting hotter instead of colder, so long as it remains gaseous; but, however we look at the question, there is one statement which admits of no doubtful interpretation—as the heat is radiated away, so the particles which form the sun's mass are drawn more and more closely together. The total mass of the sun—its weight as placed in a scale—cannot decrease, but the bulk which the sun occupies must decrease and is at this moment decreasing, and, so far as we know, will continue to decrease until the sun is one hard mass of matter benumbed with the cold of space.

It is true that the process of shrinking is very slow; it is so slow that we cannot measure with our telescopes the decrease in the sun's bulk, but we can calculate what the alteration in the sun's bulk must be in order to supply the daily radiation of heat. The change is but very small when we consider the present size of the sun. At the present moment the sun has a diameter at 860,000 miles. Each year this diameter decreases by about 220 feet; this decrease is always taking place; the process is never reversed; it is not periodic like so many other phenomena of nature; in time the result must become of overwhelming importance. The sun's career as a source of light and heat is ultimately doomed to extinction. It has been calculated that the sun cannot radiate enough heat to maintain life on the earth for a period of 10,000,000 years more.

I must not linger any longer on this subject, which would indeed require not one, but several lectures for adequate treatment. In particular I am obliged to pass by without discussion the remarkable theory lately put forward by Sir C. W. Siemens in the hope of retrieving the sun's reputation as a spendthrift. Coming from an authority of such justly-deserved repute, this theory has naturally attracted a great deal of attention. It is incumbent on me to mention it here, because, if this theory should be ultimately found to be true, the views previously entertained as to the dissipation of the sun's energy would require the most profound modification. I have given this theory the attention which anything coming from an author of such eminence must merit, but it has failed to convince me, and I still remain of the opinion usually held before its publication.

One hundred years ago the diameter of the sun was four miles greater than it is at present. One thousand years ago the diameter of the sun was forty miles greater than it is at present. Ten thousand years ago the diameter of the sun was 400 miles greater than it is now. The advent of man upon the earth took place no doubt a long time ago, but in the history of the earth the advent of man is a comparatively recent phenomenon. Yet it seems certain that when man first trod our planet, the diameter of the sun must have been many hundreds, perhaps many thousands, of miles greater than it is at present. We must not, however, overestimate the significance of this statement. The diameter of the sun is at present 860,000 miles, so that a diminution of 10,000 miles would be little more than the hundredth part of its diameter. If the diameter of the sun were to shrink tomorrow to the extent of 10,000 miles, the change would not be appreciable to common observation, though even a much smaller change would not elude delicate astronomical measurement. The world on which the primitive man trod was certainly illuminated by a larger sun than that which now shines upon us. It does not necessarily follow that the climates must have been much hotter then than now. The question of warmth depends upon other matters as well as sunbeams, so that we must be cautious in any inferences drawn in this way, nor are any such inferences needed for our present purpose.

But we must not stop in our retrospect at the epoch even of primeval man. We must go back earlier and earlier through the long ages of the geologists, and back again still further to the earliest epochs, when life first began to dawn on the earth. Still we find no reason to suppose that the law of the sun's decreasing heat is not still maintained, and thus, as far as our present knowledge goes, we are bound to suppose that the sun must have been larger and larger the further our retrospect extends. I do not say that the rate at which the sun changes its diameter was then the same as the four miles per century which is an approximation to its present rate. It is sufficient for our purpose that the sun is larger and larger the further we peer back into the remote abyss of the past. There was a time when the sun must have been twice as large as it is at present; it must once have been three times as large; it must once

have been ten times as large. How long ago that was, no one can venture to say. It would be rash to attempt any estimate; but we cannot stop at the stage when the sun was even ten times as large as it is at present; the arguments we have used will still apply with equal, if not greater force. And, looking back earlier still, there was a time when the sun was once swollen to such an extent that the mighty orbit of Neptune itself would be merely a girdle around the stupendous globe. At that time the sun must have been a gaseous mass of almost inconceivable tenuity. We are not to suppose that the earth and the other planets were solid bodies deeply buried in the vast bulk of the sun. It seems evident that the planets were gaseous masses in those ancient days and undistinguishable from the sun, which gave them birth.

We are now able to make an attempt to trace the history of the solar system, and to indicate the share which Darwin has had in the solution of the noble problem. We do not inquire how the original nebula came into being; our history must commence with the actual existence of this nebula. There is, let it be confessed, a great deal of obscurity still clinging to the subject. Though we may be sure that the great nebula once existed, we cannot with much confidence trace out the method by which the planets were actually formed. It seems to be generally thought that the nebula must have been originally endowed with a certain rotation. This may be regarded as certain; indeed, it would be infinitely improbable that the nebula should not have had some rotation. As the nebula began to radiate heat, so it must have begun to contract; and as it began to contract, it began to rotate more rapidly. This is only the consequence of a well-known dynamical principle. But as the nebula spins more and more rapidly, the cohesion of its parts is lessened by centrifugal force. The moment at length arrives when the centrifugal force detaches a fragment of the nebula. The process of condensation still continues both in the fragment and in the central mass; the fragment changes from the gaseous state to the liquid, perhaps even from the liquid to the solid, and thus becomes a planet. Still the central mass condenses, and spins more and more rapidly, until a rupture again takes place and a second planet is produced. Again, and still again, the same process is repeated, until at length we recognize the central mass as our great and glorious sun, diminished by incessant contraction, though still vast and brilliantly hot. One of the lesser fragments which he cast off has consolidated into our earth, while other fragments, greater and smaller, have formed the rest of the host of planets. There are many features in the planets which seem to corroborate this view of their origin. They all revolve around the sun in the same direction; they all revolve on their own axes in the same direction, that direction being also coincident with the sun's rotation on its axis. Most astronomers are agreed that the history of the solar system has been something of the kind that I have ventured to describe. Astronomers were thus the first evolutionists; they had sketched out a majestic scheme of evolution for the whole solar system, and now they are rejoiced to find that the great Doctrine of Evolution has received an extension to the whole domain of organic life by the splendid genius of Darwin.

At its first separation from the shrinking central nebula, our earth was probably a mass of glowing gas, of incredibly greater volume than it is at present. Gradually the earth parted with its heat by radiation, and commenced to shrink also. The temperature was so high, that iron and other still more refractory substances were actually in a state of vapor, but, as the temperature fell, these substances could not remain in the gaseous form; they condensed first into liquids, these liquids coalesced into a vast central mass, and still that mass went on cooling until its surface, passing through the various stages of incandescence, sank at length to a temperature comparatively cool. Still the earth was swathed with a deep and dense mantle of air, charged with an enormous load of watery vapor; but, as the temperature of the surface gradually decreased, at length the watery vapors were condensed and descended to form the oceans with which our earth is so largely covered. At this point the functions of the astronomer are at an end; he has traced in outline the manufacture of the earth from the primeval nebula; he has accounted for its revolution round the sun, for its rotation on its axis; he has accounted for the shape of the earth and for its internal heat. His work being done, he now hands over the continuance of the history to the biologist.

The lifeless earth is the canvas on which has been drawn the noblest picture which modern science has produced. It is Darwin who has drawn this picture. He has shown that the evolution of the lifeless earth from the nebula is but the prelude to an organic evolution of still greater interest and complexity. He has taken up the history of the earth at the point where the astronomer left it, and he has made discoveries which have influenced thought and opinion more than any other discoveries which have been made for centuries. We here encounter a very cele-

brated difficulty. The theory of Darwin requires life to begin with, but how did that life originate? I need hardly remind you of the celebrated controversy which has taken place on this subject. It has been contended that life can never be produced except from life; but just as stoutly has the opposite view been maintained. Can it be possible that the wondrous and complex phenomena known as life are purely material? Can a particle of matter which consists only of a definite number of atoms of definite chemical composition manifest any of those characters which characterize life? Take as an extreme instance the brain of an ant, which is not larger than a quarter of a good-sized pin's head. It would require a volume to describe what we know of the powers of ants. Huber showed this long ago, and Sir John Lubbock has lately reminded us of it, while adding further discoveries of his own. I here quote Darwin's vivid description; but it is only right to add that many different species of ants are referred to, though included under the common designation: "Ants certainly communicate information to each other, and several unite for the same work, or for games of play. They recognize their fellow-ants after months of absence, and feel sympathy for each other. They build great edifices, keep them clean, close the door in the evening, and post sentries. They make roads as well as tunnels under rivers, and temporary bridges over them by clinging together. They collect food for the community, and when an object too large for entrance is brought to the nest, they enlarge the door, and afterwards build it up again. They store up seeds of which they prevent the germination, and which if damp are brought to the surface to dry. They keep aphides and other insects as milch cows. They go out to battle in regular bands, and freely sacrifice their lives for the common weal. They emigrate according to a peculiar plan. They capture slaves. They move the eggs of their aphides, as well as their own eggs and cocoons, into warm parts of the nest, in order that they may be quickly hatched." *

Well may Darwin speak of the brain of an ant as one of the most wondrous particles of matter in the world. We are apt to think that it is impossible for so minute a piece of matter to possess the necessary complexity required for the discharge of such elaborate functions. The microscope will no doubt show some details in the ant's brain, but these fall hopelessly short of revealing the refinement which the ant's brain must really have. The microscope is not adequate to show us the texture of matter. It has been one of the great discoveries of modern times to enable us to form some numerical estimate of the exquisite delicacy of the fabric which we know as inert matter. Water, or air, or iron may be divided and subdivided, but the process cannot be carried on indefinitely. There is a well-defined limit. We are even able to make some approximation to the number of molecules in a given mass of matter. Sir W. Thomson has estimated that the number of atoms in a cubic inch of air is to be expressed by the number 3, followed by no fewer than twenty ciphers. The brain of the ant doubtless contains more atoms than an equal volume of air; but even if we suppose them to be the same, and if we take the size of an ant's brain to be a little globe one-thousandth of an inch in diameter, we are able to form some estimate of the number of atoms it must contain. The number is to be expressed by writing down 6, and following it by eleven ciphers. We can imagine these atoms grouped in so many various ways that even the complexity of the ant's brain may be intelligible when we have so many units to deal with. An illustration will perhaps make the argument clearer. Take a million and a half of little black marks, put them in a certain order, and we have a wondrous result—Darwin's "Descent of Man." This book merely consists of about a million and a half letters, placed one after the other in a certain order. Whatever be the complexity of the ant's brain, it is still hard to believe that it could not be fully described in 400,000 volumes, each as large as Darwin's work. Yet the number of molecules in the ant's brain is at least 400,000 times as great as the number of letters in the memorable volume in question.

It would seem that by merely studying the behavior of an infusion of hay or a tincture of turnips in a test tube, we do not rise to the full magnificence of the problem as to whether life can have originated on the globe from the particles of inorganic matter.

Unusual, indeed, must be the circumstances which will have brought about such a combination of atoms as to form the first organic being. But great events are always unusual. Because we cannot repeatedly make an organized being from inert matter in our test tubes, are we to say that such an event can never once have occurred with the infinite opportunities of nature? We have in nature the most varied conditions of temperature, of pressure, and of chemical composition. Every corner of the earth and of the ocean has been the laboratory in which these experiments have been carried on. It is not neces-

* Darwin, "Descent of Man," p. 147.

sary to suppose that such an event as the formation of an organized being shall have occurred often. If in the whole course of millions of years past it has once happened, either on the land or in the depths of the ocean, that a group of atoms, few or many, have been so segregated as to have the power of assimilating outside material, and the power of producing other groups more or less similar to themselves, then we have no more demands to make on the "Theory of Spontaneous Generation." The more we study the actual nature of matter the less improbable will it seem that organic beings should have so originated. One of the most obvious contrasts between organic and inorganic bodies seems to be the power of motion often inherent in the organized body, which is not possessed by the inorganic body; but this is really a superficial view of the question. Take any mass of inorganic matter, a drop of water or a grain of sand. Each of these bodies is composed of a certain number of ultimate atoms. We have no hope that we shall ever have a microscope sufficiently powerful to detect these atoms; but we nevertheless know that they exist, and we know several of their properties. We know, for instance, that even in solid bodies these particles are not at rest, that they are in rapid and ceaseless motion, even though the body may be as rigid as a diamond. In ultimate analysis we see that the atoms of inorganic matter seem to have that mobility which is frequently noticed as a characteristic of vital action. A mere rearrangement of the movements of the atoms of a grain of sand could confer on the grain of sand some of the attributes of an organized body.

The method Darwin adopted is of the most captivating simplicity. It is doubtless well known to many here, and I shall glance at it but very briefly. When the history of Science in our century comes to be written, the interest will culminate in the supreme discovery of Natural Selection.

There are so many modifying circumstances to be taken into account that it is not often easy to trace the actual course of natural selection; but the leading idea is so simple that, once it is properly stated, I do not see how any reasonable person can refuse his assent. There is a well-known proverb, "as like as two peas," and at a superficial glance two peas are no doubt very like each other. They are like in their size, shape, and color; they are like in their internal structure; but, when we look closely into the subject, no two peas are exactly alike. Take any two peas from a sack, and after a brief examination you will detect innumerable points of difference. Weighed in a careful balance, they have not the same actual weight; gauged with a pair of callipers, they have not the same size; and these differences extend to every minute part of the structure. One pea will have more nourishment stored up for the benefit of the future plant. Another will be better able to resist hurtful influences. That two peas should be so absolutely identical in every feature as to be indistinguishable is an impossibility, or, as a mathematician would say, the chances are infinitely against such an occurrence; and when the chances are such we may for all practical purposes consider them as non-existent. If we find that two peas are never really alike, neither shall we find that two organisms of any kind are really alike when attention is directed to minute points of distinction. A shepherd will laugh to scorn the idea that any two of his flock are so like that they could be mistaken. Even his dog knows better than that. A poultry fancier will see in his pets conspicuous marks of difference which are barely apparent to the unskilled eye. I need not multiply illustrations, which will occur to everybody; the innumerable variety of roses and of geraniums, of apples and of other fruits, will show how universal is the law of variety among all the productions of the organic world.

The great doctrine of natural selection is founded upon this susceptibility to variation. Suppose that you wished to improve the peas in your garden, it is quite possible to do so in a few years in the following manner: Take 100 peas, sow them and preserve the seed. You will have some thousands of seeds, but no two peas will be exactly alike; pick out the hundred heaviest seeds and sow them again next season. You will have a crop of thousands, from which you are again to pick out the heaviest hundred. As this process is repeated year by year you will find that within certain limits the peas are gradually increased in size from one generation to another, and thus it is that improved varieties can be artificially established. The success of this process depends merely upon taking judicious advantage of the variability inherent in the organic world. This we may call an artificial selection as opposed to the natural selection.

What we have here described as being produced artificially in the pea is going on everywhere on the grandest scale in nature. Take an illustration, this time from animal life; and I choose, as one of the most widely known instances, some incidents in the history of the common herring, which exists in such countless myriads in our oceans. Those who frequent the sea are well acquainted with certain features in the life of the herring. The herring is a fish deservedly prized for food, but

it is not only mankind that are fond of devouring the herring; a similar taste is widely spread among the fowls of the air and the fishes of the sea. The herring has no defence from innumerable enemies but his agility and his caution. Around the shoal swarm troops of porpoises, while pollock and various other predatory fish follow the shoal wherever they go and devour the herrings in countless myriads. The female herring lays a stupendous quantity of eggs. It is perfectly certain that only a very minute fraction of these eggs ever reach maturity. If only one per cent. of the eggs grew to full size and reproduced more herrings, the herring population of the sea must increase manifold every year. This cannot always, or indeed often, be the case, and we are thus compelled to believe that out of every million herring eggs only a small fraction usually come to maturity. To those who have ever observed the herring this appalling mortality will not seem strange. To begin with, when the herring eggs are laid the flat-fishes congregate and feast on the eggs to such an extent that fishermen repair to these spots and catch the flat-fish in scores with their stomachs filled with the eggs of the herring. No doubt there are many other enemies at this stage, so that vast multitudes of the herring eggs never become hatched at all; even those that are hatched have indeed an anxious time of it. Around our coast we see in the autumn shoals of the tiny herrings pursued and devoured by hosts of young codfish and mackerel. Sometimes the fish surround the shoal completely, and the miserable prey cluster together near the top of the water in a vain hope of safety; but, alas! here the enemies from the air attack them. Sea-gulls crowd to the spot, gannets swallow the young herrings in mouthfuls, the rolling of porpoises adds more life to the scene, and once a shoal has been thus imprisoned between air and water, the slaughter is truly prodigious. The voracity of enemies is not the only danger to which young herrings are exposed; often they are left on the beach by the falling tide, and may be seen lying in hundreds along the sea margin. I purposely leave out of account all mere human enemies. The efforts of man in catching herrings are quite insignificant in comparison with their more numerous and incessantly voracious destroyers. Indeed Professor Huxley states that the codfish caught in our seas each season would, if they had not been caught, have eaten as many herrings during the next season as those which have actually fallen to the nets of the fishermen. The survivors of this fearful massacre are naturally objects of very great interest. How is it that they have been spared when so many myriads of their brothers and sisters have been annihilated. No doubt their safety is partly due to the chapter of accidents. They happen to be out of the way when the mackerel made a fatal rush. The sea-gull had eaten so many that when it came to their turn he positively could not eat any more. They got into the middle of the shoal afterwards and escaped the fish that preyed on its margin. But, making every allowance for the benefit of the accidents, I think we must credit the surviving herrings themselves with some share in their success. The few that have survived were certainly not the most stupid. They must have had quick sight, they must have had nimble fins, they must have had vigilance and activity. They must have been skilful in procuring food as well as alert in avoiding danger. They had no maternal solicitude to watch over them. Every little herring had to forage for himself, and to hide from or elude his enemies as well as he could; he had no kind warning that the tide was falling and that he would be left high and dry if he did not keep away from the edge. I think we must admit that the few herrings that survive out of a million eggs are above the average in whatever qualities constitute excellence in a herring. I will not say that they must be actually the very best, but I think we must admit that they were among the best.

What we have here attempted to illustrate takes place in the whole realm of organized life. The organic beings, animal and vegetable, tend to increase faster than the food or the presence of enemies will permit. Many must therefore perish. No two of these organisms are exactly identical. There will be trifling differences (sometimes, indeed, the differences are by no means trifling). It thus happens that in the struggle for life one individual will have a slight advantage over another. It therefore may be anticipated that the more favored individuals will be those which survive; their peculiarities will be more or less inherited by their descendants. Thus the variations which are useful to the animal will in successive generations be gradually added to, and in course of time the widest changes in organization can thus arise.

It may at first seem hard to realize that so trifling a change as that between one generation and the next can ever by repetition amount up to so great a change as that between one species of animal and another; still less can we imagine at first how animals so widely distinct as, for instance, a bird and a fish, can have originated by natural selection from some common ancestor. The

whole question is chiefly one of time, complicated, it must be admitted, by many details; but it is easy to show how minute differences between one generation and the next, all tending in one direction, speedily reach to an appreciable amount. Let me give an illustration. I know some tender mothers who like to have their darlings photographed every year in order to preserve a permanent record of their development. No doubt the mother would have no difficulty in distinguishing between the photographs of her child at two years old or at three, or even between those of her boy at thirteen and at fourteen. But suppose that, instead of having the child photographed only once a year, he were to be photographed every week from birth until he was full grown. This is not at all an impracticable suggestion; there would be little more than a thousand photographs altogether. An album could easily be made which would hold them all. Of course the prudent mother would mark the dates on the back; but suppose this was not done, and the whole thousand photographs got into confusion, would it be possible to arrange them all in order again? Certainly no outsider could do it; he could sort them in a general way, so as to have the babies at one end, and the young men at the other, and the boys in the middle. But could he put the whole thousand in regular order from one end to the other? He could not. I doubt very much whether even the mother herself could do it without numerous faults. Now, if this be granted, the great difficulty in believing natural selection to be the origin of species will be lessened. Great as is the difference between a newborn infant and a man of twenty, the one passes into the other by such imperceptible gradations that the boy of this Monday is hardly distinguishable from the boy of last Monday or of next Monday. We thus see that if we divide the growth of an individual man into one thousand stages the passage from one stage to the next is almost imperceptible. In the same way, if we subdivide the growth of a species into a thousand parts or a million parts, we shall have gradations quite comparable with those we meet with in the ordinary variation from one generation to the next.

Nor is it hard to see how the process of natural selection has gradually produced diverging branches from the parent stem. The variations which occur may be of use to the organism in various ways. Among the progeny of a single pair there may be two individuals, A and B, which are specially favored; but they may be favored in different ways. A may have some increased facility in catching his prey; B, by his peculiar color, of greater activity, may have superior power of eluding his enemies. The descendants of A will gradually from one generation to the next strengthen and re-enforce the special feature which characterized A. The descendants of B will grow more and more adapted for eluding their enemies. The influence of natural selection is in both cases promoting the survival of the fittest, but each generation will see the cousins more and more widely separated. In no case indeed would the process be so simple as that here described—a multitude of circumstances will occur to complicate it; but enough has been said to show that in the great principle of natural selection we have a means of producing animals and plants which in the course of time will differ widely from other organisms from the same progenitors.

No one has ever seen a new species developed by natural selection; but this is because no one has ever lived long enough for that purpose. The circumstantial evidence in favor of natural selection is indeed so strong that no unprejudiced perons can refuse to accept it. That evidence has of late years been poured out with a profusion which could hardly have been anticipated at the time when the "Origin of Species" was published. Entombed within solid rocks we find fossil remains of the former inhabitants of our earth. There lies in these rocks a record of vast extent and of the most supreme interest, but that record is to a great extent screened from our view. Here and there fossils have been brought to light; but the greater part of the earth has never been examined, and we have as yet only the veriest fragments of the geological record before us. But these fragments of the record are of the most intense importance; they show us several of the links which connect one class of animals with another in the way the Darwinian theory suggests; and they encourage us to hope that, when the geological record shall have been fully explored, we shall have glimpses of a majestic panorama of the salient points in the history of life on our globe.

Mathematicians are long accustomed to the use of what is known as the infinitesimal calculus. It is indeed chiefly the infinitesimal calculus which has raised the science of mathematics to its present position, and which has given to that science a potent grasp over some of the inmost recesses of nature. Suppose, for instance, to take one of the most profound problems, we proceed to investigate on mathematical principles the movement of one of the planets. The sun, in the first place, attracts the planet, and in virtue of that attrac-

tion the planet would move in a certain path which could be determined with comparative ease. But the actual problem is by no means so simple. The planet is acted on by other planets; its orbit is thus deflected slightly from the simple form it would otherwise have; and while the orbit preserves a general resemblance to the ellipse, it is in reality a path of the utmost complexity. But still the mathematician can follow the planet; he can point out with accuracy where the planet was at any ancient date; he can show where it will be at any future date. It is the infinitesimal calculus, the invention of Newton and Leibnitz, which enables this to be done. By this most subtle and exquisite contrivance we attack the problem in detail. It is comparatively easy to find out the direction in which the planet is moving at any instant, as well as its velocity. This will enable us to ascertain where it will be in the next moment of time. We are then in the same condition as before, and we can repeat the operation and carry on this process as long as we like, and thus discover where the planet will be at any future date. The success of the process consists in attacking the question in detail. Is there not in this a striking analogy to the great principle of Darwin? In each case great effects are produced by the constant addition of innumerable small tendencies, all in the same direction. As the infinitesimal calculus of Newton has led us to a wonderful knowledge of the physical laws which regulate the universe, so the infinitesimal calculus of Darwin has afforded the solution of the profound problem presented by organic life.

It must have been with a glimpse of prophetic insight that Cuvier exclaimed, "Shall not natural history some day have its Newton?" At the very time these words were uttered the Newton of natural history had been born, and his immortal work has just been closed.—ROBERT S. BALL, Astronomer Royal of Ireland, in *Longman's Magazine.*

WORDSWORTH AND BYRON.

AMONG the more eminent or prominent names of famous men, and perhaps especially of famous poets, some must inevitably be longer than others in finding their ultimate level of comparative account in critical no less than in popular repute. But it is singular enough at first sight that among all the many memorable names of our countrymen which ennoble for the retrospect of all time the first quarter of this century, two alone should still remain objects of so much debate as are those of the two poets who have recently supplied one of their most eminent successors with subject-matter for the exercise of his ability in discussion and the display of his daring in paradox. For although it has ever been my desire, in the expressive words of the Church Catechism, to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters; and although I hope never to write a word incompatible with deep gratitude and cordial admiration for all the gifts of poetry and prose—to say nothing just now of admonition and castigation—which his too frequently offending countrymen owe to the just and liberal hand of Mr. Matthew Arnold; yet I cannot but feel that in his recent utterances or expositions regarding Wordsworth and Byron he has now and then spread a wider sail before a stronger wind of sheer paradox than ever has any critic of anything like equal or comparable reputation. We might almost imagine, on consideration of the task here undertaken, that his aim had been to show how not gold only, but also the higher criticism, may solder close impossibilities, and make them kiss.

"Wordsworth and Byron," says the most distinguished of Wordsworth's later disciples, "stand out by themselves. When the year 1900 is turned, and our nation comes to recount her poetic glories in the century which has then just ended, the first names with her will be these." I cannot, for my part, pretend to predict the issues of the future, to determine the progress or the aberration of opinion in days that perhaps we may not know of. But I must say that, if this prediction be prophecy indeed, the taste of 1901 will in my humble opinion be about on a par with the taste of 1647; when the first names of the Shakespearean generation were Jonson and Fletcher: Shakespeare, compared with these two claimants, being in the opinion of their most eminent disciples as "dull" and "scurrilous" a pretender as Mr. Arnold finds Coleridge and Shelley to be shadowy and inadequate competitors for fame with the laureates of Rydal and Ravenna.

It seems a great thing, and it certainly is something, to have such evidence as this to the fact that appreciation of Wordsworth is no longer incompatible with appreciation of Byron. On the other hand, certain as it is that the assertion of equality, and much more the suggestion of kinship, between these two contending forces of their generation would have exasperated the one into stormy jealousy less deep than the other's serene contempt, it is not less evident that the very fact and the very consciousness of having so far surmounted the difficulties and harmonized the discords

of the past may involve the critic in perplexities and lead him into temptations of his own. One of these, it seems to me, is the tendency to make too much at once of the salient points of likeness and of the salient points of contrast between two such men and leaders. Another is the tendency to exaggerate or to ignore or to mistake their relations to their own time and their possible influence on ours. That the direct or indirect influence of one will end only when there is not a man left in the world who understands a word of the dead English language; that the direct and indirect influence of the other, however much wider and more tangible while it lasted, is already in the main spent, exhausted, insignificant henceforward for better and for worse; it would appear an equal stretch of dogmatism to assert with equal confidence: yet it is an opinion for which a good deal might be said by any one with leisure and inclination to advance and support it by comparison of their respective claims.

Let me repeat, at the risk of appearing impertinently superfluous in protestation, that I have never written and never mean to write an irreverent word of Mr. Arnold's own claims to all due deference and all reasonable regard, whether as poet or as critic: but I must confess, borrowing two favorite terms of his own, that "lucidity" does not appear to me by any means to be the distinguishing "note" of his later criticisms. His first critical confession of faith—the famous and admirable if not exhaustive or conclusive preface of October 1st, 1853—was a model of the quality which now, it should seem, appears to him rather commendable than practicable,—a matter of pious opinion or devout imagination. When we are told that the distinguishing merit of such poetry as we find in Keat's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" is that it gives us, of all gifts in the world, the expression of a moral idea comparable with the gravest and the deepest utterances of Shakespeare and of Milton, we begin to perceive, or at all events we begin to suspect, that Mr. Arnold's excursive studies in theology have somewhat infected him with the theologian's habit of using words and phrases in a special and extranatural sense which renders their message impervious, their meaning impenetrable, to all but the esoteric adept. "A criticism of life" becomes such another term or form of speech as "prevenient grace," or "the real presence," or "the double procession of the Holy Ghost:" if, Hamlet-like, we consider too curiously what it may mean, the reverent reader may haply find himself on the high road to distraction, the irreverent will too probably find himself on the verge of laughter.

A certain criticism of life, a certain method or scheme of contemplation, a devotion to certain points of view and certain tones of thought, may unquestionably be discerned in the highest work of such poets as Milton, Wordsworth, and Shelley, in the past; in our own days, of such poets as Lord Tennyson, Mr. Browning, and Mr. Arnold himself. But how this fact can possibly be shown to imply that it is this quality which gives them rank as poets; and how the definition of this quality can possibly be strained so as to cover the case of Keats, the most exclusively æsthetic and the most absolutely non-moral of all serious writers on record; these are two questions to which the propounder of such postulates may surely be expected to vouchsafe at least some gleam of a solution, some shadow of a reply. Meantime the apparent discrepancies (not to say, the transparent contradictions) involved in any such theory are thrown into sharp accidental relief by the comparison of Mr. Arnold's estimate of Gautier with his estimate of Keats. "Such a poet as Théophile Gautier" is to him a type of the poet who has no criticism of life to offer, and who comes short of the poet's aim and the poet's crown in consequence of this deficiency; while the place of Keats among English poets is beside Shakespeare. Now Keats, in my opinion as well as in Mr. Arnold's, is a very decidedly greater poet than Gautier; but according to Mr. Arnold's theory, if his terms of definition are to be construed in any sense which may be "understanded of the people," I must venture to affirm that Gautier could be proved an incomparably greater poet than Keats. There is not a line extant by the author of "Endymion" which shows even a glimmer of such simple and cordial manliness of sympathy with the homely heroism and humble interest of actual life as informs every line of Gautier's noble little poem on two veteran survivors of the Old Guard, seen hobbling along the streets of contemporary Paris; a poem which combines in no small measure the best qualities of Wordsworth with the highest qualities of Byron.* And if it is not of actual life, its heroism and its interest, its suffering and its action, with their good or evil influences and results in the noble or ignoble development of character—if it is not of this that Mr. Arnold means to speak when he defines the test of poetry, as of all other liter-

* I must be allowed to submit that it is somewhat ungracious if not ungrateful in a professed Wordsworthian to select as a typical example of imperfection and failure the name of the one eminent French poet who has paid cordial and graceful tribute to the charm of Wordsworth, felt as from afar off in a single translated verse of

ce poëte
Dont parle Lord Byron d'un ton si plein de fiel.

ature, to be its value as a criticism of life, I must confess, as a plain man who can only understand plain speaking,* that I really do not know how to construe his oracles.

Mr. Arnold has at once a passion and a genius for definitions. It is doubtless good to have such a genius, but it is surely dangerous to have such a passion. All sane men must be willing to concede the truth of an assertion which he seems to fling down as a challenge from the ethical critic to the æsthetic—that a school of poetry divorced from any moral idea is a school of poetry divorced from life. Even John Keats himself, except in his most hectic moments, of sensuous or spiritual debility, would hardly, I should imagine, have undertaken to deny this. What may reasonably be maintained is a thesis very different from such a denial; namely, that a school of poetry subordinated to any school of doctrine, subjugated and shaped and utilized by any moral idea to the exclusion of native impulse and spiritual instinct, will produce work fit to live when the noblest specimens of humanity are produced by artificial incubation. However, when we come to consider the case of Byron, we must allow it to be wholly undeniable that some sort of claim to some other kind of merit than that of a gift for writing poetry must be discovered or devised for him, if any place among memorable men is to be reserved for him at all. The fact that even his enormous vanity and inordinate egotism did not conceal this truth from him is perhaps the very best proof extant "what a very clever fellow he was"—to borrow the words of the "Letter from John Bull to Lord Byron" which appeared on the publication of the opening cantos of "Don Juan"; a letter so adroitly extravagant in its adulation that an "ill-minded man," after study of Byron's correspondence and diary, might be tempted to assign it to the hand which penned them. But for that hand the trick would have been too delicate and dexterous—though assuredly not too pitiful and mean.

Before entering on the question, what criticism of life in any intelligible sense of the phrase may be derivable or deducible from the writings of Wordsworth or of Byron, I would venture to put forward, by no means a counter theory or a rival definition to Mr. Arnold's theory or definition of poetry, but a simple postulate, or at least a simple assumption, on which I would rest my argument. If it be not admitted, there is an end of the matter: it would be absolute waste of time, for one who assumes it as indisputable, to enter into controversy with one who regards it as disputable that the two primary and essential qualities of poetry are imagination and harmony: that where these qualities are wanting there can be no poetry, properly so called: and that where these qualities are perceptible in the highest degree, there, even though they should be unaccompanied and unsupported by any other great quality whatever—even though the ethical or the critical faculty should be conspicuous by its absence—there, and only there, is the best and highest poetry.

Now it is obviously impossible to supply any profitable or serviceable definition of these terms. All writers on the subject, from Mr. Arnold himself down to the smallest perceptible Byronite or Wordsworthian that ever wagged a tail or pricked an ear in the "common cry of" critics, are compelled sooner or later to give expression to their views and their conclusions with as much implicit dogmatism as Mr. John Dennis or Dr. Samuel Johnson. If any one chooses to assert that Flatman or Sprat or Byron had the secret of harmony, it would be as profitable an expenditure of time and reason to argue against his proposition as to contend with a musical critic who should maintain that "Orphée aux Enfers" was a more sublime example of sacred music than "Israel in Egypt." Byron is to Coleridge and Shelley as nearly as possible what Offenbach is to Handel and Beethoven. In other matters than those in which Coleridge and Shelley were supreme; on ground where they could not set a trespassing foot without being at once convicted of comparative if not absolute incompetence; Byron was supreme in his turn—a king by truly divine right; but in a province outside the proper domain of absolute poetry. He is undisputed suzerain of the debatable borderland to which Berni has given his name: the style called Bernesque might now be more properly called Byronic, after the greater master who seized and held it by right of the stronger hand. If to be great as a Bernesque writer is to be great as a poet, then was Byron assuredly a great poet: if it be not, then most assuredly he was nothing of the kind. On all other points, in all other capacities, he can only claim to be acknowledged as a poet of the third class who now and then rises into the second, but speedily relapses into the lower element where he was born. Nothing, I repeat, does so much credit to his intelligence as the fact that he should himself have seen this with more or less

* It may be that the avowal of this inability will be taken as proof that the level of the writer's intelligence is beneath that of Lord Lumpington and the Rev. Esau Hittall: but if so, is it too rash to hope that Mr. Arnold may some day be induced for once to write criticism within reach of such understandings as those of his friend Mr. Bottles and myself?

clearness: nothing does more discredit to his character than the effect produced by this consciousness on his bearing towards others, his contemporary superiors. Too clear-sighted—or his cleverness belies itself—not to know them for such, he was too vain, too envious, and too dishonest to acknowledge that he knew or even to abstain from denying it. And here we may not unprofitably observe the difference between the ever-itching vanity of such a writer as Byron and the candid pride of a great poet. When Dante Alighieri or William Shakespeare, when John Milton or when Victor Hugo may be pleased to speak as one not unconscious of his own greatness, such consciousness will be confounded with vanity by no man who does not bear as a birth-mark the sign of the tribe of Zoilus: it would show a certain degree of weakness and incompetence, if the greatest among men and writers should alone be doomed to share the incapacity of their meanest assailants to perceive or to acknowledge that they are not less than great. Far different from the high and haughty equity of such men's self-knowledge and self-reverence is the malevolent and cowardly self-conceit of a Byron, ever shuffling and swaggering and cringing and backbiting in a breath. The most remarkable point in his pretentious and restless egotism is that a man capable of writing such bad verse should ever have been capable of seeing, even in part, how very bad it was; how very hollow were its claims; how very ignorant, impudent, and foolish, was the rabble rout of its adorers. That his first admirers in foreign countries were men of a far different order is a curious and significant truth which throws a double light upon the question in hand. The greatest European poet of his day, the greatest European patriot of our own, united in opinion perhaps on this one point only, have left eloquent and enduring testimony to the greatness of their ideal Byron. The enthusiasm of Goethe on the one hand and Mazzini on the other should be ample and final witness to the forcible and genuine impression made by the best work of Byron upon some of the highest minds in Europe. But in the former case we have first to consider this: what was the worth of Herr von Goethe's opinion on any question of extra-German literature? Of French he presumably knew at least as much as of English: and his criticism of French literature, if it can hardly be matter of "argument for a week," may certainly afford "laughter for a month, and a good jest forever." He rebuked the French for their injustice to so great a poet as Dubartas; he would doubtless have rebuked the English for their neglect of so great a poet as Quarles. He discerned among the rising Frenchmen of 1830 one genius of pre-eminent promise, one youth in whom he might hail his destined successor in the curule chair of European letters: and this favored son of Apollo was none other—si Musis placet!—than M. Prosper Mérimée. He might as rationally have remarked that England, in the age of Hume and Gibbon, Collins and Gray, Fielding and Richardson, Johnson and Goldsmith, had produced one writer of absolutely unparalleled merit—in the person of Mr. Horace Walpole.

Taking these considerations into due account, it is not without amusement as well as regret, it is not without regret as well as amusement, that we find even in our own day two English writers of such distinction as Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. John Nichol debating and discussing as a matter of no small interest and moment to Englishmen, what it was that Goethe really said and what it was that Goethe really meant to say about the proper place of Byron among English poets. "No array of terms," protests Walt Whitman, "can say how much I am at peace about God, and about death;" and consequently he counsels mankind, "Be not curious about God." No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about Goethe's opinions on modern poetry, after examination of such samples as have just been given: and if my voice had weight or authority enough to make itself heard, I would fain take leave to counsel even my elders and my betters. Be not curious to know whether, or in what sense, Goethe meant to say that Byron was the greatest of English poets—whether greater only than Coleridge and Shelley, or greater also than Shakespeare and Milton: for such questions, as St. Paul observes of genealogies, are unprofitable and vain.

The later tribute of Mazzini to Byron claims at our hands a very different degree of consideration. Not merely because, for all who knew and loved him, the name of the man who realized for them the ideal of selfless heroism—of infinite pity, helpfulness, love, zeal, and ardor as divine in the heat of wrath as in the glow of charity—set before us in the records of the life and character of Jesus is never to be lightly spoken, or cited without a sense of inward and infinite reverence: not merely because they feel and acknowledge that in him it was given them to see for once how divine a thing human nature may be when absolutely and finally divorced from all thought or sense of self: made perfect in heroism and devotion, even to the point, not merely unattainable but unimaginable for

most men, of disregarding even the imputations, of selfishness and cowardice; "gentle, and just, and dreadless" as Shelley's ideal demigod, with the single-hearted tenderness and lovingkindness of a little child: not on any such inadequate and uncritical grounds as these, but simply because it seems to me that Mazzini alone has hit the mark which should be aimed at by all who undertake the apology or attempt the panegyric of Byron. "That man *never* wrote from his heart," says Thackeray, sweepingly and fiercely: "he got up rapture and enthusiasm with an eye to the public." The only answer to this is that on one single point, but that one a point of unsurpassed importance and significance, the imputation is insupportable and unjust. He wrote from his heart when he wrote of politics—using that sometimes ambiguous term in its widest and most accurate significance. A just and contemptuous hatred of Georgian government, combined with a fitful and theatrical admiration of the first Bonaparte, made him too often write and speak like a vilely bad Englishman—"the friend of every country but his own": but his sympathy with the cause of justice during the blackest years of dynastic reaction on the continent makes him worthy even yet of a sympathy and respect which no other quality of his character or his work could now by any possibility command from any quarter worth a moment's consideration or regard. On the day when it shall become accepted as a canon of criticism that the political work and the political opinions of a poet are to weigh nothing in the balance which suspends his reputation—on that day the best part of the fame of Byron will fly up and vanish into air. Setting aside mere instances of passionately cynical burlesque, and perhaps one or two exceptional examples of apparently sincere though vehemently demonstrative personal feeling, we find little really living or really praiseworthy work of Byron's which has not in it some direct or indirect touch of political emotion.

But, without wishing to detract from the just honor which has been paid to him on this score, and paid at least in full if not with over-measure, we must not overlook, in common justice, the seamy side of his unique success among readers who did not read him in English. It is something, undoubtedly, to be set down to a man's credit, that his work —if his work be other than poetic—should lose nothing by translation: always assuming that it has anything to lose. But what shall be said of a poet whose work not only does not lose, but gains, by translation into foreign prose? and gains so greatly and indefinitely by that process as to assume a virtue which it has not? On taking up a fairly good version of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" in French or Italian prose, a reader whose eyes and ears are not hopelessly sealed against all distinction of good from bad in rhythm or in style will infallibly be struck by the vast improvement which the text has undergone in the course of translation. The blundering, floundering, lumbering and stumbling stanzas, transmuted into prose and transfigured into grammar, reveal the real and latent force of rhetorical energy that is in them: the gasping, ranting, wheezing, broken-winded verse has been transformed into really effective and fluent oratory. A ranter, of course, it is whose accents we hear in alternate moan and bellow from the trampled platform of theatrical misanthropy: but he rants no longer out of tune: and we are able to discern in the thick and troubled stream of his natural eloquence whatever of real value may be swept along in company with much drifting rubbish. It is impossible to express how much "Childe Harold" gains by being done out of wretchedly bad metre into decently good prose: the New Testament did not gain more by being translated out of canine Greek into divine English. Not that even under these improved conditions Byron's is comparable to the work of a first-rate orator or preacher; but one may perceive how men to whom English poetry was a strange tongue might mistake it for an impressive and effective example of English poetry.

It seems a trivial waste of time to insist repeatedly and in detail upon the rudiments of art: but when a man who can hardly ever attempt a picture on even the smallest scale without displaying his absolute ignorance of the veriest elements of painting is hailed as a master of his craft, those who respect as well as understand the conditions of its existence will not think a little time and trouble misspent in the reduction of such a thesis to its natural and demonstrable absurdity. But in writing on so absurd a subject it would be absurd to employ what Mr. Arnold calls the grand style. Let us rather take a handful of samples at random which may give some notion of Byron's; probably the finest example in all literature of that grandiose meanness which was often the leading note of the author's character and conduct.

There are faults of style perceptible, no doubt, in poets of real greatness: Wordsworth's, for instance, are vexatious to the most loyal and thankful student in no small degree: but they are such faults as are possible to a great poet in moments of great perversity; Byron's, most distinctly, are not. His lava

kisses and his baby earthquakes; his walls which have scalps, and pinnacle those scalps (was ever such jolter-headed jargon heard before, from Bedlam or Parnassus?) in cloud less thick than the confusion of such a chaos of false images; his stormy nights that are lovely in their strength as is—of all things on earth—the light of a woman's dark eye, or a dark eye in woman; his day that dies like a dolphin; his "grocer's shop kept by one Nightingale"—as Landor ingeniously expounded the long insoluble conundrum with which the "Bride of Abydos" confronts all comers on the threshold: these and other such hideous absurdities as these oblige us to reconsider the question, whether the generation of our fathers may not have been right after all in deciding—as we know from so illustrious a spokesman as Thackeray that his young contemporaries, in the freshness of their enthusiasm for Wordsworth, Keats, and the rising star of Tennyson, did most unhesitatingly and vehemently decide—that this idol of our grandfathers or grandmothers could maintain no higher title to fame than one which is the apanage of every successful pressman or improvisatore—the title of a very clever man. One thing is very certain: no man with a touch of true spiritual instinct could have perpetrated such monstrous stupidities. The perpetrator had fancy, wit, fire natural and artificial, with very remarkable energy and versatility: but in all the composition of his highly composite nature there was neither a note of real music nor a gleam of real imagination. If these certainly rather considerable defects are held sufficient to deprive a man of all claim to the title of poet, then undoubtedly Byron is no more a poet than any one of the tribe of dunces decimated by Pope. But the same may be said of Pope himself; and the present writer at least is not Wordsworthian enough to insist, in the name of critical accuracy, that the title of poet—"with a difference"—may not be granted to the authors of "Don Juan" and the "Rape of the Lock."

This conjunction of names would be unjust to either poet if we should overlook the points in which either excelled the other. Pope could not have put such fiery fancy, such a force of impulse and emotion, into the "Vision of Judgment" or the successful parts of "Don Juan," any more than he could have been guilty of such unspeakable abominations, such debauched excesses of bad taste run mad and foaming at the mouth, as the examples lately cited from "Childe Harold;" or than he could, in his critical aspect,—however captious his temper, and however limited his view—have been capable of such grotesque impertinence as theirs (if any such critics there be) who would defend such examples of poetic style by reminding objectors of the undisputed and indisputable facts that a dying dolphin does really exhibit a superb succession of colors, and that to a young lover the light of a dark eye in woman, or a woman's dark eye, is an object of equal and superior impressiveness and importance to the sight of a thunder-storm at midnight. Who in the name of Momus ever questioned it? Neither is it less unquestionable to any one who knows good work from bad that the fashion in which these facts have been expressed in verse and utilized for illustration by the author of "Childe Harold" is such as would have been simply impossible to a writer born with even an average allowance of imaginative perception or of instinctive taste. And this is the author placed almost at the head of modern poets by the eminent poet and critic who has so long, so loudly, and so justly preached to the world of letters the supreme necessity of "distinction" as the note of genuine style which alone enables any sort of literary work to survive! Shakespeare and Hugo are not good enough for him: in "Macbeth" and in "Hernani" he finds damning faults of style, and a plentiful lack of distinction: the text of the latter he garbles and falsifies as Voltaire garbled and falsified the text of Shakespeare, and apparently for the same purpose—as unworthy of the one philosopher as of the other. But in Byron—of all remembered poets the most wanting in distinction of any kind, the most dependent for his effects on the most vulgar and violent resources of rant and cant and glare and splash and splutter—in Byron the apostle of culture, and the author of such nobly beautiful and blameless work as "Thyrsis" and the songs of Callicles, finds a seed of immortality more promising than in Coleridge or Shelley, the two coequal kings of English lyric poetry. All Mr. Arnold's readers will remember the effect produced on him by the case of "that poor girl Wragg": a remembrance which emboldens me to quote from a later newspaper report a singular example of critical coincidence or sympathy with his tastes on the part of "the Sunderland murderer Fury." Of that inarticulate poet, who "beat his music out," if I remember, in a very "grim and earnest," not to say Titanic and rather lurid-spectral, though not undivine fashion—if the Calvinistic or Carlylesque idea of the divine nature be in any degree consonant with Fact—the journals of his day have placed on record the following memoranda, here cited from the *Pall Mall Gazette:* "He has great taste for poetry, can recite long passages from popular poets, Byron's denunciation of the pleasures of the world having for him great

attraction, *as a description of his own experiences.* Wordsworth is his favorite poet. He confesses himself a villain." (This logical association of ideas somehow recalls to my mind the rapturous reflection of rewarded virtue in that memorable utterance of the chaste Pamela:—"My Mr. B. is the best of men. He has offered marriage.")

In the year 1865, when the reputation of Byron among lovers of poetry was perhaps not far from its lowest ebb, and the reputation of the illustrious poet who in early youth had been placed by the verdict of his admirers in the seat once occupied by the author of "Don Juan" was perhaps not far from its highest point of well-deserved popularity, a writer who stood up to speak a modest word in praise of Byron was not ungratified by the assurance, though conveyed at second hand, that his championship of a "discredited" name had given great satisfaction to Byron's oldest surviving friend, the comrade of his early travels and the commentator of his once most admired poem. Since then a far more thorough vindication has been at once more boldly and more ably undertaken by Professor Nichol, in the most brilliant and searching estimate ever given of Byron's character, his work, and his career. A more competent or a more dexterous counsel for the defence could by no possibility have been retained. The previous and comparatively half-hearted spokesman on the same side, impeached at the time as an anti-Wordsworthian, has found himself, since the appearance of this more cordial and elaborate apology, denounced as an anti-Byronite. What he now would wish to say might easily be expressed in a turn of phrase borrowed from Thackeray. "Be not a Pigeon," said the great novelist, at the close of one of his miscellaneous papers: "but it is better to be a Pigeon than a Rook." Be not a Wordsworthian, I would advise, in any narrow or exclusive or sectarian sense of the term: but it is better to be a Wordsworthian than a Byronite.

Great as was Milton's influence on Wordsworth, it could no more affect the indomitable independence of his genius than the study of classic poets could affect that of Milton's own. When the impression of Milton's rhythmic majesty is most perceptible in the sublimest and most splendid verse of Wordsworth, it is always nevertheless the note of Wordsworth's own voice, not of Milton's as repeated and enfeebled by a dwindling echo, that we hear. Let us see how far the direct mimicry of a great poet's metrical inspiration could avail to give strength or sweetness to the naturally flaccid and untunable verse of Byron. This is the sort of stuff he has to offer in imitation of Coleridge's metre in "Christabel"—or rather in imitation of Scott's imitation of Coleridge's metre.

> Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,
> That the fugitive may flee in vain, (*sic*)
> When he breaks from the town; and none escape,
> Aged or young, in the Christian shape.

This is a sample of Byron's choicer verse, as selected for our admiring notice by Mr. Arnold, in a volume designed to bear witness of his superiority as a poet to Coleridge and Shelley. The editor in his preface has done me the honor to cite, in a tone of courteous and generous cordiality which I am anxious to acknowledge, the phrase in which I have claimed for Byron at his best "the excellence of sincerity and strength." But surely he would not differ from me in thinking that this is not the broken gallop of rough vigor; it is the sickly stumble of drivelling debility. "Harold the Dauntless"—a poem not on the whole to be classed, any more than the "Doom of Devorgoil," among the more justifiable claims of Scott to poetic immortality—has nothing in it of such pitiful incompetence. And I agree with Mr. Arnold that the passage in which it occurs is no unfair sample of one of the most animated and spirited among the serious poems of Byron. Let us try again—still following in the wake of the same distinguished critic. Here is another taste from the same platter, as served up on the select and studiously arranged board at which he invites us to sit down, and partake of the chosen viands over which he has just said grace.

> Though her eye shone out, yet the lids were fix'd,
> And the glance that it gave was wild and unmix'd
> With aught of change, as the eyes may seem
> Of the restless who walk in a troubled dream;
> Like the figures on arras, that gloomily glare,
> Stirr'd by the breath of the wintry air,
> So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light, (!)
> Lifeless, but life-like, and awful to sight;
> As they seem, through the dimness, about to come down
> From the shadowy wall where their images frown;
> Fearfully flitting to and fro,
> As the gusts on the tapestry come and go.
>
> Now this, we feel, is the sort of thing
> That is easy for any boy to bring
> Up to any extent who has once
> Read Coleridge or Scott, and is not quite a dunce,
> Though he have but a blue-eyed cat's pretence
> To an ear—as needs no sort of evidence.
> It could hardly be easier even to spout
> Volumes of English hexameters out
> (With as much notion of music in rhythms
> As men seek in a column of logarithms)
> Than thus to perpetuate the simper and snivel
> Of those various Medoras, that dreadfully drivel;
> And, from all who have any conception what verse is,
> To provoke remarks that might sound like curses.*

* I must observe moreover that it was
As
Extravagant a piece of criticism
To
Compare—as some unwary critics do—

A very few years ago, it would have been no more necessary to offer such remarks as these than to suggest that Sir William Davenant was not equal to Milton as an epic poet, nor Sir Robert Stapylton superior to Shakespeare as a dramatist. And I really should almost as soon have expected to see Lord Tennyson take up the cudgels for "Gondibert," or Sir Henry Taylor for the "Slighted Maid," as to find Mr. Arnold throwing the shield of his authority over the deformed and impotent nakedness of such utterly unutterable rubbish. He has complained elsewhere, with perfect justice, that Byron is "so empty of matter." Is it then the charm of execution, the grace of language, the perfection of form, which attracts him in the author of the "Siege of Corinth"? Is it "the fount of fiery life," "the thunder's roll," perceptible in such productions as these? Byron ὑψιβρεμέτης is a thunderer whose bolt was forged assuredly on no diviner anvil than that with which Dennis or Cibber is represented in the text or notes of the "Dunciad" as shaking the souls of his audience. Is it his dramatic or lyrical gift? There is certainly some very effective rhetoric in one or two of his shorter pieces: but "the lyrical cry" which his panegyrist so properly requires—the pure note which can be breathed only from the pure element of lyric verse—is wanting alike in his earliest and his latest effusions, noble and impressive in sentiment and in style as a few—a very few of them—indisputably are. As to his dramatic faculty, it was grossly overpraised by Macaulay in the following sentence:—"It is hardly too much to say, that Lord Byron could exhibit only one man and only one woman." On the contrary, I would venture to submit, but in a very different sense, it is greatly too much to say. He could exhibit only two squeaking and disjointed puppets: there is, as far as I can remember, just one passage in the whole range of his writings which shows any power of painting any phase of any kind of character at all: and this is no doubt a really admirable (if not wholly original) instance of the very broadest comedy—the harangue addressed by Donna Julia to her intruding husband. The famous letter addressed to her boy-lover on his departure by that lineal descendant of Wycherley's Olivia in the "Plain Dealer" is an admirably eloquent and exceptionally finished piece of writing, but certainly, with its elaborate poise of rhetoric about the needle and the pole, is not an exceptional instance either of power to paint character and passion from the naked life, or of ability to clothe and crown them with the color and the light of genuine imagination. A poet with any real insight into the depth of either comic or tragic nature could have desired no finer occasion for the display of his gift, though assuredly he could have chosen none more difficult and dangerous, than such a subject as is presented by history in the figure of Catherine the Great. Terror and humor would have been the twin keynotes of his work; as effective in their grotesque and lurid union as the harmony of terror and pity in the severer art of the ancient stage. Landor, in half a dozen pages or less, has shown what a wealth of possibility was here open to a poet of serious aim as well as satiric insight. What has Byron made of the great, generous, fearless, shameless and pitiless woman of genius whom a far mightier artist was six years later to place before us in her habit as she lived, breathing lust and blood, craving fame and power, consumed and unsubdued by the higher and the lower ardors of a nature capable of the noblest and ignoblest ambition and desire? The Russian episode in "Don Juan" is a greater discredit to literature by its nerveless and stagnant stupidity than even by the effete vulgarity of its flat and stale uncleanliness. Haidée and Dudù are a lovely pair of lay-figures: but the one has only to be kissed, and to break a blood-vessel: the other—has even less to do. Lady Adeline promises better than any other study from the same hand, and Aurora Raby is a graceful sketch in sentimental mezzotint: what might have been made of them in time we can but guess: it is only certain that nothing very much worth making had been made of them, when the one poem in which Byron showed even a gleam of power to draw characters from life was dropped or cut short at a point of somewhat cynical promise. Further evidence would hardly have been requisite to display the author's incapacity for dramatic no less than for lyric poetry, even had his injudicious activity not impelled him to write plays beside which even Voltaire's look somewhat less wretchedly forlorn. For indeed nothing quite so villanously bad as Byron's tragedies is known to me as the work of any once eminent hand which ever gave proof of any poetic vigor or energy

Such verse as Byron's (bristling
With every sort and kind of barbarism
And solecism—
Not to speak of the tune,
Which suggests the love-strains of a baboon)
With any verse by Shelley
As to compare a jaded wagoner's whistling
To a lark's tune, or a star to a jelley,
Or the glare of the footlights to
A rainbow's prism
In the cloud at the edge of the sky's blue.
Or
Aught to aught that it is unfittest for,
And not let such vile verse—why should it not?—
Rot.

Cf. *Heaven and Earth*, passim.

at all. As a dramatist, Voltaire stands nearer to Corneille—nay, Dryden stands nearer to Shakespeare—than Byron to Voltaire or to Dryden. In one only of all his dramatic miscreations is there the dimmest glimpse of interest discoverable, even as regards the mere conduct of the story: and this play is the most impudent instance of barefaced theft to be found in the records of our literature. The single original thing in it, and the most original thing in its companion dramas, is of course the rhythm; and on this it would assuredly have seemed needless to waste a word or a smile, had not the author of some of the stateliest and purest blank verse ever written appeared as the most recent champion of Byron's claim to a place among the great representative poets of a language in which the metre of Marlowe and of Milton affords a crowning test of poetic power.

> The only way to criticize it is
> To write a sentence (which is easy to
> Do, and has been done once or twice before
> Now) in the metre of *Cain*, or of *The*
> *Two Foscari*, or *Heaven and Earth*, or *The*
> *Deformed Transformed*, *Sardanapalus*, or
> *Werner*—nay, *Faliero* (such is the
> Way the name is elongated in his
> Play—which is not agreeable to an
> Ear which has any sense of sound left). It
> Is hardly harder (as the bard might have
> Said) to write pages upon pages in
> This style—base beyond parody—than to
> Write as ill in Scott's usual metre: but
> All will allow that in both cases it
> Is an excruciating process for
> Persons accustomed to read or write verse.*

Imitation of Byron's "mighty line"—parody of it, I repeat, is impossible—would not long since have been a weary, stale, flat and unprofitable jest: but it is a flatter and a staler jest yet to reclaim precedence for his drawling draggle-tailed drab of a Muse over Polymnia when she speaks through Coleridge, Euterpe when she speaks through Keats, Urania when she speaks through Shelley. Iynx it was—the screaming wryneck—that inspired the verse of Byron with its grace of movement and its charm of melody. And all the world knows what became of that songstress and her tuneful sisters when they challenged the Muses to a contest less unequal than would be the contest of the long since plume-plucked Byron with the least of the three poets just named.

The instinct of Byron himself on this subject was truer than that of his latest and rashest advocate. From Chaucer to Wordsworth, the greatest names on the record of English poetry were the objects of his lifelong insult. Of Shakespeare he always wrote and spoke as the author of the vilest and most pretentious dramatic abortions ever misbegotten by dulness upon vanity, or by egotism upon envy, might naturally have been expected to speak. Some honest souls in his own day expressed surprise at this graceful feature of their noble poet's intelligence. Had they been such "very clever fellows" as he was, they would have understood as distinctly as himself that he was not of the same kind as the objects of his insolence; that each of these must first be dethroned if ever he was to be enthroned as a poet of the first or even of the second class. It would have been as wonderful, as inconsistent, as preposterous, if the authors of "Zaïre" and "Faliero" had paid due tribute to Shakespeare, as if the authors of the "Cenci" and "Le Roi s'amuse" had not. Envy is keen of scent, and incompetence may be quick of eye; the impotent malignity of Byron was seldom personally mistaken in the object of its rabid but innocuous attack. Rogers, whom he flattered in public and lampooned in secret, did work perhaps bad enough at its worst to deserve the dishonor of such praises, and certainly good enough at its best to deserve the honor of such insults, as were showered on his name by his honest and high-minded admirer. Campbell, too, wrote much that prevents us from wondering at Byron's professions of reverence for the author of such lucubrations as the "Pleasures of Hope"; yet it is inexplicable that the author of two out of the three great lyric poems in the language inspired by love of England should not also have been honored by a stab in the back from the alternate worshipper and reviler of Napoleon: hatred of his country in one mood, and envy of his rival in the other, might have been expected to instigate his easily excitable insolence to some characteristic form of outrage. Possibly the sense of Campbell's popularity may have made him cautious: he did not, except in early youth, venture openly to attack any but unpopular figures in the world of letters. These, however, are not the names to be properly set against Byron's; though very decidedly less improper for such comparison than those three which Mr. Arnold has chosen for sacrifice at the shrine of paradox. Of the three which may with somewhat more show of reason be bracketed with the name of Byron, two must be rated above it as representative of qualities which according to Mr. Arnold's favorite canon would advance them to a higher rank in poetry than I should have been disposed to assign either to Crabbe, to Scott, or to Southey. The tragic power of Crabbe is as much above the reach of Byron as his singularly vivid though curiously limited insight into certain shades of character.

* The metre here is Byron's, "every line:
For God's sake, reader! take it not for mine."

All the ramping renegades and clattering corsairs that strut and fret their hour on the boards of a facile and theatrical invention vanish into their natural nothingness if confronted with the homely horror of an indisputable personality such as that of the suspected parricide, alone in his fisher's boat at noon among the salt marshes; it would take many a high-stepping generation of Laras to match the terrible humility of Peter Grimes.* And though, as Mr. Leslie Stephen has observed, the highest note of imagination may be wanting to the noble and forcible verses which reproduce in such distinctness of detail the delirious visions of a mind unhinged by passionate self-indulgence, yet the short-winged and short-winded fancy of Byron never rose near the height of actual and vivid perception attained by the author of "Sir Eustace Grey." His dry catalogue of unimpressive horrors in the poem called "Darkness" is as far below the level of Crabbe in his tragic mood as the terrors of Crabbe are below the level of Dante's. If Wordsworth, as Shelley said in his haste, "had as much imagination as a pint-pot," I know not what fractional subdivision of a gill would not be more than adequate to represent the exact measure of Byron's. All his serious poetry put together is hardly worth—or, to say the very least, it can show nothing to be set beside—"that incomparable passage in Crabbe's 'Borough,' which" (according to Macaulay) "has made many a rough and cynical reader cry like a child;" and indeed, though I am not myself so rough and cynical as ever to have experienced that particular effect from its perusal, it does seem to me impossible for any man at all capable of being touched through poetry by the emotions of terror and pity to read the record of that dream in the condemned cell, with its exquisite realistic touches of seaside nature and tender innocent gladness, and not feel himself under the spell of a master tenfold more potent than Byron.

Culture, it should seem, cannot condescend to take any account of such humble claims as those of the simple old provincial clergyman whose homespun habit of obsolete and conventional style is the covering of a rarer pathos and a riper humor than have often been devoted to the service of mere straightforward accuracy in study from the life which lay nearest to the student. But a writer whom even the culture which finds poetic satisfaction nowhere outside the range of Byron or of Wordsworth cannot pretend wholly to ignore, though it may dismiss as with a passing shrug his claims to be considered as a competitor with these,—a writer for whom even Byron would seem to have been capable at times of something like manly respect and honest admiration,—never failed to pay tribute alike to the tragic force and to the humorous simplicity of a poet reared under auspices the most opposite to those which had so happily fostered his own genius. Sir Walter Scott was neither a profound nor a pretentious critic—neither a refined nor an eccentric theorist: but his judgments have always the now more than ever invaluable qualities of clearness and consistency. To me, as to Mr. Arnold, his praise of Byron seems singularly ill-judged and ridiculously ill-worded: yet it is at least more intelligible than that which would couple him with Wordsworth as a moral force or help towards a lucid and stimulating criticism of life. But in speaking of Crabbe the great northern master was speaking of one more within his own high range of practical sympathy—more allied in temper and in gifts to his own wider and more beneficent genius. And even while that genius was still in the main misdirected into verse, it showed almost as clearly as was later to be shown in prose its vast superiority to Byron's in grasp of human character and in command of noble sympathies. His English was often as slovenly as even Byron's; though never so vile in taste as the worst examples of this latter. On the other hand, the language of Byron's metrical tales has undeniably far more point and force, far more terseness and pliancy combined, than the diffuse and awkward style of Scott's, full of lazy padding and clumsy makeshifts. But set almost any figure drawn by Scott beside almost any figure of Byron's drawing, and the very dullest eye will hardly fail to see the difference between a barber's dummy and a living man fresh from the hand of Velasquez or of God. Lambro is admirably described and introduced: Bertram Risingham is described in phrase rather conventional than choice, and introduced with no circumstance of any special originality or distinction: but when Lambro appears in person on the stage of action, he is as utter a nullity as any of his brother or sister puppets: Bertram, however roughly sketched, is a figure alive to the very finger-

* Two lines put into the dying ruffian's mouth have a might of tragic truth for which if a writer of the order of Byron "would give all the substance of his house, it would utterly be contemned." Shakespeare could not have bettered, and hardly any one lesser than Shakespeare could have matched, such a stroke of dreadful nature as this (the words being spoken of a dead father by a dying son):

> He cried for mercy, which I kindly gave,
> *But he has no compassion in his grave.*

The deepest or the highest note ever struck by the hand of Byron would sound after that like a penny whistle after the trumpet of doomsday.

tips. The difference, of course, has been often enough pointed out before now, and with memorable effect, especially, by a critic on whom Mr. Arnold is never weary of emptying the vials of his Attic scorn: but on this matter I must confess that I would rather be right with Lord Macaulay than wrong with Mr. Arnold. Of men, to judge from his writings, Byron knew nothing: of women he knew that it was not difficult to wheedle those who were not unwilling to be wheedled. He also knew that excess of any kind entails a more or less violent and a more or less permanent reaction: and here his philosophy of life subsided into tittering or snivelling silence. On all these points Scott is as far ahead of him as Shakespeare is ahead of Scott. A commonplace sermon does not cease to be commonplace because its doctrine is unorthodox, and cynical twaddle is none the less twaddle because of its cynicism. Scott is doubtless, as his French critics used to deplore, deficient in depth and intensity of passion; yet his passion too has more life and reality than Byron's. It is not enough for a writer to protest that his characters are bursting and burning with passion: they must do something to second him—to make us feel and see that they are. And this is exactly what no Gulnare or Gulbeyaz of them all can do. The puppet begins to squeak, and we perceive at once the incompetence of the showman; in place of a dramatist we have a scene-painter. It follows that with all his blustering profession of experience and preparation for display Byron, when it comes to the point, proves to be really not a poet of passion at all. There is plenty of rant in his work, there is plenty of wantonness, and there is plenty of wit: but Lord Tennyson has put more passion into the six little stanzas of a poem published at the age of twenty-four than could be distilled by compression out of all that Lord Byron ever wrote.

In those six short stanzas, without effort, without pretence, without parade—in other words, without any of the component qualities of Byron's serious poetry—there is simple and sufficient expression for the combined and contending passions of womanly pride and rage, physical attraction and spiritual abhorrence, all the outer and inner bitterness and sweetness of hatred and desire, resolution and fruition and revenge. And as surely and as greatly as the author of this poem had almost at his starting distanced and defeated Byron as a painter of feminine passion, had Scott defeated and distanced him long before as a painter of masculine action. And for this among other reasons, Scott, with all his many shortcomings in execution, with all his gaps and flaws and deficiencies and defects, must surely always retain the privilege assigned by Thackeray to Goldsmith—high as are doubtless Goldsmith's claims to that privilege—of being "the most beloved of English writers." Two names far higher than his will be more beloved as well as more honored by those who find their deepest delight in the greatest achievements of dramatic and lyric poetry: but the lovers of this last will always be fewer, if more ardent, than the lovers of other and humbler, less absolute and essential forms of art; and though dramatic poetry, even at its highest pitch of imagination, appeals to a far wider and more complex audience, yet even Shakespeare, though less than Shelley, demands of the student who would know and love him something more than is common to all simple and healthy natures. But Sir Walter demands nothing of his reader beyond a fair average allowance of kindliness and manhood: the man must be a very Carlyle who dees not love and honor him. His popularity may fluctuate now and then with elder readers—so much the worse for them: it is sure always to right itself again in a little time: but when it wanes among English boys and girls a doomsday will be dawning of which as yet there are most assuredly no signs or presages perceptible. Love of Scott, if a child has not the ill fortune to miss by some mischance the benefit of his generous influence, is certain to outlast all changes of interest and inclination, from the age when he divides a heart of six or seven with the owner's first pony to the age when affectionate gratitude has rooted in the adult heart a hundred names and associations of his engrafting, only less deep and dear than those implanted there by Shakespeare's very self. Almost any fault may well seem pardonable in such a benefactor as this: his genius has the privilege of beauty such as Cleopatra's: for vilest things become themselves in him; so that the sternest republicans may bless him when he is most a royalist—yes, even a Georgian royalist—and men of the most scrupulous honor in questions of literary as well as other society may forgivingly overlook even his public association with libellers of private life and character, with conductors of such tainted publications as the *Beacon* and the *Blackguard's Magazine*—such "dogs and swine" as excite, in Mr. Browning's poem, the loathing and indignation of the very Ghetto: though then as now the writer and circulator of privately printed attacks on the personal reputation of any honorable man must have been considered by all men of honor as a person of character too degraded to be damaged even by the unanswerable charges of coward-

ice and lying—a rascal whose back would dishonor the hangman's lash, as his society would disgrace the keeper of a brothel; and though then as now the highest eminence in letters could neither have protected nor redeemed from the stain of an indelible ignominy, the plague-spot of an incurable disgrace, a name polluted by conscious and voluntary association with the name of so infamous a wretch. To such intercourse as this we need not imagine that Scott could ever have descended: but the weapons of license and scurrility plied by some at least of his associates were so poisonously foul and cowardly that the one thing wanting to the perfection of their dishonor was the precaution of an abject and furtive semi-privacy. Something of indignation as well as regret we cannot choose but feel at the recollection that the hand which has bequeathed us such countless and priceless treasures should ever have pressed hands which had penned such villanies as defile the columns of the ruffianly political publications of his day: yet the most intolerant of moralists cannot feel towards him as all honest and loyal men must feel towards the writer of such a note as Byron addressed, in attempted self-exculpation, to the Consul-General at Venice in the spring of 1821—towards the coward who deliberately suppressed the evidence which would have proved him a traitor to friendship more dastardly and disloyal than ever selfishness has made of a man perhaps not originally or at all points ungenerous or malignant.

If, then, precedence among poets is to depend upon their more or less valuable criticism of life, it would seem that Scott's right of precedence over Byron is as unassailable as any critical position can possibly be made. But upon this assumption I do not care to insist; being, if I must repeat the confession, unable to accept a theory which when reduced to any intelligible scheme of interpretation and application would place Theognis above Sappho and Lucan above Catullus. Nay, it would be somewhat difficult to prove that this theory would not place above Byron a writer whom on the whole I certainly should not incline to place higher than beside him. It is perhaps to the friendship and veneration of two among the most illustrious men of two succeeding generations that the name of Southey seems now to owe the best and most precious part of its celebrity. The author of "Count Julian" and the author of "Philip van Artevelde" have embalmed the memory of their friend with the myrrh and frankincense of such noble and imperishable praise, in prose and in verse, that all who revere them are bound to honor the man held so worthy of their reverence. That this enthusiastic veneration was awakened less by his capacity as a poet than by the attractive nobility of certain qualities in his personal character can hardly be doubted by any one who considers the unquestionable fact that no two poets were ever freer than they—that perhaps not one other living in his time was quite so absolutely free—from the incurable weakness which impairs all the merits of Southey's verse: its facile, thin, perpetual prolixity of narrative, of rhetoric, and of reflection; its utter want of select or precise or distinctive expression for ideas which moreover might in most cases have been as well expressed in prose as quiet and as pure. The changeless amble of his blank verse, never breaking even into a trot, might almost make us regret even that dissonant jolt which Byron substituted for the long easy canter of the Spenserian stanza under the guidance of its original master's serene and skilful hand. That he writes incomparably better English than Byron's is perhaps, if the admirers of a Titanic or Cyclopean style will allow of the modest suggestion, a point not wholly unworthy of notice or regard in estimating the comparative rank and station of an English writer. The gift of poetic or creative imagination had been withheld by nature from either competitor with a perfectly absolute impartiality. There is just as much of it in "Childe Harold" as in "Thalaba," and there is just as little of it in "Roderick" as in "The Corsair."

Mr. Arnold, with a brilliant and ingenious humor which it would almost be impertinence to praise, has assigned the distinctive qualities of different writers to the character and influence of the social rank or class in which they respectively were born. I have before now ventured to enter my protest against the paradoxical union of Byron's name with Shelley's as a representative of the nobler qualities traditionally attributed to an aristocracy. Chivalry in the deepest and highest sense was the key-note of Shelley's whole character: Byron, generous and brave as he could show himself on special occasion, simply did not know what chivalrous feeling meant: his sense of honor was rather less fine than Sir John Falstaff's. I am not referring to his treatment, whatever it may have been, of the various Caroline Lambs and Jane Clermonts who uttered in public or in private such high-pitched notes of ululation and imprecation over his alleged atrocities: I am decidedly inclined to doubt whether anything much worse befell them at his hands than they richly and amply deserved. Even if the brutalities and villanies imputed by these distressed damsels or matrons to the lover

whose favors had been withdrawn from them could be verified in every point, they would not weigh so heavily against his pretensions to be taken for a type of the class in which honor or loyalty is the supreme principle or final expression of duty, as would his derelictions from this rule of honor, his acts of treason to that common instinct of ordinary loyalty, in his relations with friends whose claim on his good faith was simple and indisputable by the laws of any social code whatever. Byron, in such matters, was sometimes as much beneath the conventional average level of gentle or noble manhood as Shelley was always above it: and the case could hardly be put more strongly or more truthfully. A typical aristocrat, however lawless and reckless in his mode of life or habit of expression, will not exactly play at chuck-farthing with his word of honor, or throw the dirt of his impertinence at ladies who happen to have married his rivals in literary celebrity. He may do many things no less morally wrong than these: but these are things that he most emphatically and assuredly will not do. An infinitely less important though certainly a significant and amusing sign of the same inborn vulgarity was the uneasy mixture of brag and fidget—the two most essentially plebeian moods of mind that can be imagined—which would seem to have always distinguished his displays of pride on the subject of ancestral honors. A man who can show quarterings with princes—whatever may be the value of that accidental distinction—does not usually talk and write, as Byron so constantly did, in the very tone which might be expected from a capitalist of unknown grandparents who had just purchased a brand-new pedigree of literally fabulous antiquity. No: to each and all of Mr. Arnold's recent claims on behalf of his unfortunate client, truth, with all the evidence in hand, is constrained to reply in the memorable phrase of Lord Jeffrey—"This will never do." If we want a type of patrician character, good or bad or worse or better, we must not look to Byron. But—still following up the suggestion of Mr. Arnold—we might, I think, find in Southey an almost perfect type of a class which has often fared somewhat hardly at his critical hands. Good and true and honest in every relation of life, exemplary for justice and admirable for kindness in his dealings with every one who did not offend his prejudice or disturb his self-complacency, it might most truly have been said of Southey "that after the most straitest sect of their religion he lived a Pharisee." The last letter, for example, that he ever addressed to Shelley, breathes, in every word of every phrase, the veriest insolence of self-righteousness. One of the truest and loyalest of grateful friends and helpful benefactors, he was as thorough a sample of the English middle-class in the solid all-sufficient narrowness of his rigid self-esteem as was Carlyle of all that is best and all that is worst in the typical character of the good or the bad peasant of fiction or of fact—brave, honest, affectionate, laborious, envious, ungrateful, malignant, and selfish. But apparently not always quite selfish: and demonstrably not always quite honest.

In such a man as Shelley it would of course be absurd to see a typical representative of any class. Born in a manger or a palace, reared in a carpenter's shop or a prince's castle, such an one must always be an equally exceptional figure on the roll of famous men. It is difficult at first to see why it should be so difficult as apparently it is for most judges to consider a figure of this kind with any degree of equanimity. But it is evident that if on the one hand certain recent writers have been whirled by the enthusiasm of righteous reverence into the extravagance of apostolic adoration which bids them preach him to all men as a sort of poetic Messiah, wounded in the house of his friends, despised and rejected of men in his own generation—in all things like as the greatest other poets are, but without sin (to speak of) in person or in verse—on the other hand there are not yet wanting judges who deny even such claims on his behalf as would afford him any place at all in the front rank of poets and of men. Those who, like the present writer, desire above all things to preserve in all things the golden mean of scrupulous moderation, will content themselves with taking account of a few indisputable facts rather than of many disputable opinions.

Mr. Arnold has spoken with exemplary contempt of Lord Jeffrey's style and principles of criticism: but whenever he speaks of Shelley he borrows from the old Edinburgh fencing-school the rusty foil of that once eminent reviewer, to show off against his object of attack the very same tricks of fence which Jeffrey made use of, with a skill and strength of hand at least equal to his pupil's, against the struggling reputation of Wordsworth. This can do no manner of harm to Shelley, but it must of necessity affect our estimate of the value of his assailant's opinion on the subject of other men's poetry. Wordsworth, to Lord Jeffrey, was merely the poet of idiot boys, preaching peddlers, bibulous wagoners, and the mendicant class in general: his poetry was typified in Alice Fell's torn cloak—"a wretched, wretched rag indeed." But Lord Jeffrey did not add that "those who extol him as the poet

of rags, the poet of clothes-tubs, are only saying that he did not, in fact, lay hold upon the poet's right subject-matter." He would have known that outside "the all-miscreative brain" of a critical jester these erroneous persons had and could have no existence: that those who extolled Wordsworth, though the scope of their admiration might or might not include the poems which dealt with such matters, extolled him as the poet of things very different from these. And Jeffrey's imitator in this trick of criticism cannot surely affect to imagine that "those who extol him as the poet of clouds, the poet of sunsets,"—if any there be whose estimate of his poetry is based exclusively or mainly on their value for such attributes of his genius—are in any truer or fitter sense to be accepted as representatives of Shelley's real admirers, than are those sickly drivellers over the name of another great poet, the fulsome worshippers of weakness whose nauseous adoration Mr. Arnold has so justly rebuked, to be fairly accepted as representatives of those who share his admiration for the genius of Keats. These, I must be allowed to say, are the sort of critical tricks which recoil upon the critic who makes use of them for a showy and hazardous instant. Those to whom, as to the humble writer at present engaged in rash controversy with "the most distinguished Englishman of his time," the name of Shelley seems to be indisputably the third—if not the second—on the list of our greatest poets, no more extol him as exclusively or principally the poet of clouds and sunsets than Mr. Arnold extols Wordsworth as the poet of rags and tatters or Keats as the poet of underbred and weakly sensuousness. Not that we do not prefer the nebulosity of Shelley at his cloudiest to the raggedness of Wordsworth at his raggedest or the sickliness of Keats at his sickliest: but this is a point quite beside the main question. Averting our faces from the clouds and sunsets whose admirers give so much offence to Mr. Arnold, what we see in his own judgment on Shelley and Byron might be symbolically described as a sunset of critical judgment in a cloud of hazy paradox. It is a singular certainty that on the subject of Shelley this noble poet and brilliant critic has never got beyond what may be called the "Johnny Keats" stage of criticism. The Shelley of his imagination has exactly as much in common with the author of the "Ode to Liberty" as the Keats of Gifford's or Wilson's had in common with the author of the "Ode to a Nightingale." The main features of the phantom's character are apparently these: enthusiastic puerility of mind, incurable unsoundness of judgment, resistless excitability of emotion and helpless inability of intelligence, consumptive wakefulness of fancy and feverish impotence of reason, a dreamily amiable uselessness and a sweetly fantastic imbecility: in a word, the qualities of a silly angel. I venture, in the face of a very general opinion, to doubt whether such a poet as this ever existed: but I do not doubt at all that none was ever further from any resemblance to such a type than Percy Bysshe Shelley. He wrote very silly stories at school, and villanously bad verses at college: but it is not on this undeniable rather than exceptional fact that the theory of his inspired idiocy—for that is really what it comes to—has ever, to my knowledge, been grounded. Only the hysterical school of critics would deny or dream of denying that until the beneficent influence of Coleridge and Wordsworth had wrought its full effect upon the two greatest among the younger men of their time, Shelley, in the first stage of his apprenticeship to verse, might have been accurately described or defined as Hayley in the spangles of a harlequin, and Keats as Rosa Matilda in a shopboy's jacket. This is even more certain, if possible, than that Keats afterwards showed himself equal—if not, at his very best, superior—to Wordsworth, in poetry pure and simple; or that Shelley, if neither he nor any man that ever lived could outsoar the highest flights of Coleridge's transcendent song, did far more work of the highest kind in eight or nine years than Coleridge in upwards of forty; and that in point of manly conscience and moral emotion, elevation of nature and fortitude of mind, the gulf is not wider between Dryden and Milton, between Horace and Sophocles, than between Coleridge and Shelley.

This, however, may be considered insufficient proof that he was other, after all, than a dreamer of dreams, a dweller among the intangible and visionary creations of a gentle, fitful, disorderly, moonstruck sort of mind. But it is evident that in Shelley the reasoning faculty was comparatively ripe before the imaginative or creative power had outgrown its greenest and sourest stage of crudity. I certainly do not propose to set up his early philosophical or political essays as models of original or profound reflection, of untimely maturity in reasoning or subtle conclusiveness of combination in the recast and rearrangement of other men's positions; nor probably did the boys themselves who compiled that luckless little pamphlet mistake their "Necessity of Atheism" for a final and exhaustive piece of ratiocination: but as a neat and compact summary of a very simple argument it is surely far from discreditable to their intelligence: and as an answer to many far cruder

and shallower forms of appeal or objection on behalf of more popular assumptions, it is in its way and in its degree neither ineffective nor insufficient. More juvenile echoes of more facile conclusions on the other side of the question might have earned for the young champions of orthodoxy the admiring patronage of applause for precocious rectitude of spiritual intuition and premature command of speculative thought. Shelley's subsequent Essay on Deism is surely a work of remarkable precocity and promise for a man too young to have taken his degree; remarkable alike for its grave and sedate command of irony sustained through the whole course of the oblique and double-edged argument, and for its steady grasp and manipulation of the subject from the serious and covert point of view which it was the young controversialist's design at once to indicate and to veil. In politics, Shelley looked steadfastly forward to the peaceful and irreversible advance of republican principle, the gradual and general prevalence of democratic spirit throughout Europe, till the then omnipotent and omnipresent forces of universal reaction should be gently but thoroughly superseded and absorbed. Wordsworth could apparently see nothing between existing Georgian or Bourbonian society and a recrudescence of revolutionary chaos but the maintenance of such divine institutions as rotten boroughs and capital punishment. I do not ask which poet held the nobler and the more inspiriting views of the immediate future: I ask which of the two showed himself the befogged, befooled, self-deluded, unpractical dreamer among the clouds and sunsets of his chosen solitude and his chosen faith, and which approved himself the man of insight and foresight, the more practical and the more rational student of contemporary history, alike in its actual pageant of passing phenomena and in its moral substance of enduring principles and lessons? I know nothing more amusing and amazing than the placid imperturbable persistency with which the conservative or reactionary class is prone to claim and assume—of all things in the world—the credit of being at any rate the practical party, as opposed to the dreamy and visionary herd of hot-brained young poets and crack-brained old enthusiasts. For example, it was, if I rightly remember, in the fifth or sixth year of the empire of cutpurses and cutthroats, that a young freshman of eighteen or nineteen was courteously invited to give his opinion on the French and Italian questions of that year in a gathering of distinguished as well as grave and reverend seniors, and on his modest avowal that he did venture to believe in the principles and teaching of men who ventured to believe in the realization of Italian unity, and to disbelieve in the durable solidity of the fortune which had seated Jonathan Wild the Less on the imperial throne of France, found without the slightest touch of surprise that such an ingenuous confession of wrong-headed boyish perversity was received with a general kindly smile of amusement, and a kindly particular exhortation to retain as long as he could find it possible to retain these enthusiastic illusions so natural to his age. And in effect, even in face of the crushing refutation which has since been supplied by the practical and unanswerable evidence of historic facts, he has not seen reason to forego them even at the present day. Mr. Arnold has chosen as a subject for special praise—indeed, as the crowning and redeeming point of interest in an otherwise commonplace if not unworthy character—Byron's aspirations after a republic, his expressed conviction that "the king-times are fast finishing," his full and whole-hearted acceptance of the assured prospect that "there will be blood shed like water and tears like mist, but the peoples will conquer in the end." Mr. Arnold can scarcely, I should imagine, be readier than I to give all due credit and all possible sympathy to the writer of these wise and noble words: but he seems to overlook the fact that if this feature in Byron's character is deserving of such credit and such sympathy, in Shelley's, whose whole nature was pervaded and harmonized by the inspiration of this faith, it is tenfold more worthy of reverence and regard. Mr. Arnold is fond of scriptural and especially of Pauline illustrations: it is probably the influence of his example which brings to my mind the difference between the chief captain of Jerusalem and the apostle his prisoner. With a great sum had Claudius Lysias obtained the freedom of a Roman citizen: but Paul was free born. Byron had attained to his faith in the future of republican Europe and the fall of existing institutions at a heavy cost of personal disappointment, dissatisfaction, and irritation with his own circumstances and experiences: but Shelley "was born so high": it was in the inevitable and unalterable essence of his nature "to dally with the wind, and scorn the sun." For all that on Mr. Arnold's own showing deserves praise in Byron, Shelley deserves praise incomparably more exalted and unqualified. But Mr. Arnold, in a passage which if the argument would allow me to pass it over I should really be reluctant to transcribe, affirms that "Byron threw himself upon poetry as his organ; and in poetry his topics were not Queen Mab, and the Witch of Atlas, and the Sensitive Plant, they were the upholders of the old order, George the Third, and Lord Castlereagh,

and the Duke of Wellington, and Southey, and they were the canters and tramplers of the great world, and they were his enemies and himself." If I wanted an instance of provincial and barbarian criticism, of criticism inspired by a spirit of sour unreasonableness, a spirit of bitterness and darkness, I should certainly never dream of seeking further than this sentence for the illustration required. It is almost too contemptibly easy to retort in kind by observing that when Shelley threw himself upon poetry as his organ, his topics were not Hours of Idleness, and Hints from Horace, and the Waltz, they were the redemption of the world by the martyrdom of righteousness, and the regeneration of mankind through "Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance"; and they were the heroism of Beatrice and the ascension of Adonais, and they were the resurrection of Italy and of Greece, and they were the divinest things of nature, made more divine through the interpretation of love infallible and the mastery of insuperable song. But so to retort, though the reply would be as perfectly legitimate as the parody is exactly accurate, were to answer a perverse man of genius according to his perversity; and I will rather content myself with a serious indication of this astonishing criticism as matter for serious regret—not, assuredly, on Shelley's account; nor even, perhaps, on Byron's.

But if Mr. Arnold is somewhat erratic and eccentric in the display of his preference for Byron as a poet, how may we decorously characterize the insular or individual eccentricity of his preference for Shelley as an essayist and correspondent? "Except for a few short things and single stanzas, his original poetry is less satisfactory than his translations, for in these the subject-matter was found for him"—as for instance in the Cyclops of Euripides and the Homeric poem on an infant cattle-stealer; topics, it is obvious, far above the reach of the man who could rise no higher on his own account than the author of the "Cenci." "Nay, I doubt whether his delightful Essays and Letters, which deserve to be far more read than they are now, will not resist the wear and tear of time better, and finally come to stand higher, than his poetry." I will follow Mr. Arnold's lead, in the selection of a French phrase to pass sentence on this judgment: it is not merely "saugrenu," it is simply "inqualifiable." Shelley—or Shakespeare, for that matter—is hardly more superior to Byron in poetry than in prose is Byron to Shelley. Shelley's letters are in general very "nice," as women say—very ingenuous, and rather ladylike; the letters of a candid and amiable young person who tries steadily to see for himself, without any great faculty of insight or capacity for getting away from his own subjective line of vision. Byron's are full of violence, insolence, bluster, affectation, hypocrisy, pretension, bullying egotism and swaggering nonsense: but no less certainly and unmistakably are they the letters of a man with a great gift for writing, a man of commanding genius, of indisputable and insuppressible powers. There are no doubt passages in them which are merely foolish or feeble or vulgar, as in Shelley's there are passages and touches of exquisite truth and felicity, of admirable feeling and good sense and delicacy; but the general characteristics of either correspondence are such as have just been indicated. Byron's letters would be worth reading, had they been written by the obscurest of dilettante dabblers in politics or literature: if at every turn there is something to provoke irritation or repulsion, at every other turn there is at the same time something to excite admiration or amusement. Nobody, I should have thought, or at least only a very few specialists who have almost a craze for the literature of "Elegant Epistles," would dream of reading Shelley's if they had not been written by the hand which wrote his poems.

The fact is—and it is a fact which for some time past has been growing only too perceptible to some of Mr. Arnold's most cordial and earliest admirers—that to him, in spite of all Wordsworth's guidance, years have brought the unphilosophic mind. Like Philip van Artevelde, he was "very philosophic in his youth"—I will not add, with Sir Henry Taylor's self-contemplative hero—"and twilight of philosophy." It is now just thirty years since he began to rebuke his generation for its irregularity and waywardness and undisciplined bewilderment of taste. Eccentricity, whimsicality, caprice—the mood of mind in which a man would rather say a new thing that is not true than a true thing that is not new—such were the subjects of his fervent and strenuous remonstrance: and such are now, in more instances than one, the dominant notes or the distinctive qualities of his literary criticism. At all events, at all hazards, at any price, he is bent upon startling the reader with some vehement and wayward affirmation of his insurgent and rebellious originality. Because his countrymen accept Shakespeare, Milton, and Shelley as poets of the first order, he is impelled to insist that an Athenian—that a countryman of Æschylus—would have been simply disgusted or diverted by "Hamlet," "Othello," or "King Lear"; to present for the respectful consideration of Englishmen

the shallow, narrow, captious, pointless and irrelevant animadversions of M. Scherer upon "Paradise Lost"—remarks in which if there are haply some grains of truth and reason, they are as stale and rancid as the critic's general conclusion is untenable and worthless; and to write himself down an eccentric too rampant and extravagant in his dogmatism for the atmosphere of Crotchet Castle, by advancing an opinion that the first of English lyric poets deserves remembrance chiefly as a writer of occasional prose. Let me have leave, as a loyal and a lifelong admirer of Mr. Arnold, to remark that no critical reputation can possibly survive much more of this sort of thing; that it is annually becoming more and more difficult for the most devoted and sincere goodwill to regard him as a serious judge or authority on questions of literature, or to answer those who think it impossible for him to be considered by steady-going and rational students as other than the most brilliant and the most harebrained of all eccentric dealers in self-willed and intemperate paradox; and that surely no scholar, and still more surely no poet, can regard with equanimity such a risk of being confounded with the Carlyles and Emersons of his day as must inevitably be incurred by a writer whose estimate of Shelley is such as hitherto has found utterance only from Craigenputtock or from Bedlam, from Concord or from Earlswood. For not only does he lack the excuse which may be pleaded alike for the transatlantic and the cisatlantic pseudosopher, that each had failed as a poetaster before he began to yelp at the heels of poets: he is, with the single exception of Mr. Aubrey de Vere, the only man who has ever written a poem so exactly after the manner of Shelley that both in style and spirit it is not unworthy of the honor to be mistaken for a genuine lyric of the second order among the minor poems of our greatest lyric poet. Should this be thought too high praise, it will not be denied that the echo of Shelley's voice in its fainter but not least exquisite modulations has been caught with incomparable skill and precision in an early lyric—"Joy comes and goes"—which has very justly been honored by insertion among the self-selected Poems of Matthew Arnold.

If Shelley's assault on Wordsworth's political character is to be taken as any partial explanation of the fact that professed Wordsworthians are even more prone to depreciate Shelley than monotheistic worshippers of Shelley are prone to overlook the greatness of his spiritual debt to the influence of Wordsworth, I cannot but think the explanation somewhat less than creditable to their good sense or "sweet reasonableness." On the other hand, there is truth in Mr. Arnold's remark that "almost every one who has praised Wordsworth's poetry has praised it well": and of this truth we have three eminent examples yet among us besides that of the speaker himself. It would be difficult to pronounce, if not impertinent to aim at pronouncing whether the praise of Wordsworth has been most weightily and most worthily uttered by Sir Henry Taylor, by the Dean of St. Paul's, or by Mr. Leslie Stephen. Each of these three most distinguished writers has successively taken up his parable in praise of that venerated master and in exposition of his doctrine. Of Wordsworth on his ethical side, of the soundness, the sanity, the profundity of his direct or indirect teaching, the influence and the sources of its comforting, fortifying, and ennobling powers, it would be impossible to speak better and dangerous to speak otherwise than each of these has done after his own fashion. I would not indeed take upon myself to affirm that those who have praised it well have always praised it wisely. Devotion to Wordsworth, if it has a tendency to exalt, has also a tendency to infatuate the judicial sense and spirit of his disciples; to make them, even as compared with other devotees, unusually prone to indulgence in such large assertions and assumptions on their master's behalf as seem at least to imply claims which it may be presumed that their apparent advocates would not seriously advance or deliberately maintain. It would in some instances be as unreasonable to suppose that they would do so as to imagine that Mr. Arnold really considers the dissonant doggerel of Wordsworth's halting lines to a skylark equal or superior to Shelley's incomparable transfusion from notes into words of the spirit of a skylark's song.

Such an instance is afforded us by the most illustrious—with a single exception—of all Wordsworth's panegyrists. After an exposition of his philosophy second only in value, if indeed it be second, to the tribute offered by Coleridge, Sir Henry Taylor prefixes to some excellent remarks on the poem of "Michael" the following explanation of his preference for such work to the work of other poets. "It is an attribute of unusual susceptibility of imagination to need no extraordinary provocatives; and when this is combined with intensity of observation and peculiar force of language, it is the high privilege of the poet so endowed to rest upon the common realities of life and to dispense with its anomalies,—leaving to less gifted writers" such as Æschylus and Shakespeare "the representation of strange fatalities and of 'nature erring from itself.'" No better ex-

ample than this could possibly be chosen of the kind of writing which has done so much to estrange so many from study or appreciation of a poet whose most distinguished admirers apparently find it necessary to vindicate their admiration by the attempted establishment of a principle which if it has any practical significance or import whatsoever would result, when logically and duly carried out, in the acceptance of such critical canons as would reject Othello and the Oresteia, on the ground of inferiority in subject, from the high station in which they are to be supplanted by such claimants as Peter Bell and the Idiot Boy. If Wordsworth's claims as a poet can only be justified on grounds which would prove him a deeper student of nature, a saner critic of life, a wiser man and a greater poet than Shakespeare, the inference is no less obvious than inevitable: Wordsworth's claims as a poet must in that case go by the board altogether, and at once, and forever. It is not in any way incompatible with the truest and the deepest admiration for the loftiest of all pastoral poems to enter a respectful protest against this unluckiest of all critical conclusions: and to repeat that protest with some energy when we come upon such a parallel as almost immediately follows it. The critic observes with most unquestionable justice that "the language of the poet, as the symbol of his power, contributes mainly to the effect." He adds, with no less unimpeachable accuracy, that "there are many readers who would in vain search the language of Mr. Wordsworth for tokens of this power—many to whom, in such narratives as 'Michael,' his language would be a dead letter as well as his theme. There are many also to whom the language of David in his lamentation over the death of Absalom would be a dead letter, were it not in the Bible that they read it. To such readers violence is power; abrupt and startling ejaculations," such as those of which the language of David's aforesaid lamentation is wholly and solely composed, "or extravagant figures of speech," such as pervade the poetry of the Hebrews from end to end, exposing it no less than the poetry of Shakespeare to the consistent ridicule of Voltaire, "constitute the language of passion." Now, if we are to understand that "the language of passion" is what the poetry of Wordsworth aims at rendering into accurate and rhythmic speech, we can only say that no man ever fell more deplorably short of his aim. And if this is not what we are to understand, to what purpose is this reference? We are compelled either to regard it as absolutely idle and irrelevant, or to assume that the author of "Michael" is accepted by the author of "Artevelde" as a master of the language of passion: and in that case those who would range themselves on his side must evidently resign all previous notions, reject all previous examples, of that language. The psalms of David, the hymns or the imprecations of the prophets, the lamentations or the raptures of the Book of Job, are examples of poetic passion less consonant and less reconcilable in language and in style with the Wordsworthian canon than even the poetry of Æschylus, of Shakespeare, or of Hugo. "The enthusiasm which lies in the language of reserve," and which we are bidden to recognize in Wordsworth as a test of poetic superiority, is certainly no distinguishing note of theirs. In the wail of David, in the wail of Cassandra, in the cry of Lear over Cordelia, of Othello over Desdemona, of Triboulet over Blanche and of Fabrice over Isora—in each of these unsurpassable masterpieces of passionate poetry there sounds the same keynote of unbridled and self-abandoned agony, the same breathless and burning strain of music wrung forth without reticence or reserve from the uttermost depths of human suffering. The diversity of style between them is perhaps as wide as may be possible between various forms of equally perfect and equally sublime expression discovered by poets of various ages and countries for equally profound and equally permanent varieties of human emotion. Surely it was not the aim of the great poet so eloquently mispraised, if not sometimes so perversely misinterpreted, by the exponents of his demands on our admiration—surely it was not the aim of Wordsworth to work on the same lines, to rule in the same province as do these. Meditation and sympathy, not action and passion, were the two main strings of his serene and stormless lyre. On these no hand ever held more gentle yet more sovereign rule than Wordsworth's. His command of all qualities and powers that are proper to the natural scope and adequate to the just application of his genius was as perfect as the command of those greater than he—of the greatest among all great poets—over the worlds of passion and of action. And therefore, if his unwary and uncritical disciples would abstain from forcing the question upon their readers by dint of misapplied or unqualified eulogy, few or none would care to recall the fact that when Wordsworth, at the age of twenty-six—the age at which Keats died and Shelley had not four years more to live,—made his one attempt to invade that province of poetry which above all others requires from its invaders a mastery of such resources as Shelley could command at the age of twenty-seven—

an imaginative grasp and a sympathetic understanding of action and of passion,—the result was a tragedy to which perhaps somewhat less than justice has been done on the score of literary power, but which, in the moral conception and development of its leading idea, is I suppose unparalleled by any serious production of the human intellect for morbid and monstrous extravagance of horrible impossibility.

Some invention perhaps might be recovered from the earliest and most frantic romances of Eugène Sue, written in what Dumas has indicated — borrowing a favorite reference from the pure-minded and high-souled Sainte-Beuve—as the Sadique stage of that novelist's youthful inspiration, which if set beside this young imagination of Wordsworth's might seem, in point of sheer moral monstrosity, to come as near it "as moonlight unto sunlight, or as water unto wine." Or if Byron had ever carried out his vague design to dramatize the last stages of the life of the emperor Tiberius—to "extract a something, of *my* tragic, at least, out of the gloomy sequestration and old age of the tyrant—and even out of his sojourn at Capreæ (!)—by softening the *details*, and exhibiting the despair which must have led to those very vicious pleasures" —we might undoubtedly, had the poet succeeded in preserving the moral effect of "such solitary horrors" while expunging their loathsomer aspects of physical abomination, have rejoiced in the possession of a tragedy as eccentric and abnormal in its motive and its morality as Wordsworth's. This is the story: a virtuous young man, misguided by false information, has been led into the folly of committing a peculiarly cruel and cold-blooded murder on the person of an innocent friend. The virtuous young man, on discovering his regrettable error, is for a time, not unnaturally, dejected and despondent: but a sudden and a happy thought crosses his mind: he will seek out some younger and yet more virtuous man, and induce him by similar misrepresentations to commit a yet more cruel and a yet more cold-blooded murder on the person of some yet more unoffending victim than his own: and then there will be two of them, in Mr. Pecksniff's moving phrase, to walk the world together. This brilliant idea is as happily carried into execution as it was ingeniously conceived: the second young man is induced, by a judicious appeal to the finest emotions of his moral nature, to murder the blind old father of his betrothed bride by leaving him to die of exposure and starvation in a moorland wilderness. Now I will not ask whether or not this is a probable or a pleasing or a proper subject for tragic poetry: but from the purely ethical or moral point of view I should really be curious to see its parallel, in any branch of any literature, as a sample of the monstrous and the morbid. "Il n'y a que les poëtes vertueux," says a French critic of my acquaintance, "pour avoir de ces idées-là." It is in no spirit of irreverence towards the august memory of its author that I refer to a work which is usually and discreetly passed over in expressive silence by the disciples who preach to us his gospel: but when a poem written at the age of twenty and never designed for publication is cited as a typical example of another and a greater poet's powers, I must be allowed to observe that however unjust and however absurd it would be to cite this play of "The Borderers," completed by Wordsworth at the age of twenty-six and published by Wordsworth at the age of seventy-two, as an adequate and important specimen of his work, it is a hundred times more unjust and it is a thousand times more absurd to cite the poem of "Queen Mab" as an adequate and important specimen of Shelley's. And none but a very rash and a very ignorant partisan will venture to deny that if this burlesque experiment in unnatural horror had been attempted by any poet of less orthodox and correct reputation in ethics and theology than Wordsworth's, the general verdict of critical morality would almost certainly have described it and dismissed it as the dream of a probably incurable and possibly a criminal lunatic. I am very far from thinking that this would have been a justifiable or a reasonable verdict: but I have no manner of doubt that it would have been a popular one. And when Shelley wrote the greatest tragedy that had been written in any language for upwards of two centuries, he was just one year older than was Wordsworth when he perpetrated this hysterical and spasmodic eccentricity of moral and imaginative perversion. Upon the whole, I venture to think that the Wordsworthians, from Sir Henry Taylor to Mr. Matthew Arnold, might not unreasonably be counselled—if it were not now too late—to break themselves of a habit in which they have hitherto been prone to indulge—the habit of girding and gibing at Shelley as a morbid and delirious visionary, notable mainly for fantastic feebleness of moral idea and uncertain hold on moral fact: a nervous, unmanly, unnatural, unreal, unwholesome sort of poet. A man might be capable of aberrations as strange and fantastic as the wildest passing theories of Shelley, and yet incapable of conceptions so perversely and abnormally horrible as inspired the tragic Muse of Wordsworth and compelled the prostrate ad-

miration of Coleridge. On the other hand it may be argued that this merely negative advantage on Shelley's side can weigh little or nothing against the positive superiority of Wordsworth in successful treatment of the most vital problems which a man has to face in the conduct of life or the development of thought. "Neither Byron nor Shelley," says Mr. Leslie Stephen, "can see any satisfactory solution, and therefore neither can reach a perfect harmony of feeling. A true man ought not to sit down and weep with an exhausted debauchee." Certainly he ought not: and had not Byron's better moods, and above all the very latest utterance of his nobler spirit in the highest key of verse to which he could attain, borne witness that he was capable of something better than "sensual caterwauling" in the gutters of a questionable pleasure-house, there would be nothing to plead on Byron's behalf against this far from soft impeachment. "He cannot afford," proceeds the ablest exponent of "Wordsworth's ethics," "to confess himself beaten with the idealist who has discovered that Rome was not built in a day, nor revolutions made with rose-water." But does Shelley confess himself beaten? He may express at times a wish that the bitter cup of which all such men as he have drunk, and must drink, that the cup of disappointment and dejection may, if it be possible, pass from him: but he is no more "beaten"—no more abased, unmanned, discouraged or disenchanted—no more reduced to submissive despair or spirit-broken acquiescence—than Milton after the Restoration or Hugo during the second empire. And, since the Wordsworthians will not permit us to blink such questions and eschew such comparisons as may hardly redound to their master's credit so greatly as they seem to think, it must be asked by some who would be the last to deny that it is indeed "an accursed thing to gaze on prosperous tyrants" of the Napoleonic type "with a dazzled eye," whether it is at all a less accursed thing to gaze with a complacent eye on tyrants of a type devoid even of Napoleonic pretension to glory—on such a government as befouled Great Britain and Ireland under the last and loathsomest of the very Georges? It is of course to Wordsworth's credit that the prestigious influence which turned the heads and perverted the hearts of the Byrons and the Hazlitts of his day with factitious and flatulent admiration of their country's enemy should have taken no effect on his saner and manlier habit of mind: but it is equally of course to Wordsworth's discredit—if we must needs take these matters into account—that he should have wanted the good sense, the high principle, the far-sighted and impartial reason, which made the Holy Alliance appear to men like Landor more despicable than Bonaparte and no less hateful than Napoleon.

Mr. Arnold, with the exquisite sagacity which distinguishes his judgment when undisturbed by the instinct for paradox and undiscolored by the influence of prepossessions, bids us be on our guard against the pretensions of his brother Wordsworthians to establish the fame of Wordsworth as a poet on the foundation of his merit as a teacher of ethics or philosophy. Had a younger voice than Mr. Arnold's, or one whose utterance carried with it less weight of authority than his, presumed to offer such an opinion or suggest such a warning, an instant retort would have rung from every corner of the critical camp, to the effect that this audacious objector had succeeded only in displaying the shallowness of intelligence which accompanies, indicates, and chastises such laxity or perversity of the moral sense, such blindness or such impotence of spiritual perception or feeling, as could alone have emboldened him to maintain so insolent and obtuse a fallacy. But the most blatant of wrangling moralists will hardly impute Mr. Arnold's view of the subject to any such infirmity of inner vision or natural obliquity of mind. And the few sentences which follow, transcribed from the preface to his admirable volume of selections from Wordsworth, express the exact truth with such absolute precision of justice that no other words could hope to convey it as forcibly or as finally as these.

"We must be on our guard against the Wordsworthians, if we want to secure for Wordsworth his due rank as a poet. The Wordsworthians are apt to praise him for the wrong things, and to lay far too much stress on what they call his philosophy. His poetry is the reality, his philosophy,—so far, at least, as it may put on the form and habit of 'a scientific system of thought,' and the more that it puts them on,—is the illusion. Perhaps we shall one day learn to make this proposition general, and to say: Poetry is the reality, philosophy the illusion. But in Wordsworth's case, at any rate, *we cannot do him justice until we dismiss his formal philosophy.*"

It was Augustine, I believe, who invoked in jest or in earnest a curse on those who had anticipated him in the utterance of his ideas: a sentiment very worthy of one who maintained, in contradiction to the divinest word ever uttered upon earth, that "of such" as little children was not "the kingdom of heaven" but the vestibule of hell. For my part, I would rather invoke a blessing on any

one who has done me the great and most thankworthy service of saying in better words than mine, and with more authority than I could hope to command, what otherwise I should have striven to say in language less effective and phrase less memorable than his. Here at length is the first thoroughly right thing said about Wordsworth, the first thoroughly right note sounded in his praise, that ever—if I may venture to speak my mind—has touched the key in which the final judgment of the future will express its decision in favor and in honor of this great and misappreciated poet. His earlier disciples or believers, from the highest to the lowest in point of intelligence—from a young man like Mr. Henry Taylor to a young man like Mr. Frederick Faber,—all were misled, as it seems to my humble understanding, by their more or less practical consent to accept Wordsworth's own point of view as the one and only proper or adequate outlook from which to contemplate the genius and the work, the aim and the accomplishment of Wordsworth. Not that he did wrong to think himself a great teacher: he was a teacher no less beneficent than great: but he was wrong in thinking himself a poet because he was a teacher, whereas in fact he was a teacher because he was a poet. This radical and incurable error vitiated more than half his theory of poetry and impaired more than half his practice. So much at least, if not something more, is equally deplorable and true: but when it has been duly admitted and deplored, the majestic and inviolable figure of his fame which remains standing, unshaken and unsullied, above all but the great and beside all but the greatest of his kind, towers high enough to darken and to dwarf the pretensions of the Byrons and the Southeys in scarcely less degree than itself is overtopped and overshadowed by the proportions of Homer or of Shakespeare.

It is with poetry—though few seem practically inclined to admit this—as it is with any other art: the fewest possible touches, the slightest possible shades of color or of sound, suffice to show, what all the explanation and demonstration in the world will fail to demonstrate or explain, the rank and character of the genius which inspired them. If there were no more left us of Wordsworth than is left us of Sappho, but if these relics were fragmentary examples of the poet at his best, it would be waste of breath to argue, when none who knew anything of poetry could choose but see, that here had been a poet in time past, the latchet of whose shoes a Byron or one greater than a Byron would not have been worthy to stoop down and unloose.

When the highest intelligence enlisted in the service of the higher criticism has done all it can ever aim at doing in exposition of the highest things in art, there remains always something unspoken and something undone which never in any way can be done or spoken. The full cause of the full effect achieved by poetry of the first order can be defined and explained with exact precision and certitude of accuracy by no strength of argument or subtlety of definition. All that exists of good in the best work of a Byron or a Southey can be defined, explained, justified and classified by judicious admiration, with no fear lest anything noticeable or laudable should evade the analytic apprehension of critical goodwill. No one can mistake what there is to admire, no one can want words to define what it is that he admires, in the forcible and fervent eloquence of a poem so composed of strong oratorical effects arranged in vigorous and telling succession, as Byron's "Isles of Greece." There is not a single point missed that an orator on the subject would have aimed at making: there is not a touch of rhetoric that would not, if delivered under favorable circumstances, have brought down the house or shaken the platform with a thunder-peal of prolonged and merited applause. It is almost as effective, and as genuine in its effect, as anything in "Absalom and Achitophel" or "The Medal," or "The Hind and the Panther." It is Dryden—and Dryden at his best—done out of couplets into stanzas. That is the very utmost that Byron could achieve; as the very utmost to which Southey could attain was the noble and pathetic epitome of history, with its rapid and vivid glimpses of tragic action and passion, cast into brief elegiac form in his monody on the Princess Charlotte. And the merits of either are as easily definable as they are obvious and unmistakable. The same thing may be said of Wordsworth's defects: it cannot be said of Wordsworth's merits. The test of the highest poetry is that it eludes all tests. Poetry in which there is no element at once perceptible and undefinable by any reader or hearer of any poetic instinct may have every other good quality; it may be as nobly ardent and invigorating as the best of Byron's, or as nobly mournful and contemplative as the best of Southey's: if all its properties can easily or can ever be gauged and named by their admirers, it is not poetry—above all, it is not lyric poetry—of the first water. There must be something in the mere progress and resonance of the words, some secret in the very motion and cadence of the lines, inexplicable by the most sympathetic acuteness of criticism. Analysis may be able to explain how the colors of this flower or

poetry are created and combined, but never by what process its odor is produced. Witness the first casual instance that may be chosen from the wide high range of Wordsworth's.

> Will no one tell me what she sings?
> Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
> For old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago.

If not another word were left of the poem in which these two last lines occur, those two lines would suffice to show the hand of a poet differing not in degree but in kind from the tribe of Byron or of Southey. In the whole expanse of poetry there can hardly be two verses of more perfect and profound and exalted beauty. But if anybody does not happen to see this, no critic of all that ever criticized, from the days of Longinus to the days of Arnold, from the days of Zoilus to the days of Zola, could succeed in making visible the certainty of this truth to the mind's eye of that person. And this, if the phrase may for once be used without conveying a taint of affectation—this is the mystery of Wordsworth that none of all great poets was ever so persuaded of his capacity to understand and his ability to explain how his best work was done, his highest effect attained, his deepest impression conveyed; and yet there never was a poet whose power, whose success, whose unquestionable triumph was more independent of all his theories, more inexplicable by any of his rules. Did we accept and apply to his own work the definitions he gives us of his object and the tests which these offer of his success or unsuccess, we could not but reject some of his noblest work as insufficient or improper, while awarding the honors of a preposterous acclamation to some of his most absolute and hopeless failures. There is hardly in any literature a poem of more perfect power, more awful and triumphant beauty, than "The Affliction of Margaret": yet it is impossible to cross or contravene the critical judgment which refuses to this monologue the praise which it assigns to that of Tennyson's modern Rizpah—the praise of utter and poignant fidelity to possible and indisputable truth. Not the most exclusive disciple of the elder laureate will affirm that he has come as near as high poetry can come to the actual expression of very life inself in consummate and impeccable simplicity of tragic truth: not the dullest or most malignant of detractors will deny that his successor has done so.

In the pathos and the passion of naked nature the later is above all comparison with the earlier poem: but in the quality at which Wordsworth forbade his disciples to aim, as he abjured for himself all pretension to aim at it—in sublimity of poetic diction and expression he is here so far above Tennyson as to recall and indeed to rival the very loftiest magnificence of Milton or of Shakespeare. Inheritance of the lion's den,—an incommunicable sleep,—such phrases are doubtless as strange to an old country woman's vocabulary as the language of Lear to the lips of a savage British chief, as the language of Macbeth to the lips of a savage Scottish thane: but then, as translations of natural thought and feeling into the sovereign style, the eternal and universal dialect, of imaginative and passionate poetry, they are no less true than these to a higher standard than the standard of realistic or literal veracity. Indeed, though on this point I cannot venture to differ from Mr. Arnold's estimate without a cordial sense of diffidence and reluctance it does not seem to me that the highest distinctive qualities of Wordsworth's genius are to be found in what is usually considered his most characteristic work. In homely accuracy and simplicity he is equalled by Cowper and distanced by Burns: for the great Scotchman is not more certainly his superior in humor, animation, and variety than in vivid veracity of accurate and sympathetic representation. Few poets were ever less realistic than Milton: few at least ever depended less on accuracy of transcription from the simple truth and modesty of nature for the accomplishment of their highest and most abiding aims: and yet the place of Wordsworth, whose own professed aim was to study and to reproduce in the effects of his verse the effects of nature in their most actual simplicity, is rather with Milton or with Pindar than with Cowper or with Burns. He wants indeed the constancy of impulse, the certitude of achievement, the steadfastness of inspiration by which Pindar and Milton are exalted and sustained through the whole course of their spiritual flight from summit to summit of majestic imagination and moral ardor; their sovereign sway and masterdom lay hardly within reach of his less imperial spirit: the ethics of Wordsworth are scarcely so solid and profound as theirs, so deeply based on righteousness and reality, on principles of truth and manhood invariable and independent of custom and theology, of tradition and of time. But is there anything in modern poetry so Pindaric—in other words, is there anything at once so exalted and so composed, so ardent and serene, so full of steadfast light and the flameless fire of imaginative thought, as the hymn which assigns to the guardianship of Duty or everlasting law the fragrance of the flowers on earth and the splendor of the stars in heaven? Here at least his conception of duty, of righteousness, and of truth is one

with the ideal of Æschylus, of Alighieri, and of Hugo: no less positive and pure, no more conventional or accidental than is theirs. And in a lesser lyric than this we find the same spontaneous and sublime perfection of inspired workmanship. None but a poet of the first order could have written the eight lines in which the unforeseeing security of a charmed and confident happiness is opposed to the desolate certitude of unforeseen bereavement by a single touch of contrast, a single note of comparison, as profound in its simplicity as the deepest wellspring of human emotion or remembrance itself. No elaboration of elegiac lament could possibly convey that sense of absolute and actual truth, of a sorrow set to music of its own making, —a sorrow hardly yet wakened out of wonder into sense of its own reality,—which is impressed at once and forever on the spirit of any reader, at any age, by those eight faultless and incomparable verses.

As the poet of high-minded loyalty to his native land, Wordsworth stands alone above all his compeers and successors: royalist and conservative as he appeared, he never really ceased, while his power of song was unimpaired, to be in the deepest and most literal sense a republican; a citizen to whom the commonweal—the "common good of all," for which Shakespeare's ideal patriot shed Cæsar's blood less willingly than his own—was the one thing worthy of any man's and all men's entire devotion. The depth and intensity, the fixity and the fervor of his interest in personal suffering and individual emotion, did but help to build up, to fortify and consolidate, this profound and lofty patriotism. But in what we may call his more private capacity as a poet the most especial and distinctive quality of his genius is rather its pathetic than its meditative, its tragic than its philosophic note. A poet of action he never claimed or wished to be: as a poet of meditation, of spiritual insight or ethical doctrine, he has been—if it may be said without irreverence—perhaps alike overrated by others and by himself: but as the poet of suffering, and of sympathy with suffering, his station is unequalled in its kind. Here, except when he is floated away on the unconfined and wide-weltering waters of his limitless blank verse, he never seems to me—as even to Mr. Arnold I find that he sometimes seems—to go wrong. Like those English settlers in Ireland who became *ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores*, I find myself on this point more Wordsworthian than the most eminent of contemporary Wordsworthians. He complains that his fellow-disciples "will speak with the same reverence of 'The Sailor's Mother,' for example, as of 'Lucy Gray.' They do their master harm such lack of discrimination. 'Lucy Gray' is a beautiful success: 'The Sailor's Mother' is a failure." To me I must admit that it seems the finer success of the two: the deeper in its pathos, the more enduring in its effect, the happier if also the more venturous in its simplicity. But on the other hand Mr. Arnold places at the close of the narrative poems elected by him for especial honor, as a crowning example of Wordsworth's excellence in that line, the first book of the "Excursion," detached from the others and presented under the title of "Margaret" as a separate and independent idyl, side by side with the faultless and ever memorable poem of "Michael."

It is through no pleasure in contradiction, but with genuine reluctance to differ from the majority of Wordsworth's ablest and most sympathetic admirers, that I say what I have always thought, when I avow an opinion that as surely as "Michael" is a beautiful success, "Margaret" is a failure. Its idyllic effect is not heightened but impaired by the semi-dramatic form of narrative—a form so generally alien to Wordsworth's genius that its adoption throughout so great a part of the "Excursion" would of itself suffice at once to establish and to explain the inferiority of that poem to the "Prelude." But in this particular instance the narrative drags even more heavily than in the case which affords Mr. Arnold a single exception to his practical rule of universal tolerance or enjoyment. He can read, he tells us, with pleasure and edification, everything of Wordsworth, except "Vaudracour and Julia." Certainly that episode is a somewhat "heavy-gaited" and torpid offspring of the poet's blameless Muse: but this is not the only occasion on which she seems to stand sorely in need of a shove from some critical Baxter of more potent and more dexterous hand than Jeffrey. Whatever of interest or pathos there may be in the Wanderer's record of Margaret's troubles is fairly swamped in a watery world of words as monotonous and colorless as drizzling mist. The story would be sad enough, if there were any story to tell: and Wordsworth, in his "wiser mind," might have turned the subject to some elegiac account: but all the main effect—in spite of certain details and certain passages or phrases impossible to any but a master of pathetic emotion—is washed away by the drowsy and dreary overflow of verses without limit or landmark. The truth is that Wordsworth, of all poets worthy to be named in the same day with him, stood the most in need of artificial confinement and support to prevent his work from sprawling into shapeless efflorescence and running to unprofitable

seed; though, if any one were to speak of his blank verse in a tone of sweeping and intemperate irreverence, no doubt the great names of Lorton Vale and Tintern Abbey would rise up before all our memories to shame the speaker into silence: Milton alone could surpass, perhaps Milton alone has equalled, the very finest work of his great disciple in this majestic kind: the music of some few almost incomparable passages seems to widen and deepen the capacity of the sense for reception and enjoyment and understanding of the sublimest harmonies. And outside the range of blank verse it is not of Milton only that the genius of Wordsworth at its highest should remind us: it is not with Milton's only that this genius may profitably be compared. Wordsworth, says Mr. Arnold, is not of the same order with the great poets who made such verse as he takes to represent at its best and highest the special genius, the typical force, of Homer, of Dante, or of Shakespeare. A poet of the same order with these, or with such sovereign masters of lyric style as Pindar and Coleridge and Shelley, he may not be—I should say myself that he most unquestionably was not: but if we look to detached lines and phrases,—a method greatly favored and skilfully practised by Mr. Arnold,—there is no poet of any time or nation beside whom Wordsworth need fear to stand. There is nothing of style, in the highest sense, more Shakespearean in Shakespeare than such a turn of expression as "the engines of her pain, the tools that shaped her sorrow": there is nothing outside Æschylus so Æschylean as the magnificent and daring accuracy of the single epithet which brings before us a whole charge of storming breakers as they crowd and crash upon each other. No type has ever so well represented, none could possibly represent so well, the furious confusion and the headlong pressure of their onset, as that one word which makes us hear and see, across wind and lightning, the very sound and likeness of the "trampling waves." All that Wordsworth could do—and the author of the "Excursion" could do much—to make us forget his genius is itself forgotten when such a line, such a single phrase as this, revives in our memory the vibration of its music, the illumination of its truth. Forty thousand Byrons could not, with all their quantity of fustian, make up the sum of poetic eloquence—an eloquence born of faithful and joyful insight, of fancy-fed but fervent loyalty to nature, and to the style whose art itself is nature—which is comprised in this one line of Wordsworth's. Nor need we look only to single lines or stanzas for proof of the poet's occasional or momentary equality with the greatest: the one little nameless poem to which I but now referred as incomparable has a lyric perfection and purity of ring not surpassed by any single note of Shelley's, with a depth and gravity of emotion suppressed in the very act of expression to which I can remember no parallel in the range of song. "If I had," as Mr. Arnold puts it, "to pick out poems of a kind most perfectly to show Wordsworth's unique power," I should choose this one of all his shorter lyrics as distinctly unequalled by any other of them for exaltation and condensation of strength: while among his longer poems I should find it "hard—almost impossible"—to make so positive a choice. But assuredly I should place on the one hand the "Ode to Duty," on the other hand the "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle," as instances of decisive and perfect success, high—upon the whole—above the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality." That famous, ambitious, and occasionally magnificent poem—which by the way is no more an ode than it is an epic—reveals the partiality and inequality of Wordsworth's inspiration as unmistakably as its purity and its power. Five stanzas or sections—from the opening of the fifth to the close of the ninth—would be utterly above all praise, if the note they are pitched in were sustained throughout: but after its unspeakably beautiful opening the seventh stanza falls suddenly far down beneath the level of those five first lines, so superb in the majesty of their sweetness, the magnificence of their tenderness, that to have written but the two last of them would have added glory to any poet's crown of fame.

The details which follow on the close of this opening cadence do but impair its charm with a sense of incongruous realism and triviality, to which the suddenly halting and disjointed metre bears only too direct and significant a correspondence. No poet, surely, ever "changed his hand" with such inharmonious awkwardness, or "checked his pride" with such unseasonable humility, as Wordsworth. He of all others should have been careful to eschew the lawless discord of Cowley's "immetrical" irregularity: for, to say the least, he had not enough of "music in himself" to supply in any measure or degree whatever the lack of ordered rhythm and lyric law. Coleridge alone of all our poets ever wrote a single poem of any length which was also a poem of even and harmonious excellence in that illegitimate and anarchic fashion—for method it is none; Dryden and Wordsworth alike, and Keats no less than Shelley, fell short of this unique and unqualified success: and even so great a poem as "Dejection" is certainly less great by far than the same poet's ode on

France. But if any proof were needed by any human intelligence or any human ear of the necessity for a law of harmony, the advantage of a method and a principle in even the most "unpremeditated art," no better proof could be required than a comparison of the poem last named with its sister ode "on the departing ear," or of the regular with the irregular lyrics in "Hellas" or "Prometheus Unbound." And if even Shelley, and if even Coleridge himself, all but omnipotent gods of song and utterly unapproachable in masterdom of music as they were, could not do their very best when working without a limit and singing without a law, how much less could any such miracle be expected from the far less infallible voice, the far less wonder-working hand of Wordsworth? In so short a poem as the address "To Hartley Coleridge, six years old," irregularity has a charm of its own: but that incomparable little masterpiece makes no pretension to the structure of a regular ode: and in any case it could be no more than an exception which would prove the rule. That unique power of which Mr. Arnold speaks so happily and so truly is nowhere displayed in more absolute purity of perfection than in those divine and enchanting verses. The peculiar note of Wordsworth's genius at its very highest is that of sublimity in tenderness. On this point again we must look only to the very highest poets of all for a parallel to this great, though most unequal and uncertain, most lawless and irregular poet. The pathos of Homer and Æschylus, of Shakespeare and Hugo, is not merely allied or associated with sublimity, it is itself sublime. Coleridge, a name second to none of all time for splendor and sweetness of inspiration, is tender and sublime alternately; Wordsworth at his best is sublime by the very force of his tenderness. And sometimes, even where no such profound note of emotion is touched as to evoke this peculiar sense of power, the utter sincerity and perfect singleness of heart and spirit by which that highest effect is elsewhere produced may be no less distinctly and no less delightedly recognized. This quality of itself is no doubt insufficient to produce any such effect: and Wordsworth, it may be confessed, was liable to failure as complete as might have been expected, when, having no other merit of subject or of treatment to rely on, he was content to rely on his sincerity and simplicity alone; with a result sometimes merely trivial and unmeritable, sometimes actually repulsive or oppressive. At other times again the success of his method, or rather perhaps the felicity of his instinct, was no less absolute and complete, even when the homeliness or humility of the subject chosen would have seemed incompatible with loftiness of feeling or grandeur of style. All readers who know good work when they see it must appreciate the beauty of his "Tribute to the Memory of a Dog;" all must feel the truth and the sweetness of its simplicity: but hardly any, I should suppose, have perceived on a first reading how grand it is—how noble, how lofty, how exalted, is the tone of its emotion. Here is that very sublimity of tenderness which I have ventured to indicate as Wordsworth's distinctive and crowning quality: a quality with which no other poet could have imbued his verse on such a subject and escaped all risk of apparent incongruity or insincerity. To praise a poem of this class on the score of dignity would seem to imply its deficiency in the proper and necessary qualities of simplicity and tenderness: yet here the loftier quality seems to grow as naturally as a flower out of the homelier and humbler element of feeling and expression. On the other hand, it seems to me undeniable that Wordsworth, who could endow such daily domestic matters, such modest emotion and experience, with a force of contagious and irresistible sympathy which makes their interest universal and eternal, had no such birthright of power, showed no such certitude of hand, when dealing with the proper and natural elements of tragedy. A subject of such naked and untempered horror as he attempted to manage in his semi-dramatic idyl of "The Thorn"—one of the poems elected by himself for especial mention as a representative example of his work, and of its guiding principle,—instead of being harmonized by his genius into tragic and pitiful and terrible beauty, retains in his hands the whole ghastliness and dreadfulness of a merely shocking and hideous reality. Had Victor Hugo chosen such a subject, his poem when first read would have produced, it may be, an effect as harrowing as Wordsworth's: but at every fresh reading the sense of beauty would have grown upon us, the sense of horror would have waned; till at last the impression of pain was utterly effaced and absorbed in an emotion of pure and high delight—such delight as takes deepest root in the seed-plot of deepest tragedy. But here on a sixth or seventh reading the effect remains identical—an effect of unmodified and haunting horror.

This poem is among idyls what "A Yorkshire Tragedy" is among plays: and the abuse of misapplied power is more obvious—not to say, more offensive—in the idyllic than in the dramatic form of art. Wordsworth has explained, with curious and characteristic particularity, his conception of the imaginary spokesman who is supposed to be fond of re-

lating such an episode of rural tragedy, and prone to expatiate with punctilious and methodical persistency on all its dismal and miserable details: and the result produced, I should suppose, in the mind of almost any possible reader, is a sense that if living in his neighborhood he would have been careful to give that retired mariner the widest possible berth on all conceivable occasions; and this in spite of the wonderful touch and flash of poetic imagination which all Wordsworth's intense and concentrated self-will could not enable him utterly to suppress or persistently to subdue. For that must be, I should imagine, a most exceptional corner of the country, in which one is liable to fall in with a merchant captain retired from business, and given to spinning the longest yarns out of the blackest thread of tragedy, who lets drop in the course of his oceanic and illimitable garrulity such a pearl of imaginative expression as this:

> At all times of the day and night
> This wretched Woman thither goes;
> *And she is known to every star,*
> *And every wind that blows.*

Those two lines alone, however dramatically and rationally improper, are genuinely and poetically impressive: the effect of the whole is not: it is purely and prosaically oppressive dismal as the grayest of Scotch mists, or even as the yellowest of London fogs: the lungs of the imagination are clogged with a sense as of damp and dense depression while we read it. Coleridge, in his otherwise Wordsworthian poem of "The Three Graves," has shown how a subject of homely horror, a tale of humble and simple wickedness, of simple and humble suffering, may be treated with poetic propriety and with tragic exactitude: the garrulity of his narrator is almost as realistic as that of Wordsworth's, and quite as realistic as any form of serious poetry will properly allow: but it is not crude, it is not repulsive, and it is not tedious: it has nothing but what is merely external in common with such a poem as "The Thorn."

But only for an instant can it ever be forgotten or can it ever seem doubtful that to Wordsworth above all other poets might have been addressed that superb apostrophe—

> Tu donnes pour mesure, en tes ardentes luttes,
> A la hauteur des bonds la profondeur des chutes.

Every such instance of his inability to realize his favorite ideal of realism throws into more vivid relief his imperial mastery of command in a far higher field of art than this. The very year which produced such doleful examples of eccentricity in dulness—relieved by hardly a touch here and there of attentive tenderness and truth—as "The Thorn" and "The Idiot Boy," produced also the imperishable poem on Tintern Abbey: a poem which wants but the excision of one or two futile phrases, the reconstruction of two or three nerveless lines, to make perfect and unquestionable the justice of its claim to be ranked with the most triumphant successes of English poetry. Again, among the "Memorials of a Tour in Scotland," 1803, we find side by side the astonishing admonition "to the sons of Burns"—astonishing no less for its unspeakable platitude of expression than for the taste which could dictate such a style of address on such an occasion—and the four glorious poems which give back with such serene perfection of stately ease and high simplicity the very spirit of the Highlands in their severe peace and bright austerity of summer. In the lines "To a Highland Girl," in "Glen Almain," "Stepping Westward," and "The Solitary Reaper," the purest note of Wordsworth's genius is discernible in such fulness and sweetness of fervent thought and majestic sympathy, that the neighborhood of any verse less noble than this is yet more inexplicable than regrettable. Two of these, "Glen Almain" and the "Reaper," are throughout as perfect examples of the author's metrical instinct as of his peculiar tone of meditation: a point of as much or as little importance to a poet's work as is the command of line and color to a painter's.

> He sang of battles, and the breath
> Of stormy war, and violent death:

there is a simple-sounding couplet, with no very definable quality of musical expression in its cadence; yet the reader who should fail to recognize in it the distinguishing note of Wordsworth's power would at once prove himself incompetent as a judge of poetic style. And in such lines—austere, august, but sweet beyond the most polished and perfumed verse of any more obviously elaborate melodist—all the best poems representative of Wordsworth are rich enough to satisfy any taste unspoilt by too much indulgence in metrical confectionery. Wordsworth was so great a master of the strict and regular octosyllabic measure, that at times its proverbially "fatal facility" seems in his hands alone to have lost all danger: its fluency gains strength and weight, its ease assumes gravity and grandeur. It is just and fit, therefore, that the noblest tribute ever paid to his name should be couched in verses not only worthy of his own hand, but written in this very simple and very exacting metre: so easy to work in badly, and so hard to work in well, that perhaps one poet alone has learnt all the

effect of its elegiac resources from this master of the difficult and simple secret.

Whether we do or do not agree at all points with the pupil as critic or commentator, it is none the less undeniable that the perfect, the final, the supreme praise of Wordsworth will always be sought, always cherished, and always enjoyed in Mr. Arnold's memorial verses on his death. Here if anywhere is the right chord struck, the just and exact meed of honor assigned to a poet whose work was for so long the object of blundering blame and no less blundering praise. "Wordsworth's healing power," his gift of direct or indirect refreshment, the comfort and support of his perfect and pure sincerity in all his dealings with nature, can best be felt, can only perhaps be felt in full, when we consent to forget and succeed in forgetting his excursion or excursions into the preacher's province, a territory dense and dubious with didactic quags and theosophic briars. In his own far loftier land of natural contemplation, when least meditative with any prepense or prefixed purpose, he could do such work and give such gifts as no other poet has given or has done. It was not when engaged in backing the Wanderer's moral paces against those of the heavily handicapped Solitary, or in reenforcing the verbose reiterations of that inexhaustible itinerant with the yet more indefatigable infacundity poured forth upon "the pensive Sceptic" by "the philosophic Priest," that Wordsworth was either a prophet or a poet. He sees deepest when he flies highest: and this, if I mistake not, is never in the "Excursion," seldom in the "Prelude," often in his earlier sonnets, and oftenest perhaps of all in such poems as partake almost equally of the lyric and the elegiac tone. In such a poem, for example, as "Resolution and Independence," there is a breath of prouder music, a ring of keener sound, than we expect or admit in elegy: it has more in its highest notes of the quality proper to lyric style—when the lyrist is likewise a thinker: to the lyric style of Sophocles or Pindar. And only in such work as the highest and rarest even of theirs may any one think to find the like of such a verse as this one:—

> The sleepless soul that perished in his pride.

I will back that against any of Mr. Arnold's three representative quotations from Homer, from Dante, and from Shakespeare. It is like nothing from any other hand: the unspeakable greatness of its quality is Wordsworth's alone: and I doubt if it would really be as rash as it might seem to maintain that there is not and will never be a greater verse in all the world of song.

And this, it should be duly borne in mind, is not an eccentric and incongruous exception, such as proves the rule of dulness in the work of many a toilsome writer who in the course of his life's labor on stony or sandy or miry soil may once or twice have hit upon something like a gem. This is a superb but hardly an unique example of Wordsworth's peculiar power; of the true, the sublime and profound genius which redeems all his unaccountable shortcomings and effaces all recollection of his besetting and obtrusive infirmities; and which may well make us unwilling to be reminded that, in justice to the claims of even greater men—and these assuredly are but a small minority on the roll of illustrious names,—we must not forget how bad, how very bad, is a very considerable portion of his work: if ever tempted to do so, we need only open the "Excursion" at random, and the *Sortes Wordsworthianæ* will too probably lay before our shuddering sight such an example as this, which the chance of random consultation has just brought under mine:—

> Though, said the Priest in answer, these be terms
> Which a divine philosophy rejects,
> We, whose established and unfailing trust
> Is in controlling Providence, admit
> That, through all stations, human life abounds
> With mysteries.

And we, whose delight in the noble genius of Wordsworth is an established and unfailing source of reverential gratitude, admit that, through all recesses of rubbish, nothing more portentously abject in expression can be sought for with any plausible hope of success, than this insuperable if not incomparable instance of ponderosity in platitude. It is remarkable that so great a poet and so religious a man as Wordsworth should usually have shown himself one of the feeblest and flattest of religious poetasters. Not to speak of the holy Herberts and the saintly Vaughans of an earlier age, Kit Smart, who drank himself into a madhouse, and died there in the year made memorable by the birth of Wordsworth, wrote under these rather inauspicious conditions a sacred poem of such pure and rich and fervent eloquence as to outsoar the highest flight that Wordsworth's Muse could attain when her wings were imped with plumes of religious doctrine—or rather, shall we say, clogged by the spiritual birdlime of a stupefying cant? And if more recent and more respectable instances of triumphant success in this field of poetry should be required by way of contrast or relief to the comparative or positive failure of Wordsworth as a religious poet, we need but refer to two yet living English writers of the highest distinction, respectively representing two

diverse forms of the Christian creed, for examples of cognate and coequal excellence. The force, the fervor, the terse energy of Cardinal Newman's verse at its best, add to the sincerity and simplicity of an apparently spontaneous expression that vivid and masculine plenitude of life which ceases to distinguish the style of Wordsworth whenever—to use a somewhat more than familiar phrase—he drops into theology; and there are moments when a genuine lyric note—as in "The Zeal of Jehu"—or some graver and less impulsive though not less ardent strain of rhymed or rhymeless iambics—as here and there in "The Dream of Gerontius"—makes us question whether something of a truer poetic force than we are wont to admire in the finest examples of his eloquence may not have been split on the sands or lost among the thickets of what seems to the most respectful of such admiring students as cannot call themselves disciples a radically and essentially Pyrrhonistic system of theosophy, hiding at once and revealing the bottomless pit of ethical unbelief—of moral and spiritual nihilism, bridged and vaulted by œcumenical architects with an artificial firmament of clouds and creeds.

In the sacred verse of Miss Rossetti there is, if not a stronger, a far sweeter and an even purer inspiration. Her verses for good Friday, and those for the festival of St. Peter, have something more than the finest quality of George Herbert: in "The Three Enemies" there is such condensed and resonant strength of line, with a sweetness so concentrated and distilled from the inmost heart of feeling and meditation, as we find in the similar work of no other hand than hers: and it is little to say that in all the range of English poetry there is no such organ-music of passionate faith and rapturous hope and transcendent love as rings and swells and triumphs through the third of her new-year carols. If a religious poet can show us none of these things, can make us feel for the moment nothing of this kind, his aim is surely missed and his time is sorely wasted. To the Muse of the Anglican poetess as to the Muse of the Catholic prelate doctrine is nothing less than a stimulus: to Wordsworth's it was nothing less than a torpedo. Nor in the qualities of homeliness and simplicity was he less excelled by his immediate precursor, William Blake; there is no such honey in any hive of Wordsworth's as in the best of that divine dreamer's who could pray no better prayer for a child than that God would make the world as beautiful for her as he had made it for him. The charm of even such a poem as "We are seven," delicate and true and tender though it be, is of a kind less rare and exquisite than that which clings about the "Songs of Innocence."

But if Wordsworth has been excelled in such fields of verse as his disciples and himself were wont to consider peculiarly his own, there is one in which he stood without a peer even among the great men of a generation as rich in heroes as in poets. He was the heroic poet of his age: so long as there lives one man of English blood who has any sense of noble poetry, that blood will thrill and tingle in his veins at the very thought of the trumpet-notes of Wordsworth. His was not such patriotism as begins and ends in shrewish and vulgar scolding at other nations, or in shrill Pharisaic thanksgiving that he and his were not made like other men: his haughty and high-minded confidence in England was but the natural outgrowth of his early sympathy with France, while France was as yet undebased into an empire. "It is not to be thought of" that ever the day should come when Englishmen will read without a glowing rapture of sympathy and pride the magnificent sonnet which opens with that simple phrase of proud and perfect trust: or when that other yet nobler than this one, "on the subjugation of Switzerland," will cease to vibrate forever in the ears of all who have not unlearnt at the knees of blustering sophists their inborn love of independence, their inbred faith in freedom. "What sorrow would it be," indeed, that such an echo from the two voices of the mountains and the sea as peals through this clarion of verse should ever be stifled by the deep-mouthed dissonance of the false prophets whose trust is in God the Devil—the idol of Calvin as surely as of Torquemada; whose ideal of manly loyalty is the brute submission of a mill-horse to the grinding drill of a slave-driver; whose watchwords are force and cunning, subservience and success! While Wordsworth keeps his place among the most honored names and memories of his nation, there need be no fear that its poetry should sink to the level of sentimental or servile indifference to manly thought or manful sympathies, its patriotism to the measure of jealous provincial self-esteem, its political philosophy to the abyss of spiritual prostration before the triumphant progress of strong silent men with a lie in their right hands.

Wordsworth is generally—and, it must be said, plausibly—regarded as a type of insularity in sentiment and opinion: yet it was he, in the year of Mazzini's arrival in England, at a time when if ever the prospect of Italian unity and freedom must have seemed hopeless to all but men of exceptionally noble and faithful nature—it was he, conservative and

reactionary as he was considered and as he believed himself to be, unconsciously anticipated the message of Mazzini, the central article of his creed, the belief which was as the hinge or the corner-stone of his teaching, in the sonnet which foretold to Italy "the third stage of her great destiny"—the breaking of her double yoke—the hope which in memory of her fortunes, twice exalted, might provoke from poets a glad note of prophecy to salute the coming hour of her resurrection. So true is it that a high-minded man can no more be consistent in an evil creed, or constant to the submissive doctrine whose key-note is degradation and despair, than a base man can be constant to the faith of heroes, or consistent in his advocacy of political or spiritual freedom. The time has been, since the close of Wordsworth's day, when the appeal of his own memorable sonnet to Milton might perhaps with no less propriety have been addressed to him who wrote it: in any case, the spirit and the body of such poems must be alike imperishable, the lesson of their heroic example a possession beyond price forever. Serene as is the spirit of his teaching, and profound his love of all peaceful things and influences, his note was not always that of the stock-dove brooding over his own sweet voice: though doubtless it never caught the "tumultuous harmony" of the nightingale's, there were times when it swelled into the strength of a rushing wind, and made the verses ring like storm-swept crannies of the crags and scaurs that nursed the spirit which imbues them.

Those other poets of his day who dealt more immediately than he with martial matter had in them less of heroic thought and intelligence than the seemingly self-centred student of uninvaded solitudes. Scott could make men breathe the breath of battle; Byron could only make men smell the reek of carnage; but Wordsworth alone could put into his verse the whole soul of a nation armed or arming for self-devoted self-defence: could fill his meditation with the spirit of a whole people, that in the act of giving it a voice and an expression he might inform and renovate that spirit with the purity and sublimity of his own. Therefore, and on this account above all others, may his immortal words of sympathy find immortal application to himself: there is not a breathing of the common wind which blows over England that ever shall forget him; his memory has great allies; he too has friends in the exultations and the agonies of his fellow men, in their love of country, in the unconquerable mind of his race. He will hardly be reckoned, except by the estimate of his own peculiar sect and following, as "one of the very chief glories of English poetry:" but he will never be rated at a much lower price than this. The very chief glories of English poetry may claim and may confront comparison with the very greatest of all time: they are "above all Roman fame," and worthy, after their own fashion, to share supremacy with the highest of the Hebrews and the Greeks. We must not, I submit, claim a place among these for Wordsworth: but with the Virgils and the Chaucers, with the sage Spenser and the pure Simonides, we may assign him no unequal or undistinguished place. He may never have written anything so perfect in spontaneity of noble style and noble pathos as the divine fragment which makes all boys and men who read it contemporaries for a moment of the Ceian poet by right of rapture and of sympathy: the sorrow of Ruth comes hardly so close to us as the sorrow of Danae: yet we imagine that the elder may have welcomed in Elysium the later poet as a kinsman not unworthy of their clan. I would not dispute the verdict which should assert that a leaf of the Georgics would outpoise in value the whole of the "Excursion," with nine-tenths of the "Prelude" thrown in as a makeweight: nor do I question that Wordsworth's Dido would have been but a doleful and dreary shadow of the most passionate and pathetic figure in Latin poetry: and yet, in spite of Virgil's inexpressible advantage in dignity of execution, in stateliness of utterance and shapeliness of style, I doubt whether that master of majestic phrase ever strikes a sentence home to our hearts with such strength of hand and sureness of aim as Wordsworth. Once or twice, indeed, Wordsworth has not only done this, but has done it while observing with an instinctive dignity and precision not unworthy to be called Virgilian the high unwritten laws of great poetic style. Such an example of spontaneous loyalty to those laws of no man's making, which forgetfulness may never but for a season put to sleep—laws wherein the God of song shows himself mighty, and waxes not old—we may discover in that stanza which even a greater than Virgil might have been proud to sign:—

> My apprehensions come in crowds;
> I dread the rustling of the grass;
> The very shadows of the clouds
> Have power to shake me as they pass:
> I question things, and do not find
> One that will answer to my mind;
> And all the world appears unkind.

The piteous and perfect life-likeness of these magnificent lines every heart and eye of man or woman may recognize: but the lover of poetry whose love is according to knowledge

must recognize also their unsurpassable greatness and nobility of style. Such intensity and earnestness, such ardor and elevation, we do not find in the greatest of our poets before the coming of Marlowe as herald to Shakespeare. On all other points Chaucer is of course almost immeasurably the superior of Wordsworth; in breadth of human interest, in simplicity of varied sympathies, in straightforward and superb command of his materials as an artist, the inspired man of the world as much excels the slow-thoughted and self-studious recluse as in warmth and wealth of humor, in consummate power of narrative, and in childlike manfulness of compassionate or joyous emotion; but their usual relations are reversed when the subject treated by Wordsworth exacts a deeper and intenser expression of feeling, or when his thought takes wing for higher flights of keener speculation, than the strong, elastic, equable movement of Chaucer's thought and verse could be expected to achieve or to attain. In a word, the elder singer has a thousand advantages over the later, but the one point on which the later has the advantage is worth all the rest put together: he is the sublimer poet of the two. Of this quality Spenser had nothing; indeed it may be said that the sublime was first introduced into modern English poetry by the inventor of English blank verse and the creator of English tragedy. This is as certain as that Spenser was incapable of Wordsworth's errors—that his culture, as we should say now, was higher, his instinct happier, his way of work, on the whole, more workmanlike than Wordsworth's. Only, on the other hand, there is this to be taken into account; that all the impeccable facility, all the inexhaustible melody, all the mellifluous fertility of Spenser will not avail to counterweigh, in the estimate of those who prize most the highest qualities of poetry, that rare, uncertain, intermittent effect of profound and majestic harmony, which Wordsworth, though unable to command his music at will with the assurance of a Milton or a Shelley, does yet sometimes, as by direct and inexplicable intuition, educe from the simplest combinations of evidently spontaneous thought with apparently spontaneous expression. His many and laborious revisions were sometimes of unquestionable advantage to the finish and the solidity of his work: sometimes the improvement was of a very questionable kind, involving at least as much loss as gain; now and then, as in the familiar instance of "Laodamia," the change was unquestionably and inexpressibly for the worse.

But in all the best representative poems of Wordsworth, whatever other quality may be wanting to them, there is, it appears to me, at least this invaluable one of seeming spontaneity. Neither on his verse nor on the verse of Keats, whom we now know to have been an equally painstaking laborer in the vineyard of versification, did the process of revision and correction, deletion and substitution, leave any evident marks of the passage of the pumicestone. Grinders if they were, they had the skill to erase from the surface of their work all traces of the grinder's toil. There is no more sign of labor in the sensitive and subtle touch of the younger man than in the resolute and steadfast handiwork of the elder: a point perhaps even more remarkable in the genius of Keats than in the genius of Wordsworth. That exquisite and epicurean subtlety in expression of sensations impressed upon an exceptionally sensitive temper of mind and body, which was so specially characteristic of Keats as a student of nature, might have been supposed impossible of attainment without some sacrifice of simplicity and straightforwardness: yet, if the secrets of his workshop had never been *made* public, we could no more have felt certain that his work had not been thrown off at a jet, like Shakespeare's and Hugo's, than we should have dreamed of looking for the traces of the file on Wordsworth's. And it must be owned that neither in the best of his good work nor in the worst of his bad should we have recognized the sign of this lifelong habit on the elder poet's part. From the transcendent "Ode to Duty" down to the unspeakable ballad of "Andrew Jones," the great or small changes made in the text of his poems would hardly in any case have been surmised by the finest ear or the keenest eye to be *found* among all students of style.

As a spiritual poet, and as the poet of nature, Wordsworth won at last, and wore for a generation, the palm of pre-eminence to which his patient and severe ambition had from the first made tacit or explicit claim. And yet, setting aside the poets of pure theology or formal religion, we may find elsewhere higher flights of strenuous contemplation, purer notes of spiritual passion, than in any but one or two quite exceptional poems of Wordsworth's. Even at his highest, he can hardly be said to have ever shown for so long together such an even strength of wing, such a sweeping and soaring harmony of upward and forward flight, as Donne, despite one or two slips and flaws, has displayed in the ardent and majestic rapture of his magnificent "Anniversaries." Nor did his systematic and studious love of nature, even in those days of more passionate delight in it on which at the age of twenty-eight he could already

look back as belonging to a stage of life and feeling irrevocably past and ended, give ever such wings to his words or such fire to their music as any note or any touch of Shelley's is sufficient to show that he could command—that he could not but assume—if he had to deal but for a moment with the glories of nature or the emotions evoked by transitory or enduring sense of them. There is much study, there is much knowledge, there is much sober and sedate enjoyment of nature, much deep and thoughtful thankfulness for such enjoyment, made manifest in the poetry of Wordsworth: there is a singular intensity, a matchless refinement, of relish for the pure delight of communion with natural beauty, in the poetry of Keats: but to neither was it given, as it was given to Shelley, to rise beyond these regions of contemplation and sensation into that other where the emotion of Keats and the emotion of Wordsworth become one, and are superseded by a greater; to breathe, in Shakespeare's audaciously subtle and successful phrase, the very "spirit of sense" itself, to transcend at once the sensuous and the meditative elements of poetry, and to fuse their highest, their keenest, their most inward and intimate effects, in such verse as utters what none before could utter, and renders into likeness of form and sound such truths of inspired perception, such raptures of divine surprise, as no poet of nature may think to render again. At the sound of the "Ode to the West Wind," the stars of Wordsworth's heaven grow fainter in our eyes, and the nightingale of Keats' garden falls silent in our ears. The poet who wrote that, and the poet who wrote "Christabel,"—but these alone of their generation—are indeed to be counted among the very chiefest glories of English poetry: and it is surely no inadequate reward for the noble labor of a long and strenuous life, to stand where Wordsworth stands—but a little lower than these.—ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, in *The Nineteenth Century.*

THE MAHDI

AND MOHAMMEDAN PREDICTIONS CONCERNING THE LAST DAYS.

ABOUT A.D. 1000 a widely-spread notion of the approaching end of time seized upon men's hearts, and agitated European nations. Knights and barons ceased their quarrels, and betook themselves to prayer and fasting; peasants and laborers left off tilling and cultivating the soil, and bethought themselves of the nearing Day of Judgment; the hardened and impenitent sought to make their peace with heaven by large grants of money and land to the monasteries and clergy; and St. Bernard, taking advantage of the universal anxiety, preached the third crusade, and entreated kings and nobles, princes and paupers, high and low, to secure pardon for their sins and the certainty of future bliss by uniting in one common cause to wrest Jerusalem from the Saracens, and reinstate on the throne of the Holy City the Christian monarch whom Saladin had deposed. Nor did the disciples of the Cross alone entertain these sentiments. Mohammedans, too, anticipated the advent of the Mahdi, and sought, at the point of the sword, to bring new believers into the true fold, or else endeavored to extirpate infidels from off the face of the earth.

But time rolled on, and the expectations of all races—Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans—were alike disappointed. And now, at the close of another decade of centuries, men are again anticipating the final reckoning, and the Mohammedan world, in particular, is being distracted by the pretensions of the impostor who has arisen in the Soudan and laid claim to the Mahdiship. But before discussing his career it will be well to glance cursorily at the various portents which are to usher in the resurrection and the millennium. According to Mohammedan tradition, the resurrection is to be preceded by a number of signs, some of which will be of lesser and some of greater import.

The lesser signs, which are eight in number, include the decay of faith among men; the advancement of mean individuals to high positions; the elevation of maid-servants to unwonted authority, so that they will become mothers of their mistresses or masters, which by Sale is interpreted to signify "either that towards the end of the world men shall be much given to sensuality, or that the Mohammedans shall then take many captives;" the outbreak of tumults, revolts, and seditions; war with the Turks; such distress prevalent as to cause a man passing by the grave of a fellow-mortal to exclaim, "Would to God I were in his place!" the refusal of the provinces of Irâk and Syria to pay tribute; and the extension of the buildings of Medinah to Ahâb or Yhâb.

The greater signs are as many as seventeen, and I give them in the order in which Sale enumerates them, simply, however, transposing the positions of the sixteenth and seventeenth.

The sun is to rise in the west.

A beast will ascend out of the earth in the

temple of Mecca, or on Mount Safâ, and, failing to appear in these spots, will be seen either in Tayef or in some other place. This monster, which is to combine in its person the outward characteristics of several animals, will have the head of a bull, the eyes of a hog, the ears of an elephant, the horns of a stag, the neck of an ostrich, the breast of a lion, the striped skin of the tiger, the back of a cat, the tail of a ram, the legs of a camel, and the melodious voice of the ass, and, according to some writers, will measure sixty cubits in height, and, according to others, will reach up to the clouds and heaven. It will bring with it the miracle-working rod of Moses and the seal of King Solomon, and so swift will its locomotion be that no one will be able to overtake or escape it. With the rod it will strike all believers on the face, marking them with the word *Mûmen* (believer); with the seal all unbelievers will be branded with the word *Câfer* (infidel).

In a war with the Greeks seventy thousand of the descendants of Isaac shall cause the walls of Constantinople to fall down with the shout, "There is no God but God! God is most great!'" But, during the division of the spoil, news shall reach them of the appearance of Antichrist, and they will in consequence forsake all and retreat.

Dajjâl, or the chief Antichrist—for Mohammed foretold as many as thirty—a one-eyed monster, branded on the forehead with the letters C F R (*Câfer*—infidel), is to appear riding on an ass, and followed by seventy thousand Jews from Ispahan. During his reign of forty days—the length of which periods varies, however—he will lay the earth waste, but will not be able to penetrate either into Mecca or Medinah, which sacred cities angels are to guard, and finally he will be slain by Jesus in an encounter at the gate of Lud.

After the return of the Jews from Constantinople, Jesus will descend near the white tower to the east of Damascus; he will embrace Mohammedanism, marry, have children, kill Dajjâl, and die, after a life of forty, or, as some say, twenty-four, years on earth. During his suzerainty hatred and malice will be unknown; peace, plenty, and security will reign supreme; the lion and the camel, the bear and the sheep, will live amicably together, and children shall play with serpents and receive no hurt.

War with the Jews will take place, and the Mohammedans, aided by the very trees and stones, will slaughter untold numbers, one tree alone, named Gharkad, which is the Jews' tree, protecting those that take refuge behind it.

Gog and Magog will come forth with a vast army, drinking the Lake of Tiberias dry on their march, and greatly harassing Jesus and his companions, till, at the entreaty of the former, God will destroy them and fill the earth with their carcases. The exhalations from their dead bodies will prove such fruitful sources of pollution that, again in answer to the prayers of Jesus and his followers, birds will be sent to carry away the decaying remains, and the Mohammedans will be employed seven whole years in burning the bows, arrows, and quivers of the deceased foe. A heavy rain will complete the work of cleansing, and will fertilize the ground.

A smoke will fill the whole earth.

There will be an eclipse of the moon.

The Arabs will lapse into idolatry for a hundred years, and only bad men will flourish.

An immense heap of gold and silver will be discovered in the bed of the Euphrates, from which the waters will retreat, and it will prove the destruction of many.

The Ethiopians will destroy the Caaba at Mecca.

Beasts and inanimate objects will be endowed with the power of speech.

A great fire will break out in the province of Hedjâz, or, as some say, Yemen.

A descendant of Kahtân will drive men before him with his staff.

The faithful, including the souls of those who have but a grain of faith in their hearts, will, with the Koran itself, be swept away by a cold, odoriferous wind blowing from Syria Damascena.

And, lastly, the Mahdi will come.

To understand the position of the individual who now lays claim to the Imâm Mahdiship, it will be necessary briefly to examine the historical accounts of the twelve Imâms who succeeded Mohammed, the last of whom, some writers assert, was to unite in himself the offices of Imâm and Mahdi.

Many and bitter have been the controversies between the various sects of Mohammedans on the subject of the Imâms. The Sonnites, to which party the Turks chiefly belong, reckon amongst the lawful successors of the Prophet, Abubeker, Omar, and Othman, who preceded his son-in-law, Ali; whilst the Shiites, on the contrary, consider the three intermediate caliphs between Mohammed and Ali to be as much usurpers of that dignity as Moâwiyah, the fifth caliph, and his son Yezid. They look upon Ali as the first and only lawful aspirant to the vacant leadership of the faithful, and say that from him and his wife, Fatimah, the Prophet's daughter, have alone sprung the rightful heirs to the Imâmat.

In Arabia, Baghdad, and Persia, different dynasties of caliphs arose, but the direct line

from Ali was doubtless that which settled in Persia, the inhabitants of which country are mostly Shiites. The sixth of the Shiite Imâms, Jaaffer, was a man of such superior sanctity, wisdom, and learning, that he has been compared to Solomon. He was author of a volume entitled "Book of Fate" which is still in use. A tradition exists that, like Elijah, he did not die, but will reappear. His son, Ismail, was, during his lifetime, nominated his successor, but, dying before his father and leaving none but young children, his half-brother, Moossah Kâzim, whose mother was a slave, was appointed to the Imâmat. Moossah's son, Ali, was eighth Imâm; Mohammed Ben Ali, ninth; Ali, son of Mohammed, tenth: Hassan, the eleventh, was poisoned, and his son, Mohammed, who was a mere infant at his father's death, was his successor, but disappeared mysteriously at the age of twelve years. The legend is that he entered a subterranean cave at Sermenrai, near Baghdad, where he still resides, and whence he will yet issue to reassert his dominion over all pious Shiites. The cave itself has remained unaltered since the third century of the Hejirah, but a dome has been erected over it. The mythical tale of this youth runs thus:—

He was born in Sermenrai A.H. 255. According to tradition, derived from his grandfather's sister, present on the occasion, many marvellous circumstances were connected with his birth—*e.g.*, no symptoms indicated his mother's pregnancy before he was actually born, just as had been the case with the mother of Jesus; on his being born the house became radiant with a supernatural light, and immediately afterwards he prostrated himself as in the act of worship, and was endowed, in answer to his father's prayer, with the gift of speech, enabling him to say, "In the name of God, the merciful, the compassionate, we wish to confer power on those who confess their weakness, and we appoint them heirs." The room also was filled with angels in the shape of green birds of Paradise, to one of whom his father said, "Take and keep him till God permit him to appear, for God is able to bring about his behest." He was born circumcised, and on his right arm the words were inscribed, "Truth has come, falsehood vanished, for falsehood is vain!" He had only attained his fifth year when his father died; but God had endowed him with wisdom from his childhood, like John the Baptist, and made him Imâm in his infancy, as He had also made Jesus a prophet in his infancy. In A.H. 265 or 266 he entered into a cool subterranean cave in Sermenrai, and though his mother expected him to come out again, he did not do so, but remained hidden there ever since. At first several Mussulmans had the good fortune of seeing him in that retirement. One of them tells his story thus: "I went with two companions to the palace of Sermenrai, where in a certain place I saw a curtain suspended, and, on raising it up, saw behind it the entrance to a cool subterranean cave. We entered it together, and, after walking for a distance, reached a sea upon whose expanse we saw a carpet spread out, and on it a very beautiful person standing in the attitude of prayer, but who did not turn even to look at us. My two companions, one after the other, went into the sea in order to approach the Imâm, but they sank, and I had great difficulty in pulling them out of the water and saving them from drowning. Thereupon I humbly begged pardon for our intrusion, but still the Imâm took no notice of us whatever, and there was nothing left for us but to retire." This seclusion of the Imâm is divided into two periods, a shorter and a longer one. The former lasted up to the year A.H. 360, during which period he performed many wonderful acts, and communicated with the outer world by privileged persons, called ambassadors, the last of whom at his death left a letter he had received from the Mahdi himself, according to which no ambassador was to be appointed after him. The latter or longer period commenced with the death of the last ambassador, since which all communication with the outer world ceased, and it will last till his reappearance in the latter day, according to the eternal will of God. The Mahdi who is to appear in the last time is the same who has hitherto been in this retirement and seclusion. When he has come, Jesus also is to descend from heaven, and to appear on the earth.*

On the accession of Moossah Kâzim to the caliphate a division ensued, many of Ismail's followers strongly espousing the cause of his children, through whom the Fatimite caliphs of Egypt claim their descent from Mohammed, and so from the family of the Koreish. This sect became notorious in history as the Assassins, and their ruler was styled the Chief of the Mountains, or the Ancient. This Ancient, whose name was Hussun Subah, resided in the lofty mountain fortress of Allahamout, and governed a band of more than fifty thousand loyal followers, who carried out with unflinching obedience and promptitude his orders for the murder of others obnoxious to himself, and even unhesitatingly sacrificed their own lives at his mandate. The historian of Persia, Malcolm, cites a striking proof of the immense power he possessed over his disciples. On one occasion his inveterate enemy, the Persian monarch, Malik Shah, sent an envoy to Hussun at Allahamout. The Chief of the Mountains, determined to convince the envoy that his sway was no vain boast, commanded one of his adherents to stab himself, and another to cast himself headlong from a precipice. Both orders were at once executed. "Go," exclaimed Hussun to the astonished ambassador, "and explain to your master the character of my followers." Hussun's son, Keah, and grandson, Mohammed, kept up the terror which was associated with their name, nor did it decrease under the rule of the Ismailian chiefs who succeeded them. An occurrence in the reign of Allah-u-deen is an apt illustration of the absolute despotism they wielded. Fakhr Razee, a doctor of laws and an eminent divine, who used to be styled the "Imâm of Rhe" (his native town), had been supposed to lean to the opinions of the Ismailian sect, and, to do away with this impression, he thought it necessary to express his abhorrence of this race and their tenets in the pulpit. Some time after he had uttered this anathema, he was surprised to see a man, who had been one of his most attentive disciples for several days, enter his private chamber, and still more when, seizing him by the beard, and pointing a dagger to his breast, this person asked him

*Vide "The Imâm Mahdi," by Rev. H. Sheridan Patterson.

if he knew who he was. "I am quite ignorant who you are," said the trembling divine; "and still less can I conjecture why you seek my life." "You abused the sect of Ismail," said the man. "I was wrong," replied the learned doctor; "I repent, and will never do so again." "Swear by the holy prophet to what you have now said," cried the assailant. "I swear," said the Imâm. "Very well," said the man, quitting his hold; "I have particular orders not to slay you, or my poignard should, before this, have been crimsoned with the blood of your heart. Allah-u-deen desires me to present you his respects, and to ask if you are well informed of the tenets of that sect which you have dared to abuse. He advises you to be most careful of your future conduct; and as he has a respect for your character, he sends you this bag, which contains three hundred and sixty gold mohurs; and here is an order for a similar sum to be paid you annually by one of his agents." The divine took the money, and continued for many years to receive his pension. His pupils could not but remark that, in his future lectures, he carefully abstained from any mention of the followers of Ismail. He was wont to observe, in reply to such observations, with a suppressed smile, that he had been convinced by some sharp and weighty arguments that it was better not to enter into any discussion regarding the doctrines of that sect.* With the conquest of Kaher Shah, Allah-u-deen's son, the demolition of his strongholds, and the slaughter of over twelve thousand of his adherents by Hulakoo Khan, the power of the Ismailian family came to an end, and they have never again been able to retrieve their fallen fortunes.

Concerning the present pretender to the title of Imâm Mahdi, numerous and conflicting theories have been afloat, some stating that he is by trade a carpenter, others a dealer in wild beasts, and that, like the fierce animals with which he has had to do, he sleeps all day and is astir and at work all night. But the most authentic account of him which has yet appeared is that by the Rev. H. Sheridan Patterson, who asserts that by birth he is a native of Dongola. When a boy, Mohammed Achmet received a severe beating from an uncle to whom he was apprenticed, whereupon he ran away to Khartoum, and entered himself a pupil of the *faki* of the free school of Hoghali, a village lying to the east of Khartoum, and so called from the adjoining tomb of Sheikh Hoghali, the patron saint of the semi-barbarous and, till recently, comparatively unknown town, now rendered famous by its association with the name of that gallant soldier, General Gordon. When he had sufficiently mastered in this seminary the theological dogmas of his creed, he transferred himself to Berber, where he continued for six months to prosecute his studies in another school. In 1870 he joined himself to the Faki-Sheikh, Nur-el-Daim, and was by him ordained a faki, or head, of a sect of dervishes. He now retired to the island of Abbas, on the White Nile, where he made himself a subterranean cave, into which he habitually retired, and commenced a series of prayers, fastings, and mortifications. Naturally, his eccentricities excited notoriety, and he acquired a wide reputation for sanctity; disciples rallied around him, wealth flowed in upon him, and he took to himself many wives of the daughters of influential sheikhs. As, however, Mohammed only allows four wives to each man, Achmet is in the habit of divorcing the surplus number, and remarrying them to himself as it suits his pleasure. In 1881 he assumed the title of Mahdi, and formally announced that he was the prophet foretold by the author of the Koran. The doctrines he proceeded to promulgate were his own divine mission for the reform of Islâm, the establishment of a universal equality, law, religion, and community of goods, and the indiscriminate destruction of all who doubted or disbelieved him.

At first his pretensions were regarded by the Egyptian Government with contempt, but the large number of accessions to his ranks, and his insurrectionary operations, at length alarmed Reouf Pasha, and a force was despatched to oppose him.

His career has hitherto been a somewhat checkered one, but if he and his lieutenant, Osman Digna, have sustained serious reverses, they can also boast of considerable successes. The Mahdi's influence is great, and as, according to his own assertion, it will take forty years to establish his kingdom, he has *still* thirty-eight before him in which to carry out his designs. To those who perish in his cause he has promised an immediate entrance into Paradise—a fact which doubtless accounts for the wonderful courage and valor displayed by the Arabs during their recent engagements with the English in the Soudan, and also for their utter disregard of death.

The Turks—who, as has before been mentioned, differ materially in their tenets from those of the Shiites which are prevalent in Upper Egypt, and whose sultan cannot claim his descent from the Koreish—are, for the present, necessarily compelled to stand aloof. Their interference would probably be the

* Malcolm.

signal for a sanguinary religious war, the results of which it is impossible to estimate or foretell. What will be the termination of the complications in the Soudan, which originally resembled a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand, is beyond human foresight to predict; but one thing is evident: the clouds are gathering blackness, and it will not be such an easy matter as was at first imagined to disperse them.—C. E. STERN, in *The Nineteenth Century.*

THE GERMAN AND BRITISH ARMIES: A COMPARISON.

ON a wet Sunday afternoon, now some seventy years ago, the Prussian army joined hands with the British army amid the tangled and downtrodden corn that lay heavy on the fields round Mont St. Jean. The result of this junction was the crushing defeat of Napoleon, the fall of the first French Empire—an allied invasion of France and occupation of Paris, the end of the Napoleonic wars, and forty years of peace for Europe.

At the end of this long peace the British army was the first of the two to be called into active service in a European campaign. It entered upon the Crimean war confident in the reputation which it had gained half a century before in the Peninsula and in the Low Countries. The reputation then won it had since sustained in Persia and in India, where it possessed a nursery for its officers and training ground for its soldiers, which was entirely wanting to the German army. But its experience in the siege of Sebastopol was lamentably disastrous. In everything but the courage of its officers and men, which still proved as undaunted as ever, the British army signally failed. Its organization was found puerilely defective, its administration senilely feeble.

Our country even at that time possessed the greatest maritime resources in the world.

The front line of fighting troops stood barely six miles from an important harbor where lay store-ships loaded with heavy cargoes of all the men could require. Yet the land transport over these six miles was more than could be provided for; and the soldiers died like rotten sheep from starvation and sickness almost within sight of the food that would have kept them alive and the medicines that would have healed them.

Very different was the case when some years later the Prussian army entered on the campaign of 1866 against Austria. In a few weeks, nay, even in a few days, the famous battalions of the House of Hapsburg, the vaunted cavalry of Hungary, and the celebrated artillery of Vienna were crumpled up in Bohemia, and their broken relics invested in Olmütz or rolled through Moravia to take refuge behind the cover of the Danube. Yet the Austrian army was not to be despised. It had, already, seven years previously, given grave cause for anxiety to the French, who overcame it indeed in the campaign of Solferino, but, breathless and exhausted, were glad to make peace before they were committed to the siege of Mantua or the investment of Verona.

Nor was this all. Four years later the Prussian army formed the nucleus of the large German force which poured over the Saar and the Rhine into Alsace, Lorraine, and Champagne, swept away the famous French Imperial Guard, cast a band of iron round Metz, drew a tight blockade around Paris, and brushed aside every endeavor of the French nation to force its iron lines or deliver their darling capital.

Any critic who had sat beside Wellington on the evening of the 18th of June, 1815, on the road from Waterloo to Paris, would have probably held it certain that for long years to come the British troops which had that day stood the brunt of Napoleon's attack and were now lying to catch breath and rest among the clammy corn, would for long remain superior to the ill-provided and half-starved Prussians whom Blucher was urging forward to pursue and chastise the flying French.

England was rich and powerful; England had felt on her throat the grasp of no invader, had been laid under no war-indemnities, under no contributions to support a conqueror's legions or an oppressor's State, had been tied up by no stipulations to maintain a small army, had not seen her troops forced to march under foreign command to invade an inhospitable northern region, where many of her best men and best officers had perished. Prussia had been almost effaced from the roll of nations, and was ground down in poverty. Any ordinary man would have foretold that the British army which had hurled back the picked generals of Napoleon from the Peninsula would ever remain superior to the Prussian force, mainly composed of ill-clad, ill-fed, and badly drilled conscripts. Some half century later, however, the calculations of the critic would have been proved strangely erroneous, and his foresight entirely at fault.

Why was it that the British army failed so dismally in the Crimean campaign, while the Prussian succeeded so splendidly in the Seven Weeks' War? Why was it that British troops

were butchered wholesale by a barbarian force in South Africa, when German troops without a check carried the tide of war through France, and wrapped Paris—the centre of civilization—in an embrace of iron and of fire? Why is it that at the present time, while all is confused, doubtful, and vacillating in the British service, where nothing appears to be constant except change itself, that in the German army military advancement and military progress are regulated with the skill of the mathematician and the precision of the astronomer? It can hardly be that we fail in arms for want of investigation and want of inquiry. Since the close of the Crimean war innumerable and interminable Committees and Commissions have sat on every detail of the British service. Recruiting, hospitals, armaments, clothing, drill, food, equipments, have all and each been the subject of searching inquiry and exhaustive reports. Yet we still appear to be as far from final regulations as ever, and but yesterday have seen some startling changes made in compensation for some of the most important alterations of not many years ago.

Before we seek answers to these questions we may consider the constitution of the German army, which probably may be confessed to be at the present time the finest military machine in existence. We may seek to trace how it is that with a very small cost per man, and a very simple organization, a very large and very effective fighting power can, by the German war office, be rapidly in case of need placed in the field.

Prussia, after the successes of Frederick the Great in the middle of the eighteenth century, was content to suppose that the military organization which had served her well in the Seven Years' War was perfect, and required little or no modification to enable her to continue superior to other European Powers. But while she reposed calmly and complacently on the laurels of Rossbach and Leuthen, military science progressed.

She was rudely awoke from her lethargy by the crushing defeat of Jena. Under enormous difficulties, and with the greatest secrecy, a new organization was then introduced into the Prussian army.

The terms of peace dictated by Napoleon, after the Jena campaign, and the consequent conquest of North Germany, allowed that army to consist of only 42,000 men. But the conqueror omitted to stipulate as to how long each of these men should serve. In order to secure the means of striking for independence on the first favorable opportunity, Scharnhorst introduced the Krümper system, by which a certain number of soldiers were always allowed to go home on furlough after a few months' drill, and recruits brought into the ranks to supply their places. These were in their turn sent away on furlough, and other recruits brought in for training. Through this system, at the beginning of 1813, not only could the regiments be filled up to proper war strength, but fifty-one new battalions were raised from prepared soldiers. This force, however, was insufficient for the great struggle with Napoleon. So, early in 1813 volunteer rifle detachments were formed, which mustered together about 10,000 men, and shortly afterwards the raising of the Landwehr was decreed, which, five months after the issue of the decree, was able to take part in the war with a strength of 120,000 men. Thus, in August, 1813, Prussia possessed an army of 250,000 soldiers, of whom 170,000 were ready to take the field, while the remaining 80,000 formed reserve and garrison troops.

This army fought in the War of Independence, and formed the first nucleus of the existing military organization of Germany. This organization dates from a terrible misfortune, of which the bitter experience has never been forgotten.

It has since constantly been improved, and with careful study brought to such a high pitch of excellence, that in 1866 it enabled the Prussian forces to march and conquer with an almost miraculous rapidity, and to achieve in a few days the glories of the Seven Weeks' War.

This organization, too, empowered the German army in 1870 to efface the memory of Jena by thundering on the attention of the startled world the suddenly decisive victories of Wörth, Weissemburg, Gravelotte, and Sedan, and to spring over the ruins of the suburbs of Paris into the foremost place among the armies of the earth.

After Prussia, on the fall of the first Napoleon, regained her position as a great Power, her Government considered it necessary that she should have an army of a strength proportionate to that of other great Powers, and decided that its muster-roll should include about half a million of men. At that time the other great Powers kept the majority of their soldiery in peace as well as in war in the ranks, and only allowed a few trained veterans who, altogether, amounted to about one-fourth of the whole strength of the army, to be absent on furlough. Prussia was then the smallest of the great Powers, and had neither such a large population nor revenue as the others. Before the war of 1866 her area was but 127,350 square miles—the yearly revenues came only to about 21,500,000*l.*, the expenditure of the Government was always

confined within its income, and the National Debt only amounted to 42,000,000*l.* The army cost in time of peace only about 6,300,000*l.*, and the navy about 6,450,000*l.* Thus Prussia in the first half of the nineteenth century had never sufficient men nor enough money to maintain an army on the ordinary system. She could in peace keep together only a much smaller portion of her soldiery than her possible enemies. Special means had to be adopted to meet her special circumstances. To supply a war strength of 500,000 men the country was required every year to grant 40,000 recruits. Each of these served for three years with the colors, and for two years in the reserve. The standing army thus amounted to 120,000 men, and could be raised immediately by calling in the reserves to 200,000; but to complete the requisite number of half a million warriors, 300,000 more men were necessary, and in time of peace the kingdom could afford to maintain only very small depôts for these additional troops.

The War of Independence had shown that the Landwehr system, by which men were allowed to retire from duty but still remained liable to military service, had been effective, and in 1814 the Prussian army was definitely organized on the Landwehr system. By this system every Prussian capable of bearing arms was liable to military duty in the year in which he became twenty years old, and to serve from his twentieth to his twenty-third year in the standing army; from his twenty-third to his twenty-fifth in the reserve; from his twenty-fifth to his thirty-second in the first levy of the Landwehr, and from his thirty-second to his thirty-ninth in the second levy. Afterwards, as will be seen, these terms of service were modified, and the distinction between the two levies of Landwehr was abolished. In great necessity the Landsturm was liable to be called out, and in this case every man between seventeen and forty-nine, who did not belong either to the standing army or Landwehr, was liable for service. From the Landwehr battalions and squadrons were raised, which formed Landwehr regiments, and these were united for annual exercise, or service in brigades or divisions, with regiments of the line. Landwehr men who had belonged to rifle battalions, artillery, or engineers, were not formed into separate corps, but in case of being called up returned to the ranks of the regiment in which they had formerly served.

By this system, with an annual supply of 40,000 recruits, Prussia was enabled to hold in readiness for war an army which consisted of three distinct parts, viz.:—

(1) The standing army of 120,000 men, raised in war by the recall of the reserves to 200,000, and with rifles, artillery, and engineers, to 220,000.

(2) The first levy of the Landwehr, including only infantry and cavalry, of which in peace only small depôts, numbering together 3000 men, were retained, but which on mobilization for war supplied considerably over 150,000 men, even after making liberal allowance for deaths, sickness, emigration, and other causes of reduction.

(3) The second levy of the Landwehr, from which no exercise or training was required in time of peace, but which in war furnished 110,000 soldiers to garrison the fortresses of the country, and could in case of urgent necessity be supported by the Landsturm. By this system Prussia could for war raise 530,000 men, of whom in time of peace hardly one-fourth were present with the colors. Thus this system in peace necessitated but a small expense and required but few men to keep up an army, which on the outbreak of war could be raised quickly to a large force.

When in 1859 the Prussian army was mobilized on account of the progress of French troops against the Austrians in Northern Italy, the disadvantages of the organization entirely on the Landwehr system became manifest.

The energetic spirit with which the Prussian people rushed to arms against Napoleon the First can only under very peculiar circumstances agitate a whole nation and make every individual willing and anxious to sacrifice his personal comfort to obey the call of his Government and serve with alacrity in the ranks of the army. Such circumstances seldom occur. At the same time it was found that since the Landwehr system had been established in 1814 the revenues of the country had increased, the population had increased, and therefore the country was more able to bear an increase of the standing army and military expense, and also a larger number of recruits might without disadvantage be annually enrolled in the ranks.

Hence the present Emperor, while still Regent, introduced a reorganization which up to 1865 formed a hot cause of contention between the Prussian Ministry and the Radical party in the Lower House, till the success of the 1866 campaign completely silenced its opponents and convinced them of its wonderful excellence and elasticity. By this reorganization, the reorganization of 1859 as it is usually called, the first levy of the Landwehr was no longer to be sent into the field, and the standing army, including the reserves, was to be increased by as many men as the

first levy of the Landwehr formerly provided; in fact to be nearly doubled. The time of service in the Landwehr was diminished by two years, and that in the reserve lengthened by two years. The Landwehr still remained in two levies, and so remained till after the 1866 war, but, composed only of men from 27 to 38 years of age, was to be confined chiefly to garrisoning fortresses in case of war.

By this revised organization a recruit who joins the Prussian service serves for three years—from 20 to 23—in the regular army, for five years afterwards in the reserve, and for eleven years is liable to be called up for duty as a Landwehr man.

During the campaign of 1866 the elasticity of this organization, although not quite thoroughly carried out, was clearly manifested. In a wonderfully short time large armies were placed on a war footing and brought about 260,000 combatants into the field of battle, besides the necessary detachments which must be made by a large army to cover communications and mask fortresses. But the detachments made from the Prussian army were very small compared to those which would have to be separated from an army organized on a different system, for, as the field-army advanced, depôt troops moved up in rear, while some of the Landwehr came up from Prussia and formed the garrisons of Saxony, Prague, Brunn, and other points on the lines of communication. While the armies of the Crown Prince, Prince Frederick Charles, and of the Elbe were being thus supported in Bohemia, Moravia, and Saxony, Falkenstein, with a few line regiments and a Landwehr force drove the war forwards on the Main; and the Duke of Mecklenburg with another reserve corps acted against Bavaria. In Prussian territory itself Landwehr battalions held all the garrisons, and under their shelter recruits were drilled and more Landwehr embodied to march forward into the conquered countries. The armies which were in front of Vienna, at Olmütz, and on the road to Munich did not form a thin front line which once broken or turned could have been driven back even to the Elbe. Their rear was guarded and supported by large forces of strong and firm battalions lately embodied, but from their nature quickly trained, and composed of well-grown old soldiers, who were thirsting to be sent against the enemy, and on whose well-knit frames disease or hardship of war could make little impression.

This organization was found so effective in 1866 that its principles were not altered even in view of a war with France, except that any distinction between the two levies of Landwehr was abolished. The proportion of cavalry was increased, and it was determined that in future the depôt squadrons should be maintained in time of peace. The artillery was entirely armed with breech-loading guns.

Nor after the war with France were the broad principles of the organization altered. The armament of the infantry was changed, and the old needle-gun discarded. Various tactical improvements have been considered, and it is said that the result of their adoption will be to give cavalry a more active part on the field of battle in future wars than it has latterly enjoyed.

Though the portion of the organization which refers to the recruiting of the army and the filling up of the ranks for war has had much to do with the success of the late German campaigns, that portion which relates to the combination of the soldiers in pliable bodies, which can be easily handled and easily moved, yet formed in such due proportions of the different arms as to be capable of independent action, has been highly appreciated by those who with its assistance have gained such weighty results. This portion of the military organization of the Prussian army is so simple that every man in the ranks can understand it. Jealous of expense in time of peace, it allows for a wide expansion without hurry or confusion on the outbreak of war. It provides at the same time for the broadest questions and most minute details, and is precisely defined, yet admits of much elasticity. The German army consists of a certain number of corps d'armée of troops of the line, and of one corps d'armée of the guard. Each corps is organized so as to form a perfectly complete little army of itself, and thus without inconvenience it can be detached from the main army at any time. Each corps of the line in time of war consists of two divisions of infantry, one battalion of rifles, one battalion of engineers, one division of cavalry, sixteen batteries of artillery, and a military train. Each division is composed of two brigades, of which each has two regiments. As each regiment contains three battalions, in a division of infantry there are twelve battalions. To every infantry division is also attached one regiment of cavalry of four squadrons (the depôt squadrons being left at home), and one division of artillery of four batteries, making a total strength of force under the command of every infantry divisional general of twelve battalions, four squadrons, and four batteries, with either a rifle or engineer battalion, and mustering in round numbers 15,000 combatants.

A cavalry division consists of two brigades, each containing two regiments, and as every regiment has in time of war four squadrons

with headquarters, the division consists of sixteen squadrons, with two batteries of horse artillery attached to it.

The reserve artillery of the corps, which is now in accordance with the latest Prussian tactics always early pushed into action, consists of one division of field artillery with four batteries, two batteries of horse artillery, and an artillery train for the supply of ammunition.

This gives the normal strength of a corps d'armée as twenty-four battalions of infantry, one battalion of engineers, one battalion of rifles, twenty-four squadrons of cavalry, and sixteen batteries of artillery. Besides this, each corps has an engineer train for the transport of bridge material, and a large military train which carries food, hospitals, medicines, fuel, bakeries, and all the other necessaries, of not only life, but of the life of an army, the members of which not only require the same feeding, clothing, and warming as other members of the human race, but must have bullets, powder, shot, shells, and saddlery for their horses, and from the nature of their life are more liable to require medicines, bandages, and supplies of hospital necessaries than other men.

If we do not consider non-combatants in calculating the number of soldiers who actually fall in the line of battle, every battalion may be considered to consist of 1000 men on a war footing. Thus the force of infantry and engineers in a corps numbers over 26,000, and allowing for men absent through sickness, may in round numbers be calculated at that figure. Each squadron of cavalry may be calculated at 150 mounted men. Each division of four batteries of horse artillery brings into the field about six hundred combatants, and each of field artillery the same. The guard corps differs chiefly from the line corps in having an additional rifle battalion, an additional fusilier regiment, and two additional cavalry regiments, which raises its strength to about, in round numbers, 36,000 combatants.

Besides these men who actually take part in action, there is a large force of men, horses, and carriages returned on the rolls, additional to the actual number of men engaged in the field of battle. This force represents the moving power of the combatant branches. It is this force that supplies the fighting men with food and equipment when well, attends to them when wounded, and nurses them in hospital. Nor are these the only duties of the non-combatant branches. An army on a campaign is a little world of itself, and has all the requirements of ordinary men moving about the world, besides having an enemy in its neighborhood who attempts to oppose its progress in every way possible. When the line of march leads to a river where a bridge has been destroyed, another must be built, and a heavy bridge train must necessarily be present with an army, as well as the light trains with corps. When the camp is established, field-bakeries must be immediately formed to feed the troops, field-telegraphs and field-post-offices must be established for the rapid transmission of intelligence, and a large staff must be provided for, as the mainspring which sets all the works in motion.

The supply of ammunition is also an important matter. When we consider that 200 rounds can be fired away by each gun in a general action, that every infantry soldier can at the same action dispose of 120 rounds of ball cartridge, and that these must be all replaced immediately, we see what an enormous number of carriages, with horses and drivers, are required for the transport of ammunition. We can also see that outside of the line of battle there must be medical men, their assistants and apothecaries, and within it, and under fire, there must be ambulance wagons and stretchers to bear away the wounded.

We have seen that the ordinary corps d'armée may be estimated at 31,000 or 30,000 combatants on a war footing, that of the guard at 36,000, without taking into account the large artillery and engineer trains which are requisite when an army undertakes the siege of any considerable fortress. This strength of a German corps may be regarded in war as constant. The guard corps in peace is chiefly quartered at Berlin and at Potsdam, but is recruited from men of a certain standard from the whole Empire. Each corps of the line in time of peace is stationed in one of the provinces. Its recruits are obtained from that province, and its Landwehr are the men of the province who have served in the regular ranks and the reserve, and have been dismissed from actual service. They are subjected, if required, to an annual course of training. The provinces to which the different corps belong are:—1. Prussia Proper; 2. Pomerania; 3. Brandenburg; 4. Prussian Saxony; 5. Posen; 6. Silesia; 7. Westphalia; 8. Rheinland; 9. Schleswig-Holstein; 10. Hanover; 11. Hesse; 12. Kingdom of Saxony. The Grand Duchy of Hesse and Kingdom of Wurtemburg each form a division; the Kingdom of Bavaria two corps, and two corps are also formed from Alsace and Lorraine.

In peace everything is always kept ready for the mobilization of the army in case of

war. Every officer of every department knows during peace what will be his post and what will be his duty the moment the decree for the mobilization is issued, and the instant that decree is flashed by telegraph to the most distant stations, every one sets about his necessary duty without requiring any further orders or explanations.

Every commanding general mobilizes his own corps d'armée. The Intendantur, very similar in name but totally different in system from the French Intendance, mobilizes the whole of the branches of the administration services. The commandants of the fortresses which are ordered to be placed in a state of defence take their own measures for strengthening the fortifications, and for obtaining from the artillery depôts the guns necessary for arming the works. All orders are sent by telegraph, or, where telegraphic communication does not exist, by mounted orderlies. The mobilization of the whole army is soon complete in every branch. On the opening of the war in 1870 the army was mobilized in twelve days, and subsequent improvements have now reduced the time so much that the troops can now be ready to take the field in five days from the moment of the issue of the decree for mobilization.

The completion of the rank and file of the field troops to war strength is effected by drawing in some of the reserve soldiers, who supply one-half of the total war strength of the infantry, one-third of that of the artillery, and one twenty-fifth of that of the cavalry. The cavalry, on account of being maintained in high force during peace, has of course a superabundance of reserve soldiers available on a mobilization, but these, after the men required for the cavalry have been drawn from them, are handed over to the artillery and military train. Thus these services obtain many valuable soldiers well accustomed to mounted duties. The reserve soldiers are called up by orders transmitted through the commanding officer of the Landwehr of the district in which they live, who can avail himself of the services of the provincial and parochial authorities, to facilitate the delivery of these orders. To obtain horses quickly the Government has the power, if it cannot buy them readily from regular dealers, to take a certain number from every district, paying for them a price which is fixed by a mixed commission of military officers and of persons appointed by the civil authorities of the district.

On mobilization each regiment of field artillery forms nine ammunition columns, in each of which are wagons to carry reserve ammunition for infantry, cavalry, and artillery. These columns are kept entirely distinct from the field batteries, the officers of which are justly supposed to have enough to do in action in superintending their own guns without being hampered with the supply of cartridges to the cavalry and infantry.

Every battalion of engineers forms a column of wagons to carry intrenching tools, and also a pontoon train and a light field bridge train, all of which are kept ready during peace.

Every corps is mobilized on paper once a year; portions of it are actually mobilized every two or three years.

The army is so formed in peace that in war its field forces can be ready to march in a few days. An important organization remains behind, by which the gaps opened in the ranks by battle or pestilence are filled up.

In a large army even of young healthy men ordinary sickness prevents the troops maintaining their normal strength for a single day. Marches, hardships, and fatigues, to which a soldier is exposed before even a shot is fired, increase these natural absentees. As soon as an action takes place a long list is added to the hospital roll, and the evening sees in the ranks many gaps which were filled in the morning by strong soldiers, now lying torn, mangled, or dead on the field. The dead are gone forever: they are so much power out of the hands of the general; nor can an army wait till the wounded are cured and again able to fire a rifle or wield a sabre. Means must be taken to supply the deficiencies as quickly as possible, and what such deficiencies are may be seen from the German statistics which show that at the end of a year's war 45 per cent. of the infantry, 20 per cent. of the cavalry, artillery, and engineers, and 12 per cent. of the military trains are lost to the service and have to be supplied anew.

To supply the places of these ineffective wounded or dead men, and for forwarding substitutes to the active army, depôts are formed so soon as mobilization takes place. These depôts consist of one depôt battalion for each infantry regiment, one depôt company for each battalion of rifles and engineers, and a depôt division for the artillery of each corps. A depôt squadron for each regiment of cavalry already existed in time of peace. These depôts remain in their barracks and supply all vacancies in the corps to which they belong. It is laid down that one-half of the men of each depôt should be reserve soldiers, who, already acquainted with their drill, can be sent up to the front at the first need. As a rule, four weeks after the field-army has marched, the first supply of men is forwarded from the depôts to the battalions in the field.

This first supply consists of one-eighth of the yearly loss given above, and on the first day of each succeeding month a fresh supply is forwarded. If a serious battle is fought, special supplies are sent at once to make up the losses of the troops that have been engaged.

Thus, when the German army is preparing to fight a battle in an enemy's country, supplies of men are already coming up in anticipation of the losses which the action will cause. To prevent the field forces being weakened by detachments, the lines of communication are guarded by the Landwehr, who are pushed up in the rear to assume these duties.

All these fighting men, with their necessary followers and necessary transport animals, every day must be provided with food. At the time of the investment of Paris the German armies in France must have numbered at least a million of men, a population as large as that of the fourth part of London. It would be a bold man who would undertake to supply one-fourth of the population of London with to-morrow's food—a bolder still who would undertake the task if this portion of the population should move bodily to-morrow to St. Alban's and would require to have the meat for their dinner delivered to them the moment they arrived, and who without railway transport agreed to keep the same crowd daily provided with food, and moving at the same rate until they arrived at Edinburgh.

In the German army the system of food supply is excellent, and though in France the number of men to be supplied numbered about fifty times as many as the British force in the Crimea, yet no hitch occurred and no undue strain or anxiety was thrown upon general officers.

And justly so, for a general in command of an army has to do much more than merely give food to his men. He has, besides the ordinary difficulties of such a task, to calculate upon bad roads, weary horses, breaking wagons, the attacks of an enemy's cavalry; he has not only to get food for the troops, but in many cases he has to provide it in the first place, he has to keep his magazines constantly stocked, to increase the amount of transport in exact proportion as his troops advance, to feed not only the fighting men but all the men who are employed in carrying provisions to the combatants, to find hay and corn for the horses of the cavalry, for the horses of the infantry, and for the horses of the transport wagons, and to arrange beforehand so that every man and horse shall halt for the night in close proximity to a large supply of good water. When the enemy is in front, and any moment may bring on an action, a general has little time to turn his mind to the organization of a system of supply. Then he must sift intelligence, weigh information, divine his adversary's intentions almost before they are formed, prepare a parry for every blow, and speed a thrust into any opening joint of his antagonist's army. The means of supplying troops ought to be given readily into the hands of a general; they should be all arranged and organized beforehand, so that he has but to see that they are properly administered and made use of. It is done in Germany. The Intendantur arranges and mobilizes the transport which follows the army in the field. This transport is exclusive of the wagons of each battalion, the artillery and engineer trains, and the field telegraph divisions, and is divided under two heads. One portion is kept for the use of the commissariat branch, and is retained solely for the supply of food to men; the second portion carries the medicines and hospital necessaries for the sick and wounded, together with the means of carrying disabled men, food for horses, stores to supply magazines, and all articles that have to be transported except munitions of war and regimental equipment. Five provision columns of thirty wagons each are provided for each corps, and carry three days' provisions for every man. As soon as the wagons which carry the first day's supply are emptied they are sent off to the magazines in the rear and replenished, and must be up again to supply the fourth day's food, as in the two days' interval the other wagons will have been emptied. As it is easier to carry flour than bread in these wagons, each corps is accompanied by a field-bakery. As the army advances, the magazines to supply these wagons must advance also, and means must be provided for keeping the magazines full. The collection of food in such magazines entails an enormous amount of transport, which is obtained by hiring wagons and carts from the country where the war is being carried on, or from the countries near to it. Wagons hired in the country are also used for carrying forage for the horses of the cavalry and artillery from the magazines to the front, for the provision columns only carry food for the men.

The trains which accompany the medical department of a corps consist of three heavy hospital trains and twelve light divisional hospital trains. Each light train carries medicines and ambulances for 200 sick. Each corps has also three detachments of sick bearers, who on the day of battle are divided among the troops. Each battalion has sixteen men told off as assistant sick bearers, who

carry out the men to the rear; no other men are allowed to quit the ranks under fire.

The above is a sketch of the general system on which the German army is normally organized. How such an army is worked in the field, and how its resources are made available, and how it achieves the objects for which it has been mobilized, must depend in a great measure upon the skill of the general to whose direction it is entrusted. What an army so organized can effect when its motions are guided by a skilful hand, the rapid victories of late campaigns have abundantly testified.

When all is so smooth, so elastic, so easily worked and so economical in the German system, it may be naturally asked why do not we in England, instead of blindly groping in endeavors to obtain some workable military organization, adopt the Prussian system in its entirety?

The answer must be that our circumstances are different and our requirements dissimilar. In England we have no compulsory military service. German military administrators have to provide for no Indian or Colonial reliefs, no garrisons of Mediterranean fortresses, and no guards for foreign coaling stations or dockyards where a large navy and an enormous mercantile marine may replenish, repair or refit. Compulsory universal service was adopted in Prussia under most extraordinary and peculiar circumstances. It has also been adopted in France under the pain and humiliation of a great national disaster. It is also much more easy to maintain a system of universal military service in a poor agricultural country than it would be in a rich manufacturing country. Even in Germany within late years it has been whispered that in certain instances it has been found impossible to enforce military service upon manufacturers who employ a large amount of labor, who assert that if they are forced into the ranks nobody else can manage their business, and the whole of their operatives must be thrown out of work and become dependent upon the poor rates.

It must be borne in mind, too, that the demands of the German system are being constantly avoided, even in that country, by the emigration of men liable to be drafted into the ranks. To such an extent has emigration reached, and so much has it militated against recruiting, that the Government has seriously contemplated the idea of putting a stop to it by force. In this country emigration in case of universal military service would probably be more rapid and more largely resorted to even than in Germany.

In both Germany and France, for the alleviation of the wealthier middle classes, it has been found necessary to institute an exceptional system, by which lads richer than the ordinary conscript are allowed, on condition of supplying their own equipment, to compound for the liability to military service through serving for one year as volunteers in the ranks. It can hardly be denied that to establish universal compulsory military service in England under present circumstances, and, except under the influence of some terrific disaster, would be impossible, nor would it be desirable. The cost of maintaining a voluntary army, however large, would be cheap in comparison with the indirect taxation that would be thrown on the country by taking away the whole of its manhood for a certain number of years to serve in the ranks. Nobody can calculate what the cost of such a taxation would amount to, but we may rest assured that it is certainly much cheaper for the country at large to pay for voluntary soldiers even at a very high rate, than it would be to suffer the discomfort and the inconvenience, the loss of time and loss of money, which would accrue through the introduction of universal military service.

When voluntary soldiers cannot be obtained at any price which the revenue can afford, it will be time sufficient to consider the adoption of universal conscription in our island. This time seems far distant, for at present recruits are obtained to a certain degree, even when they are offered neither the average wages nor the average prospects of the civil community.

The cost of universal service to a nation cannot be measured only by the direct loss that it brings to the country in which it is carried out. Its remote disadvantages are also manifold. As every man must serve in the army whatever his rank or station of life may be, those men who have the intelligence and means to become officers prefer to serve in the commissioned ranks rather than among the rank and file. Hence all the best brains in the country are driven to become officers. The men who in England would become judges, lawyers, surgeons, or civil engineers, are driven into the army, and men of energy and enterprise, finding that they are likely to rise, remain in the army. Hence civil professions only obtain those who find the army does not offer them a field for advancement, and it says much for the indomitable patience, capability, and self-denial of the German race, when it is considered how much good work has been done by German philosophers, German men of science, and German authors.

It is an accepted axiom everywhere that it is every man's duty to defend his country,

but it by no means follows that he can defend his country more ably and more usefully in person than in purse. When we consider the enormous wealth of this country, the great trade and commerce that it possesses, and the terrible calamity that would fall upon us in case of a successful invasion by an enemy, it cannot but be considered that the 17 millions per annum paid for the maintenance of the army and 10 millions paid for the support of the navy are ludicrously small premiums for the immense amount of national wealth the security of which is insured thereby.

The conditions of our country are so different from Germany and from France, the nature of our society is so dissimilar, that it is most undesirable for a British military administrator to plagiarize the German system. No doubt in certain points it would be an advantage if it were imitated, but it would seem that one of the reasons of the uncertainty and inconsistency which characterize our military organization is due to the fact that a blind attempt has been made to follow too literally the German rule, without sufficient regard to the broad principles and wide considerations on which the German system was originally founded.

It appears, too, that in the attempts at military administration made since the time of the Crimean war, we have been groping in the dark because, instead of considering in the first place what our military requirements are, and what amount of force should be maintained, we have been constantly endeavoring to cut down our requirements to meet the capabilities of the very incongruous and heterogeneous forces that we find ready to hand. Whatever may be the different views held by persons conversant with the military interests of our country, there are certain points which cannot be disputed. No one will deny that we must maintain sufficient troops to provide a garrison for India, a garrison for our colonies, proper guards for the naval coaling stations, and a certain force at home to provide recruits and reliefs for the above, as well as to protect the country itself from an attempt at an invasion. Few will deny that if these requirements are properly provided for, a larger regular force must be maintained than at present. More recruits are required than are at present called for. Even now, however, there is a difficulty in obtaining recruits, and it appears that a great portion of this difficulty arises from a too close attempt having been made to imitate the German system of recruiting.

An officer who had accompanied the German army during the war of 1870–71 in France, and was subsequently attached to the War Office, was in 1871 called upon for his views with regard to the adoption of short service in the British army, which was then being considered by Mr. Cardwell, the Secretary of State. He then submitted a plan for recruiting, which it is believed was favorably regarded by Lord Northbrook, then Under-Secretary for War, but was, although carefully considered, not adopted by the Secretary of State. No reasons appear since to have arisen to modify the views then advanced. Subsequent events have rather tended to strengthen them, and possibly if the plan then submitted had then been carried out, some of the difficulties with regard to recruiting which have since arisen might have been avoided.

It then appeared, as it does now, that neither this country nor any country can afford to maintain the whole of its fighting men constantly in the ranks in time of peace, if those fighting men are in time of war to be numerically sufficient to throw any appreciable weight into the scale of a war carried on by armies of the magnitude which can now be placed in the field by continental powers. Hence some system of short service is necessary by which a certain number of men may be passed through the ranks, or at least fairly drilled in time of peace, and be available to be called up for service in time of war. Common sense, however, dictates what experience has proved, that it must be impossible to obtain by voluntary enlistment men who for five or six years will consent to give up their civil occupations to serve for that time in the army, and then return to civil life, without pension, without provision, having lost all knowledge of trade and means of livelihood.

Short service under a system of voluntary enlistment must be very short, and the shorter the service in the ranks of the men who are passed to the reserve, the larger must be the number of old soldiers kept with the colors, to give stability and mobility to the battalions when the reservists rejoin.

It seems clear also that the shorter the service of any portion of the men who would be called into the ranks in case of war the more necessary must it be that non-commissioned officers should be trustworthy and experienced, and this is more necessary in the British army than in any other. For the idea of the adoption of universal military service in this country is totally out of the question, and with non-commissioned officers must in consequence be left more than any other country the details of minor control and regimental discipline. The classes from which the British officer is drawn must be to a cer-

tain extent wealthy, for the examination demanded before a commission can be obtained requires a costly education, and, practically considered, the pay received by a subaltern is nothing. Young men can hardly be expected to provide a considerable income upon which to live in the army, and to submit in time of peace to a great deal of drudgery and discomfort, for the mere pleasure of being called officers. If the details of company-economy and regimental life are not left in some measure to the non-commissioned officers, it appears certain that gradually the moneyed and easy classes will be weaned from the army, and thus not only will men eminently valuable in time of war be lost to the service, but a serious political danger may arise. The tendency of the army will be to become a military caste and military class, unconnected with the property of the country, eager for active change, prone to revolution, greedy for war, dangerous to Government and to civil liberty.

It seems also to be necessary in this country that men should be recruited younger than in Germany, where no recruit is taken under 20 years of age. In Germany every man must serve for three years. If a man is enlisted at 20 and set free at 23 he is in no worse position than his comrades who have lost those three years of civil life, but in England a man who served from the age of 20 to 23 and then returned to civil life would find himself three years behind the boys who had been at-school with him, and would have lost three years in learning his trade and acquiring connections. Hence it appears that it would be advantageous in this country to enlist recruits at the age of 17 for a period of three years, that during these three years recruits should be retained at the depôts or with home battalions, but should not be sent on foreign service. Those who had no taste for military life might be permitted as soon as they had learned their drill to pass into the reserve and to depart to their homes, and in this way no excuse for desertion would be given. Those who passed satisfactorily the ordeal of the three years' preliminary training, and were approved by their commanding officers, might be re-enlisted for a period of nine years, which would allow sufficient time to provide for Indian and Colonial reliefs, and at the end of the second term of nine years' service, those who were approved by the commanding officers, and certainly non-commissioned officers, should be allowed to re-enlist for a further period of nine years, to complete twenty-one years' service and obtain a pension. One of the inducements for the introduction of short service in England was the prospect of the abolition of the pension-list, and no doubt it must be exceedingly provoking to a Minister of War to see the large amount of money which has to be annually voted for non-effective service. Still it does not seem possible that in this country we can expect to obtain the services of men for twenty-one years, and then throw them off without any provision for the latter portion of their days. Such is not the case in civil life; no Government office, no commercial organization, could expect to be well served if it retained its servants for twenty-one years and then sent them away without any provision. Nor even in Germany, where universal and compulsory service is an integral portion of the law of the land, are men after any long service dismissed from the ranks without some provision being made for them. This provision does not always take the form of a money pension, but appointments in the post-office, in the forests, in the telegraph department, and in the whole of the civil service of the State, are filled from the ranks of veteran non-commissioned officers or soldiers.

Events have apparently justified these views, for at the present time it cannot be doubted that one reason of the difficulty in obtaining satisfactory recruits for our army in satisfactory numbers is the fact that numbers of men are wandering about the country as tramps who were only too willing to remain in the army, but have been dismissed after five or six years' service, and are now unable to obtain the means of livelihood, having forgotten their trade while with the colors, and are crowding the casual wards, especially in the southern counties of England, without clothes, without shoes, and without food. What encouragement can there be for a young man from a Hampshire village to enlist, when he sees almost daily men who have been soldiers, and have been dismissed from the colors for no fault and would still be willing to serve, begging for crusts of bread, in a state of abject destitution and misery?

It would appear very desirable that before further attempts are made to consider the details of our military system, some broad principles should be arrived at on which the forces required for the purposes of the country should be fixed; and, if possible, some finality should be given to this decision. If we could once settle what the functions of the army are to be, what force should be maintained in India, in the Colonies, and at our naval coaling stations, what depôts should be maintained, what reserves created, and what troops should always be available at home, how to obtain the number of men to fulfil our requirements would be merely a question of money. It seems, indeed, extraordinary that

some substantial system of military organization has not already been adopted in this country. In no country in the world is there such a military feeling as in England. Few countries could maintain such a large voluntary army as is maintained by us, even in the teeth of the Indian climate and Colonial service, as well as a great force of militia, volunteers, and yeomanry. When we consider the large number of armed men who by their own free will are borne on the muster-rolls, it must be seen that the military spirit of the country at large is magnificent. Yet this large number of men is certainly not anything like sufficient, under its present organization, to perform the work which in a few days may be demanded of it.

If we examine the mere paper returns of the military forces of the British Crown we find them, if not indeed formidable, at least eminently respectable. The regular army, on an average of the last ten years, presents a round total of 190,000 men. The army reserve is now about 30,000 strong, and the militia 140,000, of whom some 25,000 are in the militia reserve; and there are also about 180,000 enrolled volunteers. Thus we hold over half a million of men armed for the defence of the Empire.

But if we analyze the actual combatant strength, and the distribution of this force, the result is by no means so satisfactory. Of the 190,000 regulars more than 92,000 are abroad, 24,000 are recruits of less than one year's service; thus the effective strength at home of trained regular soldiers is reduced to about 70,000. The army reserve has answered well when lately called upon, but allowing for sickness and casualties it can hardly be reckoned at more than 25,000. Of the militia 28,000 men are deficient from the paper strength, and this branch is thereby reduced to 110,000. Of these, 25,000 are in the militia reserve, and nearly 16,000 are annually absent from training, thus reducing the force to 69,000, and of these 25,000 are undrilled recruits, so that the whole available militia strength is only about 45,000 men, and these are not thoroughly trained soldiers.

This shows that even if the regular troops and the army reserve could all be placed in the first line, that line would only consist of 95,000 men and with the available militia and militia reserve in the second line, that line would only consist of 60,000 men. If war broke out, our first care must be to complete the garrisons of our foreign fortresses and of our coaling stations, which at the present time are most inadequately furnished with troops. The fortresses of Malta, Gibraltar, Aden, and Bermuda, would require at least 20,000 men. The coaling stations, exclusive of India, would require at least 10,000. India, in time of trouble, might ask at least for a re-enforcement of 10,000 men. So that of our total effective strength of 155,000, 40,000 would be at once required for foreign service. It would be rash to presume, after allowing for sickness, emigration, and absentees, that we could hold efficient in this country 100,000 men for active warfare. As the militia are not liable to serve abroad, the 40,000 men for foreign service must be found from the regular army and the reserve; and when they had been forwarded to their destination, we should be left with but 55,000 regular troops to furnish the garrisons at home and find a field force. Of these at least 5000 would be required for each of the fortresses of Plymouth, Portsmouth, Dover; at least 10,000 for the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland; so that we must be left with no more than 30,000 regular troops to defend the roads to the metropolis or strike a blow against an enemy. Indeed, our imperfect organization would allow us at the moment of a supreme crisis only to place in the field the exact strength of one German army corps.

Nor is this the worst. Even this small force of 30,000 would take weeks to mobilize. We have no plan for obtaining horses, no transport worthy of the name, no ammunition columns, a mere tiny pontoon train, no organized hospital trains, and no prepared siege train. The militia are very partially trained. The volunteers are not equipped so as to be able to take the field for twenty-four hours, and even if they were thoroughly efficient, neither they nor the militia have either cavalry or field artillery to accompany them. Thus our grand paper total of half a million of men must dwindle, under the pressure of the imminence of actual war, down to a real strength of 30,000 soldiers, unprovided and unprepared for war.

If we had always ready at Aldershot a corps of 30,000 men, of trained soldiers fully mobilized to take the field at a few days' notice, our case would not be so bad. Such a force could speedily send away troops fit to conduct a South African campaign without disgrace, or if we were attacked at home, could gain for us time to mobilize other troops. The cost of the maintenance of such a corps would be very small in comparison with the risk to which its absence exposes us. Not that those who deeply consider and carefully weigh our country's needs, and the firm security of our fatherland, should be content with such a force alone. Defensive war is always very dangerous. The fencer who ever guards, without making a thrust in return, must have

his guard broken down in time. So it is with nations. A country to be really secure must be able to carry war into its enemy's country. In 1870 Berlin was not covered or defended on the banks of the Elbe but on the hills of Alsace. If we are to be secure we must not even be satisfied if we have an organization which may allow us to fight a battle on the downs of Hampshire or the rolling hills of Surrey.

That there is a great military spirit alive in this country is evident from the large numbers of our voluntary forces. If these 500,000 men were all efficient, if they were all ready to go anywhere and do anything, we should have a force of at least fifteen corps d'armée, which would be a potent factor in any European war. But these men are not efficient nor ready. It is clear that of all this great host only about 30,000 men could be placed in the field after several weeks of preparation. Some Scharnhorst or Von Roon is needed to breathe life into the dead bones of our military organization.

Nor is the number of men that we can place in the field on short notice merely an interesting speculative problem. The fortunes, the happiness of all of us, of our wives and our children, depend upon our powers of defence. I yield to no man in earnest desire for quiet, in wish for the spread of peace and goodwill among nations. I also yield to no man in sincere desire to see our criminal classes reformed and our burglars and murderers reclaimed. But till I see some solid assurance that Bill Sikes and his associates are about to abandon the jemmy for the trowel and exchange the revolver for the loom, I do not intend to give up bars to my doors nor bolts to my windows, nor join in an agitation for the abolition of the police, although their maintenance entails upon me a certain contribution to the local rates. The same motives prompt my views as a citizen and as a householder. I would gladly see all necessity for armies disappear, but until they do so I cannot conceal from myself that I live in a country peculiarly open to attack and invasion, and must be ever anxious that our means for resisting attack and invasion may be adequate.

I cannot fail to see, as any man who will look into the matter must see, that London is an open town, that Woolwich is our only arsenal, that our army is unfit for the duties expected of it, and that if an invader could land even two corps d'armée on our southern or eastern shores, a few forced marches must place him in a favorable position to put the Bank of England under an embargo, to set in a blaze the vast forest of shipping that lies below London Bridge, to seize Woolwich and forbid any manufacture of arms or equipment, and to dictate any terms of peace that might seem suitable to him.

Surely this is not a position in which a country that aspires to be great, that considers itself to be great, should be content to remain. I grant that to land unexpectedly two corps d'armée on the English coast would be a matter of great difficulty, but it is not impossible. The troops, once landed, could supply themselves from the country, which there would be no time to lay waste, and need carry nothing but their ammunition with them. The risk would be serious, but the results of success would be enormous, and for such a splendid prize a heavy stake might justly be played. A filibustering expedition through Sussex or Essex, past Chelmsford or Reigate to St. James's and Cheapside, would be much more glorious and far more lucrative than an occupation of Tunis or a descent on Tamatave. What would be the result to England of the success of such an enterprise? Would not the ransom of London be calculated on the most liberal and exhaustive scale? The cession of our fleet, the abolition of our army, the yielding up of our Mediterranean fortresses, and the severance of our Colonies might all be demanded, and perforce yielded, were the capital of the country, the seat of the Government, the banking house of our wealth, and the mainspring of the Empire, but for a few short hours in the power of an enemy who extorted his terms under a threat of fire and bombardment, with his headquarters at Buckingham Palace and his siege train in Hyde Park.

Surely it is not too much to expect from the responsible advisers of the Crown, that such a catastrophe should be rendered as impossible as human foresight can make it. It is not much to ask that the supply and organization of our armed forces should be made truly efficient and workmanlike, that London and Woolwich should be girdled with forts so as to make them secure against a *coup de main*, that the garrisons of our coaling stations should be maintained of effective strength, that the militia should be truly a reserve, and not merely a paper auxiliary of the army, that the volunteers should be serviceable garrison troops for home defence, and that one corps should be always held on a war footing at Aldershot, ready to take the field at a few days' notice.

Careless and indifferent, we Englishmen have dallied long enough with the mighty problem of our national security. We alone of European nations appear blind to the fact that railways and telegraphs have entirely

revolutionized the progress of military events. Wars tend to be more and more sudden in their outbreak, more and more rapid in their incidents, and those who are not forearmed become every day more liable to be ignominiously surprised and abjectly laid low.—CAPT. H. M. HOZIER, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

THROUGH PORTUGAL.

THE passage from Southampton to Lisbon, by Royal Mail steamer *Elbe*, occupied three fine days and one rough night. My ideas of the Portuguese capital had been chiefly founded on a picture I used to look at as a child, representing it during the famous earthquake, of the houses falling asunder, and a great wave rising to swallow up the panic-stricken inhabitants. They were effectually dissipated by the sight of the pleasant, cheerful city, with its steep, picturesque streets, its good-humored, sauntering people, its gay hanging gardens, and, above everything, its tile-faced houses, a tradition from the time of the Moors. Most charming of all is the garden planted by Lord Lytton and bequeathed by him to his official successors. A "sentinel cypress" at its entrance keeps watch over a wilderness of roses, geraniums, mesembrianthemums, and pansies, covering the bare earth as completely as a Turkey carpet would do, but in all their disorder subordinate still to the hand that first laid down their limits. Here, also from an ivy-trellised walk, one may look down upon the broad river and its shipping.

Sight-seeing at Lisbon is not a hard task. Except the beautiful ruined Carmo, there is no church that makes much impression on the mind in the city. Out of it, some miles away, is the great memorial church of Belem. All the Purists find fault with it, but none of them can help being struck by its beauty. The original white stone of the exterior is stained by time and weather to such rich tints of buff, and brown, and black, that the eye rests on it with constant pleasure; and inside the high slender shafts make one look up beyond all the redundancy of decoration to the beautiful vaulted roof. The cloisters, even among Portuguese cloisters, are exquisite. In them we found a laughing, shrieking, tumbling mass of little black-eyed boys rushing after a miniature paper kite. They are orphan children kept in the old convent buildings, and apparently well cared for by the State.

Cintra has always been favored by the poets. Byron indexed its beauties; Southey celebrated it. When we left London, only a week before, the trees were still bare and flowers at an impossible price. Here we suddenly found ourselves, after the long bleak drive from Lisbon, in the midst of the cork woods, and on all sides such a mass of flowers as I had never seen growing together —cistus, and primrose, and iris, and gentian, and honeysuckle, and may, and broom, and cactus, and bramble, forming a tangled hedge. At Monseratt, where we stayed with the kindest of hosts, the plants of Brazil, Mexico, Australia, and the Pacific have also been naturalized, and palms and tree-ferns grow and flourish as if in their old homes. None of us speaking Portuguese, we engaged as guide a benevolent-looking old gentleman, a native of Gibraltar warranted to speak all languages and to know the country well. We afterwards came to the conclusion that whatever languages he may have spoken he understood none, and that he may have been acquainted with his native rock, but knew very little of any Portuguese town. Even his name we never arrived at knowing. One of our number said at last in despair, "Is it Antonio?" and he said "No, it is not; but you may call me so if you like." So we adopted it. He was very "'umble," however, and very anxious to please, and was only a little stupid and very deaf. Sometimes we vowed never to ask him another question, and then one of us would forget past sufferings and come to the attack again, as at Alcobaça, wishing to know if a cast had ever been taken of the beautiful tomb of Inez. "Has a cast been made from it?" "Oh, yes, plenty of photograph to buy." "No," very distinctly; "but I want to know if a cast of it has been taken in plaster of Paris." "No, no, it has never been to Paris." And the same night, when we were going to bed and wanted to order early breakfast for next morning, "You will order bread and eggs," "Oh, yes; I will go down for them at once!" "And can we have coffee and boiled milk?" "Boiled milk? Oh, yes, or fried, if you like!" He began by paying our way and giving gratuities in a magnificent style; and on our giving a hint that we expected him to consider our interests, he caused us to be held up to public odium before the inn-door at Batalha, with over-zeal refusing to pay the moderate sum of one shilling charged for milk, sugar, use of sitting-room, and tea-things. We remember the short-lived burst of economy when, a day or two later, instead of calling a fly to take us to the station, we found he had ordered a carriage driven by a liveried coachman and drawn by a pair of piebald horses,

for which magnificence we had to pay six shillings.

We had a very pleasant three-days' journey to Coimbra. We first went by rail to Azambuja, where a carriage drawn by mules met us, and we drove on to Circal. The day was bright and fine. As we left Azambuja we looked down on the soft green pillowy tops of a forest of stone-pines a little beneath us. The road was made cheerful by banks of mesembrianthemums, pink and yellow, and vineyards in which laborers were busily working in gangs. We lunched at Circal, then and henceforward finding the provisions we had been advised to bring with us, potted tongue and salmon, a superfluity, for it was easy to make a choice from excellent chicken-broth and boiled chicken, boiled beef, bacon, sausages, veal, little white cheeses tasting like curds, oranges, good bread, and good wine. The last, as well as good beef, we found everywhere. Mutton we never saw. I walked on some way while the mules were resting, and found the country on the other side of the village of a different type: mountain land covered with heath, and furze, and coarse grass—a deserted, lonely road. Presently we heard a distant wail, which rose to a shriek and died away, and then began again nearer, a prolonged sound of agony, reminding me of one stormy night in my childhood when we had lost our way coming home from G., and meeting a funeral in the darkness I had heard for the first time the weird "Irish cry." This, however, was only one of the wooden carts used by the peasants, forbidden in the towns, and to be avoided even in the country. The unearthly sound produced by them is prosaically accounted for by the slipping of the wheels along the wooden axle; though I hold to the belief that these carts are made of the very trees in which Dante saw the spirits of the condemned imprisoned, and that the shrieks and wails proceeding from this vehicle turned towards Coimbra come in reality from one of the tortured murderers of Inez de Castro.

The bare heath was varied as we drove on by olive-groves and gardens, the barren and the cultivated patches close one to the other. No country houses, no parks or preserves are to be seen, save in one place, where some nobleman—"the Duke" they called him—had built a high and solid wall round an apparently valueless and unprofitable piece of land, about nine miles in circumference. Such a wall, I remember, was built by a Galway landlord round his equally unprofitable territory, "as if he was afraid the estate would run away from him," our old huntsman observed. We found a lodging at Caldas, No. 9, in the main street, as there was no inn open—a clean, comfortable set of rooms. We were surprised on exploring the village to find it (though the season had not yet begun) a fashionable health resort. Hot sulphur water bubbles up, and over and around the spring have been built assembly and music-rooms, and a library and long corridors; and, what I was most impressed by, an hospital which holds four hundred beds, and in which the poor from all parts of the country seeking healing in the waters are lodged and provided for by the Government while they go through the cure. This, like most other Portuguese hospitals, is said to be very well managed. Caldas is also famous for its pottery; animals and fish and cabbage-heads are represented with much spirit and accuracy, and some of the ware is extremely pretty. Our space for luggage was unfortunately very limited, and I only ventured to buy a scarlet-and-green tomato, on the express understanding that I was to carry it in my hand all the way to Oporto. I rejoice to say it has survived the journey in spite of many gloomy prophecies. The village had a deserted look, though after dark strains of revelry were heard; and our landlady told us a ball was being given by the doctor in honor of his infant's baptism. The entertainment being "*particulare*," she regretted not being able to procure us invitations, but she would be happy, if we wished to look on, to provide us with a favorable position at the windows. She was a most charming hostess, anxious to make our meal agreeable, both by variety of dishes and an uninterrupted flow of talk, but little of which we understood. After the usual soup, and beef, and chicken, she brought in quince cheese, looking like sliced golosh, but very good to eat, and little sweet light cakes peculiar to the town. For food, lodging, wine, service, and all extras the usual charge was from four shillings to four shillings and sixpence each person—a country to be kept in mind by Irish landlords and *les rois en exil*.

The roads were gay early next morning when we started, for it was market-day, and the country people were flocking into the town, some driving their pigs, some riding donkeys with calf-skin saddles adorned with little red tassels; the women wearing high-crowned hats with bright handkerchiefs tied on underneath, and bright cotton shawls; the men brown and white striped blankets gracefully thrown over the shoulder, and in their hands long brass-tipped staves. Most of the women had large gold earrings, and some of them, in addition, gold chains and crosses and filigree heart-shaped pendants. We met presently a troop of fishwomen running at

full speed to catch the market, their baskets balanced on their heads. Their earrings were hoop-shaped, and their skirts short and tucked up, and they had embroidered purses hanging at the side. The fishermen we overtook a little later, going back towards the sea with their nets. All had time to touch their caps and say, "Good day," for civility to strangers is the rule in Portugal. Here and there were children minding goats under the shade of the olives. No idlers, no beggars were to be seen. At noon we came to Alcobaça, and walked through the town to the great abbey church of the Cistercians. The market was going on outside it. Gayly-dressed women presided over heaps of maize and oranges and eggs. Strings of donkeys were tied up by the wall. A scarlet-robed acolyte walked about amongst the people collecting alms. A broad flight of steps leads up to the great door. Inside all is very simple and grand—a vaulted roof, rows of slender columns, no pictures or tawdry decorations to be seen. Now and then, not very often, a woman would come in from the busy market-place and kneel to say a silent prayer. In a side chapel are the beautiful tombs of King Pedro and Inez, his unhappy bride, placed foot to foot, that her face may be the first to greet him on the Resurrection morn. Both tombs are sculptured with great beauty, especially that of the queen. Three angels kneeling on either side support her recumbent form, laying down her head gently, as it were, on the stone pillow. The tomb is covered with carvings—angels playing on various musical instruments are framed in delicate shrines; at the head and foot are represented the Crucifixion and the Day of Judgment. Other tombs in the chapel have suffered by the all-destroying hands of the French. We visited the convent where Beckford had lived, and saw its great tiled kitchen and its beautiful cloisters, and then went back to the inn to lunch, where we enjoyed above all a liberal dish of green peas—green still in our memories.

We drove on through pleasant fields and vineyards, catching sight now and then of the distant sea, and, suddenly coming to an open space through the trees, we saw before us the great memorial church of Batalha, the Battle Abbey of Portugal, its pinnacles and the delicate lace-work of its roof standing out against the clear blue sky. It stands quite alone, except for the handful of red-tiled houses that form the village, and from its roof you look down, not on the smoke and turmoil of human habitations, but on green fields and slopes, and olive-trees; and under its walls no troops of beggars, or pleasure-seekers, or chattering merchants disturb the stillness. One woman only I saw there, sitting near the door under the shade of a bright-colored umbrella, a heap of pottery at her feet for sale, and a donkey tied up close by, but her child had fallen asleep in her arms, and she did not move or speak. Inside, also, all was quiet, and we could enjoy its beauty—the long aisles, the endless columns, the exquisite cloisters, where the fantastic and varied stone traceries contrast with the quaint formal garden with its box-edged beds, in which are set roses, and peonies, and columbines. One beautiful chapel, the "Imperfeita," has been left unfinished because no hand could be found to complete the work in the spirit of its first designer. Where all is beautiful it is hard to dwell on details, but for its own beauty, and for its association with England, the chapel of the "Fondadores," where King Joao and his queen, Philippa of Lancaster, rest, is perhaps most full of interest. The form of the chapel is a square; the roof high and vaulted. In the centre stands a high sculptured tomb, on which are represented the recumbent figures of the king and queen, hand clasped in hand. The arms of England and of Portugal are carved underneath. In deep niches in the chapel-wall lie the remains of their four younger sons, and Englishmen may please themselves in tracing in the life of at least two of them the marks of their English blood—in Prince Henry, who loved the sea and taught others to love it, and sent out sailors to all parts of the globe seeking for new worlds, and thus laid the foundation of the great colonial empire of Portugal; and in Prince Ferdinand, who died in a dungeon after many years' captivity amongst the Moors, refusing to the last all offers of freedom and reward if he would but abjure the Christian faith. On the first of these tombs is sculptured the Order of the Garter surrounded by a wreath of ilex and the motto, "Talent de bien faire;" on the other a cross with foliage of the ground-ivy and the words, "Le bien me plait." The French have been here also burning and destroying, and doing as much harm as they could during the short time of their occupation. We learn that the church was founded in 1387 by the great King Joao soon after the fighting of the decisive victory which it commemorates, and that there is a doubt as to the architect employed, whether he was an Irishman, named Hacket or another. I am all for the Irishman, but hope he was not also reponsible for the idea of laying the foundations in this hollow, where the water lies when the winter floods begin. We tried to find out through Antonio, how high the water actually rises, but he would only wave his hand deferentially and say, as though he had been one of Canute's

courtiers, "As high as you please, sir." That night we slept at Leiria. The inn is over a stable, and one room looks out on a piggery and another on a fowl-yard.

We said farewell to our mules, and took the train again at Pombal, interesting chiefly from its association with the great last-century statesman of the same name. We look out from the railway carriage on level meadows, purple with vipers' bugloss, bordering the Mondego, and then across a bend of the river where it is broadest we see Coimbra, the Oxford of Portugal, an ancient and beautiful city, beautifully set on a hillside. Bare-headed, black-robed students fill the streets, and swarm in and out of the doors of the university. The streets are steep and narrow, and here and there are unexpected gardens and blossoming Judas trees. In the old cathedral the walls are covered with exquisite oval tiles of Moorish design, but the church of the Santa Cruz, built in the somewhat elaborate Flamboyant style, contains even greater treasures —the wonderful pulpit, a sermon in stone, with its canopied saints and delicate traceries perfect and uninjured; and the carved wooden stalls in the *coro alto*, a wilderness of wild fancies, where birds, and beasts, and fruit, and flowers, and armed men, and prisoners in chains, and a bear playing the bagpipes have been called into being. It is not often that one finds so many artistic treasures in a Portuguese church as here, but even in the barest are generally to be seen some quaint old tiles or carving, and in the sacristy chests adorned with fine brass work. This church is still more remarkable as having been the scene of one of the most singular, one might even say ghastly, incidents in Portuguese history. The site of the building was occupied by the ancient church which contained the tomb of that great Christian hero, Affonso Henriquez, the real founder of Portugal as a kingdom, and perhaps on the whole the most extraordinary man that the Peninsula has ever produced. We made a pilgrimage to the Garden of Inez outside the town, and the blood-stained (or at least blood-red) stones bordering the Fountain of Tears, close by which she met with her death. The grand old Goa cedars which shade it are better worth seeing. Our guide wished us also to visit the house in which Donna Maria Telles was murdered, but the spots where murders have been committed are not now so rare near our own home that we cared to look for them here.

One of our party had been so impressed on his last visit by the Gran Vasco pictures at Vizeu that we determined to see them. We took the train to Nellas, the nearest point to which the railway goes. We had no more definite idea of the length of road we should have to drive than a vague assertion of Antonio that it was "about two Portuguese legs." It turned out to be a three-hours' drive through a country more bleak and dreary than any we had yet seen. The rare houses along the road were dark and gloomy, built of solid blocks of granite, the vines gnarled and distorted, the trees dwarfed and mutilated, even the flowers, heather, and broom, and cabbage had lost their color, and looked wan and white. Nor did the out-look seem less weird and ghostly when next morning before day-break, and in drizzling rain, we drove through the country again, and when the only sign of life to be seen was here and there a peasant shuffling along under a thatch of sodden straw, the fashionable mackintosh of the district. But once at Vizeu we were rewarded. Vizeu stands at two thousand feet above the sea-level, in the bleak upland country we had passed through, a spur of the grandest of the many highland regions in Portugal, the Estrella Mountains. The city is granite built, and dates from very ancient days. The people in these fastnesses preserved their independence and their customs through Roman times, and in more modern ones the changes of fashion in dress, in manners, and in architecture are by no means as great as in places nearer to the heart of civilized movement. The peasants of these hills still wear the very primitive brown woollen garb in which their ancestors, the shepherd warriors who resisted the Roman Legionaries, lived and fought. In later times the Moors left traces of their habits and ways, which are still curiously impressive. Many of the windows in Vizeu houses are purely Moorish in design, and still show the single, slender, graceful column dividing the lights into two, and many are still latticed as in the days of guarded harems. From behind the prison bars the prisoners look out as in the days of Gil Blas, and talk to their friends in the market-place, and let down baskets to be filled with contributions of money, food, and cigarettes, for the Kilmainham system prevails, and the friends of the incarcerated are allowed to supply them with what delicacies they can afford. When at last we gained admission to the sacristy we recognized at once the great picture ascribed to the, perhaps, mythical Portuguese painter, Gran Vasco. It represents St. Peter seated in a chair of state, robed and mitred. His right hand is uplifted as in the act of blessing; the other, in which he holds the keys of the kingdom of heaven, rests on an open book; gorgeous drapery falls about his feet, and on his outer robe are pictured embroideries of ex-

quisite angel figures. In the background on one side the saint is seen kneeling at the feet of Jesus with the words, "Lord, whither goest thou?" On the other is a glimpse of the blue sea of Galilee and the boat from which he is throwing himself to meet his Master. There is no allusion to the flight or the denial. We see him only as the Rock, the Head of the Church. The expression of his face is solemn and grand—the whole picture full of dignity. We turned from it at last to look at others said to be by the same hand—the "Baptism in the Garden" and a "St. Sebastian." This last looked suspiciously fresh and bright; and an old gentleman, who was very politely acting as cicerone, explained with pride that being an artist, and some of the pictures out of repair, he had touched them up and effectually settled them; which, indeed, we thought he had. Three smaller pictures, of Flemish design, in the Misericordia, he had completely repainted. Some miracle has up to the present saved the "St. Peter" from his hands. In a side chapel is another fine picture of the Crucifixion, still untouched.

Another of the very few fine paintings in the country we saw a day or two later in the Misericordia Hospital at Oporto. It represents our Saviour on the cross. The blood flowing from his side typifies Christian charity, and is caught in a marble font inscribed, "Fons Misericordiæ." On either side of the Saviour are noble figures of the Virgin and St. John grandly draped. In the foreground is a group of adorers; in the forefront of all the kneeling figure of the King Emmanuel, founder of this important and still flourishing charitable institution, the Misericordia Hospital. To the right and left are the princes and princesses. A very curious incident of the picture curiously enables us to fix its date to a year or so. On the pavement before one of the princes, a boy of ten or eleven, is painted a cardinal's hat. As the boy was actually elevated to this dignity at the age of nine, we have but to add these years to the date of his birth to arrive at the date of the picture—it could have been no other than 1519 or 1520. The learned quarrel over this painting, some attributing it to an unknown Flemish artist, some to the mysterious Gran Vasco. If it was painted by a native artist I fancy he expired with the effort, like the aloe in blossoming, for he has left no other work resembling it.

But at Oporto one hears less of pictures than of port wine, in which every one is more or less interested. It is drunk universally, and in its favor be it said that gout is unknown. We visited a great warehouse, and saw white and red port pumped into vats and casks, saw interminable rows of pipes and hogsheads in the dim half-lights of the cellars, admired many curious Rembrantesque effects of light and shade, and gained miscellaneous items of information, such as that the white port goes to Russia, and some very expensive port to Manchester, and that the Army and Navy Stores have been buying a light and excellent port wine, which they ought to be able to sell at a moderate price. The crook in the lot of Oporto is the dreadful harbor-bar. A ship canal four miles long to avoid it has been planned, and is to be begun at once. No sooner, indeed, than it is wanted. We saw a steamer lying outside, where it had been for three days already, unable to get in. A bride and bridegroom were on board, and it must have been a trying beginning of their married life, tossing up and down just within sight of the calm winding river and the picturesque terraced town.

From Oporto we made our last excursion, and also our pleasantest, for we had put ourselves in the hands of "Mr John Latouche, whose charming book on Portuguese life leaves little to be said about the country. Mr. Baring, of the Legation at Lisbon, was also of the party. We went by rail to Braga, a fine old town, showing everywhere its proud double cross, implying the supremacy of its archbishop over the other archbishops of the land. The artist might be happy there for weeks, the old buildings and bits of architecture are so beautiful and the streets so picturesque. One little old church I remember especially, with "corvus" and a raven over the door, and roses growing against the wall. In the cathedral we saw the wonderful church plate, a goblet of exquisite workmanship hung with bells; and in a worm-eaten ivory case, dark from age, covered with curious carvings of leaves and animals, and with a Cufic inscription round it, a small platinum cup, heavy and massive, used, they say, at the christening (in 1109) of the great king Affonzo Henriquez. The tomb of Count Henriquez, his father, is in the cathedral, and has been made grotesque by the brilliant flash of economy which led his survivors to cut off the legs of the effigy rather than lengthen the niche prepared for it. But we must not speak of that while our own great Duke's monument remains in its present incomplete condition in St. Paul's.

Here at Braga we tasted the national "bacalhao" (dried cod) and green wine, the taste for both which may no doubt be acquired with time, patience, and perseverance.

We had arranged to sleep at Bom Jesus, a sanctuary we had vaguely heard of as being

on a height, and greatly resorted to by pilgrims. The tram, or Americano, took us to the foot of the hill, which rises suddenly from the plain, and getting out we saw what appeared to be a railroad going straight up into the air and disappearing in the clouds. The ascent by the old road, Mr. Crawfurd told us, would have taken an hour to drive, and though there is a staircase up to the top of the mountain, it is a tiring climb even for a strong man, but by this new invention, carried out by a Portuguese engineer, we could reach the top in four minutes. The process was very simple: there were two wagons on the line, going on cog wheels and connected by a wire rope, and in each wagon is a cistern. When the wagon at the bottom is to ascend, that at the top is filled with water and rolls slowly down as the other, being freed of its water, mounts. We all privately felt a little uncomfortable, though no one would confess it, as we got into the wagon, which was worked by a ragged man with a horn. My chief hope of safety lay in the fact of his coming up with us and so sharing our danger. A few minutes (very long ones)—in which we felt what balloon-travelling must be like and saw the lower earth receding—and then we stepped out prepared for anything, or we should have been startled by the fairy-like beauty of the scene. Jack, arriving at the topmost branch of his bean-stalk, may have felt similar sensations. We were in a garden exquisitely kept, and laid out with groups of flowering shrubs and trees and ornamental water in which floated pleasure boats, and we saw endless labyrinthine walks, and here and there open chapels filled with motionless wooden figures, and oak woods on all sides; and wherever there was an opening through the trees we saw the earth beneath and the distant mountains, and far, far below us the town we had left an hour before, looking like a boy's kite full at the far end, and with its long narrow tail stretching towards our hill. All was silent and deserted, for the month of pilgrimage had not begun. And our last surprise was a good hotel, spacious and airy, where we found an excellent dinner and luxurious beds. Our spirits were sobered next morning when we made the descent in teeming rain, and drove into Guimaraes, famed for plums and cutlery. It was May-day, and the houses and some of the bullock-carts we passed were adorned with sprigs of broom, for the confusion of witches. The rain was not so heavy when we reached Guimaraes, and we were able so admire the beautiful door of the cathedral, and the canopied market cross. The organ was being played inside the cathedral, and a first glance into it was dazzling, for the aisles were filled with kneeling women, their heads covered with handkerchiefs of every hue and pattern, and as they turned slightly to look at the strangers the effect was that of a bed of anemones when the wind passes over it. We conscientiously picked our way through the mud to the convent cloisters. We found them a little disappointing, for though the slender shafts and capitals are finely carved and quite uninjured, there is no covered walk around, and no garden inside. They stand quite by themselves, like little model cloisters placed on an exhibition table. The old castle of King Affonso Henriquez was also visited, and we stood at its door under our umbrellas while we invoked its guardian through the keyhole. She appeared at last and let us in after much demur. She might have been the aunt of Affonso, so old she was and wrinkled and mumbling an unknown tongue.

We forgot the rain and remembered only the pleasures of our expedition when we were in the train for Oporto again, and from thence we came back to Lisbon, to wait for the steamer which was to take us home.—LADY GREGORY, in *The Fortnightly Review.*

SUPERNATURALISM: MEDIÆVAL AND CLASSICAL.

I.

THE Middle Ages are rightly so called, standing as they do halfway between the ancient and modern worlds; one foot in each, but belonging to neither. The ancient civilizations had emptied themselves into them. In philosophic Greece, in imperial Rome, in wild Germany, in theocratic Judæa, are the sources of their intellectual, political, moral, and spiritual existence. And dead as they are to us, in many respects, in this new time, in others they yet live. "Far off," "yet ever nigh," we come upon them in a thousand ways in our daily walk through life. They are perhaps the most fruitful period in all history for the philosophical student, unhappily by no means so common a character among us as could be desired. And their primary and most striking characteristic is that which is indicated in the title so often given to them of the Ages of Faith. The mind of mediæval Europe was saturated with the spiritual, the supernatural, the mysterious. Things possessed were counted as dross in comparison with things hoped for; things visible faded into nothingness before the keen vision of things unseen. Every one who has

the most rudimentary knowledge of the Middle Ages knows this. And, perhaps, it would not be unfair to say that many a scholar who deems his knowledge of those ages to be by no means rudimentary knows little more than this of their dominant element. But, in truth, we have made very small progress toward a correct apprehension of the mediæval mind, by merely grasping the fact of its absorbing supernaturalism. Intense realization of a spiritual world is a common enough fact in human history. In Greece up to the beginning of the third century before the Christian era, in Rome until the commencement of that era, faith in invisible realities surrounding man on every side, in powers and agencies of a superhuman character, directly and intimately affecting him, was as strong, as unquestioning, as operative in the popular mind as it was in the time of St. Bernard and St. Francis of Assisi. To understand the Middle Ages it is necessary not merely to discern the fact of their supernaturalism, but correctly to appreciate its character. It is not enough to know that they were penetrated by the most vivid conceptions of a world transcending sense; it is essential to know also of what kind those conceptions were; and here, perhaps, comparison may serve as a most useful instrument. Classical antiquity and mediæval Christianity were both instinct with the supernatural. But in their views of it there were radical differences of vital practical importance, and those differences I shall endeavor briefly to set forth.

II.

The most striking fact about ancient Paganism, as it lived and ruled in the popular mind* of Greece and Rome, is the well-nigh total absence from it of any idea at all nearly answering to that which the term "God" conveys, more or less distinctly, to the European mind of the present day. It has been profoundly remarked by Cardinal Newman, that the word "contains a theology in itself." But even to the most uncultured and unscientific in Christian countries, it denotes—however difficult they might find it to express the conception—a Supreme Being, the Creator, Upholder, Governor, and Sovereign Lord of all; self-dependent, and the only Being who is such; Eternal and the only Eternal; all-sufficient, all-blessed and ever-blessed; the Supreme Good; omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, ineffably one, absolutely perfect; sovereign over His own actions, though always according to the eternal rule of right and wrong, which is Himself; yet in the works of creation, conservation, government, retribution, making Himself, as it were, the minister and servant of all; taking an interest and having a sympathy in the matters of time and space, and imposing on rational beings, in whose hearts He has written the moral law, the duty of worship and service.* Of this great idea we find but small trace in the popular theology of the ancient world. It is therefore that Clement of Alexandria, in a noteworthy passage, speaks of the polytheists of Greece as Atheists. "With reason," he writes, "I call those Atheists who know not the true God;"† and he refers to St. Paul's phrase, *ἄθεοι ἐν τῷ κόσμῳ*, the full force of which is generally so little apprehended. Again in another place in the same treatise he upbraids them as "foolish and silly men who, defaming the super-celestial region, have dragged religion down to the ground by fashioning to themselves earth-gods, and, by going after created objects instead of the uncreated Deity, have sunk into deepest darkness."

For the nearest approximation in classical antiquity to what we understand by the word "God," we must turn, not to any of the anthropomorphic deities, but to that vague, mysterious, awful power, personified as Fate or the Fates, which ruled irresistibly, not only over the generations of mortal men, but also over the "gods many and lords many" of Olympus and the Roman Pantheon. Deep down in the heart of the ancient world, underlying all religious conceptions, alike of the noblest minds and of the most vulgar, was the idea of a Supreme Will, irresistible, inscrutable, inexorable; and this all-pervading Fatalism is the key to the religions and the philosophies of Paganism.‡ There is a profound truth in the words of Petronius, "Primus in orbe Deos fecit Timor." Men turned shudderingly away from the thought of a

* I say "the popular mind." I am far from ignoring the glimpses of this great idea which visited from time to time "those wise old spirits who," in Jeremy Taylor's happy phrase, "preserved natural reason and religion in the midst of heathen darkness." Take for instance—and it is the most striking instance known to me—the fragment of Xenophanes preserved by Clement of Alexandria ("Strom." v. p. 601):—

Εἷς θεὸς ἔν τε θεοῖσι καὶ ἀνθρώποισι μέγιστος
Οὔτι δέμας θνητοῖσιν ὁμοίιος οὐδὲ νόημα.

* See the very fine passage in Cardinal Newman's "Idea of a University," p. 63 (8d edition), from which the foregoing sentence has been abbreviated.

† "Protrept." c. 11, § 23.

‡ It is not necessary to cite authorities for a proposition which will be admitted by every competent scholar. But I may remark that the words of the Chorus at the close of the noblest production of the Greek tragic muse

πεπρωμενῆς
οὐκ ἔστι θνητοῖς ξυμφορᾶς ἀταλλαγή,

(*Antigone*, 1300), sum up the whole matter as the classical mind conceived of it.

dark, unapproachable "stream of tendency," "non lenis precibus," to the intermediate existences which they supposed to direct the phenomena of the external world. As Mr. Grote observes, "Divine personal agents were invoked as the producing and sustaining powers of Nature." "Men asked themselves, 'Who rains and thunders? Who produces earthquakes?'"* And they peopled the heaven above, and the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, with beings who were, indeed, superhuman, but yet were of like passions with themselves. They conceived of human life as a struggle with destiny, hopeless in the event, however protracted, and they turned to the kindly and beautiful earth-gods for aid while the struggle lasted. Those deities might, at all events, be propitiated. By omens, by oracles, by sortilege, by the science of the Auguns, by the art of the Haruspices, their pleasure might be divined. Nay, more, it was possible for man to confer upon them gratifications, and to bargain with them, "votis pacisci," as the poet speaks. Over the dim mysterious region beyond the grave they were, indeed, powerless. This world was the scene of their activity; but, even in this world, it was only the things of sense that were under their control. They could give their votaries wealth, power, voluptuous delights; on those who neglected or offended them they might inflict all temporal misfortunes, or even death itself—the greatest of calamities; but upon the immaterial part of man even the "fulminantis magna manus Jovis" had no power. With the soul, the conscience, the affections, the gods were not concerned. Virtue did not appease, nor vice repel, them.† They were in no sense the guardians of the moral law, nor the ministers of that righteous retribution of which we are warned by the teachings of our natural conscience. Ancient polytheism enshrined no ethical idea, presented no standard to which life should be conformed, had nothing to offer to the inquiring mind or restless heart. Its priests were in no sense spiritual teachers, but mere officers of a cult. It witnessed, indeed, to the existence of a world of unseen beings surrounding man; but, as has been said, it confined their action to the physical order. Its office was to assuage the fear which had called it into being, and it did this by turning away men's eyes from the darker problems of human existence and concentrating their attention upon the finite. To make the most of today was its highest Gospel, and the function of its gods was to help men in this task. Hence what Heine calls "the cheerful intoxication of life" in Pagan antiquity, a life in which there is no element of spiritualism; in which both the intellect of man and the invisible immaterial powers which are above man exist but to minister to the cravings of his bodily senses. It is not to be wondered at that philosophy, when it arose, turned away in loathing from such conceptions. The instinct of the fierce democracy of Athens was not at fault in recognizing in Socrates a foe to the ancient gods; although, indeed, it was by a very different thinker that the most deadly wound was inflicted upon the polytheism of the ancient world. It was chiefly through the influence of the school of Epicurus that the deities of classical Paganism fell into contempt, and that men learnt at the same time to trample under foot the religious idea itself.

But I must not linger over the decadence of classic polytheism, nor pause to consider the influence exercised by the various sects of philosophy whose rise was contemporaneous with its decline. Let us repass the intervening centuries, and return to the Middle Ages. The mediæval view of the supernatural differs from that of antique Paganism in two very important particulars: first, as to its nature; and then as to its sphere of action. In the place of the idea of blind Fate which underlay the old polytheism, we find in the Middle Ages the great theistic conception which had been transmitted from the Hebrew people—a conception of a living God, and the Fountain of Life, the Supreme Disposer of events, and Judge of Men, but a Hearer of prayer, as merciful as great, and standing in the closest, the most direct, and most immediate relations with the children of men. Long the hidden treasure of a small and exclusive tribe of Northern Semites, this conception had been cast by Christianity into a new shape through the doctrines of the Incarnation and the Cross, and, stamped with the image of the Eternal Child and the Man of Sorrows, had become the "current coin"* of the Western world. Through all the clouds and darkness of error and passion, the puerile fables, the ludicrous superstitions which hang over those Middle Ages, the great thought of the infinite

* Grote's "Plato," vol. ii. p. 2, 3d edition. Mr. Grote happily refers to Strepsiades, question in the *Nubes* (364): ἀλλὰ τίς ὑει;

† If Horace's "Immunis aram si tetigit manus" be cited against this view, it should be remembered that the poet was writing, not as the exponent, but as the corrector, of the popular creed. And a similar explanation may be given of the numerous passages which may be quoted to the same effect.

* It is hardly necessary to recall the familiar and beautiful lines:—

Tho' truths in manhood darkly join,
Deep-seated in our mystic frame,
We yield all blessing to the name
Of Him that made them current coin.
In Memoriam, xxxvi.

God revealed in the Word-made-Flesh, whom to know is life, but who, in St. Augustine's phrase, "non cognoscitur nisi amando," shines forth in luminous beauty.

This was the "Oriens ex alto," the day-spring from on high, before whose "bright beams of light" the dark and abhorred vision of Fate fled away like a phantom of the night; and with it the earth-gods disappeared too. They were cast out together with the fear which had evoked them. But the region which they had occupied in the human imagination was not to remain vacant. It was gradually peopled by a host of glorified beings, saintly and angelic, the development of whose cultus—as a matter of fact, and apart from all theories—may be traced step by step, as the new religion passed out of what may be called its fluid state, and hardened into ritual and dogmatic forms. Nothing, however, can be more erroneous than the view which regards what has been called "the Christian Mythology" as merely a new edition of that of ancient Classicalism. It is a view which has been held widely and carried far in modern times, but which is by no means new. Fourteen hundred years ago we find Faustus, the Manichean, objecting to St. Augustine: "You have turned the idols of the heathen into your martyrs, whom you worship with similar prayers."* And so writers of our own day have sought to find Apollo beneath the lineaments of Christ, and to discern in His Virgin Mother a pale and passionless Venus. It is easy to see how this theory arose. There can be no question that the Church, as she struggled upwards to imperial power, borrowed largely from the outward ornaments of the Pagan religion for her ritual, as she used the existing philosophy for the purposes of her teaching; and Theodoret, writing in the fifth century, presses it as an argument upon the heathen that "the Lord had introduced His own dead in the place of their gods." "Of these," he says, "He hath made a riddance; their honor he hath conferred upon those."† But even in the most ignorant and superstitious minds among the adherents of the new faith, confusion could hardly have arisen between the anthropomorphic divinities whom they had forsaken and the new objects of their veneration. If any fact stands out as clear beyond a doubt in the history of Christian teaching, where so much is doubtful, it is this—that from St. Paul to Savonarola the deities of classic Paganism were undeviatingly regarded as devils. Such resemblances as may be traced between the old gods and the supernatural protectors, intercessors, patrons to whom men looked in mediæval Christendom, are confined to the accidental externals of worship. Not only was there the widest difference between their attributes, their legends, and the manner in which they were conceived to operate, but, above and beyond this, it is certain that, however far the cultus of angelic existences and "divine men" was carried in the Middle Ages, the supreme religious honors of the altar were never paid to them. Mediæval religion centred round "those sacrifices of masses" which the Anglican Church pronounces to be "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits," and those Sacrifices were offered to God alone.*

So much as to the essential difference between the classical and mediæval view of the nature of the powers invisible to man's bodily sight, but potent over human life. Nor is the difference less in the view taken of the sphere of their action. The life-theory of Paganism is as far removed as possible from that of the Middle Ages. The ancient Greek or Roman, to whom human life was its own end, turned away from the tomb little curious to pry into its desolating darkness, or, if he at any time admitted the thought of it, sought thereby to enhance the value of the fleeting hour, to

> Spice his fair banquet with the dust of death.

Far other was the aspect in which the grave presented itself to the men of mediæval Christendom. For them it was not dark, or, if dark, only so with excess of light. Their eyes were steadily fixed upon it in trembling hope, as *janua vitæ*, and in the illumination from the next world which streamed through it, they looked at their present scene, and judged of human life. And their judgment of human life had this in common with that of classical antiquity, that they regarded it as a conflict. But it was no longer a hopeless conflict. Man from a victim had become a warrior. He might serve under an invincible captain, and be more than conqueror, not only over "*mors indomita*," but over a very different class of enemies, of whose existence the Roman poet had never dreamed. The great battlefield of the world, as mediæval thought judged, was the heart of man; and the supremely important fact about man was that he was "master of his fate;" his will was free; he might choose his side. His real

* S. August., "Contra Faust." xx. 4.

† Theod., "Adv. Gentiles," viii.

* So St. Augustine in words as applicable to the whole mediæval period as to his own—"Quis autem audivit aliquando fidelium stantem sacerdotem ad altare etiam supe sanctum corpus martyris ad Dei honorem cultumque constructum, dicere in precibus, 'Offero tibi sacrificium, Petre, vel Paule, vel Cypriane'?" .... "Non autem esse ista sacrificia Martyrum novit, qui novit unum quod etiam illic offertur sacrificium Christianorum."—*De Civ. Dei*, l. viii. c. 27.

enemies were not the sufferings of this present life, but ceaseless unseen foes who had their best allies in the cravings of his own lower nature. Ever to war against these—"to resist," if need be, "unto blood, striving against sin"—such was the mediæval view of man's true part in the fragment of his life *here*. His reward was *there*—the victor's crown beyond the grave, the beatific vision "far in the spiritual city."

It is manifest how this view of human existence must have transformed the world for those who held it, not otiosely as a notion, but, with the most vivid and real apprehension, as a fact. The material universe, and the senses whereby it appeals to us, which had been all in all to antique Paganism, are no longer the end of life but instruments of probation. Self-denial and patience—*continere et sustinere* *—to give no credence to the world's estimate, whether of felicity or infelicity—such are the two great principles proposed for the regimen of life. But it is curious to observe how through the fierce asceticism of the age there thrills a strain of the loftiest and most exultant jubilation, such as the world had never known before. Life was not sad to those grown-up children, stern as was the way in which they viewed it. The literature of the cloister, in which that view found its most perfect expression, was not the work of unhappy men. We take up, for example, the letters written by St. Anselm while a monk at Bec, and we are amazed at what Dean Church happily calls the "almost light-hearted cheerfulness"† which breathes through them. And yet he and his fellows had given up all which in the ordinary judgment of men makes life worth living—worldly wealth, the tenderest and most sacred human relations, nay even their own wills. They might well seem to have lost their life. They appear to have found it. And so if we look through "that wonderful body of hymns to which age after age has contributed its offering, from the Ambrosian hymns to the 'Veni, Sancte Spiritus' of a King of France, the 'Pange Lingua' of Thomas Aquinas, the 'Dies Iræ' and the 'Stabat Mater' of the two Franciscan brethren Thomas of Celano and Jacopone," * we may say of the monkish lyrists, as Mr. Ruskin has finely said of the mediæval artists, that their works are "but the expression of the joy of those who have found the young Child with Mary His Mother." Nothing is more striking than the contrast between the peace and gladness which breathe through the austerest mediæval verse, and the deep undertone of melancholy that pervades the strain of the most voluptuous of the ancient poets.

The great difference, then, between the conception of the sphere of supernatural action in the two epochs arose from this: that mediæval religion embraced, and judged of supreme importance, that immaterial side of man's nature which Greek and Roman polytheism ignored. The visible manifestations of the unseen spiritual powers were indeed believed by our forefathers in the Middle Ages to be matters of the most ordinary occurrence. Like the ancients, they accounted as miraculous everything abnormal in the physical order; or, to speak more correctly, they drew the slightest distinction between the ordinary and the extraordinary action of the Divine volition to which they referred all phenomena. But, unlike the ancients, they recognized, with a keenness which it is very difficult for us properly to appreciate, the direct influence of the spiritual order upon the soul of man. It was as if their eyes had been opened, and they saw the things which transcend sense, as objective realities. The visible world fades into nothingness before the "vision splendid" of the open heavens, or only retains its power to please because of the "celestial light" wherewith it is apparelled. The great poet who "preluded those melodious bursts of sacred song which fill the Middle Ages struck the keynote of all in accounting the most coveted prizes of life false and frivolous as visions of the night.† It was the unseen which was true and real: the seen which was delusive and phantasmal. The prime fact to the men of Christendom was that they were citizens of a spiritual empire not subject to the conditions of time and space, in which the Saint who hundreds of years before had thrown off "this earthly load of death, called life," was side by side with them, though their eyes were holden

* Duo sunt, quæ in hac vita veluti laboriosa nobis præcipiuntur, continere et sustinere. Jubemur enim continere ab his quæ in hoc mundo dicuntur bona, et sustinere ea quæ in hoc mundo abundant mala. Illa continentia, ista sustinentia vocatur: duæ virtutes quæ mundant animam, et capacem faciunt divinitatis. In frenandis libidinibus et coërcendis voluptatibus, ne seducat quod male blanditur, et enervet quod prosperum dicitur, continentia nobis opus est: non credere felicitati terrenæ, et usque ad finem quærere felicitatem, quæ non habet finem. Ut autem est continentia, felicitati mundi non credere: ita sustinentiæ est, infelicitati mundi non cedere.—Aug. *Serm.* 88, init.

† "Life of St. Anselm," p. 87.

* "Dante: an Essay," by R. W. Church, p. 111.

† Sunt nempe falsa et frivola,
Quæ mundiali gloria
Ceu dormientes egimus:
Vigilemus, hic est veritas.
Aurum, voluptas, gaudium,
Opes, honores, prospera,
Quæcunque nos inflant mala,
Fit mane, nil sunt omnia.
Prudentius, *Hymnus ad Galli Cantum.*

that they saw him not. It was no mere flight of the imagination when the monkish poet turned to the martyred Roman maiden for help in life's strife;* or when the knightly crusader, bowing his head to the Saracen axe, found succor in the thought of his fellowship in the passion of his glorified patroness.† It was just in this spirit of realization of the timeless unseen that the mediæval artists worked. Not time, but eternity, was the medium in which they saw the sacred persons and events they set themselves to body forth. Thus it is that they bring together, without a thought of anachronism, Saints whose work was done in ages widely differing: thus that they depict the Apostles, not as Syrian peasants, but as princes over all the earth: thus that they invest the Mother of the King of Saints with "the crown of pure gold" and the "raiment of needlework." They were realists in their way, and of an intense kind; but it was the realism of faith, not of sight. The great difference between the view of the classical and the mediæval mind as to the relations of man with the supernatural may be summed up in the statement that the one projected this world into the invisible, the other brought the invisible world into this; the one materialized the unseen, the other spiritualized the seen.

III.

It is often said that history is ever repeating itself, and in a certain sense this saying is true. Especially interesting and instructive are the similitudes which may be traced between the movements of man's intellect in different ages, and under diverse conditions of life. Thus a parallel curiously close, in some respects, might be drawn between the progress of the human mind from the age of Socrates to the age of Juvenal, and from the close of the mediæval period to our own day. The philosophy called Baconian has proved as powerful a solvent as the doctrine of Epicurus. As physical science has advanced, phenomena of the material universe once most mysterious and awful have yielded up their secrets; while, in the limelight of criticism, sacred stories long received as veritable histories have been exhibited as legendary myths, and documents for ages venerated for the great names attached to them, as mosaics unskilfully put together long after their reputed authors had passed away. Man may say in the nineteenth century:—

> It is not now, as it hath been of yore;
> Turn where I may,
> By night or day,
> The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

"Heaven" no longer "lies about us" as it encompassed the men of mediæval Christendom. The supernatural, with its "trailing clouds of glory," recedes from our view; as we gaze, we perceive it

> die away,
> And melt into the light of common day.

The action of a Divine Will is denied alike in the physical and the spiritual order; nay, the very existence of the spiritual order is denied, and with it conscience, free-will, and moral responsibility. Matter and force, we are told, explain everything; and force, we are assured, "is a quality of matter," whatever that may mean. "Life is a property of protoplasm," the most recent exponent of a popular school asserts. "Such," he adds dogmatically, "is the latest product of scientific thought and research."* Again the shadow of an iron necessity falls upon the world. On every hand we witness what has been called "the sad and terrible spectacle of a generation of men and women, professing to be cultivated, looking around in purblind fashion and finding no God in the Universe." Nor is this all. The spirit of the age has penetrated within the Christian camp, and even in those whose devotional instincts are the strongest, and whose spiritual aspirations the most fervent, religion has lost much of its objective character. This fact is very clearly shown, as is natural, in the sacred poetry of the period. The eye of the contemporary hymnist is turned, not outwards, but inwards. Thus, if we take up the widely popular volume known as "Hymns Ancient and Modern," the contrast between the old and new phases of religious feeling is very striking. The translations or adaptations from mediæval sources—boldly objective, even when most mystical—are removed by something more than mere centuries of time from the introspective subjectivity of their eighteenth- or nineteenth-century companions. Religion is becoming less a creed and more an emotion: it is passing from the region of persons and things to the domain of phrase and sentiment. It is no longer the great fact upon which the public order is based, but a private opinion or an individual speculation.

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* Animemur ad agonem
Recolentes passionem
Gloriosæ virginis.

Adam of St. Victor, "Hymnus in Cassionem Sanctæ Agnetis."

†Et lors me seignal, et m'agenoillai au pie de l'un d'eulx qui tenoit une hache danoise à charpentier, et dis: "Ainsi mourut Sainte Agnès."—*Joinville.*

* "Chapters on Evolution." By Andrew Wilson, p. 76.

Such is, in brief, the change which has come over European thought with regard to the supernatural since the close of the Middle Ages; and it is a change which fills many pure and pious souls with dismay. The devout mind turns sadly from such a time as ours to the earlier and simpler epoch when the questionings of the modern spirit had not perplexed the understanding nor troubled the heart of man—reverts fondly to it, as age reverts to the walks of childhood, where

> the soul discerns
> The dear memorial footsteps unimpaired
> Of her own native vigor; thence can hear
> Reverberations and a choral song,
> Commingling with the incense that ascends,
> Undaunted, towards the imperishable heavens
> From her own lonely altar.

It is natural; nor, remembering always that our work is in the age into which we have been born, not "among the mouldered lodges of the past," is such retrospection without its use. The man may learn from the child—the nineteenth century from the thirteenth. Things hidden from the wise and prudent are revealed to babes. The folly of the superstitious may be wiser than the wisdom of the sceptic.

The existence of the supernatural is the question of the day. It is too large a question to be entered upon here; nor, indeed, does its discussion fall within my present scope. But I may observe how fatal it is in such matters to put aside facts for theories, to take "the high *priori* road," and to ignore the collective experience of the human race which we call history, as well as the individual experiences for a knowledge of which such countless sources are open to us. The aspirations and emotions of the soul are facts which the physicist may ignore if he pleases—they do not come within his sphere; but they are still facts. Faith rests upon the need of believing. The experience of St. Augustine is the experience of millions: "Fecisti nos ad Te, et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in Te." * In its unique adaptation to the wants of man's soul is the strongest evidence of Christianity. Pascal speaks the simple truth when he says: "Nous ne connaissons Dieu que par Jésus-Christ: sans ce médiateur est ôtée toute communication avec Dieu." † The surest foundation of religion lies in man's spiritual intuitions, in the voice of conscience, in the sense of the infinite. No philosophy can long satisfy him which ignores those intuitions—which refers that voice, whether to the action of the physical organism, or to "the habit of judging from the point of view of all, not of one;" which, in place of "living bread," offers him the stone of natural science to satisfy an immortal hunger. "Tous ceux qui cherchent Dieu hors de Jésus-Christ"—and no deeper or subtler mind than his whose words I am citing ever went upon the quest—"et qui s'arrêtent dans la nature, . . . ne trouvent aucune lumière qui les satisfasse. . . . Non seulement nous ne connaissons Dieu que par Jésus-Christ, mais nous ne connaissons nous-mêmes que par Jésus-Christ. Nous ne connaissons la vie, la mort que par Jésus-Christ. Hors de Jésus-Christ, nous ne savons ce que c'est ni que notre vie, ni que notre mort, ni que Dieu, ni que nous-mêmes." * These are indeed what Pascal calls "reasons of the heart." But who that knows human nature can deny the cogency of such reasons? The philosophers of materialism do not know human nature. Their capital error is that they only see one side of it—the lowest—which they mistake for the whole. Their "learned ignorance" will not long close the ear of the world to the voice of the heart telling of the things which the senses report not: revealing that which is not, indeed, opposed to, but above, the senses. All things in the affairs of men have their ebbs and flows. That great tide of spiritualism which has so long watered the earth and blessed it has for a season been receding. Bare are many portions of its ancient bed; parched are many lands which once drank of its waters. But let no man dream that it shall be dried up, for its sources are Divine. However changed its course by the moral and spiritual earthquakes which shake the world, it will flow on through the ages, and acquire,

> if not the calm
> Of its early mountainous shore,
> Yet a solemn peace of its own,
> As it grows, as the towns on its marge
> Fling their wavering lights
> On a wider, statelier stream;
> As the banks fade dimmer away—
> As the stars come out, and the night-wind
> Brings up the stream
> Murmurs and scents of the infinite Sea.

—W. S. LILLY, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

* St. August., "Confess." l. 1, c. 1. † "Pensées," cxxii.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THE special intellectual greatness of Cardinal Newman is, I think, more due to the singular combination of a deep insight into man with a predominant passion for theology, than to any other single cause. And when I speak of a deep insight into man, I mean an insight not merely into man's higher moral nature, the best side of man, though that he has too,

* "Pensées," cxxii.

but the literary feeling which a dramatic poet has for man's grotesque weaknesses and his sometimes equally grotesque virtues, the pleasure such a poet has in tracking the wayward turns and quaint wilfulness of his nature, the delight he takes in what may be called the "natural" history of the emotions, the large forbearance he displays with the unaccountable element in human conduct and feeling. It is this side of Cardinal Newman's mind which has made a great theological and religious writer so fascinating to the world at large, so full of that variety and play of thought which is rare among theologians, and which forms so striking a contrast to his habitual sense of the absolute predominance of the Will that is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. I can explain better, perhaps, what I mean if I refer to the writings of another remarkable man, whose biography—a singularly admirable one—has just been given to the world, and by whose faith my own mind has been even more powerfully influenced than by Cardinal Newman's itself—I mean the late Frederick Denison Maurice. Maurice, like Cardinal Newman, and I venture to think even more strikingly than Cardinal Newman, was haunted from the opening to the very close of his life by a sense of the predominance of the Divine Will. Maurice, like Cardinal Newman, and not less than Cardinal Newman, took the utmost delight in following the windings of human thought on those great subjects which form the borderland between the human and the divine. There is probably hardly a book in the language that represents a more discriminating and more laborious study of the human aspects of the search for wisdom, than Maurice's "Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy." But Maurice's interest in man was moral and not properly literary. It seemed to fail at the very point at which Cardinal Newman's exhibits its greatest force and play. Maurice followed man with ardent interest in his search for wisdom, but seems to have taken comparatively little pleasure in the mere natural history of his character and mind, and to have understood less of it than almost any writer known to me of equal intensity and power. He writes continually as if man were a moral being and nothing else. He treats *himself*, for instance, as if he had been a moral being and nothing else. There is no manner of forbearance in him for his own idiosyncrasies. The same solemn shadow is ever upon his heart; the same penitential litany is ever upon his tongue; the same high lights, the same dark depths, are always visible in the scenery of his mind. The aspect of his life never changes:

> Hardly his voice at its best
> Gives us a sense of the awe,
> The vastness, the grandeur, the gloom
> Of the unlit gulf of himself.

It is not so with Cardinal Newman. Even in his Oxford Sermons, even in his theological poems, even in his controversial lectures, you have the keenest sense of the literary flexibility of his mind—of the humor, the vivacity, the sympathy with what is essentially due to the structure of our nature, as well as with what is due to the struggles of our wills, by which his predominant theological interests are relieved. This is why I have been so fascinated by his writings since I was a lad of nineteen or twenty. This is why I have often said that if it were ever my hard lot to suffer solitary confinement, and I were given my choice of books but were limited to one or two, I should prefer some of Dr. Newman's to Shakespeare himself. Not, of course, that there is any comparison possible between the two; but while Shakespeare's supreme vitality would undoubtedly inflame the natural restlessness of captivity, Dr. Newman's influence would help me, as none other of equal richness, variety, and play of mind, would help me, to realize the comparative indifference of outward circumstances in a world ruled by God. Maurice's writings would produce that feeling too. But then Maurice's writings would not give any of the relief which keen insight into the varying tints of human character and weakness lends to the grand monotone of theological teaching. Dr. Newman, too, it is true, is always leading us back to the thought that, as he puts it in his "Apologia," "there are two, and two only, luminously self-evident beings—myself and my Creator." But Maurice never lets us stray away from that thought for a moment; and therefore there is too high a strain put on the mind in reading his books. I know no writings which combine, as Cardinal Newman's do, so penetrating an insight into the realities of the human world around us in all its detail, with so unwavering an inwardness of standard in the estimating and judging of that world; so steady a knowledge of the true vanity in human life, with so steady a love of that which is not vanity or vexation of spirit, but which appeases the hunger and slakes the thirst which Vanity Fair only stimulates.

Indeed, I am disposed to think that it is to this human and literary side of Cardinal Newman's mind that we owe in very large degree that High-Church and Roman Catholic bend which his theology has taken. One chief difference between the Protestant and the Catholic view of the Christian religion has always been this, that the Protestant has

insisted mainly on the direct contemplation of the character of God, the Catholic (whether Roman or otherwise) mainly on the adaptation of God's purposes, through the ecclesiastical organization and administration of the Church, to the needs of men. Of course I do not for a moment mean that the Protestant has always ignored this; often, as in the Calvinistic Church of Geneva, he has attempted to break the stiff-neckedness of the human heart by a rigid application to its discipline of the most cast-iron of all the many false conceptions of God's absoluteness which the human mind has ever deduced from the Scriptures. Nor do I mean, on the other hand, that the various Catholic Churches have generally lost sight of their original theology in the attempt to discipline the human spirit. On the contrary, Cardinal Newman's own career proves that to that theology as to a final standard the Roman Church's greatest convert has constantly referred all the many complicated ecclesiastical and critical questions with which he has dealt. All I mean is this, that the Protestant has always insisted most on the supreme danger of losing sight of God Himself in the many attempts to subdue and discipline the human spirit which the various Churches have made, while the Catholic has always insisted most on the supreme danger of treating man as if he could live the spiritual life without human authorities to interpret Scripture and to sustain the heart, without human discipline to chasten and to reprove the will, and without a human stewardship to dispense the divine stores of strength and consolation opened to us by revelation. No contrast could be more striking in this respect than the contrast I referred to just now between the late Frederick Denison Maurice and Cardinal Newman. The greatness of Maurice consisted in his profound conviction that God has effectually revealed Himself to us, and that only by keeping our minds steadily on that revelation is our salvation secured. The fault he found with Dr. Newman's writings was chiefly this, that Dr. Newman believed so much in the necessity for some adaptation of God's purposes to our petty life, saw so clearly the gulf between the infinite and the finite, was so deeply convinced of our inability to comprehend God, that he lost himself in the labyrinths of a supposed divine "economy"—often, in Maurice's opinion, nothing but a mere human "development" and deterioration of a divine idea—when he should have been recalling us to the vision of the Triune God whom the history of Israel as consummated in Christ had revealed. Maurice was forever telling us of the peril the Church encountered when she once took to "adapting" the divine revelation to the supposed weakness of man, instead of taking that weakness to be cured by plunging it in the truth of God. He had the deepest horror of adaptations and economies, and thought theology the one great trust of the Church. Dr. Newman, on the other hand, entered ardently into the human side of the ecclesiastical drama, the various schemes by which the Church has endeavored to master the spirit of man, and has sought to explain to us—

> His misery's birth and growth and signs,
> And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
> And how the heart was soothed, and how the head,
> And all the hourly varied anodynes.

If the word "agnostic" had not now become identified with the creed that God is unknown and perhaps unknowable, if it meant only the opposite of a Gnostic, if it meant only one who denies the vision of God to be attainable by any merely human faculty, I should have said that Dr. Newman had always felt the deepest sympathy with the agnostic element in the Church's faith. Of course he not only believes but has always affirmed that God can and does give us by His revelation a real knowledge of Himself, so far as we are fitted to attain it. But then he holds that there is so deep a chasm between the human nature and the divine that even revelation taken alone is not sufficient to help us to attain it, unless revelation be protected from corruption and decay by a human institution guaranteed against error by the providence of God. And his own genius has always leant to the side of interpreting the human "economies" of revelation by the Church, rather than to the fixed contemplation of the original revelation itself.

The consequence has been that while Dr. Newman has found excuses for many corruptions of Christian teaching, his career has been marked by a much more varied literary life and genius than that of Frederick Maurice. Maurice's life was literally that of a voice—the life of "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" to man—rather than the life of one who entered into the heart of ordinary human interests. From the first, Dr. Newman, though brought up under Evangelical influences, seems to have had yearnings after a very different life, the life in which the aspirations of the early and mediæval Church clothed its regenerated conception of human duty and discipline. He has told us how there were in his childhood some curious anticipations of the close of his religious voyage in the Roman Catholic Church; how, late in life, he found, to his own great surprise, in

his first verse book, the figure of a solid, upright cross, and of a rosary and a cross suspended to it; and how, at the age of sixteen, though he had been brought up, as I said, under the strictest Evangelical influences, he felt the strongest impression that it was the will of God that he should lead a single life, an impression which held its ground ever since, "with the break of a month now, and a month then, up to 1829, and after that date without any break at all." Perhaps his recollection may to some extent have deceived him as to the permanence of this impression during his earlier youth; at least the beautiful lines, written when he was thirty-three, would seem to suggest that his anticipations of a different and less austere lot had been, in early life, a good deal more than an occasional dream—

Did we but see
When life first opened, how our journey lay
Between its earliest and its closing day,
Or view ourselves as one time we shall be,
Who strive for the high prize, such sight would break
The youthful spirit, though bold for Jesu's sake.

But Thou, dear Lord!
Whilst I traced out bright scenes which were to come,
Isaac's pure blessings and a verdant home,
Didst spare me, and withhold Thy fearful word;
Willing me year by year, till I am found
A pilgrim pale with Paul's sad girdle bound.

When Newman first went to Oxford his views inclined strongly to the Evangelical School; but he unlearned almost all these special views—except his horror of Roman Catholic corruptions, which he retained till 1840—very early, and accepted the doctrines of the authority of the Church, of the transmission of priestly orders from the Apostles, of baptismal regeneration, and the rest of the well-known High Church views, with the sort of readiness which seems to show that he was already wearying of a mere "scheme of redemption," and craving such a theology as could be adapted to the needs of a great ecclesiastical organism, intended to minister to the weakness, guilt, and general unsteadiness of man's feeble and perverted nature, and to bring about by its efforts the actual redemption which God had offered to all men. He conceived a cordial friendship for one of his own pupils, Richard Hurrell Froude (elder brother of the historian) who, while he lived, did much to accelerate Dr. Newman's progress towards High-Church principles, and it was through Mr. Froude's mediation that Newman formed so strict a friendship with the poet of "The Christian Year," John Keble. In December, 1832, Hurrell Froude, who was consumptive, was advised to go to the South of Europe, and Newman accompanied him. The story of this journey, though only given in a few words in Dr. Newman's history of his religious opinions, is one of the most interesting passages in his life, and it is one which, as I hope to show, his verses especially illustrate. Throughout it he was evidently possessed with a profound sense that a crisis was approaching, in which he was to do some important work for the Church of England. He was to embark at Falmouth. While waiting for the mail at Whitchurch, he wrote a sonnet on angelic guidance, which implies that he already believed in guardian angels; and it appears, I think, that the freedom with which the primitive Church, and subsequently the Roman Catholic Church, encouraged the belief in the personal character of these subordinate agencies of God, appealed to some element peculiarly strong in Newman's nature. In this sonnet he dwells on the belief that "to the thoughtful mind, that walks with Him, He half unveils His face," evidently feeling to the bottom of his heart, what he often subsequently expressed, that a *half*-unveiling of Christ's face is as much as even good men may properly look for, and that the Church is to supply the rest. It is here, as it seems to me, that the room is opened in the Catholic theology for a great number of sometimes very wise, and sometimes very dubious "economies," for the character of which we have to trust rather to the Providence guiding the Church—a Providence which Catholics assume to have kept it free from all distinct error, but which Protestants suppose to have admitted of error in this as in every other sphere of human life—than to the original substance of revelation. It is clear that that deep belief in the economy of the Sacramental system—in other words, in the subserviency of material life to the spiritual—which makes of the physical world little beyond an instrument for spiritual beings, good or evil, to play upon, which fills his later writings, had already taken complete hold of Newman's mind. At Falmouth he wrote this fine sonnet:—

They do but grope in learning's pedant round
Who on the fantasies of Sense bestow
An idol substance, bidding us bow low
Before those shades of being which are found
Stirring, or still, on man's brief trial-ground:
As if such shapes and moods which come and go
Had aught of Truth or Life in their poor show
To sway or judge, and skill to sane or wound.
Son of immortal seed, high-destined man,
Know thy dread gift, a creature, yet a cause.
Each mind is its own centre, and it draws
Home to itself, and moulds in its thought's span,
All outward things, the vassals of its will,
Aided by Heaven, by earth unthwarted still.

Their voyage took them through the Straits of Gibraltar and the Mediterranean to the Greek Islands. In passing Lisbon, the Greek story of the Siren strains which tempted

Ulysses, seems to have been brought back to the memory of Dr. Newman, who is himself, I believe, a fine performer on the violin, and there he wrote his very characteristic lines, on seductive as distinguished from inspiring music,—lines of which the echo is to be found in many of his subsequent sermons and writings. I quote them to show how early Newman's mind had begun to dwell on the natural history of human infirmities in their relation to divine truth. They are called "The Isles of the Sirens":—

Cease, stranger, cease, those piercing notes,
The craft of Siren choirs,
Hush the seductive voice that floats
Upon the languid wires.

Music's ethereal fire was given
Not to dissolve our clay,
But draw Promethean beams from Heaven,
And purge the dross away.

Weak self! with thee the mischief lies:
Those throbs a tale disclose,—
Nor age nor trial has made wise
The man of many woes.

At Malta, a place at which Newman appears to have touched twice during his voyage, once on his way to the Greek islands, and once on his return when he was kept long in quarantine—for 1832 was the great cholera year—he wrote a great many of his most characteristic verses. The place undoubtedly kindled his imagination, partly no doubt because there first he came across the path of St. Paul, partly because his quarantine in the lazaretto, on the second occasion of his touching there, illustrated for him so vividly that weakness and humiliation of human nature the sense of which always lifts him to his most powerful imaginative mood. At Malta it was—on the day after Christmas Day, 1832—that he composed these fine verses on "Sleeplessness," which show us to what purpose he mused on the impassable gulf between the nature of man and the nature of God—impassable, I mean, as viewed from the human side:—

Unwearied God, before whose face
The night is clear as day,
Whilst we, poor worms, o'er life's scant race,
Now creep, and now delay,
We with death's foretaste alternate
Our labor's dint and sorrow's weight,
Save in that fever-troubled state
When pain or care has sway.

Dread Lord! Thy glory, watchfulness,
Is but disease, in man,
We to our cost our bounds transgress
In thy eternal plan;
Pride grasps the powers by Thee displayed,
Yet ne'er the rebel effort made
But fell beneath the sudden shade
Of Nature's withering ban.

And it was off Malta again, on his return from Zante, Ithaca, and Corfu, that Newman wrote the lines in which he determined to cast aside his old sensitiveness and gird himself for the coming fight with something of prophetic zeal:—

Time was, I shrank from what was right
From fear of what was wrong;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong:

But now I cast that finer sense,
That sorer shame aside,
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at Heaven was pride.

So when my Saviour calls, I rise
And calmly do my best;
Leaving to Him with silent eyes
Of hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount, where He has led;
Men count my haltings o'er;
I know them; yet though self I dread
I love his precept more.

And no doubt this poem strikes the key-note of Newman's life for the ten years which followed this voyage—the ten years of the Oxford movement. It was in Italy and Sicily that that fire, smouldering for many months back, burst into flame, which burned so steadily during that movement. And it is not only in his verses that you see it kindling; he has brought out the same story in his religious autobiography. At Rome, as he tells us, he began the little book of Anglican verse called "Lyra Apostolica," to which the poems I have quoted were contributed, and it was there that he showed his own profound conviction that he and Hurrell Froude had a real work to do in England, by choosing for its motto the words in which Achilles expresses his sense of the difference which his aid would make to the Greeks in their war against Troy, words which he himself paraphrases thus:—"You shall know the difference, now that I am back again." They paid a visit to Monsignore, afterwards Cardinal, Wiseman, at Rome; and when Dr. Wiseman asked them to return there, Newman said gravely, "We have a work to do in England." He was taken ill, after parting from his friends, of malaria fever at Leonforte, in Sicily. "My servant thought that I was dying," he says, "and begged for my last directions. I gave them as he wished; but I said, 'I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light, I have not sinned against light.' I never have been able to make out at all what I meant." Later, when in great depression, he began to sob bitterly, and his servant asked what ailed him, he could only reply, "I have a work to do in England." At last he got off in an orange-boat, and was becalmed for a week in the Straits of Bonifacio, between Corsica and Sardinia; and there it was that he wrote the famous lines, best known of all his poems:—

"Lead, kindly light, amidst the encircling gloom, lead thou me on."

Directly after his return the result was seen. He at once began the series of tracts intended to revive in the Anglican Church the Christianity of primitive times, while continuing to protest warmly against the corruptions of Rome. And his manner became the *manner* of zeal, as well as his teaching the teaching. He cast aside, as he had resolved to do at Malta, much of his old sensitiveness, and gave himself up to the passion which burned in him. In his history of his religious opinions, Dr. Newman has told us that he never had "the staidness or dignity necessary for a leader." He has described his own behavior during the high tide of the Tractarian Movement: and it is amusing to contrast the description he gives us with the manner that we expect not merely from a Church dignitary, but even from an ordinary Oxford Don—that lenient, sugary, almost glazed amiability of manner which is benignity itself, but the benignity of an immortal. "My behavior," says Dr. Newman, in his autobiography, "had a mixture in it both of fierceness and of sport; and on this account, I dare say, it gave offence to many; nor am I here defending it. . . . . I was not unwilling to draw an opponent on step by step to the brink of some intellectual absurdity, and to leave him to get back as he could. I was not unwilling to play with a man who asked me impertinent questions. I think I had in my mouth the words of the Wise Man, 'Answer a fool according to his folly,' especially if he was prying or spiteful. I was reckless of the gossip which was circulated about me; and when I might easily have set it right, did not deign to do so. Also, I used irony in conversation, when matter-of-fact men would not see what I meant. . . . . This absolute confidence in my cause, which led me to the imprudence or wantonness which I have been instancing, also laid me open, not unfairly, to the apparent charge of fierceness, in certain steps which I took or words which I published. In the 'Lyra Apostolica,' I have said that before learning to love, we must learn to hate, though I explained my words by adding, hatred of sin." The reference here is to the lines headed "Zeal and Love," which are very characteristic of Newman, though far from as poetical as it was in his power to be:—

> And wouldst thou reach, rash scholar mine,
> Love's high unruffled state?
> Awake! thy easy dreams resign,
> First learn thee how to hate:—
>
> Hatred of sin, and Zeal, and Fear
> Lead up the Holy Hill;
> Track them till Charity appear
> A self-denial still.
>
> Dim is the philosophic flame
> By thoughts severe unfed;
> Book-lore ne'er served when trial came,
> Nor gifts when faith was dead.

These passages sufficiently show in what mood Newman entered on the chief work of his life. And now let me attempt to answer the question, What was the main drift of the faith which had thus filled him with a new inspiration? Its leading feature was, I venture to think, a profound belief that Christianity is a religion of humility, and even of humiliation, in a sense in which the conventional Christianity of that time certainly was not such a religion. In one of the earliest of his Oxford Sermons he had insisted on the teaching of the Bible concerning humility as one of the most striking evidences of the truth of revelation. In 1825, for instance, when he cannot have been long in orders, he wrote that the teaching of the Bible as to meekness, humility, and teachableness, is of the very essence of the "inward witness to the truth of the Gospel." "When I see a person hasty and violent, harsh and high-minded, careless of what others feel, and disdainful of what they think; when I see such a one proceeding to inquire into religious subjects, I am sure beforehand he cannot go right—he will not be led into all the truth—it is contrary to the nature of things, and the experience of the world, that he should find what he is seeking. I should say the same were he seeking to find out what to believe or do in any other matter not religious, but especially in any such important and solemn inquiry; for the *fear* of the Lord (humbleness, teachableness, reverence towards Him) is the very *beginning* of wisdom, as Solomon tells us; it leads us to think over things modestly and honestly, to examine patiently, to bear doubt and uncertainty, to wait perseveringly for an increase of light, to be slow to speak, and to be deliberate in deciding." That is not only one of the earliest of Dr. Newman's expressions of religious faith, but one that seems to denote his attitude of mind throughout the long hesitation and uncertainty of his own career. As he goes "sounding on his dim and perilous way," he constantly reminds himself and all who follow him that "to bear doubt and uncertainty" patiently, so long as the uncertainty is real and is not welcome to us, but is the mere consequence of the inadequacy of human power to master the great themes of revelation, is the first of duties. Christianity as a religion of humility, and even humiliation, naturally involves, he taught, an experience of intellectual humiliation, and imposes a spirit of moral submissiveness in bearing that humiliation.

In the next place, the drift of Christian teaching seemed to him to involve not only great humility and teachableness, not only willingness to bear humiliation in seeking for the guidance of revelation, but a revulsion against that glorification of good-nature and of modern enlightenment, which was in those days so prevalent—as, for instance, amongst the Whig magnates of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." Newman's whole nature protested against the doctrine that an amiable disposition and the desire for information, are the secrets of human regeneration. In the August of 1832, three months before he went abroad, he had preached a sermon on "The Religion of the Day," in which he attacked in the following vigorous words this leading notion of the utilitarians and devotees of useful knowledge who were then in the ascendant: "I will not shrink," he had said, "from uttering my firm conviction that it would be a gain to this country were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion, than at present it shows itself to be. Not, of course, that I think the tempers of mind herein implied desirable, which would be an evident absurdity; but I think them infinitely more desirable than a heathen obduracy, and a cold, self-sufficient, self-wise tranquillity. . . . Full as [the present religion of the educated world] is of security and cheerfulness, and decorum and benevolence, I observe that these appearances may arise either from a great deal of religion, or from the absence of it; they may be the fruits either of shallowness of mind and a blinded conscience, or of that faith which has peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." And in the same year, in preaching before the University, he had said: "They who are not superstitious without the Gospel, will not be religious with it; and I would that even in us, who have the Gospel, there were more of superstition than there is; for much is it to be feared that our security about ourselves arises from defect in self-knowledge rather than in fulness of faith, and that we appropriate to ourselves promises which we cannot read." Newman's belief that even the unenlightened and unregulated starts and terrors of conscience have in them far more of the kind of error which is akin to truth, than have the conceits and supercilious exaltations of the age of reason, has always been one of the leading features of his teaching.

In the third place, Newman had from the first the greatest horror of anything like worldly Christianity, a Christianity such as fails to battle with and overcome the worldly ambitions of men. In a sermon preached in 1835, he insisted on the positive spiritual danger produced by the possession of riches:—"Religious men," he said, "are able to repress, nay, extirpate, sinful, desires, the lust of the flesh and of the eyes, gluttony, drunkenness, and the like. love of amusements, frivolous pleasures and display, indulgence in luxuries of whatever kind; but as to wealth, they cannot easily rid themselves of a secret feeling that it gives them a footing to stand upon—an importance, a superiority; and, in consequence, they get attached to this world, lose sight of the duty of bearing the Cross, become dull and dim-sighted, and lose their delicacy and precision of touch, are numbed (so to say) in their fingers' ends as regards religious interests and prospects." "I do not know anything more dreadful," he tells us again, in a sermon preached in the year following, 1836, "than a state of mind which is, perhaps, the characteristic of this country, and which the prosperity of this country so miserably fosters,—I mean that ambitious spirit, to use a great word, but I know no other word to express my meaning, that low ambition which sets every one on the look-out to succeed and to rise in life, to amass money, to gain power, to depress his rivals, to triumph over his hitherto superiors, to affect a consequence and gentility which he had not before. . . . This most fearfully earthly and grovelling spirit is likely, alas! to extend itself more and more among our countrymen; an intense, sleepless, restless, never-wearied, never-satisfied pursuit of Mammon, in one shape or other, to the exclusion of all deep, all holy, all calm, all reverent thoughts." And here again in a sermon preached in May, 1840, is his denunciation of those who love religion only because it secures the existing order of things, and keeps down anarchy and revolution. "Whatever corruptions of doctrine there have been at particular times and places," he declared, "no corruption has been so great as this practical corruption which has existed in its measure in all times and places—the serving God for the sake of Mammon; the loving religion from the love of the world. And as to ourselves, I fear it is no declamatory statement to say that there never was an age in which it existed more largely, never an age in which the Church contained so many untrue members. . . . Look round upon our political parties, our literature, our science, our periodical publications; is it not too plain to need a word of proof, that religion is in the main honored because it tends to make this life happier, and is expedient for the preservation of our person, property, advantages and position in the world? Can a greater stigma be placed upon any doctrine in the judgment of the community

than that it is anti-social, or that it is irksome, gloomy, or inconvenient?"

Take again the passage in which Charles Reding, the hero of his little tale called "Loss and Gain," describes to his sister his rising dislike to the worldliness of the English Establishment in Oxford, forty or fifty years ago:—"I cannot bear the pomp and pretence which I see everywhere. I am not speaking against individuals; they are very good persons, I know; but really, if you saw Oxford as it is, the heads with such large incomes! They are, indeed, very liberal of their money, and their wives are often simple, self-denying persons, as every one says, and do a great deal of good in the place; but I speak of the system. There are ministers of Christ with large incomes, living in finely-furnished houses, with wives and families, and stately butlers, and servants in livery, giving dinners all in the best style, condescending and gracious, waving their hands, and mincing their words as if they were the cream of the earth, but without anything to make them clergymen but a black coat and a white tie. And the Bishops or Deans come with women tucked under their arm; and they can't enter church but a fine, powdered man runs first with a cushion for them to sit on, and a warm sheepskin to keep their feet from the stones." This contempt for secular prosperity, comfort, and grandeur was, I am sure, one very deep root of Dr. Newman's disaffection to the Established Church of his younger days, and of his attraction towards the more ascetic monastic bodies; and this is well worthy of notice in one who has since reached the dignity of a Cardinal.

Nowhere is his belief that Christian teaching requires a more constant effort after a life detached from worldly interests, or at least holding very loosely to worldly interests and fixed upon things above, so powerfully expressed as in the celebrated sermon on "The Apostolical Christian," preached about two years before he actually joined the Church of Rome, but when he was already, to use the expressive language of his autobiography, "on his death-bed" as an Anglican. In that sermon he shows, as indeed he shows in almost every one of his writings, that his mind ran much more on the ideal of human nature required by the Gospel than on the vision of God as God. He entreated his hearers to master the picture of a Christian given us in the New Testament. "Let us," he said, "leave for awhile our own private judgment of what is pleasing to God and not pleasing, and turn to consider the picture which Scripture gives us of the true Christian life." The first note of the Christian, as presented by the New Testament, he remarked, was a wish to free himself, as far as consistent with his direct duties, from worldly ties, to be able to give up his heart to the utmost and without being distracted by the passions of secular life, to God. "Set your affections on things above and not on things of the earth, for you are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God," is the great canon of Christian life. "Lay not up for yourselves treasure on the earth . . . . but lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven . . . . for where your treasure is there shall your heart be also." This was the great rule given by Christ Himself to His immediate followers. In the next place, the attitude of a watcher, of one who waited for a great change of state, was directly inculcated on the disciples by Christ. "Watch, therefore, for you know not what hour your Lord doth come." And he quotes the evidence that not only Christians but those who were waiting for a revelation, like Cornelius the centurion, spent a large portion of their time in prayer and watching. And so too of the first Christian community, it is said that "they all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication with the women." Next, even the most intimate affections were to be chastened lest they diverted the heart from God. "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." "If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off and cast them from thee." And they were not only to give up what was dearest to them, they were to incur the hatred of those who felt that Christianity was undermining the world: "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake." Lastly, the Christian of the Apostolic age was to find his highest joy in these deprivations of earthly possessions, and of earthly ties, and in the persecution and suffering which he incurred for the sake of his Master. "Rejoice in that day and leap for joy, for behold your reward is great in heaven." And this was what the Apostles actually did. "We glory in tribulation," said St. Paul. And again, "I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake; for when I am weak then am I strong."

Dr. Newman then asks his audience where this character, as depicted in the New Testament, is now to be most clearly discerned; and he replies that if our Lord returned to earth He would certainly find the type of the Christian He had tried to make, best represented now in "the humble monk and the holy nun," who give up house and friends and wealth and ease and good name, and liberty of will, in order to spread the kingdom of Christ and to prepare their own hearts

for union with Him. Dr. Newman seems at this time to have ignored, what he once insisted on, that the form of faith in which these types of character are, to his mind, most perfectly moulded, is also the form of faith in which the opposite type of character, the character of the tyrannical ecclesiastic, the pompous priest, the worldly and despotic pope, has been most perfectly moulded, and that whatever is winning and subduing in the one picture is alarming and revolting in the other. But I am not of course attempting to criticize his view, but only to explain it. It is quite certain, I think, that Cardinal though he be, his fascination for Rome arose not in the spectacular grandeur of the Papal system, but in that mortification of worldly passions at which the monastic system obviously aims —however badly it may often succeed in hitting its mark. To find the best possible discipline for humility has been the key-note of Cardinal Newman's religious yearning. And the austere penances of the monastic system no less than the detachment from worldly desires, fascinated him. He expresses again and again his conviction that those who feel their own sinfulness deeply, ought to have some way of marking that sense of their sinfulness, which will not be inconsistent with cheerfulness and serenity in their intercourse with the world. He cannot condemn enough the decorous conventionality of most Protestant religions. "Who ever heard," he asked in one of his later Anglican sermons, "of a pleasurable, easy, joyous repentance? It is a contradiction in terms." Hence he was driven to the principle of penance as the most natural way of expressing an abhorrence for sin, which should not recoil on others and make the social life one of gloom.

It will have been visible, I think, before this, that Dr. Newman, though in his faith there is much of idealism, much of readiness and even eagerness to believe in undemonstrated, and often even undemonstrable, doctrines—like the higher applications of the sacramental principle, and the doctrine of guardian angels and of angelic guardians generally,—is, in relation to human nature, a most thorough-going realist, with more of insight into the grotesque inconsistencies and insincerities of human nature than some of our greatest satirists themselves. One of the most striking of Dr. Newman's Oxford Sermons is that preached as Vicar of St. Mary's, on June 2, 1839, on "Unreal Words." It is a sermon which, more than any other known to me, gives the key to Dr. Newman's permanent effort to face the facts of the world as they are, to make men honest with themselves, and yet to keep them from sinking into that cynical and despondent honesty which acknowledges the evil of the world only as an excuse for giving up the struggle with it. "It need scarcely be said," says Dr. Newman in that sermon, "that nothing is so rare as honesty and singleness of mind; so much so, that a person who is really honest, is already perfect. Insincerity was an evil which sprang up within the Church from the first." It is in this sermon that Dr. Newman deals such hard, and I must say such well-deserved blows, at the literary profession. "Literature," he says, "is almost in its essence unreal; for it is the exhibition of thought disjoined from practice. Its very home is supposed to be ease and retirement; and when it does more than speak or write, it is accused of transgressing its bounds. This, indeed, constitutes what is considered its true dignity and honor—viz., its abstraction from the actual affairs of life; its security from the world's struggles and vicissitudes; its saying, without doing. A man of literature is considered to preserve his dignity by doing nothing, and when he proceeds forward into action, he is thought to lose his position, as if he were degrading his calling by enthusiasm, and becoming a politician or a partisan. Hence mere literary men are able to say strong things against the opinions of their age, whether religious or political, without offence—because no one thinks they mean anything by them. They are not expected to go forward to act upon them, and mere words hurt no one." However, the doctrine of the sermon is that *mere* words *do* hurt very much the character which makes use of them. "To make professions," he says, "is to play with edged tools, unless we attend to what we are saying. Words have a meaning, whether we mean that meaning or not; and they are imputed to us in their real meaning, when our not meaning it is our own fault." The sermon is full of vivid illustration of the unsubstantial use of words, alike when that use of them is innocent, and when it is culpable. You see in it how Dr. Newman had looked through and through the many persons who had used "unreal words" in talking to himself. Men, he says, often "speak to clergymen in a professedly serious way, making remarks true and sound, and in themselves deep, yet unmeaning in their mouths; or they give advice to children or young men; or, perhaps, in low spirits or sickness, they are led to speak in a religious strain, as if it was spontaneous. Or when they fall into sin, they speak of man being frail, of the deceitfulness of the human heart, of God's mercy, and so on; all these great words, heaven, hell,

judgment, mercy, repentance, works, the world that now is, the world to come, being little more than 'lifeless sounds, whether of pipe or harp,' in their mouths and ears, as 'the very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument,'—as the proprieties of conversation, or the civilities of good-breeding." Yet the teaching of the sermon is not that we should carefully cut down our best words to the frigidity and poverty of the realities within us—that is the cynic's moral—but that, when we are in earnest in desiring to feel even more deeply than we do, we should use the great words put into our mouths by our highest teachers, almost as prayers, using them in the hope to be taught to mean what we say in its fullest and deepest significance. "We ever promise things greater than we master," says Dr. Newman, "and we wait on God to enable us to perform them."

Again: Could Thackeray himself describe the unreal way in which people talk of a man of mark after he is gone, without knowing in the least whether his life has been, on the whole, pure, or the reverse,—whether he is suffering remorse, or is at peace,—with keener irony than Dr. Newman in this powerful though painful passage,—it occurs in one of his earlier Roman Catholic sermons—concerning the state of some distinguished man assumed to be among the lost? "The man's name, perhaps, is solemnly chanted forth and his memory decently cherished among his friends on earth. His readiness in speech, his fertility in thought, his sagacity or his wisdom, are not forgotten. Men talk of him from time to time, they appeal to his authority, they quote his words; perhaps they even raise a monument to his name, or write his history. 'So comprehensive a mind; such a power of throwing light on a perplexed subject, and bringing conflicting ideas or facts into harmony.' 'Such a speech it was that he made on such and such an occasion; I happened to be present, and never shall forget it;' or, 'it was the saying of a very sensible man;' or, 'a great personage whom some of us knew;' or, 'it was a rule with a very worthy and excellent friend of mine, now no more;' or, 'never was his equal in society, so just in his remarks, so versatile, so unobtrusive;' or, 'I was fortunate to see him once when I was a boy;' or, 'so great a benefactor to his country and his kind;' or, 'his discourses so great;' or, 'his philosophy so profound.' Oh, vanity of vanities, all is vanity! What profiteth it, what profiteth it? His soul is in hell."

The same sort of realism, combined with that dash of extravagance which Dr. Newman knows so well how to throw in, when he wants to make the folly of the world seem ridiculous, even to the world itself, is to be found in his story "Callista," in the description of the superfine demeanor of the Greek philosopher, Polemo of Rhodes, "the Bottomless One," as he is called by his clique, who attempts to dissuade the Christian martyr Callista from accepting Christianity; or again, to refer to something which comes home better to Englishmen, let any one who doubts Dr. Newman's power of satire read the closing chapters of "Loss and Gain," where crazy founders of sects, in rapid succession, seek to make prize of the man who is known to be severing himself from the Church of England, before he unites himself to the Church of Rome. There are passages in these chapters containing comedy as effective as anything written in our time. Indeed, in earlier portions of the same book, the sketch of the Evangelical tea-party at Oxford, the account of the hero's interview with the Vice-Principal when he is first suspected of Romanizing, and the farewell taken of him by the old Principal of his College on the same occasion, illustrate simply Dr. Newman's turn for that realism which is the most effective satire, and that satire which is nothing but realism thrown up against a background of sobriety and good sense. For example, Charles Reding, the hero of "Loss and Gain," assures the old Evangelical Principal of his College that no harm could come of it, either to himself or to the other undergraduates, if he were permitted to remain in College till Easter. "'What, remain here, with all the young men about?' asked Dr. Bluett, with astonishment, 'with all the young men about you, sir?' Charles really had not a word to say, he did not know himself in so novel a position. 'I cannot conceive, sir,' he said, at last, 'why I should be unfit company for the gentlemen of the College?' Dr. Bluett's jaw dropped, and his eyes assumed a hollow aspect. 'You will corrupt their minds, sir,' he said, 'you will corrupt their minds.' Then he added in a sepulchral tone, which came from the very depths of his inside, 'you will introduce them, sir, to some subtle Jesuit—to some subtle Jesuit, Mr. Reding.'" Or, to take a still more striking instance of Dr. Newman's power to turn into ridicule the weak side of Protestantism, I will extract a short passage from his lectures on "Catholicism in England," concerning the hue and cry against Popery:—"Never has the Establishment failed in the use of these important and effective watchwords [namely, 'No peace with Rome,' 'Down with the Pope']; many are its shortcomings, but it is without reproach in the execution of its charge. Heresy and scepticism, infidelity and fanaticism,

may challenge it in vain; but fling upon the gale the faintest whisper of Catholicism, and it recognizes by instinct the presence of its con-natural foe. Forthwith, as during the last year, the atmosphere is tremulous with agitation, and discharges its vibrations far and wide. A movement is in birth which has no natural crisis or resolution. Spontaneously the bells of the steeples begin to sound. Not by an act of volition but by a sort of mechanical impulse, bishop and dean, archdeacon and canon, rector and curate, one after another, each in his high tower, off they set, swinging and booming, tolling and chiming, with nervous intenseness and thickening emotion, and deepening volume, the old ding-dong which has scared town and country this weary time; tolling and chiming away, jingling and clamoring, and ringing the changes on these poor half-dozen notes, all about 'the Popish aggression,' 'insolent and insidious,' 'insidious and insolent,' 'insolent and atrocious,' 'atrocious and insolent,' 'atrocious, insolent, and ungrateful,' 'ungrateful, insolent, and atrocious,' 'foul and oppressive,' 'pestilent and horrid,' 'subtle and unholy,' 'audacious and revolting,' 'contemptible and shameless,' 'malignant,' 'frightful,' 'mad,' 'meretricious,' bobs (I think the ringers call them), bobs and bobs-royal and triple bob-majors, and grandsires, to the extent of their compass, and the full ring of their metal, in honor of Queen Bess, and to the confusion of the Pope and the Princes of the Church." No one who remembers, as I do, the agitation of 1850 will think this description a mere caricature. It has the dash of extravagance, of course, which was necessary for Dr. Newman's purpose, but its satiric humor is based upon the most accurate knowledge and close observation of the unreasonable temper of the British people when once the panic of Popery falls upon them —a temper, we may say, noticeably diminished in these later years when religious England has at last begun to feel that the Roman Church is by no means the most dangerous foe with whom we have to deal.

Great as Dr. Newman is, however, in satire —that is, in painting for us the unreasonable or the conventional or the conceited and bombastic temper against a background of sober and thoughtful judgment, that imaginative power which enables him to draw this contrast so vividly, seems to me much more powerfully illustrated on what I may call his ideal or poetical side, than in this satiric and depreciating vein. His satire could not be as powerful as it is without his imaginative power of isolating what he wants to emphasize and contrasting it with its opposite. But it is when he exerts his flexible and vivid imagination in depicting the deepest religious passion that we are most carried away by him and feel his great genius most truly. Little as I am of a Roman Catholic, I can never read without emotion, without a thrill of wonder at the power with which Dr. Newman describes what to Protestants seems most unlike the religion of Christ, his defence of the Mass in answer to the Protestant account of it as a mere muttered spell. The passage I refer to is in "Loss and Gain," where the Roman convert who is supposed to have been somewhat premature in his conversion and to have found the Roman system hard to assimilate, is being rallied by an Anglican friend on the unreasonableness of the Mass, and told that he would soon be back again in the English Church; whereupon he replies that it is quite true that to the Anglican and to the Roman Catholic, the very idea of worship is something completely different, for worship to the Anglican is the lifting of the soul to God; worship to the Roman Catholic is the summoning of God to the soul by the solemn miracle of a divine rite. "I declare to me," he said, and he clasped his hands on his knees and looked forward as if soliloquizing, "to me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming as the Mass, read as it is among us. I could attend Masses forever and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words—it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is not the invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event that is the end, and is the interpretation of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means not as ends; they are not mere addresses to the throne of Grace—they are instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go—the whole is quick, for they are all parts of one integral action. Quickly they go, for they are awful words of sacrifice, they are a work too great to delay upon; as when it was said in the beginning 'what thou doest,' do quickly. Quickly they pass, for the Lord Jesus goes with them as He passed along the lake in the days of His flesh, quickly calling first one and then another. Quickly they pass, because as the lightning which shineth from one part of the heaven unto the other so is the coming of the Son of man. Quickly they pass, for they are the words of the Lord descending in the cloud and proclaiming the name of the Lord as He passes by, 'The Lord, the Lord God, merci-

ful and gracious, long suffering and abundant in goodness and truth.' And as Moses on the mountain, so we too 'make haste and bow our heads to the earth and worship.' So we all around, each in his place, look out for the great Advent, 'waiting for the moving of the water.' Each in his place, with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own intention, with his own prayers, separate but concordant, watching what is going on, watching its progress, uniting in its consummation, not painfully and hopelessly following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end, but like a concert of musical instruments each different but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our part with God's priest, supporting him yet guided by him. There are little children there, and old men and simple laborers, and students in seminaries, priests preparing for Mass, priests making their thanksgiving; there are innocent maidens and there are penitents, but out of these many minds rises one eucharistic hymn, and the great action is the measure and the scope of it. 'And oh, my dear Bateman,' he added, turning to him, 'you ask me whether this is not a formal unreasonable service. It is wonderful,' he cried, rising up, 'quite wonderful. When will these dear good people be enlightened? O sapientia fortiter suaviterque disponens omnia, O Adonai, O clavis David et exspectatio gentium, veni ad salvandum nos, domine Deus noster.'" Doubtless Bateman might have replied that this fine description hardly tallies with the simple words of the primitive text as it describes apparently what the Roman Catholic must hold to have been the first Mass: "They continued steadfastly in the Apostles' teaching and fellowship, in the breaking of bread and in prayer," and that it tallies still less with the Apostle's warning to the Corinthians: "For as often as you eat this bread and drink this cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death *till* he come," whereas, according to Dr. Newman, He did come in that very rite. But I have quoted the passage not for criticism but to show the wonderful power with which Dr. Newman can throw himself into the highest religious passion and make the heart thrill with his rendering of it. The same marvellous power is shown in a lower sphere in his rendering of the phenomena of demoniacal possession in "Callista," where the chapter describing Juba's madness, and the signs of power exerted over him by some lower being, seems to me one of the greatest efforts of an original imagination disciplined in the theology of the early Fathers, of which English literature has any record.

Take another and nobler instance of the same kind of imagination: the description of the experience of death as it is given in "The Dream of Gerontius," a description which makes the reader almost believe that the man who wrote it must himself have passed through death before he could have conceived it:—

I can no more; for now it comes again—
That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man; as though I bent
Over the dizzy brink
Of some sheer infinite descent;
Or worse, as though
Down, down forever, I was falling through
The solid framework of created things,
And needs must sink and sink
Into the vast abyss. And crueller still,
A fierce and restless fright begins to fill
The mansion of my soul. And worse and worse,
Some bodily form of ill
Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome curse,
Tainting the hallowed air, and laughs and flaps
Its hideous wings,
And makes me wild with horror and dismay.

* * * * * *

I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed.
A strange refreshment; for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse;
Nor does one moment differ from the next.
I had a dream; yes, some one softly said,
"He's gone;" and then a sigh went round the room.
And then I surely heard a priestly voice
Cry "Subvenite;" and they knelt in prayer.
I seem to hear him still; but thin and low
And fainter and more faint the accents come
As at an ever-widening interval.
Ah, whence is this? What is this severance?
This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul;
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Has something too of sternness and of pain,
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring
By a strange introversion, and perforce
I now begin to feed upon myself,
Because I have naught else to feed upon.

That seems to me the highest kind of imaginative power, the imaginative power which enables him who possesses it first to enter into the real experience of others, and then to combine what it has thus interpreted, so as to throw a light on new situations analogous to, but not identical with, those from which it derived its lessons. The flexibility of Cardinal Newman's imagination is at the root of all his intellectual power. Of that I have given already ample proof. He adapts himself at one time to the language of Scripture, and brings out of it infinitely more meaning than ordinary men; and at another, again, he adapts himself to the conventional attitude of the soul, and discerns with the most perfect delicacy the finest shades of expression, the finest distinctions between the conventionality of one kind of conventional mind and the conventionality of another. Then again ob-

serve how he enters into the spirit of the Roman breviary, and translates the invocations of the Mass into a theological defence of its significance and purport. And here, finally, we have him putting together all the indications that his great experience has given him, of mental collapse—from the intermittent courage and breathlessness of ordinary deathbeds to the great climax of the Redeemer's passion in the awful words that imply His having entered into even the sense of desertion and desolation peculiar to deaths of exhaustion—and combining them all into the most powerful delineation of the last great experience of human life which English literature contains.

The idealism which thus takes up the highest actual experiences of men, and refines or raises them in the direction which the heart seems to point out as that of some change which it has never yet experienced, is the highest kind of idealism attainable by men. Idealism that attempts to go beyond this, necessarily fails from want of any real root. But Cardinal Newman's never does go beyond this. It keeps close to human experience, rising above it only by prolonging the movement of the mind in the same direction in which the highest previous experience has already risen above that which was lower. I should say that Cardinal Newman's genius reached perhaps its highest point of *intensity* in his old communion; but its highest point of breadth, vigor, and grandeur in the communion to which he now belongs. But throughout his life his genius has shown itself rather in interpreting the nature of man than in interpreting the character of God. His purely theological writings are comparatively tame. It is when he has to apply his theology to human wants and pretensions that you discover how great is the scope of his genius, and how various the music of his pathos.

When I speak of his purely theological writings being comparatively tame, I refer only to writings like his book on Arianism, which do not dwell on the affinity of the creed they define for the mind of man. The moment he has to describe the growth of theology in the Church, its mingled fascination and repulsion for the generations of men, his genius displays itself in its fulness, and I may instance the last University sermon which he preached in the Anglican Church, where Dr. Newman has thus described the evolution of the Christian creed, and anticipated the general scope of his Essay on Development. He describes "how the great idea takes hold of a thousand minds by its living force, and will not be ruled or stinted, but is like a 'burning fire,' as the prophet speaks, 'shut up within them,' till they are 'weary of forbearing and cannot stay,' and grows in them, and at length is born through them, perhaps in a long course of years, and even successive generations; so that the doctrine may rather be said to use the minds of Christians, than to be used by them. Wonderful is it to see with what effort, hesitation, suspense, interruption, with how many swayings to the right and to the left, with how many reverses, yet with what certainty of advance, with what precision in its march, and with what ultimate completeness, it has been evolved, till the whole truth, 'self-balanced, on its centre hung,' part answering to part, one, absolute, integral, indissoluble, while the world lasts." And compare with this fine description of the evolution of the Christian creed, the description which he gives us in the same sermon of the evolution of a great and mysterious fine art: "Let us take another instance of an outward and earthly form . . . . under which great wonders unknown seem to be typified; I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited most perfectly in instrumental harmony. There are seven notes in the scale; make them fourteen, yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning? We may do so, and then, perhaps, we shall also account the science of theology to be a matter of words; yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church, which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking. To many men, the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling; to speak of the views which it opens upon us, to be childish extravagance; yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich, yet so simple, so intricate, yet so regulated, so various, yet so majestic, should be a mere sound which is gone, and perishes? Can it be that these mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No; they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our home; they

are the voice of angels or the Magnificat of saints, or the living laws of divine governance, or the divine Attributes; something are they besides themselves which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter,—though mortal man, and he, perhaps, not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them."

It would be impossible within the limits of an article to give any impression of the many sides of Cardinal Newman's flexible and subtle, and above all luminous and lucid intellect. His greatest efforts are never ambitious; and whether you go with him or not, he is sure to interest you more than you anticipated, and to leave you with a sense of a wider horizon and of closer spiritual ties. If any one asks how one who is not a Roman Catholic can think the upshot of Dr. Newman's career an immense gain to the world, when he, more than any living Englishman, has done so much to make men Roman Catholics, I should reply that, in our age at least, it is no small gain to have made the Roman Church interesting and intelligible to so many Protestants, and to have made at the same time a considerable number of Protestant convictions interesting and intelligible to so many Roman Catholics. And this, at least, Dr. Newman has done, though this is the least part of his work. The greatest of his claims on our gratitude is that he has added so much to our knowledge of human nature, and especially to our knowledge of the links which connect human nature with the supernatural life above us. If it has been the special philosophical work of the last generation to show us how much of almost mechanical intelligence there is in the very structure of our bodies, to say nothing of the habits of our minds, it has been Cardinal Newman's special work to explain the operation of implicit and unconscious, as distinguished from explicit and conscious, reasoning, on the higher life of men, and to vindicate the trustworthiness of that implicit reasoning wherever it is made the instrument of a constant and earnest purpose. But he has done much more than enlarge the philosophy of religious belief. Alike for Roman Catholics and for Protestants, he has invested religious subjects with a new and peculiar charm. He has shed on Scripture itself a silver light which, in the minds of many of us, connects indissolubly some of its greatest passages with his name and genius, and does this without intruding a single forced or artificial association. That he has enriched English literature with the most delicate and the most apt, the most musical and the most lustrous of English styles, would be nothing, if that style itself were not a living witness of the supernatural life in him which it expresses and reveals. For no one can love the style and not feel that its tenderness and its severity, its keen thrusts and its noble simplicity, its flexibility of movement and its firm grasp, its ideal music, its iridescent lights, and its pathetic sweetness, could never have existed at all except as the echo of a great mind living under the immediate eye of God.

> Thus God has willed
> That man when fully skilled
> Still gropes in twilight dim,
> Encompassed all his hours
> By fearfullest powers
> Inflexible to him.
> That so he may discern
> His feebleness,
> And e'en for earth's success
> To Him in wisdom turn,
> Who holds for us the keys of either home,
> Earth and the world to come.

That noble stanza images not only Cardinal Newman's permanent thought, but the constant manner of the thinker, his pervading sense of the twilight of the human intellect, the delicate finish of his touch in sculpturing all that, in that twilight, has been revealed to him, the reverence of his attitude towards the power that encompasses him, and the strength in weakness which that attitude confers.—RICHARD H. HUTTON, in *The Contemporary Review.*

SOME NEGLECTED PERIODS OF HISTORY.

A STEP was taken not long ago with regard to the system of examination in one of the English Universities which ought to be welcomed with joy and thankfulness by all to whom the rational study of history is a matter of any concern. It is perhaps more valuable as asserting a principle than because it is likely to work any great immediate results. But, as the assertion of a principle, it is invaluable. There is one University which has at last openly acknowledged the truth of the unity of history. For the first time a real school of history has been founded, a school which adopts the wise principle which Arnold laid down forty years back, but which has as yet found no follower in practice. A school has actually arisen at Cambridge in which it is possible to take up "ancient" and "modern" authors side by side. It is perhaps too soon to judge of the working of the school or of its details. But, at any rate, the beginning has been made; the true principle has been acknowledged, practically acknowledged, in the examination system of one of our great

universities. No doubt the new school will have its struggles to go through; it is as yet but a tender herb, which may need some years of small rain to water it before it grows into a tree putting forth great branches. We must not despise the day of small things. All new schools, all new studies, must expect to be despised at first. There was a time when Greek was a new study, which had to fight its way against a Trojan opposition. New schools and studies are despised, as all discoveries, all reforms, are for awhile despised. Lord Macaulay speaks of the fools of a period before recorded history, who objected to the introduction of the plough and of alphabetic writing. The line of their successors has never yet failed; and men who might at least be mistaken for members of the class have sometimes been seen even in the high places of universities.

The new tripos at Cambridge is a great step indeed in advance. It is the first attempt that has been made in English university teaching to grapple with the great facts of the history of the world. It is the first attempt to deal with the history of the world on a reasonable basis, to bind together branches of study which lose their chief meaning if kept apart from one another. Starting from the principle which the new tripos implies, it will for the first time be possible to deal with history as a whole, to bring out into its fitting prominence the great fact which is the centre of the history of the civilized world, but which, so long as history is unnaturally parted asunder into an ancient and a modern division, can never find its proper acknowledgment in either.

Looked at from the œcumenical standing-point, the history of Europe, as I have often striven to point out, forms one long and unbroken drama, of which Rome is the one centre, the point to which all roads lead and the point from which all roads set forth again. In the usual division of "ancient" and "modern," it is impossible to look at Rome in its true position; there is no opportunity to look from a single point of view at the joining of the roads and at their parting asunder. There is no opportunity to look, in their relations to one another, at the process by which the Roman dominion was formed, and at the process by which, in seeming to fall asunder, it really started on a new life under new conditions. It might hardly be too much to say that, as what is called "ancient" history is commonly read, with the choice of authors which is commonly made, the Roman Empire, as such, is not studied at all. The bearings of its supposed fall on the modern world do come in for some kind of acknowledgment on the part of ordinary students of "modern" history; the process by which it came together is, as a rule, altogether left out by ordinary students of "ancient" history. Of course, this neglect is not necessarily involved in the division into "ancient" and "modern." It would be perfectly possible to stop at an arbitrary point in the history of the Empire, and yet to read thoroughly and connectedly all that comes before that arbitrary point. By such a process, though the building would not be finished, the foundation at least would be laid. But, with the received system, not only are "ancient" and "modern" history kept apart, but "ancient" history itself is looked at only in morsels. In the long drama of the life of Rome there are two special acts—that is, there are two periods in the history of the world—whose interest surpasses that of all other periods. These are the periods at which I have already hinted as that of the joining of the roads and that of their parting asunder. That is, they are the periods when the Roman dominion came together, and the period when, to a superficial glance, it seems to have split asunder. The former comes wholly within the "ancient" range; the latter comes on the march of "ancient" and "modern." Yet, strange to say, while the latter does come in for some little recognition in ordinary study, the former, it is hardly too much to say, is passed by altogether.

Let us try to set forth the main features of these two great but neglected periods. The earlier answers mainly to the second century before Christ. The process by which the Roman dominion was formed begins earlier and goes on later; but it is in that century that its main features come out most strongly. The second period is longer and less easy to define, the more so as its definition would be different in different parts of Europe. It is essentially a transitional period, and something of a transitional character spreads over the whole time from the moment when the Teutonic races become seriously dangerous to the Empire to the moment when they make the Empire itself their own. That is, the period would reach from Marcus Aurelius to Charles the Great. This is a Western way of looking at things; in the East we should have to draw other chronological limits, and to speak of other invaders. And within this long time we might pick out some shorter periods, say the fourth and fifth centuries of our æra, in which the general character of the period comes out most strongly of all. This latter period, its Western side at least, does draw somewhat more attraction to it than the other. The ordinary "ancient" or "classical" student, well informed, it may be, as to some

earlier and some later periods, often altogether leaves out the period when Greece lost independence, when Rome rose to dominion—when, we should rather say, from the point of view of universal history, that a new whole began to be formed in which both Greek and Roman elements had their share.

The terms "ancient" and "modern" are thoroughly misleading when used to mark off two portions of history by a hard and fast line. Yet we may for the nonce use those dangerous words, if we are allowed to give them our own definition. We may take them as merely conventional ways of marking an earlier state of things in which the history of the civilized world falls wholly to the lot of the Greek and Italian nations, and a later state of things in which the Teutonic and Slavonic nations also step in to play their part. In both states of things the headship of the world has belonged to Rome; but the headship of Rome has taken different forms in the two periods. Over the older world Rome ruled by direct dominion; over the later world she has ruled, and still rules, by a power of influence which has outlived her direct dominion by many ages. The two periods then of special interest and instruction are the two that ruled that these two several forms of dominion should each in turn be the heritage of Rome. The first ruled that dominion over the then civilized world, the Mediterranean world, should pass to a single city of Italy. The second ruled that the dominion of that city, as a political dominion, should pass away, but that its headship, in the form of moral influence, should abide, as far as we can judge, forever. The third and second centuries before our æra, the fourth and fifth centuries after our æra, are the two great times in which the destiny of civilized man was decided. They are thus times which, in the œcumenical point of view, are the very foremost of all times for instruction and interest. And the former of the two periods has the advantage over the latter, we may say over all other periods, of being recorded by a contemporary writer such as no other period ever knew. Polybios, and Polybios alone, fully knew the place of his own generation in the general history of mankind. He alone wrote the history of his own time as part of the history of all time. He alone wrote of days in which he was no small actor from a point of view which we have no need to shift, even after the wider experience of two thousand years.*

It was the second century before our æra which fixed the œcumenical character of Rome. It determined that Rome should become the centre of all later history by winning a position such as never fell to the lot of any other city or power in the world before or after. A long series of struggles in her own peninsula had made Rome the head of Italy. As such she became one of the chief powers of the world, the peer of the commonwealth of Carthage, of the kingdoms of Macedonia, Asia, and Egypt. But, like a power in modern Europe, she was only one great power among several; even after the war with Pyrrhos it would have needed a far-seeing eye indeed to foretell that Rome would ever extend her power beyond Italy, or at the most beyond those neighboring lands and islands which to us seem natural appendages to Italy, but which did not come within the definition of Italy as the name was then understood. It was the war with Pyrrhos which made it clear that Sicily could no longer form a system apart, and which suggested that it was a more natural appendage to an Italian than to an African dominion. The words attributed to Pyrrhos when he left Sicily well set forth the state of the case; he left the island as a battle-field for Rome and Carthage. The first Punic war appears in the writers nearest to the time as the "War for Sicily." That was in truth its issue; the cession of the Carthaginian possessions in Sicily to Rome, followed by the cession of Sardinia and Corsica, the Roman advance in the northern part of what soon began to be called Italy, left Rome in possession of all that now seems to be essential to the position of an Italian power, and of little else.

Rome and Carthage were now the two great powers of the West. There was as yet nothing to show that Rome would ever become the sole power of the West, still less that she would ever become a power in the East. That is to say, there was nothing to show it beyond the inherent likelihood, a likelihood yet stronger in those days than it is now, that a power which had become so great would become greater, and the likelihood that powers in the position of Rome and Carthage would be sure to find some new ground of quarrel. Setting aside these probabilities, amounting as they did almost to certainties, the power of Rome, as it stood at the end of the first Punic war, was a compact dominion, hanging well together, a power which, according to modern ideas, might go on for ages without further extension. But one series of events changed

* On the historical position of Polybios, may I be allowed to refer to what I said eleven years ago in my Rede Lecture at Cambridge, "Comparative Politics," pp. 311 *et seq.*, and earlier still in "Federal Government," i. 226? Since this paragraph was written, I have lighted on the appreciative and discriminating portrait drawn by Ranke, "Weltgeschichte," vol. ii. pp. 335 *et seq.*

it from one of two great powers of the West into the single dominant power of the West; a second series of events made it the single dominant power of West and East alike.

This last process was the work of the earlier of our two periods, the period which made Rome in the œcumenical sense. Our second period might seem at first sight to have unmade Rome; in truth it made her afresh. By splitting her dominion asunder, it multiplied her centres of influence. It called into being a New Rome alongside of the Old, each continuing in its own way the influence of Rome, one of them continuing for ages the direct heritage of her political power. The Old Rome became the teacher of the nations which first broke her political power in pieces and then brought it together again in their own hands as the most precious of possessions. The New Rome became the teacher of other nations, which could neither break her power in pieces nor yet grasp it as their own. The Teuton came to wear the crown of Rome in Rome itself; the Slave could at most wear an imitation of it in Ochrida or Skoupi. And if vast regions fell away alike from the dominion and the teaching of either Rome, if Egypt and Syria were utterly lopped away, if Spain bowed for a long season to Semitic conquerors more abiding than Hamilcar and Asdrubal, if Western Asia and South-Eastern Europe fell under the still abiding rule of invaders more terrible than Mithridates and Chosroes, the loss was more than made up, as lands which had never formed part of Rome's elder political dominion were brought within the range of her moral influence. What the first period called into being the unique position of Rome in the world, the second period preserved by giving it the only shape in which it could be abiding. No other kingdom or commonwealth before or after held the position to which Rome rose, that of being absolutely alone in the civilized world without peer or rival. All the lands and cities which had risen to partial power, Athens, Pella, Antioch, Alexandria, Syracuse, Carthage, Massilia, were all her subjects or dependencies. Her wars were no longer with States equal and like to herself, but wars, whether of aggression or of defence, waged against nations which entered the civilized world only by becoming her subjects or disciples. The second period ordered that those who failed to become her subjects, those who became to a great extent her masters, should also become her disciples. By this time, it must be remembered, Rome had wrought for herself a law from within, she had adopted for herself a creed from without. The influence of Rome now meant the influence of her law and of her creed, and the influence of her tongue as the instrument of both. Ataulf once cherished the thought that *Romania* should pass away, and that the world should become *Gothia* instead. He came to a better mind, and ruled that the Gothic sword should be the instrument of Roman law and culture.* So it has been ever since; the resolve of Ataulf is the very embodiment in words of the work of our second period.

The two periods again agree in this. The Rome that ruled the world was not a purely Roman Rome; it was a Rome which was largely brought under Greek influences, a Rome on which Greece had wrought a work almost as great as Rome was herself to work in after ages on the Teuton and the Slave. It is not too much to say that, wherever Rome conquered, she carried Greece with her. Now it was these too great transitional periods which settled, each in its time, the relations between Rome and Greece. The first period was marked by what to all appearance was the subjugation of Greece by Rome, what in truth was her political subjugation. The very essence and result of the period is that Greece and all the lands which had been in any measure hellenized, all the lands whose dominant culture was Greek, should pass, in a political sense, within the range, first of Roman influence and then of Roman dominion. But in the point of view of œcumenical history, this very process was, as even a Roman poet could partly see, the entrance of Rome herself within the range of Hellenic influences of another kind. Rome had long had Greek subjects and allies in Italy, in Sicily, on the coasts of Gaul, and Spain. But they became subjects and allies of Rome through their geographical position; outposts of Greek life in the West, they came under the influence, they came under the dominion, of the great power of the West. The relation, the partnership so to speak, between Rome and Greece which created the culture of the "ancient" world, really began when Rome crossed the Hadriatic, and first won Greek subjects and allies on the Greek side of the gulf. When Rome won in Apollônia her first ally or dependency among Greek cities in the

* The memorable declaration of Ataulf comes at the very end of the history of Orosius. I quote it in full, "Comparative Politics," p. 495. The essence is that Ataulf had once wished, "ut, obliterato Romano nomine, Romanum omne solum Gothorum imperium et faceret et vocaret, esset que. . . . . Gothia quod Romania fuisset, fieret nunc Atthaulfus quod quondam Cæsar Augustus." He learns better and makes up his mind, "ut gloriam sibi de restituendo in integrum augendoque Romano nomine Gothorum viribus quæreret, haberetque apud posteros Romanæ restitutionis auctor, postquam esse non poterat immutator." These words imply all later history.

Greek peninsula, the march of events began which in the end translated Rome herself to the shores of the Bosporos. When the Macedonian kingdoms in Europe and Asia became, first dependencies, then provinces, of Rome, Rome took upon herself the function which had before been held by the successors of Alexander as the champion of the then civilized world against the barbarians of the north and of the further east. The fights of Kynoskephalai, of Magnêsia, and of Pydna, laid on Rome the duty which she discharged in after ages when successive Emperors had to guard the frontiers of *Romania* against the incursions of the Slave, the Saracen, and the Turk. To discharge that duty as was needed, a New Rome, a Greek-speaking Rome, had to be called into being; and the calling into being of that New Rome is the most distinctive outward mark of our second period. Our two periods then, our periods of transition, of growth, of the expansion of old elements and of the reception of new, are closely connected with one another. Each wrought a different stage of the same work. The earlier period called into being the œcumenical headship of Rome: the later period determined the character which that headship should finally put on. One laid Greece politically at the feet of Rome, in order that Rome might become the disciple and missionary of the intellectual culture of Greece. The other translated Rome herself to Greek soil, and made the new Greek Rome the champion and missionary of the law and the dominion, for awhile even of the speech, of the elder Latin Rome. In short, whether we look to the Eastern or to the Western side of European affairs, as we shall find the fact of the Roman dominion to be the central fact of all European history, we shall find that it was these two periods which determined what the history of that dominion should be. Rome could become mistress of all Europe only by putting on more or less of a Greek character, a character which grew and strengthened, till, in a large part of her dominion, Roman and Greek came to be words of the same meaning. So the Teuton and the Slave could not establish themselves within the Roman borders without becoming the disciples as well as the conquerors of Rome. The Teuton in the West could not do his share in the work without so largely putting on a Roman character as to call into being a third thing, a thing which we cannot call either Roman or Teutonic, but which has grown out of the union of the two, the later being of Western Europe and its colonies, above all the being of the Romance nations, their mixed tongue, their mixed national life. Nothing answering to this took place in the East. The East, it must never be forgotten, has its Romance folk, its Romance speech, to show as well as the West, the folk and speech of that new-born kingdom which alone among the powers of Europe still cleaves to the Roman name. That is to say, wherever in the South-Eastern peninsula Greek influences had not established themselves, Rome, Old Rome, could exercise the same kind of influence which she exercised in the West. That particular kind of influence Greece seems never to have exercised. She could thoroughly hellenize a people who had in them the power to be hellenized; she could spread a rim, a veneer, of Hellenic culture over a land whose substance remained barbarian; she could, when she had become identified with Rome, become the model to nations which followed her in many things without adopting her tongue. But a thoroughly mixed people, a people formed out of Greek and Slavonic elements, in the same way in which the Romance nations are formed out of Latin and Teutonic elements, there has never been. There are many causes for this difference which would carry us too far from our present subject. In short, as was hinted some way back, the analogies which are suggested by our present subject are more perfect in the West than in the East. The Teuton played both sides of his mixed part, at once as conqueror and as disciple, far more thoroughly than the Slave.

Now it is hardly too much to say that all that comes before, between, after, these two ruling periods of history is but the making ready for them or the results that come of them. The earlier history both of Greece and of Italy is but the history of the days of making ready; it is the history of the process by which the two lands were schooled for their several shares in their joint dominion over mankind. While we dwell in the world of Thucydides, we are making ourselves at home with one of the elements which go to make up the wider world of Polybios. On the other side of the Hadriatic, where we have no Thucydides to guide us, we make our way, dimly and feebly, by such imperfect light as we have, to some conception of the true nature and destiny of the other element. We learn what that Greece was which Rome was in one sense to conquer, and which was in another sense to conquer Rome. We learn less clearly what that Rome was which thus needed, by a twofold process, to take Greece into a partnership in her dominion. In the time which lies between the two destructive and creative periods, the time that is of the earlier Roman Empire, we mark the fusion of the elements out of which that Empire was formed, the process by which they grew into the body

which the second period was to make the later ruler and teacher of the nations. The second period past, we study its results in the whole later history of the civilized world, that world which still is truly *Latinitas*, but which became *Latinitas* only by the Teuton becoming the missionary of his Latin master.

Then again, besides the two great visible periods of crisis, there are some other periods which are, though sometimes less conspicuously, periods of crisis in another way. They are periods whose work was to make the work of the two great transitional periods possible, specially to do so by clearing away some hindrance which stood in the way of their work. Thus the time of the early Roman Empire, above all the so-called Augustan age, seems at first sight like a moment of rest between the two stirring and creative times. The work of the earlier period seems to be over; the work of the later period seems not to have begun. And yet, from another point of view, the Augustan age itself is one of the periods of crisis, one of the periods which determine that the course of history shall be what it actually has been and not something else. It is this in a much deeper sense than its superficial aspect as the time when the commonwealth of Rome begins to change to the rule of a single man, first virtual, and then avowed.* That was the necessary result of the establishment of Rome as the ruling city of the world. The old municipal constitution of that city proved itself unequal to the task of ruling the dominion that it had won. Rome could abide as the mistress of the world only by ceasing to be mistress of herself. In the deeper and more œcumenical view, the Augustan age has an importance of another kind, in its likeness to a period with which at first sight it appears to have very little in common. It may sound like a paradox to say that the Augustan age stands to our second period in much the same relation in which the Punic wars, above all the great war with Hannibal, stands to the first.

At the wars between Rome and Carthage we have already had occasion to glance. The result of the first was to make Rome thoroughly the mistress of Italy by adding to her dominion the great islands which seem natural appendages to Italy. The second, after bringing her nearer to overthrow than she found herself at any other moment between Brennus and Alaric, ended by making Rome the dominant power in Western Europe. The most prominent side of the Augustan age is certainly very different from this. At a superficial glance it is not easy to see any likeness between what seems to be the least stirring time in the whole Roman history, the days when the world seems to sleep unmolested under the Roman Peace, and the days of deadly struggle, when Rome had to fight for her own being on her own soil. And yet these two periods, so widely unlike, act each in a strange way as forerunners severally of the two periods which we have marked out as the special times of transition. The wars with Carthage look both backward and forward; they fixed Rome's position in the West; but they also, above all the war with Hannibal, opened the way for the days when Rome spread, first her influence, then her dominion, over the nations east of the Hadriatic. The earlier Empire, the age of Augustus, opened the way for the days when Rome spread her influence, but not her dominion, over the nations east of the Rhine and north of the Danube. And in each case the way was opened by processes which though in one sense they seem most opposite to each other, were in a wider view essentially of the same kind. In each case, before the great period of transition came, when it was as yet only foreshadowed, a blow was threatened which might have hindered the work of that period from ever being done at all In the earlier case it was a blow struck at Rome; in the later case it was a blow struck by Rome. Rome, on the eve of her advance to the headship of the Mediterranean lands, was checked by the rivalry of Carthage by the long campaigns of Hannibal in Italy.

The first Punic war came when she had just begun her abiding relations with the Greek nation by establishing her supremacy over the Greeks of Italy. It was itself a war to determine whether Rome or Carthage should hold the headship of Sicily and the Greek cities of that island. The Hannibalian war came when Rome had just begun relations with the more immediate Greek world, when she had established herself as a power east of the Hadriatic, when, in becoming the protector of Apollônia, Epidamnos, and Korkyra, she had taken the first step towards her own translation to Byzantion. Rome was just beginning to stretch forth her hands towards the general dominion of Europe when the question came whether Europe should remain Europe at all. As things turned out, the Punic wars were a mere check to the progress of Rome; in Spain and Africa indeed they were not even a check, but rather a step in that progress. In the relations between

* It might be more accurate to say, the merging of all the offices of the commonwealth in a single office. The Imperial theory required that the Imperial authority, the union of all earlier authorities, should be supreme and undisputed. It by no means required that that authority should be always vested in a single man. Hence the Imperial office was so often held in partnership by two or more Imperial colleagues.

Western and Eastern Europe they were but an episode, a great and terrible episode, an episode which had great and abiding results, but still only an episode in the main tale. But had things turned the other way, had fortune gone for Carthage and for Hannibal, had Rome been overthrown or even seriously weakened, the history of the world must have been other than what it has been. The world-wide dominion of Rome could never have been reached, or could have been reached only by steps wholly different from those by which in the end it was reached. Such was the blow struck at Rome, a blow which, had it gone fully to its mark, would have been a blow indeed, not only to Rome, but to all that Rome represents in later history. Our admiration for the great Phœnician commonwealth, for the hero-brood of the Sons of Thunder, even for the foremost of that brood, for Hannibal himself, must not blind us to the fact that the men who fought for Rome against him fought in the same cause, in another stage of the same abiding struggle, as the men who fought at Marathôn and the men who fought at Tours.

So it was in the later time. Then Rome, instead of having a blow struck at her, herself struck a blow. It was a blow which, like that which had been struck at her, failed to go wholly to its mark; but it was one which, if it had so gone, might have changed the fate of the world, above all the destiny of our own race, forever. As the success of Hannibal might have hindered Rome from rising to European headship at all, so the full success of Drusus and Germanicus might have given her an European headship too great for the future history of mankind. It was the great day by the Teutoburg Wood which made our second period of transition possible, which opened the way for the whole later history of Germany, of Britain, and of America. Had Germany been incorporated with the then Roman Empire like Gaul and Spain, had Rome conquered Germany instead of Germany in after days winning the crown of Rome, all that the Teutonic race was to do in our second great determinining period, all that was to follow as the result of that second determining period, would have been blotted out from the world's annals before it had won a place in them. As it was, Arminius, "deliverer of Germany," was the deliverer of mankind from a danger akin to the danger which overhung the world in the days of Hannibal. For the destined course of the world's history, it was needful at one time to check and to overthrow the enemies of Rome, it was needful at a later time to check, but not to overthrow, the power of Rome herself. In the wider view of history Scipio and Arminius hold places which strangely answer to one another. The victory of the one made that course of events possible which determined that the headship of Europe should pass to Rome. The victory of the other made that course of events possible which determined the final shape which the headship of Rome should take.

Now when we look at the general history of the world from this point of view, it certainly seems a strange thing that no periods should be so commonly, one might almost say so universally, neglected as the two which, beyond all others, directly determined the course of that history. There are no times which are so little known even to men who are fairly well informed as to other times. Men who would be ashamed if they did not know everything of the age of Thucydides, men who would be ashamed if they did not know at best the literature of the age of Augustus, are content to know nothing of the age of Polybios. Men who are at home in modern and even in mediæval history have often very vague notions of the age of Zôsimos and Procopius. Yet it sounds like attempting to finish the building without having laid the foundation to try to master even the mere literature of the Roman Empire without mastering the events through which, and the conditions under which, the Empire came into being. It is much the same to try to master the history of the nations of modern Europe without mastering the transitional period in which some of those nations came into being, while others received an impulse which affected the whole current of their later life. And, from the purely Greek point of view, if we look at Greek history, not simply as the record of the Athenian democracy, but as the record of the Greek nation in its place in the general history of the world, it is impossible to overrate the importance of either period. No time is richer in political teaching than the age of Polybios. If his inestimable work—inestimable even in its fragments—taught us only the tale of the advance of Rome, it would be a possession for all time worthy to be set alongside of the earlier possession for all time. But he teaches us far more than this. If his political picture is less fresh than that of Thucydides, it is far more varied; it supplies far more direct analogies with modern times.

In the age of Thucydides we see nothing but the Greek city-community—ruling, to be sure, whenever it has the chance, over other Greek city-communities—and the vast barbaric kingdom. Federal unions have not spread beyond the less advanced branches of

the Greek nation; kingship worthy of the name is not the constitution of any State acknowledged as Greek. In the Greece of Polybios we come across a far more complicated state of things. The city-community, the democratic city-community, the maritime city-community, is still there; its place only is changed; we have to look for its most brilliant example no longer at Athens but at Rhodes. The Federal States, now taking in the greater and more important part of continental Greece, are to be seen in their full development, the living forerunners of modern America and modern Switzerland, teaching lessons far more directly practical for our own time than any that the single city, aristocratic or democratic, can teach us. Kings too, and all that follows on the presence of kings, now play a great part even in the immediate Greek world. Asia and Egypt, under their Macedonian kings, though their hellenism is a mere fringe or rim on a barbarian body, are still very different from Asia and Egypt under barbarian kings. They have become part of the civilized world, of the Greek world; the Seleukids and the Ptolemies play their part in that world, not as outsiders, but as members. Macedonia and Pergamon come nearer still; to these we cannot deny a place in the inner Greek world, alongside of Rhodes and Achaia. And no error can be greater than that of looking at these powers, alike kingdoms, confederations, and single cities, as petty States, worn-out States, or, as those who talk in that way would be more likely to put it, "effete States." We may perhaps wish that the diplomatist Aratos had been a better soldier, and the soldier Philopoimên a better diplomatist; but it was hardly an "effete" State which rose to the first place in Greece under their hands. All these States are physically far greater than the Greek States of the age of Thucydides; allowing for the different scale of the whole world, they rank with modern great powers; as long as they are left to themselves, they form a political world full of life and energy. If they seem small, it is not because they are such in themselves, but because a power had arisen by the side of them such as the world never saw before or after. No other power of the civilized world ever rose to such a position as that of Rome, and the speed with which she won it is not the least wonderful part of the tale. For her position in Italy she had to fight long and hard; for her position in the West she had to fight long and hard; but, once head of Italy, goes on to win the headship of the world almost at a blow. It took indeed some centuries fully to gather in the spoil; the Empire was becoming an old institution before every land and city within its geographical limits had become formally incorporated with its political substance. But the practical work was done in a very few years, in the first dozen years or so of the second century B.C. After the overthrow of Philip and Antiochos, no part of the Greek world was as it had been before the second Macedonian war. A power had appeared unlike every other power which had before been seen, a power which at once changed friends and enemies alike into practical dependents. To conclude a friendly treaty on equal terms was as dangerous as to be overthrown in a great battle. It is wonderful indeed to look at the work of these few years. Rome steps into a world full of political and military life, and every one of its States seems stricken as it were with palsy at her first touch. They do not die at once; they are drawn within the range of the destroyer by a kind of fascination. And yet destroyer we should hardly say. If political life died out, life enough of other kinds lived on to make the conquerors of Greece quite other than they were before they began her conquest.

So it is also in our second period of transition. We apply very freely the words "decay," "decline," "fall," to the Roman Empire of the fourth and fifth centuries; and "effete" is the standing epithet of its Eastern division, even when the mighty Macedonian dynasty goes forth conquering and to conquer from the foot of Ararat to the foot of Ætna. The abiding life of the Eastern Empire still seems to be to many minds the hardest of lessons; but we have just now more to do with the Western. The fabric of Roman power in the West seems to give way almost as suddenly at the touch of the Goth as the Greek political world of the age of Polybios gave way at the touch of the Roman. Julian could have as little foretold the days of Honorius or even the days of Valens, as Philopoimên, when he led the charge of Megalopolis at Sellasia, could have foreseen the days when all that he could do would be to try to accept the bidding of Rome without utter loss of national dignity. Yet both the systems which seemed to give way really lived on in other shapes; the Roman became the disciple of the conquered Greek; the Teuton became the disciple of the conquered Roman. And, if Rome gave way almost as suddenly as Greece, Rome, even Western Rome, recovered herself as Greece never did. The Rome of the Popes was strangely called into being by the restoration of the Imperial power in the sixth century. One can hardly fancy the part of Gregory the Great being played under a Gothic king. The part of the next Grego-

ries, of Zachary, of the Hadrian and the Leo of Charles the Great, would have been clearly impossible. We might almost compare the times of Belisarius with times of which we have already spoken, with the time of Hannibal, the time of Arminius. An abiding Gothic rule in Italy would not have led to the general result of the ages of transition. The Roman Empire was to abide; ever in the West it was to live again; but it was by a Teutonic prince that its powers were to be wielded. The overthrow of the Goth was the needful condition of the Imperial consecration of the Frank.

It is not a new task for me to plead the cause either of the age of Polybios or of the age of Procopius taken by itself. I have now tried to put their relation to one another and to the general history of the world more clearly than, so far as I know, they have ever been put before. I trust, in another article, to point out some instances of the way in which the events of our first period and of the times before it influenced the general state of things in the ages between our first period and our second. —EDWARD A. FREEMAN, in *The Contemporary Review.*

PREACHERS OF THE DAY.

AT Westminster Abbey, one Sunday afternoon, the present writer overheard a party of Americans appealing earnestly to a verger for sittings near the pulpit: "We are Americans, and we do so want to hear Archdeacon Farrar; we may not have another chance!" The party had come late, so that the verger was unable to accommodate them as they desired; but he offered consolation, saying that the Archdeacon would preach again on the following Sunday. "Ah no, that won't do; we had booked him for to-day," was the answer.

Not long after this the writer was calling upon an American, who had "booked" Canon Liddon for the previous Sunday's religious exercise, and who, on being asked his opinion about that great preacher, volunteered to read some extracts from a letter which he had just written to his brother in Baltimore, conveying his description of the sermon. It was one of those admirable, painstaking letters which Americans, alone of the human race, still write to their brothers —one of those epistles which Trollope's Senator Gotobed is always sending to his distant partner. The effect of it was a little spoilt by an attempted parallel, in the manner of "Plutarch's Lives," between the Canon of St. Paul's and a preacher of parochial celebrity in America, a Mr. Stringer (Theodore James); but the general superiority of Dr. Liddon was handsomely allowed, and the American concluded with the acknowledgment that he had heard no such preaching at home, as here in London. "My wife," he said, "wonders how there can be any wicked people in this city with so many fine preachers about."

Few educated Americans leave this country without carrying away with them the recollection of some very edifying half-hours spent under the charm of good preachers' voices; and at this season of Lent it may not be inappropriate for one who, like our cousins, has gone the round of the London churches, to note his impressions of some among the foremost religious teachers of the day. The sectarian doctrines of these various clergymen must be left out of account in such a review, it is only intended to describe the preachers as they appear to the chance occupant of a pew, who has entered their respective churches—not undevoutly indeed, nor in hypercritical spirit, but with some purpose of weighing what he hears and of observing the manner in which it was delivered. It is one of the greatest boons of residence in London, that a man who scans the list of preachers in Saturday's papers can always provide for himself some of the richest intellectual pleasure, if not instruction, for the following day.

There is no city in the world which offers such a large choice of good preachers; and yet how few pulpit orators of the first order there are, considering that sermons are the principal business of most clergymen, and that every minister ought to regard it as a duty to train himself in elocution. It is very seldom that we are not a little disappointed in the preachers of whom we have heard much praise. In one we miss good delivery; another has a bad voice; a third, with a commanding presence, noble voice and great fluency, has trusted too much to the inspiration of the moment, and utters commonplaces which show that he has not prepared all the points of his discourse beforehand. This want of preparation on the preacher's part is a very trying thing for congregations; and it is a painful thing to say—though we must say it—that too many clergymen mount their pulpits without having given so much thought to what they are going to say as even a third-rate actor gives to his part before stepping on to the stage. Why is this so? Has not the preacher a part to play, and ought not rehearsals and the making of "points" to be matters of professional concern to him as they are with the actor?

Canon Liddon and the Bishop of Peterborough stand out as unquestionably the two first preachers of the Established Church. There is a story of a private soldier having gone to St. Paul's on an afternoon when Dr. Liddon was to preach. The printed paper with the hymn was handed to him, but not understanding that it was offered gratis he refused it with a shake of the head, saying: "You don't suppose I should be here if I had got any money?" Most of the people who go to hear the eloquent Canon are different from this soldier, for they would pay—and very liberally—to get seats near the pulpit. On the afternoons of the Sundays when Dr. Liddon is in residence, the Cathedral presents an extraordinary sight with its huge nave and aisles densely thronged. So far as the preacher's voice will reach, people stand, straining eyes and ears, and fortunately Dr. Liddon's voice resounds well under the dome; though now and then it becomes indistinct through the preacher's speaking too fast in his excitement. Two other things occasionally mar Dr. Liddon's delivery. Shortness of sight often makes him stoop to consult Bible or notes, and again he bows the head in a marked manner when he utters the Holy Name; but when he thus bends he goes on speaking, so that his words fall on the pulpit-cushion and are deadened, which produces upon people who are at some little distance off, the effect of continual stoppages and gaps in the sermon. No other defects besides these, however, can be noted in orations which for beauty of language, elevation of thought and lucidity in reasoning, could not be surpassed. We have heard Dr. Liddon many times at Oxford and in London, and have observed that the impression produced by his eloquence was always the same, no matter who might be listening to him. We remember, in particular, a sermon of his on the text: "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." It was absolutely magnificent to hear him prophecy the gradual progress of the world towards a higher state. Every man, from the greatest to the least, was made to feel his share of responsibility in advancing or retarding the evolution of mankind, and while the consequences of evil were pointed out as extending to incalculable lengths, there was a sublime hopefulness in the promise that the smallest good offering brought to the Creator would be multiplied by Him as the "five loaves were multiplied."

Optimism—which is nothing but great faith—pervades Dr. Liddon's preaching. He never leaves his hearers under the apprehension that in any struggle between the good and the bad forces of this world, the bad are going to get the best of it. He knows human nature too well, however, to exaggerate what can be done by any single human being. "The first lesson in true wisdom"—he said in one of his most recent sermons—"is the limited nature of our faculties, the reality and extent of our ignorance;" and there is a curious mixture of religious and mundane philosophy in the following remarks about the presumption of St. Peter, a few minutes before he denied his Master:

> We only weaken ourselves by dwelling upon mischiefs which we cannot hope to remedy. We have only a certain amount of thought, of feeling, of resolve, each one of us, to dispose of. And when this has been expended unavailingly on the abstract, on the intangible, it is expended; it is no longer ours, and we cannot employ it when and where we need it close at home . . . Peter failed as he did, because he had expended his moral strength in words, and had no sufficient force to dispose of when the time came for action and for suffering.

These observations made in a grand sermon, "The Lord was not in the fire," may also be quoted:

> Religious passion carried to the highest point of enthusiasm is a great agency in human life; but religious passion may easily be too inconsiderate, too truculent, too entirely wanting in tenderness and in charity, to be in any sense divine. Christendom has been ablaze again and again with fires: and those fires are not extinct in our own day and country, of which it may certainly be said that the Lord is not in them.*

The Bishop of Peterborough has not often been heard in London of late years, but whenever he is advertised to preach, crowds flock to hear him. He need not be compared with Liddon, for the personal appearance, style, and opinions of the two men are quite different. But whereas the Canon sometimes preaches above the understanding of dull men, the Bishop's eloquence never soars much above earth. It is a rousing eloquence, spirited, combative, often sarcastic and always directed against some evil which is preoccupying public attention at the time being. Dr. Magee is not merely a hater, but an aggressive enemy of "humbug," clothe itself in what garb it may. With his animated Celtic features, long upper lip, large mouth, energetic nose and shaggy eyebrows, with his gruffness and broad smile which breaks up the whole of his face into comical lines, he has all the look of a humorist. The glance all round which he takes at his congregation when he has got into the pulpit, is that of a master. His first words arrest attention, and if some unlucky man drops a book during his exordium, that man will stare hard at the pulpit and pretend to have no connection

* Dr. Liddon's politics are puzzling, but always unconventional. He was speaking of the Kingdom of Heaven in a sermon. "Mind, it's a Kingdom," he said, breaking off; "not a Republic."

whatever with the book, lest his lordship's eyes should suddenly be turned upon him like two fiery points of interrogation. Presently, when the Bishop warms to his work, his arms hit out from the shoulder like piston-rods wrapped in lawn; down come his large hands with great slaps on his book or cushion, and if he is preaching in a church where the beadle has not heard of his little ways and has not been careful to give the cushions a beating, enough dust will be raised to make a fine powdering for the heads of the people in the pew beneath.

The Bishop of Peterborough once said that he "would rather see England free than sober," which amounted to declaring that he would rather men conquered temptation for themselves, than have it removed from their way by legislation which might be oppressive to sober people. His words of course drew a howl from temperance associations, but the inculcation of manliness is the head and front of Dr. Magee's preaching, and he has never swerved from the position that if men cannot be made sober by their own efforts and the encouragements of their friends, the policeman will not make them so. "Don't let us create artificial sins," he once said. "There are plenty of things against which my cook and housemaid must pray to be guarded; don't try and make the poor souls feel wicked because they enjoy a glass of beer." A young curate, not very long ago, called on the Bishop with a very broad piece of blue ribbon in his buttonhole. His lordship took no notice of the ornament, and this evidently disappointed the curate, who kept turning his lappet to the light, till the Bishop opened a New Testament at the passage where the Pharisees are condemned for wearing broad phylacteries. "Let men speak of you as sober," he said, when the curate had digested this little morsel; "you will not need then to advertise yourself as such."

It was in the same spirit that he answered a lady who asked him whether she ought to wear the blue ribbon. "Put it on, by all means, but remember to how much it will pledge you. If men go wrong from drink, girls are more liable to be led astray through love of finery; and if you want to set a good example, give up jewelry, feathers, furs and silks. Dress in unconspicuous stuffs, buy a plan, serviceable bonnet meant for use not show; and mind you keep always to the same fashions, for I assure you a great deal of foolish extravagance arises out of changing fashions."

The lady winced at all this, so the Bishop broke off abruptly: "Then what is the sense of your blue ribbon? I suppose it cost you no effort to give up wine and beer, then why make a virtue of renouncing them?".

Such as Dr. Magee is in his private conversations so is he in the pulpit. Plainspoken and shrewd, discussing all questions with easy arguments, never stooping to subtleties, clear in his delivery, happy in his choice of words, he keeps his hearers bound like Ogmius, that God of Eloquence among the Gauls who used to be represented with chains flowing out of his mouth. On occasions he rises to the highest flights of oratory, but never loses sight of his congregation, who have always been caried along by him through the successive degrees of his own enthusiasm. He should be heard delivering a charity sermon, for this is a duty which he discharges in no perfunctory fashion. He masters his subject thoroughly; speaks of the poor or afflicted for whom he is pleading like one who knows them; and his advice as to supplying their wants is never dictated by eccentric philanthropy, but springs from that true benevolence which has common sense for its source. He was being asked to interest himself in a carpenter's clever young apprentice whom some good people wanted to send to college. "Let him first graduate as a good carpenter," said the Bishop; "when he has become a skilled craftsman, so that he is proud of his trade and can fall back upon it if others fail, then will be the time to see if he is fit for anything better."*

A popular vote would probably give the position of third amongst the best preachers of the day to Archdeacon Farrar; but personally we should join the minority on that division. When the author of "Eric" published his "Life of Christ," a writer in the *Spectator* described it as "by a special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*," and it is impossible to get this very neat criticism out of one's mind when hearing Dr. Farrar preach in Westminster Abbey. In his own church of St. Margaret, the Archdeacon shines with a subdued light. Those who have chatted with him by his own fireside, and know him to be the most amiable, unaffected of *causeurs*, those who remember him at Harrow as a most genial boy-loving master, will miss nothing of the good-natured simplicity which they liked in him, if they hear him in his own church discoursing about matters that concern his

* The Bishop of Peterborough's renown as a parliamentary orator needs no special acknowledgment. He was heard at his best in the House of Lords last session when he said that there was no chance of the Church being reformed, for there were too many persons in the political world interested in seeing its abuses flourish, in order that these might discredit the Church. The Nonconformists had been called the backbone of the Liberal party, and the Liberals dared not deal fairly by the Church, "for fear of irritating their great backbone."

parish. But in the Abbey he is different. There, his massive face settles into a hard, expressionless look; his voice, which is loud and roughish, is pitched in a monotonous key; and his manner altogether lacks animation, even when his subject imperatively demands it. However, his ornate periods, metaphors, tropes and far-fetched comparisons diffuse ecstasy among those worshippers who derive their wisdom from penny newspapers. To illustrate any common reflection on the vicissitudes of life, the Archdeacon drags in the destruction of Pompeii with the latest mining accident; the overthrow of Darius with that of Osman Digna, the rainbow that appeared to Noah with Mr. Norman Lockyer's explanations of recent glorious sunsets; and all these juxtapositions come down so pat as to suggest the irreverent idea that the book which the venerable preacher was studying during the prayers must have been an annotated copy of Maunders' "Treasury of Knowledge."

We believe Dr. Farrar is a total abstainer. One day a gentleman addicted to hard drinking was seated in the smoking-room of an hotel when a dog walked in. The drinker gave a violent start and shrank back in his chair: upon which a waiter whispered to him reassuringly, "Don't be afraid, sir; it's a real one." This story was related to Dr. Farrar, and gave him, it is said, an utter loathing for strong drinks which can destroy the mind and convert a man into a palsied sot. It need scarcely be said that the drinker in the smoking-room was afflicted with delirium-tremens. Alexander Dumas, the younger, offers an analogous case of a man being suddenly startled out of the temperate use of a thing by a ghastly story. About twenty years ago, a French doctor told him of a horrible instance of tongue-cancer which he had seen result from over-smoking. Dumas was smoking a cigar at the time; he threw it away half-finished, and has never lit another.

Dr. Barry, Bishop of Sydney, is no longer with us, or we might class him with Dr. Farrar as a preacher of the florid school. The habit of addressing boys, while it gives a man great assurance in the pulpit, also inclines his style to unconscious pedantry. Dr. Farrar was head-master of Marlborough; Dr. Barry, of Cheltenham; the latter, like the former, could never quite shake off the ways of the *didaskalos* who has to show sharp Sixth Form boys that he is well up in his authors, and to make the little ones in the Fourth feel utterly ashamed of their crass ignorance. Archdeacon Farrar, however, may be compared to that eminent artificer, Signor Ruggieri, who discharges the fireworks in Paris on national holidays, and does so with an unmoved countenance; while Dr. Barry, on the contrary, always seemed to watch with eager eyes the flight of his oratorical squibs and Roman candles. For all that, few preachers have such a command of neat, graceful English as Dr. Barry. He speaks better than he writes, and he possesses the great art of moving his hearers, "without," as the present Archbishop of Canterbury said of him, "harrowing the field he has ploughed."

As we are talking of head-masters we may take two others, the Dean of Llandaff and Mr. E. C. Wickham, in both of whom is found the best scholarly preaching without mannerism. Dean Stanley when dying requested that his funeral sermon might be preached by Dr. Vaughan. The Master of the Temple alluding soon afterwards to his dead friend, spoke with emotion of the Dean's having emphatically expressed his belief in the Trinity. Dean Stanley owed it to his excessive latitudinarianism that his beliefs were often called in question, and it may be said of Dr. Vaughan that his creed contains articles more definite than that of his friend. Without applying to him that term "Broad" which has come to mean so many obnoxious things, we may call him "tolerant," in the best sense which can be attached to that term as implying the highest kind of enlightenment. His sermons are free from controversial bitterness; they seldom indeed touch on controvertible points. But they are not meat for babes. Dr. Vaughan preaches for men. He bears himself in the pulpit with the dignity of a man who reorganized a great public school and has twice refused bishoprics. While vicar of Doncaster, he tried hard to get the races removed from the town—an enterprise in which he failed of course, but it was a sign of an amazing amount of moral courage in him to have undertaken it. Courage is the mainspring of his character When he became head-master of Harrow, the school had less than seventy boys, and the conduct of these was so bad that he had serious thoughts of expelling them in a body. He resisted this first impulse, set to work, disciplined his scholars, remodelled the school, and left it, after fifteen years, the rival of Eton and Rugby. A man who has done this does not recoil from tasks that would daunt ordinary men, and when Dr. Vaughan lifted up his voice at Doncaster against the races, which every year brought into the town for one week dissipation and vice enough to undo most of the good which he, as vicar, strove to effect during the other fifty-one weeks, he knew that he would incur great unpopularity. But for this he cared not a birch-twig. The lessons of such a man must needs be fortify-

ing. In the round church of the Temple, Dr. Vaughan addresses congregations which no second-rate preacher could attract. Lawyers of all degrees, from the judge to the late-called junior, go to hear him, and the lesson he most often impresses upon them all is to *dare*—to do what seems most difficult, most detrimental to oneself when conscience says it ought to be done, and to await the consequences with a quiet, manly faith that the best will come of it.

Like the Dean of Llandaff, Mr. Wickham preaches for men, but more particularly for scholars. He has the ascetical features of a young monk—thin cheeks, sunken eyes, denuded forehead, and not the ghost of a smile ever hovers on his lips in the pulpit. He looks as if he had just left a cell full of books and were going to return to it immediately after the service. He carries himself well, with head erect, steadfast gaze, and no sign of nervousness in his manner. His calm delivery is admirable. Never stumbling at a word, clear in his articulation, self-possessed in all his gestures, he appears to be reciting his sermon by heart; but in what he says there is always an appositeness which would be wanting in sermons learnt by rote. A sporting peer gave his opinion of Mr. Wickham, saying: "He's very good form; one never hears 'My Christian brethren,' or anything of that kind from him." Impersonality is Mr. Wickham's "form;" he never says "I," and seldom "you." He seems to be revealing truths to the world, not lecturing an audience beneath his pulpit; he is a mouthpiece speaking from inspiration and sinking his individuality altogether.

Mr. Wickham is to be heard occasionally at St. Paul's. It is to be regretted that the Dean of the Cathedral only preaches there four times a year, though Dr. Church's sermons are rather meant to be read than listened to. They are treatises too full of learning and thought to be delivered orally, for they require that the reader should rivet his attention on every sentence of them; moreover, the Dean has not a well trained voice, and his general manner in the pulpit does no justice to the matter of his discourses.

The gifts that make a preacher popular with the vast congregations of St. Paul's appear in no man more conspicuously than in Canon Hole, of Lincoln. This most agreeable preacher realizes one's conception of what a Court chaplain ought to be; but as in these days the sovereign people like to be addressed as kings were of old, a preacher with honeyed phrases is sure to be thought delightful. There is nothing spontaneous in the Canon's oratory; it is all art—high art. He abounds in quotations from the poets; he suits the action to the word with gestures that have all been studied. Now he lays one hand on his breast and looks upward at the dome while he repeats some majestic verses from the late Lord Derby's translation of Homer's "Iliad"; now he brings the ample sleeves of his surplice together, and folding his hands as he leans right over the pulpit, smiles radiantly at his congregation and dismisses them with a tender couplet from Robert Browning. There never was such a voice as Canon Hole's for modulations; it compasses every octave from the deep note of the bassoon to the softest tremolo of the silver flute. As for his sermons in their entirety, they are like beautiful, philanthropical essays of which the author has laboriously corrected the printed proofs—there is not a mistake in them, not even a point of admiration misplaced. Of pictures so carefully retouched as Canon Hole's sermons are, the French say: "C'est de la peinture trop léchée." But we are not going to admit that the Canon's sermons are "too much licked." If the art in them is too apparent, it is at least something that art should be bestowed so conscientiously in the preparation of sermons.

Canon Duckworth is a Court preacher *de facto*. We have not mentioned his name in the order which we should assign to it by merit, for it certainly deserves a place in the first rank. A noble face, a charming voice, a persuasive tone, and a fluency which comes from a full heart as well as a full mind, combine to make of Dr. Duckworth a preacher very pleasing to hear. Pleasing is perhaps an inadequate word. The sensations which Dr. Duckworth kindles, though not violent, are strong and lasting. An accomplished scholar, a deep thinker, a masterly logician, he can give reasons for his faith which will not only satisfy the reverent inquirer who wants to have his belief strengthened, but will trouble the agnostic; and when he makes appeals to the heart he says things that will move even hardened society-men of the Major Pendennis type, and women like Becky Sharpe. He is one of those clergymen to whom belongs the great credit of having propagated religious earnestness, which is a very different thing from religious zeal, among the aristocracy. The zeal which finds vent in ostentatious giving of money, in the noisy championship of orthodoxy, and in the multiplication of religious observances, is always within the compass of the rich like any other mode of recreation. But the quiet, steadfast earnestness which shows itself in the gracious life, in charity of word, in the constant respect of holy things, and in the godly bringing up of children, this is a virtue that has not al-

ways been seen, as it is now, among a very considerable section of the rich. And men, who, like Canon Duckworth, have striven to promote this virtue and have succeeded, must be held to have had no small part in ennobling the national life.

Exactly the same praise belongs to Dr. Wilkinson, Bishop of Truro. It is impossible to compute the good which Mr. Wilkinson did during the years he was vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square. A High Churchman, an Oxford man, and a spiritual son, as one may well call him, of John Henry Newman, he is nevertheless essentially a priest of the Church of England, and there has never been any reason to fear that he would sever his connection with it. The mission which he set himself to discharge in his aristocratical parish was no easy one. A forcible preacher, he attracted from the first large congregations to his church; but this did not satisfy him, for he aimed at exciting something more than curiosity,—he wanted to awaken an active religiousness among his hearers, and to do this he had to exert all the tact and urbanity at his command. Largely endowed with both, he succeeded where a man less versed in the ways of the world might have failed. Lay organizations of all sorts sprang up around his church to assist him in his work, and he was speedily in a position to feel that he was truly the guide of his parish. But to speak of him only as a preacher, we may say that his able, scholarly discourses, while so couched as to soothe rather than to alarm, were always interspersed with little sparks of humor which threw a ridiculous light upon the smaller and meaner vices, selfishness, conceit, indolence and stinginess. Dr. Wilkinson knows how to make the great ashamed of the faults that are unworthy of their position. His texts generally tend to the moral, *Noblesse oblige;* and his exhortations, both as to conduct in private life and in public policy, might be summed up in Tennyson's stirring lines:

> Pray God our greatness may not fall
> Through craven fears of being great.

From a man who knows the "great world" of London we may pass to one who knows the world as a traveller of almost unique experience. Dr. Henry Lansdell, the author of "Through Siberia," is a disciple of Howard. Trained for the ministry at St. John's College, Highbury, he was ordained in 1867, and from that time began to make annual voyages. His * sermons are of powerful interest because his adventures have supplied him with an inexhaustible fund of reminiscences, facts and anecdotes, upon which he can draw to enforce his precepts. It is something to hear a man who has been has been to Khiva and come away safe and sound, who has seen Siberia and pushed his explorations in all other lands quite beyond the ordinary track of tourists. Dr. Lansdell prepares his sermons with unusual care, for he makes it his rule, whenever possible, to devote thirty hours to the composition of them—that is, six hours a day for five days. If he is to preach on a Sunday he will on the previous Monday choose his text generally from the portions of Scripture to be read on the Sunday, and will then read up all that has been written on that text by Bible commentators. On the Tuesday he will write out a rough draft of his sermon; on the Wednesday make a fair copy of it adding what improvements he can. On the Thursday he will learn the sermon by heart; and on the Friday rehearse it to himself and think upon it, after which the manuscript is locked up; for Dr. Lansdell preaches without notes. We mention all this by way of showing what respect a high-principled man will feel for any work he undertakes, and we can only wish those presumptuous preachers whose favorite text appears to be "Take no thought what ye shall speak," would follow Dr. Lansdell's example, and remember that inspiration is only vouchsafed to those who seek it diligently.

Highbury College has brought us to the north of London, where we may look in at St. James's, Holloway. This church, in a squalid neighborhood, at the corner of the Liverpool Road, has been fortunate in having three remarkable vicars in succession, the late Mr. Mackenzie, Canon Boyd-Carpenter, and the Rev. E. A. Stuart. Canon Boyd-Carpenter now holds the living of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. Evangelical in his tenets, an enthusiastic worker in the cause of Temperance,* an indefatigable administrator of charitable organizations, he has left a record of splendid work at Holloway, and he now continues these labors in his wealthier parish. As a preacher he is very popular, and there can be no better illustration of the words "Diversities of gifts but the same Spirit," than in the circumstance that Canon Boyd-Carpenter and Mr. Wilkinson should have wielded just the same sort of influence in

* Mr. Henry Lansdell received the degree of D.D. from Archbishop Tait in 1881.

* We should have mentioned that Dr. Lansdell is a total abstainer, but he makes no fuss about the matter, and wears no blue ribbon. He has never touched strong drink from his boyhood, and this fact is more noticeable in his case than in that of most men, since he has travelled so much in climates where one would think stimulants are almost necessary. But even in Siberia he never felt, as he says, a desire for drink stronger than tea.

their respective parishes, though they are so little alike. In Canon Boyd-Carpenter the Low Churchman can be discerned at a glance. No High Churchman deals in the style of oratory to which the Canon inclines. He is rhetorical, emotional, now lowering his voice to the tone of familiar conversation, now taking grand flights upwards into clouds of mysticism. It is a spasmodic style, but effective: it blows in gusts like a high wind, and there is no sitting inattentive in the face of it. There is too much of the personal pronoun in it to please the fastidious, for the reiteration of "I," and "My," "My brethren," "My dear brethren," "My Christian brethren," etc., ends by tiring those who hold that a preacher should practise self-effacement.

If Mr. E. A. Stuart can discard some of the mannerisms of the Evangelical school, he will before long attain to the highest reputation among preachers. He has some natural gifts which fit him pre-eminently for the ministry, and these have been well supplemented by the education he received at Harrow and Cambridge. About ten years ago he was captain of the Harrow School eleven, and afterwards he pulled stroke of the college boat, St. John's, but his devotion to athletics did not interfere with his theological studies, and before leaving the University he was already noted for his abundant knowledge of the Scriptures. A most handsome young man, tall, broad-shouldered, of dark complexion, with a beaming face, resolute and yet gentle, his appearance is prepossessing in no common degree; but when he opens his mouth to read or speak, the great beauty of his voice exercises a most potent charm. A careful elocutionist, he has learnt how to manage his voice, and he has certainly no superior in London as a reader. Even the Litany seems short when read by him, so heartfelt is the expression which he throws into each prayer. As a preacher, too, Mr. Stuart when at his best is excellent, but he is rather unequal in the pulpit, some of his sermons bearing traces of haste in composition. Moreover he is too much given to saying "Methinks," "Now it is *my* opinion," etc. But he will grow out of these faults, and when he has done so his voice will reach far.

Another great Evangelical preacher, Mr. W. H. Aitken, calls for notice. A Cornishman brought up among miners at Pendeen, where his father was rector, he was trained for the ministry from his youth, and is the founder of the Parochial Mission Society, which supplies clergymen with preachers when they may be wanted for any special work. Mr. Disraeli heard Mr. Aitken some years ago at the Curzon Chapel, Mayfair, and was so much struck by his sermon that he at once offered him the vicarage of Halifax, which Mr. Pigou, another first-rate preacher, now holds. Mr. Aitken is as a Daniel in the pulpit; but the flaming energy of his style can rather be imagined than described. Once he went to preach at Christ Church, Barnet. The vicar of that church had lately had a handsome silk gown presented to him by his parishioners; and the clerk asked whether Mr. Aitken was to wear this new gown or an older one. "Give him the new gown, of course," said the vicar. But he had not taken into account the exuberance of his visitor's gestures, so it came to pass before long that the right-hand sleeve of the new gown being tossed wildly about, got caught in the gas-bracket, and a rent a foot long was the result. "We'll give him the old gown next time, sir," whispered the clerk after the service.

From Mr. Aitken to Mr. Haweis, the descent is considerable, but it is only one of temperature. The missionary is ardent; the Vicar of St. James's, Marylebone, is nothing if not cool, and his coolness is not like that of still air, but searching as an east wind; and, to some, as irritating. About a year ago, Mr. Haweis announced that he was going to introduce some changes into the ritual. The Lord's Prayer would only be said once at Morning and Evening Service, there would be but one creed, one prayer for the Queen, etc. The time gained by this Prayer Book revision, undertaken with the high sanction of Mr. Haweis's churchwardens, has of course gone to the enlargement of the sermon; but nobody complains, for there is never a dull sentence in what the preacher says. His voice, though small, and in tone like a clarionet, is penetrating, one might say perforating, for it works its way in gimlet fashion to the farthermost corner of the dark little church, and going through the ears of each one, bores into his mind unfailingly. Of delivery there is nothing that can be so called in Mr. Haweis's style; his intonation is throughout as if he were giving out notices. He kindles sometimes, but he never warms. He is not anxious to keep his hearers in the old paths where they may find rest for their souls; he beckons them towards unexplored declivities, and is so sure that they will follow from curiosity, that he has no need to excite himself. He is a Radical; he has campaigned with Garibaldi; he has written on cremation, on democracy—what else has he not done? It would require a trumpeter to flourish it all, but Mr. Haweis is too good a musician himself to keep a hired performer. At one time he was chaplain of a volunteer

corps, but one day that corps having been appointed to muster at a certain place, failed to put in an appearance because it rained, and Garibaldi's friend would have nothing more to do with soldiers who feared to be wetted. He is superior to common weaknesses, like most of his political school, and goes in manliness to the point of thinking that every age ought to buy its own experience instead of accepting the same as a legacy from generations which may be have had to buy it too dear. He hates restraints on "the people" as much as a progressive Dutchman who had never seen a flood might dislike dykes, and question their uses; and against popular distemper he is as well persuaded as Mr. Bright that "Force is no remedy." Water never quenched fire, fire never burned stick, stick never beat dog to good purpose yet, and never will. This is the new faith. *Ainsi soit-il!*

There used to be at Berlin, at about the time when Mr. Stopford Brooke was chaplain to the British Embassy in that capital, a preacher much like Mr. Haweis in opinions—a pastor, Conrad Löbbeke, of whom Prince Bismarck said: "He is always for unchaining my dog and giving him *your* dinner. I know two sorts of Liberals," added the Prussian statesman, laughing, "both of whom think it cruel to keep a mastiff tied. One would loosen the beast, to muzzle him and make him draw a cart; the other, after taking the dog's chain off, would scream to me to shoot him for being mad."* Let us hope things will never so happen that Mr. Haweis will be asked: Who shot the dog?

We have named Mr. Stopford Brooke, and would we could speak of him as being still in the Church of England. He officiates at the Bedford Chapel in Bloomsbury Street, of which the late Rev. J. C. M. Bellew was once the incumbent. We have some boyish recollections of Mr. Bellew, his fine silvery head and ever youthful face, his voice of ringing clearness, his exquisite sentiment in reading, and his dramatic delivery in the pulpit which could keep even a boy's nerves in a thrill of excitement, The church was always full in Mr. Bellew's days; it was crowded morning and evening whether he preached or simply read the Lessons, and it remained so until he went over to Rome, taking several of his faithful with him, after leading them through the regular preliminary course of Ritualism. Mr. Brooke has not the histrionic abilities of Mr. Bellew, nor his voice, nor his vestments—for Mr. Bellew's surplices and hoods were things to see—but he is a better preacher than his predecessor, and yet we have heard him preach before scanty evening congregations which scarcely filled half the floor of the church, and left the large galleries dark and empty. He seemed to feel his abandonment, and preached like an ill-used man. Where was the fashionable flock that gathered round him when he was the shepherd of St. James's, York Street, and seemed destined beyond doubt to become the wielder some day of an episcopal crook? Mr. Brooke has not succeeded in founding a sect of any importance, and he seems to be, if he is not in reality, a disappointed schismatic. His sorrowful air moves the heart of ladies, but men are sometimes so unintelligent as to ask what is the matter with him that he should so often turn up his eyes towards the ceiling and speak "*avec des larmes dans la voix*," as our neighbors say. Once get accustomed to his lackadaisical manner, make allowance for his propensity to talk about religious persecution as if he were himself among the martyrs; strip, in short, the husks from Mr. Brooke's sermons, and you will sometimes find the kernel solid and shapely. His poetical imagery, if a little over-colored, is always fine. His descriptions of things, scenery, thunderstorms, battle fields, convulsions of Nature, and his sketches of character, are most vivid. He is an incomparable word-painter. He is also a good, warm-hearted man, who, when pleading for the poor in this great city, is always stirred with genuine emotion. We can only regret again that his voice should sound so often in a desert of empty pews.

Mr. Haweis has condensed the Church Service; Mr. Voysey has altogether reformed the Prayer Book. The concert-room which he has turned into a conventicle is much patronized by American sojourners at the Langham Hotel hard by, and such visitors generally go away well pleased with the performance—we mean service.

Admission gratis: but there is a bookstall at the door from which the printed wisdom of Mr. Voysey can be purchased in quantities costing from a penny to two shillings. Inside the room there are comfortable chairs and a stage with a reading desk, and presently the *genius loci*, a man with lank hair and a moist smile, walks on to the stage, attired in an ordinary surplice, stole, and an Oxford hood. He has a good voice and reads im-

* M. Laffitte, in 1831, "begged pardon of gods and men," for having promoted the revolution of 1830: M. Jules Favre, in 1871, likewise with tears in his eyes, begged pardon of gods and men for not having consented to Prince Bismarck's proposal for disarming the National Guard of Paris. When M. Gustave Chaudey, the Republican journalist, was being led to execution by Raoul Rigault and a Communist rabble, he exclaimed: "I have spent my life in trying to make you free!" He also, poor fellow, repented of having "unchained the dog."

pressively the beginning of a service, which a visitor who has not had time to study the reformed Prayer Book, thinks at first to be that of the Church of England; but soon the omission of everything which forms the ground of a Christian's faith is observable, and the outlines of Mr. Voysey's theism are then seen. The service is cut up into small parts; the singing by a male and female choir is very fair; the lessons consist of passages from Scripture or from some American author as the occasion may serve, the equal inspiration of all good writers being apparently implied by this eclecticism; then we have a Litany, in which editors of newspapers and other periodical publications are prayed for. It is certain that these gentlemen require "grace, wisdom, and understanding" as much as the "Lords of the Council and all the nobility," and no one will quarrel with Mr. Voysey for laying a significant stress on his prayer in their behalf. Nor is there reason to quarrel with him for anything else he says or does. He is at home in his music-room, and those who go in had better regard him only as a lecturer. If he talks on religion they can say, as Lamb said of Coleridge: "It's only his fun." As a lecturer on the moralities he is always entertaining; he speaks in a polished, gentlemanly tone, is brief, often funny, and he is devoid of rancor towards his enemies. After the service he makes haste to throw off his surplice, and comes to the door to shake hands with his principal visitors as they are filing out. It is pleasant to see him so affable; he has probably more friends than disciples.

There are many other good preachers of whom we might still speak—Canon Fleming; Mr. Kitto; Mr. Horsley, the Chaplain of the Prison of Clerkenwell; Mr. Knox-Little, who has just been appointed to St. Paul's; and Dr. Kitchin, Dean of Winchester. Coming to others again of lesser note, we could name several, who, if they were Dissenters, would enjoy great reputation in their respective sects, but who in the Church of England occupy the second rank, because the preaching force of the Establishment is undoubtedly superior to that of the Nonconformist bodies. This must be ascribed to the freedom which exists in the Anglican communion. A Nonconformist was once bandying words with a curate about Episcopacy. "I should not care to live subject to a Bench of Bishops," he observed.

"But is there no authority over you?" asked the curate.

"Only a Board," was the answer.

"Well, what's a board except a bench with no legs to stand upon?"

The truth is, the Anglican rector or vicar, who cannot be removed from his benefice save for flagrant heresy or misconduct by any power in the land; the Bishop, who owes no obedience to anybody, who cannot be scolded by the Primate, or have his emoluments curtailed by Government,—are both for practical purposes much more comfortably situated than Nonconformist ministers, who have been elected by their congregations, and are controlled by officious bodies of Elders and Deacons. Making every allowance for the benefits which the best preachers of the Establishment have derived from University education and associations, it still remains manifest to any one who has acquired his experience *de visu et auribus* that the tone of preaching is lower in chapels than in churches. There is less Catholicity about it; you can never be sure of what an Anglican clergyman is going to say when he mounts the pulpit; he may proclaim toleration of the broadest kind, acknowledging Christian workers of all sects whatsoever to be in fellowship; but the Dissenter dare not be so tolerant. He would have a pretty time of it with his Board if he owned that any good had ever come from Rome, and even if he is drawn into praising anything in connection with the Established Church, the praise is too often bestowed grudgingly and with ill-grace. Yet a Church which includes members so various in their opinions as Archbishop Benson and Mr. Haweis, Bishop Wilkinson and Mr. Stanley Leathes, is scarcely open to the charge so frequently laid against it by Dissenters of being tyrannically ruled.

Mr. Spurgeon stands head and shoulders above all the Nonconformist preachers. Somebody once expressed a regret that the great Baptist minister was not a member of the Establishment, to which the late Bishop of Winchester answered by quoting a portion of the tenth Commandment. But Mr. Spurgeon was much more aggressive in those days than he is now; he has softened much of late years, and Churchmen can go to hear him without fear of being offended. On the days when he preaches his Tabernacle holds a multitude. It is a huge hall, and to see gallery upon gallery crowded with eager faces—some six thousand—all turned towards the pastor whose voice has the power of troubling men to the depths of their hearts, is a stirring sight. Mr. Spurgeon's is not a high-class congregation, and the preacher knows that its understanding can best be opened by metaphors and parables borrowed from the customs of the retail trade, and with similes taken from the colloquialisms of the streets. Laughter is not forbidden at the Tabernacle, and the con-

gregation often break into titters, but the merriment is always directed against some piece of hypocrisy which the preacher has exposed, and it does one good to hear. He says:

> You are always for giving God short measure, just as if He had not made the pint pot.
>
> You don't expect the Queen to carry your letters for nothing, but when you are posting a letter heavenwards you won't trouble to stick a little bit of Christian faith on to the right-hand corner of the envelope, and you won't put a correct address on either, and then you wonder the letter isn't delivered, so that you don't get your remittance by next post.
>
> You trust Mr. Jones to pay you your wages regularly, and you say he's a good master, but you don't think God can be trusted like Mr. Jones; you won't serve Him because you don't believe in the pay.
>
> You have heard of the man who diminished his dose of food every day to see on how little he could live, till he came to half a biscuit and then died; but, I tell you, most of you have tried on how little religion you could live, and many of you have got to the half-biscuit dose.

These whimsicalities, always effective, constitute but the foam of Mr. Spurgeon's oratory; the torrent which casts them up is broad, deep and of overwhelming power. Mr. Spurgeon is among preachers as Mr. Bright among parliamentary orators. All desire to criticize vanishes, every faculty is subdued into admiration, when he has concluded a sermon with a burst of his truly inspired eloquence, leaving the whole of his congregation amazed and the vast majority of its members anxious or hopeful, but in any case roused as if they had seen the heavens open. We are compelled to add that Mr. Spurgeon has in the Baptist communion no co-minister wielding a tenth of his power, and that those who, having gone to the Tabernacle to hear him, have to listen to some other man, will be disappointed in more ways than one.

Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, one of the authors of the Methodist Temperance Hymn Book, holds an honorable place among rising Wesleyan preachers; and so does Mr. Jackson Wray, of Whitefield's Tabernacle, who now, however, has joined the Congregationalists. Among Presbyterians may be noticed Mr. J. Oswald Dykes, of Regent's Square, and Dr. Gibson, of St. John's Wood, whose church, by the way, is next door to Mr. Huxley's house. Dr. Dykes, a dark, stooping, studious minister with a very scholarly face, was for some time assistant to Dr. Candlish, the Scottish Boanerges; but he is not himself a "thunderer," he is more persuasive than fervid, and his arguments always strike home for being so perfectly tempered by thought. Dr. Gibson has a rather cultivated congregation with several artists in it, and one of these, a distinguished R.A., is understood to have been converted, by a couple of sermons, from very rampant Agnosticism. Dr. Gibson, though an Englishman, was for many years the leading Presbyterian minister at Chicago, U.S., and he has much of the American style in his delivery, though nothing of the drawl. His beginnings are argumentative, slowly and cautiously so; his perorations impassioned, but from first to last he knows what he is saying.

There are some who have called Mr. Newman Hall an American preacher; but though allusions to things American are frequent in the sermons which he preaches under the shadow of the Lincoln Memorial Tower, he is heartily English in thought and speech. The service at his church is much like that of the Establishment, and Mr. Hall wears an Anglican surplice; but the enormous size of his pulpit warns you from the threshold that preaching is the matter of chief moment here. Extempore praying is but a variety of preaching. An enthusiastic reporter once wrote of Mr. Newman Hall that "he had delivered the finest prayer ever addressed *to a congregation.*" Mr. Hall's extempore prayers, however, are not frequent, nor do they go to the severe length of Scotch prayers. A stern-looking man with a Wellington nose and an expression like a college don's, Mr. Newman Hall missed his vocation in being a Nonconformist and a Liberal. By nature he is autocratic; the love of authority and of discipline pierces in sharp peremptory words like bayonet points through the commonplace sentiments of his professed Liberalism. He should have been the head of a college, or a dean if not a bishop, though he would have doubtless found his most congenial sphere of action—little as he may suspect it—in a colonelship of Dragoons. Mr. Hall is only a great preacher when he has great objects to preach for; in times when there is not much doing, no big grievances to denounce, no "sinful, illiberal national policy" to inveigh against, his faculties take a rest. He is then like a lion making war upon flies, with rather lazy movements and a sort of yawning shame at being engaged in such poor sport.

Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, holds a place apart among Dissenters. If you can forgive a bad delivery with occasional dropping of aspirates, and the incessant introduction of Gladstonian politics in connection with holy things, you will find in Dr. Parker's sermons much that is impressive and certainly a great deal that is novel. The preacher wants to illustrate the case of a human being who has been taken in hand by Divine Providence, he pitches his voice in a solemn key and says: "Many years ago, a poor ragged boy seated himself at an early hour of the morning on the cold doorstep of a

New York newspaper office, asked for and obtained work to sweep out the office, and in time the lad became——" Here the chance intruder into Dr. Parker's Temple is all ears, and wonders what the lad became. Then the preacher goes on triumphantly, "and the lad became Horace Greeley, the most famous and trenchant writer on the press of his country, and the prince of American journalists." The absurdity of this anti-climax does not strike Dr. Parker or anybody else present; and this is enough by itself to show how far we are from St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and to make us feel how difficult it is to judge preachers outside the Establishment by the same canons of taste as we apply to those within it.—*Temple Bar.*

THE ADVANTAGES OF KEEPING GOATS.

To get milk for nothing is not perhaps possible, except in countries where the "cow-tree" grows in forests; but many folks, as we hope to show, might have milk for only a little trouble. Any one who has a garden of even small extent may have milk for a trifling preliminary outlay. Of course, labor and money are convertible terms, and in that sense all must pay for what they get. Still, hundreds might have a supply of this almost necessary food for next to nothing.

Wherever milk is used plentifully, there the children grow into robust men and women. Wherever its place is usurped by tea, we have degeneracy swift and certain. Dr. Ferguson, a factory surgeon, who has devoted a large share of attention to this subject, has ascertained from careful measurements of numerous factory children, that, between thirteen and fourteen years, they grow nearly four times as fast on milk for breakfast and supper as on tea and coffee—a fact which shows the benefits of proper diet. No diet is so suitable for growing children as well-cooked oatmeal porridge and milk, long the staple food in Scotch families, but now, in many instances, abandoned for diet very much inferior. Owing to its easy digestibility, it is of equal benefit to invalids, and more especially dyspeptics, who often regain health and pick up flesh at a wonderfully rapid rate on milk, or milk and good bread.

Milk may always be had in towns by those able to pay for it; but not always in the country, especially in winter. In consequence, country children among the laboring classes are in many cases not so well fed as they might be. This might be changed if the advantages of goat-keeping were generally known and acted upon. Some people have a prejudice against goats' milk, just as Scotch people have against eels, and perhaps this is one reason why so few goats are kept. Excepting that goats' milk is considerably richer than that of cows, there is no difference in appearance or taste; and this difference can be rectified by a liberal addition of water, for one quart of goats' milk is equal to one and a half of cows'.

Good as cows' milk is for children and invalids, the milk of the goat is much better; and it often happens that persons will thrive and grow strong on the latter, who could not digest the former. For this reason, goats' milk is largely prescribed by the faculty, and would be more so if it were more plentiful. So much in demand is it for children and invalids, and so limited is the supply, that it commands in London from two shillings and sixpence to five shillings a quart. Dr. Pye Chavasse, in his "Advice to a Mother," says: "The finest, healthiest children are those who, for the first four or five years of their lives, are fed principally upon it." He also states that asses' milk is more valuable for delicate infants; goats' milk, for strong ones. Dr. Wilson, in a lecture before the Society of Arts, said: "I say nothing regarding wet-nursing, because I am strongly of opinion that, should the mother be unfit to nurse her child, a trial ought to be made, first of all, of artificial feeding." Again: "The great advantage of using goats' milk is that, even in towns, the animal may be brought to the house, and the freshness and genuineness of the milk thus be put beyond question." Most people are aware that doctors prescribe the milk of *one* animal only; but only the few are aware of the frequently disastrous consequences which follow the ignoring of this rule. In truth, to the majority of people, its observance is an impossibility. But when the milk of the goat is used, no difficulty need occur on this point. Mr. Holms Pegler, the highest authority on the subject, says that goats' milk is so much richer than cows' milk, that "in tea or coffee it may be taken for cream; in cakes or puddings, it reduces the needful quantity, if, indeed, it does not entirely take the place, of eggs; and, finally, it goes much further, and is easier of digestion, than that supplied by the milkman." When to these advantages of goat-keeping we add that hardly any other animal will thrive on so many different and even inferior kinds of food, we have surely made out a strong reason why goats should be more numerously kept, and their milk supplied to townspeople as regularly as that of the cow.

Possibly it might not pay farmers to keep goats, and perhaps this is one reason why they have been neglected while every other breed of domestic animal was being improved. We understand, however, that a trial is being made in the south of England, which will prove whether it is worth a farmer's while taking to the keeping of goats; and in the mean time we would advocate the pursuit among cottagers and others whose accommodation for ordinary stock may be too limited for keeping even the smallest of cows. As to whether it will pay a country laborer to keep one or two goats, there can be no doubt at all, if he only possesses a small garden, and has access to a piece of waste ground; for he will thereby be enabled materially to add to his income whether he use or sell the milk.

A good deal depends on the kind of goat, whether goat-keeping will be a failure or not. Scotch goats, compared with some other kinds, are hardly worth keeping. Irish goats, though not so neat and handsome as Scotch ones, are often found much superior as milkers; and as the former are often brought over from Ireland to this country in large flocks, opportunities frequently occur of securing a good goat for a pound, or even less. But an English goat, if from a good stock, surpasses both the Scotch and the Irish.

Some goats will barely give more than a quart of milk a day; but others, by careful breeding and selection, are so much improved as to yield four quarts. Such animals rank with the horses and cattle that bring fancy prices. A goat giving four quarts of milk daily would certainly bring ten pounds, if indeed the possessor would part with it. In England, there is a Society working for the improvement of the breed of goats, and also to secure to cottagers the benefits to be derived from keeping these animals. Philanthropists could hardly devise a better plan for "helping the poor to help themselves" than by such means, and by bee-keeping. It is to be hoped that Scotland may no longer lag in the good race, but either establish a Goat and Bee Society on her own account, or, better, in connection with those formed in England. Individual effort can do very little in matters of this kind; united effort can do much; and in few ways could our country gentlemen and clergymen better the condition of the poor so cheaply as by this means.

And not alone for its milk is the goat valuable; its skin furnishes us with kid-leather, and its flesh with food. Cashmere shawls are made from its fleece in India; and Captain Burnaby in his "Ride to Khiva" mentions shawls of goat-hair "as fine as gossamer, that could be drawn through a finger-ring," and yet are remarkably warm and of large size. Those from ordinary wool were, though very fine, much less elegant, and not nearly so beautiful. What kind of goat produced the fleece, we have no means of knowing, Captain Burnaby not having made any inquiries. Even in our own country, silk-like cloth of excellent quality has been made from goats' fleeces. The most noted goats for the production of mohair are the Thibet, Angora, and Cashmere; and some people are sanguine that we may yet bring to market a class of goat that will unite the best milking qualities with meat and mohair producing powers. It is possible, nay, likely, that when the goat gets the attention it deserves, we may have a new textile industry superior to every one but that of silk.

We now proceed to show how such results are to be secured at a merely nominal cost. First, we would observe that the goat, though a very hardy animal, is well worth being properly protected from the storms of summer and winter. This is hardly the place to give directions as to the best kind of house, or how to erect one. All we need say is, that the house should be large enough to allow of the attendant doing what is necessary without discomfort; that it should be dry and airy; that dry earth should be used as flooring, and firmly beaten down, so that it may act as a deodorizer as well as an absorbent of moisture; and that ventilation and light should be provided. A house with all these qualifications may be erected very cheaply in most country districts, where slabs of wood and sawdust can be had for walls, and straw, or even broom, for thatch. Even turf will do for walls. But make sure of comfort, and you will be repaid.

As for food, there is hardly any green thing that a goat will not eat; indeed, it is rather too omnivorous; for if not tethered with a collar and short chain, it will eat the bark of any tree or bush it can reach, and so destroy it. As a substitute for this bark, of which it is very fond, it will accept and make a good meal of the hedge-prunings of beech and thorn. It is also exceedingly fond of the young growing points of gorse, which is a capital food for all kinds of cattle, as are the other members of the Leguminosæ, in which are included peas, beans, lentils, vetches, and other plants—all noted as being among the most nutritious of vegetable substances. Indeed, gorse ranks high as a fodder-plant, and has been largely used for cattle-feeding. There is hardly a plant that grows by the most neglected of country roads that the goat will not convert into milk. Even the grasses

and herbs that grow on the most sandy and gravelly of soils, plants unfit for cows, will be greedily eaten by goats. There are not many country laborers that have not access to such food, which costs nothing. It is a statutory offence to graze any animal on the sides of public highways, though the grass may be gathered there; but the sides of farm and other private roads, as also railway slopes, bogs, commons, etc., are available for such purposes as we are now considering. The fodder to be obtained on roadsides is far from being in all cases poor; for ditches generally skirt such old roadsides, and as these ditches are often filled with the water from the manured fields adjacent, the grasses are fed with the essence of plant-food, and are consequently luxuriant and nutritious. Here the thrifty cottager may find grass enough to cut to serve for winter as well as summer provender. For bedding, the coarsest grasses, rushes, fern, or sedges, from bogs or riversides, will do well; and with such a stock of fodder and bedding, coupled with garden and household waste, there need be no difficulty in the ordinary cottager keeping a goat, or even two; and this we advise, for the attendance and house accommodations are not much greater for two than for one. For a continuous supply of milk, one is insufficient.

As goats may be turned out with advantage every mild day in winter, a great store of hay is not needed. By judicious management, a small garden may be made to yield a large amount of food for goats; and to make the most of a garden, two crops should be taken yearly, and this may be done by following the directions below. Instead of planting ordinary potatoes late in spring, plant "Beauty of Hebron" early, and manure heavily. Your goats will provide the manure. You will thus have an excellent crop of potatoes much earlier than usual—and that means money. As soon as they are fit for use, they should be dug up to make room for turnips. If food be scarce or the weather bad, it will be found that the goats will eat potato-tops readily. As soon as the potatoes are lifted, rich manure should be liberally forked into the surface, and "Chirk Castle" turnip sown in rows, eighteen inches apart. This will be accomplished in July; but August is not too late. Turnips raised then will be of the best household quality; the tops will make good greens for the goats in winter, as will also the parings of those used in the house. The turnips will keep till March, when green food is scarce, and with the store of hay, potato-parings, cabbage-leaves, etc., will keep the goats in the best of provender. Pea-straw, if cut green, makes excellent fodder, and pea-shells are much relished by goats. Alternately with each cabbage, a bean should be planted, and, unless wanted in the house, will prove of great advantage in producing milk in winter. Besides beans and peas—oats, Indian corn, linseed and rape cakes, barley-dust, and indeed anything used for cattle-food, will, judiciously given, pay well. As the manure will enable the cottager to double his crops on even a large piece of ground, and as he may have a kid or two to dispose of annually, he will find his reward.

When goats' milk is plentiful and no cows' milk to be got, he may often get a good price for the former. By this means the cottager will become a richer man; his home will be more comfortable, himself and children stronger; the individual benefited; and the community enriched. The best books we know on the subject are "The Book of the Goat," price one shilling, and "The Advantages of Goat-keeping," price sixpence (London: The Bazar Office, Strand), in which all necessary information will be found, and which may be had from any bookseller.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE GHOST OF RELIGION.

In the January number of this Review is to be found an article on Religion which has justly awakened a profound and sustained interest. The creed of Agnosticism was there formulated anew by the acknowledged head of the Evolution philosophy, with a definiteness such as perhaps it never wore before. To my mind there is nothing in the whole range of modern religious discussion more cogent and more suggestive than the array of conclusions the final outcome of which is marshalled in those twelve pages. It is the last word of the Agnostic philosophy in its long controversy with Theology. That word is decisive, and it is hard to conceive how Theology can rally for another bout from such a *sorites* of dilemma as is there presented. My own humble purpose is not to criticize this paper, but to point its practical moral, and, if I may, to add to it a rider of my own. As a summary of philosophical conclusions on the theological problem, it seems to me frankly unanswerable. Speaking generally, I shall now dispute no part of it but one word, and that is the title. It is entitled "Religion." To me it is rather the Ghost of Religion. Religion as a living force lies in a different sphere.

The essay, which is packed with thought to a degree unusual even with Mr. Herbert

Spencer, contains evidently three parts. The first (pp. 1–5) deals with the historical Evolution of Religion, of which Mr. Spencer traces the germs in the primitive belief in ghosts. The second (pp. 6–8) arrays the moral and intellectual dilemmas involved in all anthropomorphic theology into one long catena of difficulty, out of which it is hard to conceive any free mind emerging with success. The third part (pp. 8–12) deals with the evolution of Religion in the future, and formulates, more precisely than has ever yet been effected, the positive creed of Agnostic philosophy.

Has, then, the Agnostic a positive creed? It would seem so; for Mr. Spencer brings us at last "to the one absolute certainty, the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed." But let no one suppose that this is merely a new name for the Great First Cause of so many theologies and metaphysics. In spite of the capital letters, and the use of theological terms as old as Isaiah or Athanasius, Mr. Spencer's Energy has no analogy with God. It is Eternal, Infinite, and Incomprehensible: but still it is not He, but It. It remains always Energy, Force, nothing anthropomorphic: such as electricity, or anything else that we might conceive as the ultimate basis of all the physical forces. None of the positive attributes which have ever been predicted of God can be used of this Energy. Neither goodness, nor wisdom, nor justice, nor consciousness, nor will, nor life, can be ascribed, even by analogy, to this Force. Now a force to which we cannot apply the ideas of goodness, wisdom, justice, consciousness, or life, any more than we can to a circle, is certainly not God, has no analogy with God, nor even with what Pope has called the "Great First Cause, least understood." It shares some of the negative attributes of God and First Cause, but no positive one. It is, in fact, only the Unknowable a little more defined; though I do not remember that Mr. Spencer, or any evolution philosopher, has ever formulated the Unknowable in terms with so deep a theological ring as we hear in the phrase "Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed."

The terms do seem, perhaps, rather needlessly big and absolute. And fully accepting Mr. Spencer's logical canons, one does not see why it should be call an "absolute certainty." "Practical belief" satisfies me; and I doubt the legitimacy of substituting for it "absolute certainty." "Infinite" and "Eternal," also, can mean to Mr. Spencer nothing more than "to which we know no limits, no beginning or end," and for my part, I prefer to say this. Again, "an Energy"—why AN Energy? The Unknowable may certainly consist of more than one energy. To assert the presence of one uniform energy is to profess to know something very important about the Unknowable: that it is homogeneous, and even identical, throughout the Universe. And then, "from which all things proceed" is perhaps a rather equivocal reversion to the theologic type. In the Athanasian Creed the Third Person "proceeds" from the First and the Second. But this process has always been treated as a mystery; and it would be safer to avoid the phrases of mysticism. Let us keep the old words, for we all mean much the same thing; and I prefer to put it thus. All observation and meditation, Science and Philosophy, bring us "to the *practical belief* that man is ever in the presence of *some energy or energies*, of which he knows nothing, and to which therefore he would be wise to assign no limits, conditions, or functions." This is doubtless what Mr. Spencer himself means. For my part, I prefer his old term, the Unknowable. Though I have always thought that it would be more philosophical not to assert of the Unknown that it is Unknowable. And, indeed, I would rather not use the capital letter, but stick literally to our evidence, and say frankly "the unknown."

Thus viewed, the attempt, so to speak, to put a little unction into the Unknowable is hardly worth the philosophical inaccuracy it involves; and such is the drawback to any use of picturesque language. So stated, the positive creed of Agnosticism still retains its negative character. It has a series of propositions and terms, every one of which is a negation. A friend of my own, who was much pressed to say how much of the Athanasian Creed he still accepted, once said that he clung to the idea "that there was a sort of a something." In homely words such as the unlearned can understand, that is precisely what the religion of the Agnostic comes to, "the belief that there is a sort of a something, about which we can know nothing."

Now let us profess that, as a philosophical answer to the theological problem, that is entirely our own position. The Positivist answer is of course the same as the Agnostic answer. Why, then, do we object to be called Agnostics? Simply because Agnostic is only dog-Greek for "don't know," and we have no taste to be called "don't knows." The *Spectator* calls us Agnostics, but that is only by way of prejudice. Our religion does not consist in a comprehensive negation; we are not forever replying to the theological problem; we are quite unconcerned by the theological problem, and have something that we do care

for, and do know. Englishmen are Europeans, and many of them are Christians, and they usually prefer to call themselves Englishmen, Christians, or the like, rather than non-Asiatics or anti-Mahometans. Some people still prefer to call themselves Protestants rather than Christians, but the taste is dying out, except amongst Irish Orangemen, and even the Nonconformist newspaper has been induced by Mr. Matthew Arnold to drop its famous motto: "The dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion." For a man to say that religion is Agnosticism is simply the sceptical equivalent of saying that his religion is Protestantism. Both mean that his religion is to deny and to differ. But this is not religion. The business of religion is to affirm and to unite, and nothing can be religion but that which at once affirms truth and unites men.

The purpose of the present paper is to show that Agnosticism, though a valid and final answer to the theological or ontological problem—"what is the ultimate cause of the world and of man?"—is not a religion nor the shadow of a religion. It offers none of the rudiments or elements of religion, and religion is not to be found in that line at all. It is the mere disembodied spirit of dead religion: as we said at the outset, it is the ghost of religion. Agnosticism, perfectly legitimate as the true answer of science to an effete question, has shown us that religion is not to be found anywhere within the realm of Cause. Having brought us to the answer, "no cause that we know of," it is laughable to call that negation religion. Mr. Mark Pattison, one of the acutest minds of modern Oxford, rather oddly says that the idea of deity has now been "defecated to a pure transparency." The evolution philosophy goes a step further and defecates the idea of cause to a pure transparency. Theology and ontology alike end in the Everlasting No with which science confronts all their assertions. But how whimsical is it to tell us that religion, which cannot find any resting-place in theology or ontology, is to find its true home in the Everlasting No! That which is defecated to a pure transparency can never supply a religion to any human being but a philosopher constructing a system. It is quite conceivable that religion is to end with theology, and both might in the course of evolution become an anachronism. But if religion there is still to be, it cannot be found in this No-man's-land and Know-nothing creed. Better bury religion at once than let its ghost walk uneasy in our dreams.

The true lesson is that we must hark back, and leave the realm of cause. The accident of religion has been mistaken for the essence of religion. The essence of religion is not to answer a question, but to govern and unite men and societies by giving them common beliefs and duties. Theologies tried to do this, and long did it, by resting on certain answers to certain questions. The progress of thought has upset one answer after another, and now the final verdict of philosophy is that all the answers are unmeaning, and that no rational answer can be given. It follows then that questions and answers, both but the accident of religion, must both be given up. A base of belief and duty must be looked for elsewhere, and when this has been found, then again religion will succeed in governing and uniting men. Where is this base to be found? Since the realm of Cause has failed to give us foothold, we must fall back upon the realm of Law—social, moral, and mental law, and not merely physical. Religion consists, not in answering certain questions, but in making men of a certain quality. And the law, moral, mental, social, is pre-eminently the field wherein men may be governed and united. Hence to the religion of Cause there succeeds the religion of Law. But the religion of Law or Science is Positivism.

It is no part of my purpose to criticize Mr. Spencer's memorable essay, except so far as it is necessary to show that that which is a sound philosophical conclusion is not religion, simply by reason that it relates to the subject-matter of theology. But a few words may be suffered as to the historical evolution of religion. To many persons it will sound rather whimsical, and possibly almost a sneer, to trace the germs of religion to the ghost-theory. Our friends of the Psychical Research will prick up their ears, and expect to be taken *au grand sérieux*. But the conception is a thoroughly solid one, and of most suggestive kind. Beyond all doubt, the hypothesis of quasi-human immaterial spirits working within and behind familiar phenomena did take its rise from the idea of the other self which the imagination continually presents to the early reflections of man. And, beyond all doubt, the phenomena of dreams, and the gradual construction of a theory of ghosts, is a very impressive and vivid form of the notion of the other self. It would, I think, be wrong to assert that it is the only form of the notion, and one can hardly suppose that Mr. Spencer would limit himself to that. Bnt, in any case, the construction of a coherent theory of ghosts is a typical instance of a belief in a quasi-human spirit-world. Glorify and amplify this idea, and apply it to the whole of nature, and we get a god-world, a multitude of superhuman divine spirits.

That is the philosophical explanation of the

rise of theology, of the peopling of Nature with divine spirits. But does it explain the rise of Religion? No, for theology and religion are not conterminous. Mr. Spencer has unwittingly conceded to the divines that which they assume so confidently—that theology is the same thing as religion, and that there was no religion at all until there was a belief in superhuman spirits within and behind Nature. This is obviously an oversight. We have to go very much further back for the genesis of religion. There were countless centuries of time, and there were, and there are, countless millions of men for whom no doctrine of superhuman spirits ever took coherent form. In all these ages and races, probably by far the most numerous that our planet has witnessed, there was religion in all kinds of definite form. Comte calls it Fetichism—terms are not important: roughly, we may call it Nature-worship. The religion in all these types was the belief and worship not of spirits of any kind, not of any immaterial, imagined being *inside* things, but of the actual visible things themselves—trees, stones, rivers, mountains, earth, fire, stars, sun, and sky. Some of the most abiding and powerful of all religions have consisted in elaborate worship of these physical objects treated frankly as physical objects, without trace of ghost, spirit, or god. To say nothing of fire-worship, river, and tree-worship, the venerable religion of China, far the most vast of all systematic religions, is wholly based on reverence for Earth, Sky, and ancestors treated objectively, and not as the abode of subjective immaterial spirits.

Hence the origin of religion is to be sought in the countless ages before the rise of theology; before spirits, ghosts, or gods ever took definite form in the human mind. The primitive uncultured man frankly worshipped external objects in love and in fear, ascribing to them quasi-human powers and feelings. All that we read about Animism, ghosts, spirits, and universal ideas of godhead in this truly primitive stage are metaphysical assumptions of men trying to read the ideas of later epochs into the facts of an earlier epoch. Nothing is more certain than that man everywhere started with a simple worship of natural objects. And the bearing of this on the future of religion is decisive. The religion of man in the vast cycles of primitive ages was reverence for Nature as influencing Man. The religion of man in the vast cycles that are to come will be the reverence for Humanity as supported by Nature. The religion of man in the twenty or thirty centuries of Theology was reverence for the assumed authors or controllers of Nature. But, that assumption having broken up, religion does not break up with it. On the contrary, it enters on a far greater and more potent career, inasmuch as the natural emotions of the human heart are now combined with the certainty of scientific knowledge. The final religion of enlightened man is the systematized and scientific form of the spontaneous religion of natural man. Both rest on the same elements—belief in the Power which controls his life, and grateful reverence for the Power so acknowledged. The primitive man thought that Power to be the object of Nature affecting Man. The cultured man knows that Power to be Humanity itself, controlling and controlled by nature according to natural law. The transitional and perpetually changing creed of Theology has been an interlude. Agnosticism has uttered its epilogue. But Agnosticism is no more religion than differentiation or the nebular hypothesis is religion.

We have only to see what are the elements and ends of religion to recognize that we cannot find it in the negative and the unknown. In any reasonable use of language religion implies some kind of belief in a Power outside ourselves, some kind of awe and gratitude felt for that Power, some kind of influence exerted by it over our lives. There are always in some sort these three elements—belief, worship, conduct. A religion which gives us nothing in particular to believe, nothing as an object of awe and gratitude, which has no special relation to human duty, is not a religion at all. It may be formula, a generalization, a logical postulate; but it is not a religion. The universal presence of the unknowable (or rather of the unknown) substratum is not a religion. It is a logical postulate. You may call it, if you please, the first axiom of science, a law of the human mind, or perhaps better the universal postulate of philosophy. But try it by every test which indicates religion and you will find it wanting.

The points which the Unknowable has in common with the object of any religion are very slight and superficial. As the universal substratum it has some analogy with other superhuman objects of worship. But Force, Gravitation, Atom, Undulation, Vibration, and other abstract notions have much the same kind of analogy, but nobody ever dreamed of a religion of gravitation, or the worship of molecules. The Unknowable has managed to get itself spelt with a capital *U*; but Carlyle taught us to spell the Everlasting No with capitals also. The Unknowable is no doubt mysterious, and Godhead is mysterious. It certainly appeals to the sense of wonder, and the Trinity appeals to the sense

of wonder. It suggests vague and infinite extension, as does the idea of deity: but then Time and Space equally suggest vague and infinite extension. Yet no one but a delirious Kantist, ever professed that Time and Space were his religion. These seem all the qualities which the Unknowable has in common with objects of worship—ubiquity, mystery, and immensity. But these qualities it shares with some other postulates of thought.

But try it by all the other recognized tests of religion. Religion is not made up of wonder, or of a vague sense of immensity, unsatisfied yearning after infinity. Theology, seeking a refuge in the unintelligible, has no doubt accustomed this generation to imagine that a yearning after infinity is the sum and substance of religion. But that is a metaphysical disease of the age. And there is no reason that philosophers should accept this hysterical piece of transcendentalism, and assume that they have found the field of religion when they have found a field for unquenchable yearning after infinity. Wonder has its place in religion, and so has mystery; but it is a subordinate place. The roots and fibres of religion are to be found in love, awe, sympathy, gratitude, consciousness of inferiority and of dependence, community of will, acceptance of control, manifestation of purpose, reverence for majesty, goodness, creative energy, and life. Where these things are not, religion is not.

Let us take each one of these three elements of religion—belief, worship, conduct—and try them all in turn as applicable to the Unknowable. How mere a phrase must any religion be of which neither belief, nor worship, nor conduct can be spoken! Imagine a religion which can have no believers, because *ex hypothesi*, its adepts are forbidden to believe anything about it. Imagine a religion which excludes the idea of worship, because its sole dogma is the infinity of Nothingness. Although the Unknowable is logically said to be Something, yet the something of which we neither know nor conceive anything is practically nothing. Lastly, imagine a religion which can have no relation to conduct; for obviously the Unknowable can give us no intelligible help to conduct, and *ex vi termini* can have no bearing on conduct. A religion which could not make any one any better, which would leave the human heart and human society just as it found them, which left no foothold for devotion, and none for faith; which could have no creed, no doctrines, no temples, no priests, no teachers, no rites, no morality, no beauty, no hope, no consolation; which is summed up in one dogma—the Unknowable is everywhere, and Evolution is its prophet—this is indeed "to defecate religion to a pure transparency."

The growing weakness of religion has long been that it is being thrust inch by inch off the platform of knowledge; and we watch with sympathy the desperate efforts of all religious spirits to maintain the relations between knowledge and religion. And now it hears the invitation of Evolution to abandon the domain of knowledge, and to migrate to the domain of no-knowledge. The true Rock of Ages, says the philosopher, is the Unknowable. To the eye of Faith all things are henceforth ἀκαταληψίαι, as Cicero calls it. The paradox would hardly be greater if we were told that true religion consisted in unlimited Vice.

What is religion for? Why do we want it? And what do we expect it to do for us? If it can give us no sure ground for our minds to rest on, nothing to purify the heart, to exalt the sense of sympathy, to deepen our sense of beauty, to strengthen our resolves, to chasten us into resignation, and to kindle a spirit of self-sacrifice—what is the good of it? The Unknowable, *ex hypothesi*, can do none of these things. The object of all religion, in any known variety of religion, has invariably had some quasi-human and sympathetic relation to man and human life. It follows from the very meaning of religion that it could not effect any of its work without such quality or relation. It would be hardly sane to make a religion out of the Equator or the Binomial theorem. Whether it was the religion of the lowest savage, of the Polytheist, or of the Hegelian Theist; whether the object of the worship were a river, the Moon, the Sky, Apollo, Thor, God, or First Cause, there has always been some chain of sympathy—influence on the one side, and veneration on the other. However rudimentary, there must be a belief in some Power influencing the believer, and whose influence he repays with awe and gratitude and a desire to conform his life thereto. But to make a religion out of the Unknowable is far more extravagant than to make it out of the Equator. We know something of the Equator; it influences seamen, equatorial peoples, and geographers not a little, and we all hesitate, as was once said, to speak disrespectfully of the Equator. But would it be blasphemy to speak disrespectfully of the Unknowable? Our minds are a blank about it. As to acknowledging the Unknowable, or trusting in it, or feeling its influence over us, or paying gratitude to it, or conforming our lives to it, or looking to it for help—the use of such words about it is unmeaning. We can wonder at it, as the child wonders at the "twinkling star," and

that is all. It is a religion only to stare at.

Religion is not a thing of star-gazing and staring, but of life and action. And the condition of any such effect on our lives and our hearts is some sort of vital quality in that which is the object of the religion. The mountain, sun, or sky which untutored man worships is thought to have some sort of vital quality, some potency of the kind possessed by organic beings. When mountain, sun, and sky cease to have this vital potency, educated man ceases to worship them. Of course all sorts and conditions of divine spirits are assumed in a pre-eminent degree to have this quality, and hence the tremendous force exerted by all religions of divine spirits. Philosophy and the euthanasia of theology have certainly reduced this vital quality to a minimum in our day, and I suppose Dean Mansel's Bampton Lectures touched the low-water mark of vitality as predicated of the Divine Being. Of all modern theologians, the Dean came the nearest to the Evolution negation. But there is a gulf which separates even his all-negative deity from Mr. Spencer's impersonal, unconscious, unthinking, and unthinkable Energy.

Knowledge is of course wholly within the sphere of the Known. Our moral and social science is, of course, within the sphere of knowledge. Moral and social well-being, moral and social education, progress, perfection naturally rest on moral and social science. Civilization rests on moral and social progress. And happiness can only be secured by both. But if religion has its sphere in the Unknown and Unknowable, it is thereby outside all this field of the Known. In other words Religion (of the Unknowable type) is *ex hypothesi* outside the sphere of knowledge, of civilization, of social discipline, of morality, of progress, and of happiness. It has no part or parcel in human life. It fills a brief and mysterious chapter in a system of philosophy.

By their fruits you shall know them is true of all sorts of religion. And what are the fruits of the Unknowable but the Dead Sea apples? Obviously it can teach us nothing, influence us in nothing, for the absolutely incalculable and unintelligible can give us neither ground for action nor thought. Nor can it touch any one of our feelings but that of wonder, mystery, and sense of human helplessness. Helpless, objectless, apathetic wonder at an inscrutable infinity may be attractive to a metaphysical divine; but it does not sound like a working force in the world. Does the Evolutionist commune with the Unknowable in the secret silence of his chamber? Does he meditate on it, saying, in quietness and confidence shall be your strength? One would like to see the new *Imitatio Ignoti*. It was said of old, *Ignotum omne pro magnifico*. But the new version is to be *Ignotum omne pro divino*.

One would like to know how much of the Evolutionist's day is consecrated to seeking the Unknowable in a devout way, and what the religious exercises might be. How does the man of science approach the All-Nothingness? and the microscopist, and the embryologist, and the vivisectionist? What do they learn about it, what strength or comfort does it give them? Nothing—nothing: it is an ever-present conundrum to be everlastingly given up, and perpetually to be asked of oneself and one's neighbors, but without waiting for the answer. Tantalus and Sisyphus bore their insoluble tasks, and the Evolutionist carries about his riddle without an answer, his unquenchable thirst to know that which he only knows he can never know. *Quisque suos patimur Manes*. But Tantalus and Sisyphus called it Hell and the retribution of the Gods. The Evolutionist calls it Religion, and one might almost say Paradise.

A child comes up to our Evolutionist friend, looks up in his wise and meditative face, and says, "Oh! wise and great Master, what is religion?" And he tells that child, It is the presence of the Unknowable. "But what," asks the child, "am I to believe about it?" "Believe that you can never know anything about it." "But how am I to learn to do my duty?" "Oh! for duty you must turn to the known, to moral and social science." And a mother wrung with agony for the loss of her child, or the wife crushed by the death of her children's father, or the helpless and the oppressed, the poor and the needy, men, women, and children, in sorrow, doubt, and want, longing for something to comfort them and to guide them, something to believe in, to hope for, to love, and to worship—they come to our philosopher and they say, "Your men of science have routed our priests, and have silenced our old teachers. What religious faith do you give us in its place?" And the philosopher replies (his full heart bleeding for them) and he says, "Think on the Unknowable."

And in the hour of pain, danger, or death, can any one think of the Unknowable, hope anything of the Unknowable, or find any consolation therein? Altars might be built to some Unknown God, conceived as a real being, knowing us, though not known by us yet. But altars to the unknowable infinity, even metaphorical altars, are impossible, for this unknown can never be known,

and we have not the smallest reason to imagine that it either knew us, or affects us, or anybody, or anything. As the Unknowable cannot bring men together in a common belief, or for common purposes, or kindred feeling, it can no more unite men than the precession of the equinoxes can unite them. So there can never be congregations of Unknowable worshippers, nor churches dedicated to the Holy Unknowable, nor images nor symbols of the Unknowable mystery. Yes! there is one symbol of the Infinite Unknowable, and it is perhaps the most definite and ultimate word that can be said about it. The precise and yet inexhaustible language of mathematics enables us to express, in a common algebraic formula, the exact combination of the unknown raised to its highest power of infinity. That formula is (x^n), and here we have the beginning and perhaps the end of a symbolism for the religion of the Infinite Unknowable. Schools, academies, temples of the Unknowable, there cannot be. But where two or three are gathered together to worship the Unknowable, there the algebraic formula may suffice to give form to their emotions: they may be heard to profess their unwearying belief in (x^n), even if no weak brother with ritualist tendencies be heard to cry, "O x^n, love us, help us, make us one with thee!"

These things have their serious side, and suggest the real difficulties in the way of the theory. The alternative is this: Is religion a mode of answering a question in ontology, or is it an institution for affecting human life by acting on the human spirit? If it be the latter, then there can be no religion of the Unknowable, and the sphere of religion must be sought elsewhere in the Knowable. We may accept with the utmost confidence all that the evolution philosophy asserts and denies as to the perpetual indications of an ultimate energy, omnipresent and unlimited, and, so far as we can see, of inscrutable mysteriousness. That remains an ultimate scientific idea, one no doubt of profound importance. But why should this idea be dignified with the name of religion, when it has not one of the elements of religion, except infinity and mystery? The hallowed name of religion has meant, in a thousand languages, man's deepest convictions, his surest hopes, the most sacred yearnings of his heart, that which can bind in brotherhood generations of men, comfort the fatherless and the widow, uphold the martyr at the stake, and the hero in his long battle. Why retain this magnificent word, rich with the associations of all that is great, pure, and lovely in human nature, if it is to be henceforth limited to an idea, that can only be expressed by the formula (x^n); and which by the hypothesis can have nothing to do with either knowledge, belief, sympathy, hope, life, duty, or happiness? It is not religion, this. It is a logician's artifice to escape from an awkward dilemma.

One word in conclusion to those who would see religion a working reality, and not a logical artifice. The startling *reductio ad absurdum* of relegating religion to the unknowable is only the last step in the process which has gradually reduced religion to an incomprehensible *minimum*. And this has been the work of theologians obstinately fighting a losing battle, and withdrawing at every defeat into a more impregnable and narrower fastness. They have thrown over one after another the claims of religion and the attributes of divinity. They are so hopeless of continuing the contest on the open field of the known that they more and more seek to withdraw to the cloud-world of the transcendental. They are so terribly afraid of an anthropomorphic God that they have sublimated him into a metaphorical expression—"defecated the idea to a pure transparency," as one of the most eminent of them puts it. Dean Mansel is separated from Mr. Spencer by degree, not in kind. And now they are pushed by Evolution into the abyss, and are solemnly assured that the reconciliation of Religion and Science is effected by this religion of the Unknowable—this *chimæra bombinans in vacuo*. Their Infinities and their Incomprehensibles, their Absolute and their Unconditioned, have brought them to this. It is only one step from the sublime to the unknowable.

Practically, so far as it affects the lives of men and women in the battle of life, the Absolute and Unconditioned Godhead of learned divines is very much the same thing as the Absolute Unknowable. You may rout a logician by a "pure transparency," but you cannot check vice, crime, and war by it, nor train up men and women in holiness and truth. And the set of all modern theology is away from the anthropomorphic and into the Absolute. In trying to save a religion of the spirit-world, theologians are abandoning all religion of the real world; they are turning religion into formulas and phrases, and are taking out of it all power over life, duty, and society.

I say, in a word, unless religion is to be anthropomorphic, there can be no working religion at all. How strange is this new cry, sprung up in our own generation, that religion is dishonored by being anthropomorphic! Fetichism, Polytheism, Confucianism, Mediæval Christianity, and Bible Puritanism have all been intensely anthropomorphic, and all

owed their strength and dominion to that fact. You can have no religion without kinship, sympathy, relation of some human kind between the believer, worshipper, servant, and the object of his belief, veneration, and service. The Neo-Theisms have all the same mortal weakness that the Unknowable has. They offer no kinship, sympathy, or relation whatever between worshipper and worshipped. They too are logical formulas begotten in controversy, dwelling apart from man and the world. If the formula of the Unknowable is (x^n) or the Unknown raised to infinity, theirs is (nx), some unknown expression of Infinity. Neither (x^n) nor (nx) will ever make good men and women.

If we leave the region of formulas and go back to the practical effect of religion on human conduct, we must be driven to the conclusion that the future of religion is to be, not only what every real religion has ever been, anthropomorphic—but frankly anthropic. The attempted religion of Spiritism has lost one after another every resource of a real religion, until *risu solvuntur tabulæ*, and it ends in a religion of Nothingism. It is the Nemesis of Faith in spiritual abstractions and figments. The hypothesis has burst, and leaves the Void. The future will have then to return to the Knowable and the certainly known, to the religion of Realism. It must give up explaining the Universe, and content itself with explaining human life. Humanity is the grandest object of reverence within the region of the real and the known, Humanity with the World on which it rests as its base and environment. Religion, having failed in the superhuman world, returns to the human world. Here religion can find again all its certainty, all its depth of human sympathy, all its claim to command and reward the purest self-sacrifice and love. We can take our place again with all the great religious spirits who have ever moulded the faith and life of men, and we find ourselves in harmony with the devout of every faith who are manfully battling with sin and discord. The way for us is the clearer as we find the religion of Spiritism, in its long and restless evolution of thirty centuries, ending in the legitimate deduction, the religion of the Unknowable, a paradox as memorable as any in the history of the human mind. The alternative is very plain. Shall we cling to a religion of Spiritism when philosophy is whittling away spirit to Nothing? Or shall we accept a religion of Realism, where all the great traditions and functions of religion are retained unbroken?—FREDERIC HARRISON, in *The Nineteenth Century.*

EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON.

THERE is a wealth of material in these volumes which reminds the reader of those vast cities built by Eastern despots more for their own pleasure than for the vulgar object of housing their subjects. Imperial Pekin, or those famous "twice ten leagues of fertile ground" compassed in Xanadhu by Kublai Khan, did not contain more parks, gardens, fountains, palaces, and vacant spaces than this "Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton." Here are an autobiography, letters, chapters supplementary and illustrative, sketches, poems, projected histories, novels begun or half written—everything in fact, that can divert and distract the reader in his passage through a very interesting life. As in those Oriental cities the weary traveller may sit down under shady greenery and fall asleep, lulled by the sound of many waters flowing through delightful gardens, and never arrive at his caravanserai; so here the reader, allured by enticements to turn aside which continually beset him, might fail to reach his desired resting-place, the end of the book. That end, however, must be gained, and the story of Edward Bulwer's life told, and here it is.

When, in the year 1798, Colonel Bulwer of Heydon, in Norfolk, married Elizabeth Lytton, the heiress of the Lyttons of Knebworth, the union, not of two ancient families alone, but that of two very different tempers, was accomplished. The Colonel having devoted the best years of his life to a left-handed intimacy with a charming young person, who died, to his great grief, from the kick of a horse, at last made up his mind to marry, and honored Miss Lytton with his preference. He, it may be supposed, had done much as he pleased with his life, but with his future wife it was quite otherwise. The child of parted parents, and a bone of contention between them, she had early learnt the lessons of submission and self-sacrifice. Suitors she had as soon as she grew to be a woman; for one or two of them she cared a little, and for one of them a very great deal, but her father would not hear of his daughter marrying an Irishman of inferior position, and so the dutiful Elizabeth had to bury her first love and obey her father. The worst of it is, that there is no ghost so hard to lay as a first love. It has a habit of haunting one, especially if the marriage made without love turn out unhappy. Whether the Bulwers were really descended from Bölver, the Danish sea-king, and thus were sprung from Odin himself, is matter of doubt, but there can be no question that

Colonel Bulwer of Heydon at the end of the eighteenth century was a most masterful man, with his "will of iron and combative temper," and his military taste for implicit obedience. His wife, the daughter of a scholar and a bookworm, had an hereditary tast efor letters, and an inbred love of poetry and art. One trial of her husband's power of reading Thomson's "Seasons" out loud during their "honeymoon year" was too much for her. Those pastoral numbers sounded like the words of command to a regiment, and poor Mrs. Bulwer ran out of the room, after vainly trying to snatch the book out of her stern husband's hands.

Of this marriage were born three sons who came to man's estate, but even as children they were disposed of by a sort of family compact. William, the eldest, belonged to his father as heir to the Norfolk estates, and, as every one knows, there is a sort of sacred halo round a Norfolk estate, which, in the eyes of its owners, makes it better worth having than twice the same acreage in another county. Colonel Bulwer indeed thought a rood of Norfolk soil was worth an estate anywhere else. Henry, the second son, was granted to his Lytton grandmother at her earnest request. Edward, the third, belonged to his mother, and, we are sorry to add, became at once an object of aversion to his father. Truth to say, though Edward Lytton Bulwer was born only four years after the marriage, that space of time had been sufficient to wear most of the gilding off this match. At first Colonel Bulwer, though rough, was very much in love, and love, as his son well says, "has a good humor of its own." But about the time when Edward was born his father grew not only gouty but jealous, a little of his wife, and very much of his mother-in-law, so that while Mrs. Bulwer was burning to welcome her mother to her house the Colonel frowned and growled, and at last shut the door altogether to Mrs. Lytton, taking at the same time a great dislike to his third son. How it would all have ended it is hard to say. The Colonel, now promoted to be a General, grew more proud, more ambitious, more jealous, and let us hope, more gouty. On one thing he had set his heart, and that was on being created by Mr. Pitt Lord South-Erpingham, a title which sounds very much as though Mr. Gladstone were to make one of his supporters "Lord Eaton Place South." Providence, however, for the good of the aristocracy, refused to sanction such a sesquipedalian title. Just at the moment when General Bulwer was expecting the patent the same most unexpected thing happened to him as befell the elder Mr. Blifil in "Tom Jones" when he was expecting to be his neighbor's heir—General Bulwer died.

And now the scene changes alternately from Norfolk to London, where Grandmother Lytton lived, and to Ramsgate, where Grandfather Lytton, the scholar and bookworm, lived. That unhappy pair of separatists never met, but they divided their daughter and grandchildren between them, and it was at Ramsgate that Edward, then of the mature age of six, stole and hid a midshipman's dirk, and was flogged by his grandfather for the theft. Those were the days of birch and cane even for infants, shocking as it may seem to this humane age when there are few fathers or grandfathers left who beat their children. This anecdote is remarkable as being the only practical fact in Grandfather Lytton's life. In all other respects he was visionary and unpractical. He amassed books and read them all to no purpose, as may be gathered from the fact that his *magnum opus* was a play written in Hebrew, which he fondly hoped to have acted before an appreciative audience in a London theatre. But with this insane intention Providence again interfered. Grandfather Lytton died in the year 1810, when Edward was only seven years old, and one year after that flogging which, as he tells us, was not only the only flogging he ever received, but the only thing that he ever received at his grandfather's hands. But his books? Yes! They came up to London till the whole house was filled with them, inspiring the boy with reverence and dread, filling him with such an insatiable desire for knowledge that, having stumbled on a metaphysical volume, he one day puzzled his mother with the following question, "Pray, mamma, are you not sometimes overcome by the sense of your own identity?" to which she answered, "It is high time you should go to school, Teddy." To school he went, and the books were catalogued by a precise, cold-blooded man. Edward was taken to Knebworth by his mother for a day or two, and when he came back the books were gone and sold, but the memory of that library and the aroma of those old books clung to the boy and to the man till his life's end.

At his first school he remained a fortnight, much bullied. Then for a short time to other schools, till he found a more congenial master in Dr. Hooker, at Rottingdean. There he first read Scott and Byron, and remained till the "Judicious Hooker" wrote and told Mrs. Lytton that her son had exhausted all he could profess to teach him. "His energy is extraordinary. He has a vital power which demands a large field. He has it in him to become a very remarkable man." This was

what the boy had come to at nine. Out of the stubborn temper of his father, the tenderness, imagination, and resigned will of his mother, mellowed by that whiff of learning from the bookworm's library, the character was formed which grew to be a man capable of great things. Dr. Hooker had also recommended that the boy should be sent to Eton, where, had he gone, he could hardly in those days have escaped not one more, but many "swishings." But it was not to be. He remained with Dr. Hooker until he was fifteen, and in 1819 was placed with a private tutor, Mr. Wallington, at Ealing. With this "excellent man" he made rapid progress in the classics, and in the love of letters. He even turned to poetry, feeling that he too had been "born in Arcady," and, encouraged by his mother and her friends, who thought him a prodigy, rushed into print, in verse, with "'Ishmael: An Oriental Tale,' by Edward George Lytton Bulwer, written between the age of thirteen and fifteen." This effusion was published by Hatchard, in the year 1820. Now, too, the lad began to appear in society, tall and manly for his years, a "mamma's darling," and a general favorite.

Let us say at once with their author himself that the verses in Ishmael had no literary merit. They only show from what small beginnings great literary fame springs. The letters written to his friends about this time show much more promise, together with a fine manly spirit. The time for deep poetic feeling had not come, but it was close at hand. It was at Ealing that Edward Bulwer found and lost the woman whose memory haunted him through life as his first love. It was there that he first learnt the sad lesson that none know the divine powers but those who have lived through the long dark nights of suffering and sorrow. It was the old story, the two met and loved, only to be torn asunder by sad fate—she to be married against her will and to die soon, and he to cherish her memory through weal and woe till his last days, when the sad tale was repeated in "Kenelm Chillingly." This is not always the way with first loves, but it was a way the Bulwer family had. First love is often like a strong man holding a house, till a stronger than he comes and turns him out; but in these Bulwer cases, though mother and son were married, the old love kept possession and would not be ejected. It formed a foundation of melancholy, on which the whole fabric of their after existence rested. The difference between men and women in this matter seems to be that with women the old love is ever present. It refuses to be laid, because there is more solidarity in women. In a word, they are more devoted to one object. With men the old love is there but sleeping, lulled by the cares and pleasures and distractions of life and work. Edward Bulwer, though deeply in love with the lost one, did not sit down and wring his hands, and weep over his sorrow. He went to Cambridge and lived among the foremost of the young wits of the University. His elder brother Henry; Praed, too early lost to literature and politics; Charles Villiers, who still lives, renowned as a veteran Liberal and Free-trader; Charles Buller; Cockburn: and though somewhat senior, Macaulay, were his companions in pleasure, in work, and in Union debates. When he took his degree and gained the prize poems which gave a glow to the termination of his academical career, he left Cambridge with the reputation of a man who had not wasted his time, but was destined both by his genius and versatility to rise to still higher distinction. But much more remarkable than his genius and versatility was his industry. This is attested not only by schemes of future work but also by a series of common-place books worthy of the dull desk of the most plodding student. Let this be a lesson to those who fancy that great literary works are created, as it were, by a flash of lightning. There is no doubt a blaze about a grand creation, which dazzles the beholder's eyes, but the glory which amazes him is the outcome of many slow hours of patient labor, of which he now sees the brilliant effect. During all his life Edward Bulwer made it his rule to do whatever he put his hand to well and faithfully.

How happy for him, some one will say, that he so soon contrived to lay that ghost, consoled by the mixture of pleasure and work which made up his undergraduate life. So far was this from the truth that we find Edward Bulwer, both at Cambridge and afterwards, still harping on his irreparable loss. This, in the long vacation of 1824, when he was twenty-one, drove him to the grave of his beloved in the Lake district, and forced him to pour out his feelings in the "Tale of a Dreamer," which, according to his son, "has more true poetic feeling in it than most of his later utterances in verse." In the same spirit he lingered for the rest of that vacation on the shores of Windermere, and had strange adventures with reputed murderers, would-be assassins, sympathetic gypsies, philanthropic socialists, and though last not least, designing footpads, some of whom at least stood him in good stead when later on he developed an earlier sketch called "Mortimer" into "Pelham," the novel which established his literary fame. Nor were his wanderings

in search of consolation confined to Westmoreland alone. In London with the dandies, then a very influential class; at Brocket with Lady Caroline Lamb, that strange and fascinating woman; with his friend Villiers at Boulogne, where he assisted him as second in a duel; at Paris with the La Rochejaqueleins under the guidance of a Roman Catholic Abbé; and in other places, we find him flitting from scene to scene and place to place on a favorite Andalusian jennet, which was his means of conveyance during these sentimental journeys. Travelling when and where he pleased, and working when and where he listed, so he spent his "Wanderjahr," for, unlike Wilhelm Meister, he had only one of them, till in the year 1825, when he was twenty-two, he found consolation in the shape of Rosina Wheeler, his wife that was to be.

If Edward Bulwer had never revealed some of the secrets of his soul in "Weeds and Wild Flowers," a collection of fugitive verses, he might never have married Rosina Wheeler; but for his sins he wrote it, and she read it, was touched with the revelations, and prepared, after a short acquaintance, to receive his addresses. Let us add that Rosina was one year older than the lover who was consoled by her dangerous sympathy; and as love does not let the grass grow under his feet at two-and-twenty, in a little while the only objection that either of the pair could see to their union was the fact that Mrs. Lytton, though devoted to her son, would not consent to it. We must admit that, though her family history was only repeating itself, Mrs. Lytton had far better reasons for refusing her consent to a marriage with an Irish adventuress than her father, in pursuing the same course to her own Irish adventurer. Her pride, her prudence, her forebodings, and her motherly tenderness were all against the match. All that Edward Bulwer inherited from his father was £200 a year, and though his mother, who had all that was left of Mr. Lytton's property, had been very generous to him, and he was supposed to be her heir, still she had other sons, and if Edward displeased her the property might go another way. She refused, therefore, thinking he would not displease her, that he would obey her as she had obeyed her father, and that she might dispose of him, in short. This showed how little she knew of his firmness and independence. After vainly trying to convince her for two years, he took the bull by the horns and married Rosina Wheeler. More than that, he resolved to live on his own resources, and resolutely refused to receive a penny from his mother till she became reconciled, not only to him, but to his wife. This is the noblest part of Edward Bulwer's life, and all the more so that his letters written to his mother during this period of estrangement show the greatest love and forbearance, while she maintained a sullen silence.

So he married his beautiful bride and took himself to Woodcot House, about six miles from Reading, a large rambling abode, where he lived on his £200 a year at the rate of about £3000 a year, the £2800 which were wanting being supplied out of "his well-stored portfolio, his teeming brain, and his indefatigable industry." It was fortunate for him that he was a good manager and a careful account keeper, for his wife did not shine in these respects. "I never knew a man," says his son, "better able to live well on little means without shabbiness or debt." It was fortunate for him too that he was so self-reliant and so full of work; but it was hard work. His acknowledged contributions to countless periodicals would fill volumes, and there were many others which he never acknowledged; and yet while all this labor was thrown upon him, while he was lying on the bed which he had made for himself, "brewing," to use his own words, "as he had baked," he had in his portfolio a work destined to make him famous, and to relieve him at once from all his difficulties. This was "Pelham," which, all things considered, is probably his greatest work. "I had no idea, Bulwer," said George Burgess, "that you had it in you to write such a book." "Well," said Bulwer, "no man knows what he can do till he tries." Without entering more at length into criticism on this famous work, its success, quite apart from its other merits, no doubt depended on the facts that it was new and fresh of its kind, and that it put an end to the moody Byronic hero of romance who was ready, after cutting ever so many throats, to cut his own. "Pelham" extinguished all these blighted buds. If he were a fop and a dandy, he was frank, and cheerful, and refined. He was sociable, and easy, and human. Above all things he had a story to tell, and he told it without affectation, and with a very pleasant cynicism. His object was to show that a man might live in society, and even partake of its follies, and yet not be a mere man of the world, and necessarily corrupt.

Now he had fame, and he had money. For "Pelham" he received £500, for "The Disowned" £800, and for "Devereux" £1500, and all these before he was six-and-twenty. To his other labors about this time he added the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and in 1831, at the age of twenty-eight, he entered Parliament as a Whig and something

more, just after "Paul Clifford" had appeared, under the *argot* of which was concealed, and very effectually, a serious attempt to draw public attention to our then vicious prison discipline and our sanguinary penal code. This moral has been forgotten by the world, but the book remains the special delight of foreigners, who will persist in looking on "Paul Clifford" as a real historic personage, so that even in distant Iceland a traveller who bore the honored name of Clifford, and was nicknamed "Paul" by his friends, was hailed by one of the authorities as the descendant of the great English outlaw, whose deeds were worthy of comparison with those of the outlaws of that famous isle. But to return to Bulwer. At this period he might well be proud of his position. He had achieved fame and comparative wealth by the produce of his brain; he had vindicated his independence even at the risk of estrangement from his mother, and he was now reconciled to her; he was entering Parliament full of enthusiasm for the reforms which his party demanded; and above all things he had disposed of himself and married a wife who had borne him children. Though there might be sometimes a little rift in the lute, the instrument had not yet begun to jar, and was generally in good tune. The reader of these volumes is not yet called on to take part either with husband or wife. They may let sleeping dogs lie, and even believe, if they can, that the ghost which once haunted the husband was laid forever. Just then, too, though Bulwer never wanted friends, a new acquaintance fast ripened into a friend who remained faithful to him to the end.

It was in February, 1829, that we find Bulwer beginning a letter to Benjamin Disraeli, "Sir." In July of the same year they have got to "Dear Sir," and in August, 1830, to "My dear Disraeli." After which their style never altered. In fact, there was a depth of mysticism in the mind of Bulwer which suited exactly to the gorgeous Oriental imagery which is revealed not only in such early works of Disraeli as the "Wondrous Tale of Alroy," but also in "Lothair." Those who mistake the leaning to spiritualism which is so strong in Bulwer for deception and charlatanry, and the Eastern opulence of Disraeli's creations for fustian and bombast, are themselves much mistaken. The mystical expressions of the one and the strings of pearls and heaps of gems of the other are genuine descendants of the magicians and treasures of the "Arabian Nights." No English writer has in one sense been more spiritualistic than Bulwer, none more thoroughly imbued with Eastern life and thought than Disraeli. In one respect they were the very contradictory of Carlyle. He disbelieved altogether in fine clothes, nay, almost in any clothing that concealed the native dignity of man. They were wiser in their generation; they knew that fine feathers made fine birds, and, in fact, anticipated Darwin's discoveries as to the superior splendor of male attire. In a word, they were both dandies, and even surpassed the Brummells and d'Orsays of that day in the richness of their garb. There are those yet alive who once saw at Hughenden Manor, then the abode of the family of Norris, a vision of fine clothes in the shape of two gorgeously-dressed young men, who descended from a tandem to pay their respects to the young ladies of the house. Both were beautiful to behold, but one far outshone the other. On his head was a slouched velvet hat with a white feather twined about it, and he was clad in a green velvet gaberdine and a violet cut velvet waistcoat hung with a heavy gold chain. His legs were wonderful in puce-colored satin *beinkleider*. That one, who wore love locks, was Benjamin Disraeli, the other less gorgeous being was Edward Lytton Bulwer. Nothing was ever seen like those garments out of a masquerade save on the limbs of the late Duke of Brunswick; but that day they quite answered their intention. The young ladies were charmed at the attire of their guests and fascinated with their conversation, which equalled if it did not excel their splendid trappings. And so on that happy summer day these two exquisites mounted their tandem and vanished in the cool of the evening. Alas! that all this "bravery" should now be confined to what we may still call the weaker sex.

To the same period of Bulwer's life belongs "Greville," an unfinished novel, now first published at the end of these volumes, with which its author had taken great pains, meaning it to be "a satire upon fine life." It was abandoned, his son says, not because "the satire appeared to him ineffectual, but because he perceived that he was growing too personal." "Greville" is nearly an exact portrait of Bulwer himself, modified here and there by traits borrowed from the character of his friend Frederick Villiers. In it Bulwer satirized the pretentious triflers of both sexes who appeared in the morning in Hyde Park in carriages and on horseback, and in the evening at Almack's and balls and routs; and he did his work with a severity and accuracy of representation which made it probable that the originals would recognize and resent their unflattering portraits. So entirely have the inhabitants of that world of fashion passed away with the fleeting man-

ners of that "somewhat frivolous age" when George IV. was king, that no sensibilities are likely to be hurt by the publication of "Greville." For the general reader, for whom "Greville" has lost its personal interest, the novel will be very amusing as a contemporary sketch of London life and of London itself at a time which, though still recent, is already antiquated. Buckingham Palace was building, Regent Street scarcely finished; the Regent's Park laid out indeed, but not inhabited, approached on either side by the great desert of Baker Street and the tedious breadth and length of then *quasi*-fashionable Portland Place. Gas-lighting and steam were dangerous novelties, and, though last not least, there were no envelopes. Every one had to fold his own letters—no easy thing to do neatly. As Greville and his friends lounged about the narrow limits in which dandies were allowed to walk, they looked at the United Service Club, just built, and at the shell of the Athenæum Club, newly risen from the ground. Entering the club, they remarked that, though the members were well informed, they did not know one another, and that they never conversed, though they were "so very entertaining." Then they read the papers, just as our old fogies still do, and wondered how there could be two opinions on matters which each journalist declared to be so exceptionally clear. This, too, our old fogies still do, and they sometimes yawn as these young dandies of sixty years since did; but, fortunately for themselves, they do not drink two bottles of soda-water in the forenoon like these two young men before entering their cabriolet and driving off to sun themselves in ladies' smiles in Hyde Park. With this picture of the life of what Carlyle called "the Dandiacal body" the age of Bulwer as an exquisite ceased. He had written "Pelham," "Devereux," and "The Disowned;" he had entered Parliament as an ardent Whig, and the world might well expect great things of him.—Sir G. W. DASENT, in *The Fortnightly Review.*

THE CHRISTIAN REVOLUTION.

I.

IT is a significant fact that the Western World still regulates its chronology by "the year of our Lord," thereby offering testimony, not the less emphatic because it is largely unconscious, to the supreme importance of Christianity in the annals of mankind. The birth of Jesus Christ in an obscure hamlet of Judæa nearly nineteen centuries ago, is the event with which modern history opens; and this event, as a matter of fact, and apart from all theories about Him, was the source of a movement which must be confessed to be the greatest of Revolutions. It is perfectly true that it has long been the fashion to overrate the extent of that Revolution, both geographically and spiritually. Christianity has been popularly said to have subdued the world; whereas it is only a small part of the human race that has received it in any form. It has been said to have revealed to men the knowledge of God, and to have "brought life and immortality to light":* whereas it is indubitable that the existence of a Power external to man and divine, the sacredness of duty, and the possibility or certainty of life and retribution beyond the grave, were realized and proclaimed by many earlier systems of philosophy and religion. Still, admitting this, and much else which might be justly urged to the same effect, we may yet safely agree with a distinguished writer of our own day, not likely to exaggerate the claims of the religion of Jesus Christ, when he speaks of it as "ce fait fécond, unique, grandiose qui s'appelle Christianisme." Christianity, for more than a thousand years, has fashioned the thoughts, the beliefs, the aspirations, of the foremost races of mankind. It has done more than anything else to shape the current of European history, and of the history of the world. Thus much, no competent authority of any school will deny, whatever may be his own individual views or feelings about it. In the present paper I propose to inquire how, as a matter of fact, Christianity has done this; to consider what the chief notes of the Christian Revolution are; and so to endeavor to seize and exhibit its inner meaning, as a movement of thought and a determining factor in the career of humanity.

II.

It will, as I apprehend, be admitted by well-nigh all who read these words of mine, that Jesus Christ, whatever may be our private thoughts about Him and His work, and whether or no we find a sufficient explanation of Him in any "aggregate of conditions," is the greatest figure in the world's history: a Teacher quite unique among those who have placed human life and human aspirations upon a higher level. Hence it is, that a well marked class of minds, confined to no one school, have ever delighted to regard Him as

* A mistranslation of the Authorized Version; the rendering of the Vulgate, "illuminavit autem vitam et incorruptionem per Evangelium," is more accurate.

the supreme expression of Divine Thought. Thus the author of the fourth Gospel: "And the Word was made Flesh and dwelt among us." And so Spinoza: "Æterna sapientia sese in omnibus rebus, maxime in humana mente, omnium maxime in Christo Jesu manifestavit." * Putting aside, then, for the moment all theological theories about the Person and teachings of the Prophet of Nazareth, let us inquire, what was the ideal which He set before the world? He himself spake of the fire which He had come to bring upon earth. What was the divine spark which kindled it? Whatever view we may take as to the date, authorship, or authority of the documents that make up the New Testament, it is incontestable that eighteen hundred years ago a Teacher lived among the green hills and clear streams of Galilee, and gathered around Him a little band of disciples, for the most part humble and unlettered men, who gained their bread by daily toil: that His life of poverty, humility, and detachment from family ties was spent in inculcating religious and ethical doctrine, and was crowned by an ignominious death; that His influence did not die with Him: nay, that it was vastly enhanced after His departure from the scene of his ministry: so that, according to His own word, His followers did greater works than Himself; works which are not bygone but are with us, fruitfully operant unto this day. Now what was His teaching? About its essential character there can be no question at all.† Thus it is clear that the fatherhood of God—not the God merely of the Hebrews, but of all the families of the earth, unto whom all live—was the first and dominant thought that breathed through His discourses.

This doctrine, I say, of the filial relationship of man to God, of the affinity of the better side of human nature with the Divine, was the fount from which His moral and religious teaching flowed. Injuries are to be forgiven. Why? Because, "if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive your trespasses." Enemies are to be loved; those who curse are to be blessed; those who hate, to be benefited; those who persecute, to be prayed for. Why? That ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven, for He maketh His sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. Perfection is to be aimed at. Why? Because your Father which is in Heaven is perfect. Solicitude about the necessities of life is condemned. Why? Because your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. He feedeth the fowls of the air; are ye not much better than they? He arrayeth the lilies of the field, as Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed; shall He not much more clothe you? Continuance in prayer is enjoined. Why? Because if ye being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father, which is in Heaven, give good things unto them that ask Him? Purity of intention is prescribed. Why? Because your Father seeth in secret. This is the first great note of the teaching of Jesus Christ. The ethical precepts delivered by Him contain little or nothing that was novel in the world, or to which the unassisted reason of mankind might not attain. It has been said, and I believe truly, that there is not one of them which might not be paralleled from the maxims of earlier Rabbis. But what is new in the Evangelical teaching is the sanction on which it rests those precepts, the supernatural motive which it imparts for right action. I do not, of course, mean that the conception of the Fatherhood of God was new. What I mean is, that it was presented by Jesus Christ in, if I may so speak, a new light,

* Cf. xxi. 4. So in the Ethic he speaks of "Spiritus Christi, hoc est Dei idea."

† The question being, "What did Christ teach?" there are three sources of evidence, differing in value, according to their acknowledged nearness to the time of his teaching. These are the Church, the Gospels, the Epistles; and all three agree in the points of His teaching upon which I am now insisting. Next, as to their relative worth. The Church represented by Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Tertullian, Hippolytus, and in some degree by Origen and Clement of Alexandria, gives us the view of Christ's doctrine which was accepted by the great body of His followers about the year A.D. 200. The Gospels, even if we take our stand with the most extreme criticism, show what was held between A.D. 150 and A.D. 100. But the Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians, Romans, and Corinthians, the First Epistle of St. Peter, the Epistle of St. James, and the Apocalypse—all authentic beyond controversy—enable us to get back within a short generation from our Lord's death; certainly as far back as A.D. 60. As much must be said of the Acts of the Apostles, so far as they are contemporary with St. Paul. Again, it cannot be doubted that not only the λόγια, but the main incidents of the Divine Life, were at the earliest date embodied in fixed oral traditions or catecheses with which our present Gospels stand in the closest connection, so that we are not reduced to the study of such fragmentary documents as are left when criticism has done its worst upon the Gospels. We are still in possession of St. Paul's unquestioned writings; we still have the Apocalypse, the First Epistle of St. Peter, and the Epistle of St. James. Out of these, and even out of the two Epistles last mentioned, it is easy to construct a doctrine which the Gospels only enlarge, and do not in any degree modify. St. Paul is not, indeed, a direct witness for Christ, nor must we forget that he remained a Jewish theologian, even when he was commenting on the Sermon on the Mount; nevertheless, we can trace in him the Christian teaching, though dealt with in a subtle spirit, and from an axiomatic mysticism become a theology. Thus we may view the *Gospel* at a distance of twenty years, instead of a hundred or a hundred and fifty, from the events which it relates. This has been completely forgotten by modern critics. It follows, of course, that when we have gained such a near standpoint, we can argue not only for the *Gospel*, but the *Gospels*; since their incomparable freshness and fulness are strong evidence that what they incorporate is not a somewhat worn tradition, but the very speech of Christ upon the lips of His first disciples.

and from a mere abstract doctrine was changed into a living and life-giving principle of conduct.

Such, then, was the first great note of the teaching of Christ: the exhibition of the Divine Paternity as a vital reality and the first of realities. The second, no less clear and unmistakable, is His proclamation of Himself as a Teacher come from God in a very special and unique sense; as the way to God, by virtue of a Divine Sonship and the indwelling in Himself of the Divinity;* as the Deliverer of men from the tyranny of that lower self, whereby they were held back from the Supreme Good: as the Healer of human nature lying wounded and half dead, and unable to take one step forward towards its true country, which is God. The claims which He made for Himself not only transcend in degree those of any other prophet, of any other founder of a religion, but are different in kind. And unquestionably those claims were both the grounds of His condemnation and execution, and the cause of the marvellous triumphs of His faith. Here we are in the region, not of conjecture, but of fact. What was it which, so to speak, *made* the Christian Church? It was assuredly no system or theory, most assuredly no exhibition of thaumaturgic power, which attracted men to Jesus Christ, but the irresistible influence of soul upon soul. And to those who forsook all, and took up their cross and followed him—such renunciation, such self-devotion, He warned them, were the very conditions of His discipleship —He exhibited no set of doctrines, no code of laws, but Himself, as being, in very deed, that Truth, which is the supreme desire of the soul. Daily to converse with the Master, ever to ponder His words and His deeds, gradually to drink into His mind, to wean the heart from all earthly affection, even the tenderest and the purest, until it could be said: "I live, and yet not I, but Christ that liveth in me" —this was the spiritual discipline undergone by His scholars in the desert, or on the mountain, or by the lake. And when the Cross had taught the supreme lesson of sacrifice, of humiliation, of self-consuming charity, and the disciples went everywhere preaching the Word, the lesson which they taught was precisely that which they had learnt. "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord," is the testimony of one of them; and it is applicable to all.

The Gospel which, as St. Paul reminds the Corinthians, he delivered to them, which they also received, and wherein they stood, and by which they were saved, was no catalogue of dogmas, but the manifestation of a Person in whom the eternally ideal had become the historically real, and who claimed for Himself the heart of man, to reign there as in His proper throne.* And every record of the Apostolic age bears witness that this was the message which was everywhere proclaimed. Do not let us shut our eyes to a plain fact of history. It was no doctrine of sweetness and light, no enthusiasm of humanity, but the Person of Jesus Christ, at once human and divine, which, as they gazed upon it, uplifted on the cross, smote down in masterful contrition the orthodox Pharisee and the Sadducean materialist of decadent Judæa, the agnostic philosopher of captive Greece, the stately magistrate and the rude soldier of Imperial Rome. He it was, His head crowned with thorns, His eyes full of tears, His visage marred more than any man's, His limbs dislocated and rent, in whom tender virgins discerned the fairest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely, and would have no other spouse for time or for eternity. Women whose whole lives were a pollution did but look on Him, in His ineffable sorrow, and the passion of desire was expelled by the stronger passion of compunction. Old men and little children, by the vision of Him, were inspired with a love stronger than death. The aged bishop, journeying to the place where the lions awaited him, "still alive, but longing to die," writes to his flock, "Now do I begin to be Christ's disciple." The sweet Syracusan maiden looks calmly upon her bleeding bosom, mutilated by the persecutor's knife, as she reflects: "I shall not be less beautiful in the eyes of my heavenly bridegroom." Sanctus the deacon, his limbs covered with plates of burning brass, so that his body was one entire wound and deprived of the form of man, would but say to all the questions of his tormentors, "I am a Christian:" and as those who stood by testified, remained upright and unshrinking, "bathed and strengthened in the heavenly well of living water which flowed from the Heart of Christ." They endured, that noble army of martyrs, in the strength of Him whom, not having seen, they loved. The one feeling which dominated them and their brethren who gazed with envy

* M. Renan has pointed out, truly enough, that the popular mind in Judæa was prepared for such a declaration, and was not likely to be shocked by it. "La croyance que certains hommes sont des incarnations de facultés ou de puissances divines était répandue; les Samaratains possédaient vers le même temps un thaumaturge nommé Simon qu'on identifait avec la grande vertu de Dieu. Depuis près de deux siècles les esprits speculatifs du judaisme se laisaient aller au penchant de faire des personnes distinctes avec le sattributs divins ou avec certaines expressions qu'on rapportait à la divinité."—*Vie de Jésus*, p. 248.

* Dilectus tuus talis est naturæ, ut alienum non velit admittere, sed solus vult cor tuum habere, et tanquam rex in proprio throno sedere.—*De Imitatione Christi*, l. ii. c. 7.

upon their passion, and who reared their humble shrines, was that they were not their own, but were bought with a price · that their life—their true life—was hid with Christ in God. I know of no more conspicuous instance of overmastering, blinding prejudice, than that which is afforded by those who can read the early history of the Christian Church, the Acts of the Martyrs. the Peristephanon of Prudentius—that sublime monument of primitive faith and worship—and not discern this most patent fact. The Person of Christ, in whom, as they believed, dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, was all-in-all to these early disciples of Him, and was the direct source whence they derived their rule of life, in its highest and lowest details. It was as though men had acquired a new spiritual sense. Why did they cease from sin? Because Christ bore our sins in His own body on the tree, that we being dead from sin should live unto righteousness. Why did they practise self-denial? Because Christ also pleased not Himself. Why did they exhibit patience when for conscience' sake towards God they endured grief, suffering wrongfully? Because Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example. Why did they abstain from fleshly lusts? Because their members were the members of Christ. Why did they count as joy torments most hateful to flesh and blood? Because they thereby became partakers of Christ's sufferings. The whole matter is summed up in the precept of the Epistle to the Philippians: "Let that mind be in you which was in Christ." Christianity changed men's lives by changing their ideal of life. To put before men the ideal, the supernatural ideal of the Lord from Heaven, and to incite them to copy it—that is the whole secret of the Christian Revolution. Whether or no we are to believe the legend which represents the dying Emperor to have said: "Galilean—Thou hast conquered!"* the words express the literal and exact truth. The victory of Christianity was the personal victory of its Founder. It was no body of doctrine, no code of ethics, but the Prophet of Nazareth Himself, whom men slew and hanged upon a tree, that triumphed over the majesty of the Cæsars, and founded upon the ruins of the ancient Roman polity a mightier and more enduring empire.

III.

This, then, was the great idea which underlay the Christian Revolution; the idea of God, the Universal Father, revealed "in the face of Jesus Christ." This was the seed which, to use the Evangelical similitude, the great Sower cast into the religious conscience of mankind, and which in due season was to spring up into such a mighty harvest. As the oak is potentially in the acorn, so in this one idea is the whole doctrine and discipline of the Christian Church, which is but "the expanded Gospel." "He must reign," the Apostle says, "until He hath put all His enemies under his feet." But that regimen implies a code of laws and a polity. Accordingly, the work of the Church in the first four centuries was the organization, upon definite bases, of the Christian society. To systematize her teaching about God was the primary task to which she addressed herself. The essence of her doctrine is summed up in the Pauline proposition that "Christ was declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of Holiness by the resurrection from the dead." Hence she formulates the most philosophical of her dogmas; and in the word Trinity, first used by Theophilus, towards the end of the second century, sums up this, the greatest of the mysteries of her creed. It was in the same century that Tertullian insisted upon the consubstantiality of the Son with the Almighty Father. In the next Origen maintained His eternal generation. Early in the fourth century Athanasius arises to contend for "the proportion of faith," and the Council of Nicæa embodies it in the well-known symbol, enlarged some fifty years afterwards at Constantinople by more precise statements about the Holy Ghost;* and so cast into the form which it has since maintained. Thus, after a succession of triumphs over the fantasies and phantoms of Jewish and Pagan speculation did the Church build herself up in her own field of thought, as the Christian mind worked from dogma to dogma, while at the same time she was slowly but surely winning her victory over the Imperial power which rightly recognized in her an irreconcilable foe. The very fundamental principle upon which the Empire rested was that no organization distinct from its own could exist side by side with it. The Church, upon the other hand, claimed to be a kingdom, spiritual it is true, but visible, with a right to rule, direct, condemn or absolve her subjects, in complete independence of other authority. Internal, organic unity was one

*I suppose the Νενίκηκας Γαλιλαιε of Theodoret—auctor mihi valde suspectus—must be relegated to the domain of the fabulous. But it is one of those fables that are truer than most facts.

*This term was used very vaguely in the Early Church. Cardinal Newman remarks: "The word Spirit, if the Fathers are to be our expositors, sometimes means Almighty God without distinction of Persons, sometimes the Son, and more commonly the Holy Ghost."—See his "Athanasius," vol. ii. p. 304.

of her main notes, marking her off from the other two great religions of Buddhism and Islām, which, like her, claim universality. It was the most striking difference between her and the cults and philosophies which surrounded her in the Roman Empire; the difference, I mean, which would most forcibly strike the Imperial authorities, and which, as a matter of fact, was the very gist of their accusations of her. True was the instinct which prompted the unbelieving Jews of Thessalonica to raise against St. Paul and St. Silas the cry of contravening the decrees of Cæsar by saying, "there is another king, one Jesus." It was a charge of *læsa majestas;* the charge that, of all others, would appeal strongly to the rulers of the Roman State, and most strongly to the best among them: to men like Trajan, Antoninus, Marcus Aurelius, and Hadrian, who believed the cause of civilization to be bound up with the Empire, which, as the Greek rhetorician said, with the picturesque exaggeration of his profession, had made of the world one city; for which the great geographer of antiquity claimed that "it had taught humanity to man." Well might those politic princes, as they surveyed from their high place their œcumenical domain, and considered the splendor of the literary and philosophical achievements, the sagacity of the jurisprudence, the magnificence of the organization, guarded by "the immense majesty of the Roman peace"—well might they have determined to put down by the severest measures a revolutionary sect that counted all this greatness as dross in comparison of a visionary life to come, preached by One who was dead, and whom His fanatical followers affirmed to be alive, and shortly to return to judge the world by fire. If ever *Kulturkampf* was set on foot with a clear show of justification it was this; and we know how vigorously it was carried on for wellnigh three centuries —with wide intervals of peace, indeed—from the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, in A.D. 29, to the promulgation of the Edict of Toleration in A.D. 313. It failed. The victory remained with the spiritual order. Paganism may be said to have been conquered with its own weapon. It recognized no law but the right of the strongest; and love is stronger than death. Of what avail to slay men who counted not their lives dear in the service of their invisible King—nay, who judged that, by losing their lives for Him, they, in the truest sense, found them? Such power had the religion of Jesus Christ, when, to use the bold phrase of St. Jerome, "the blood of our Lord was yet warm, and faith in Him was still glowing among believers."

The Council of Nicæa, in A.D. 325, is the outward symbol of the victory of Christianity. The prolonged endeavor of the Empire to suppress it had failed. The sagacious mind of Constantine conceived the idea of using it as the bond to hold the Empire together. He himself attributes his resolve to convoke the assembly to "a kind of Divine inspiration." Unquestionably its meeting was a most momentous event, as well as a deeply significant sign of the times. In response to the Imperial letter, three hundred and sixteen bishops repaired to that little town of Asia minor from every quarter of the Roman Empire; ἡ οἰκουμένη, the inhabited world, as it was wont to be called, in ignorant disdain of the vast regions lying beyond its borders. The geographical limits of the Empire and the Church were indeed practically the same.* Only two prelates who owned no allegiance to Cæsar attended the synod—John, a Persian bishop, and Theophilus, a Scythian. It does not fall within my plan to dwell upon the proceedings of this august assembly, the special function of which was to put before the world the clear image of Christ and His kingdom. I merely point to it as the outward visible sign of the progress made by the Christian Revolution in three centuries. The words of the Thessalonican Jews had been strangely verified by the course of events. The faith preached by St. Paul and St. Silus had indeed turned the world upside down. Cæsar had acknowledged the supremacy of that other king, "one Jesus," whom they had proclaimed.

And now let us go on to consider that Revolution a little more closely, and inquire what was its effect upon the individual men on whom it wrought, and upon the civil society which is man's normal state. We shall see this best and most clearly by surveying one man, in whose writings we have not only the most complete revelation of the workings of an individual mind which human literature offers, and the most vivid image of the society in which he lived, but also the adumbration, as in high dream and solemn vision, of the age which was to come, and which he, more than any one else, was to mould and shape. I speak of St. Augustine, "l'homme le plus étonnant de l'église Latine," as M. Villemain well terms him, who sums up in himself the

* There is extremely little evidence regarding the spread of Christianity without the limits of the Empire in the first three centuries, and I very much doubt whether, with the exception, perhaps, of Persia, it was carried much beyond the Roman frontier. The passages usually cited for the contrary view from Justin Martyr ("Dial. cum Tryp." § 117), Tertullian ("Adv. Judæos," c. 7), and Origen ("Contra Celsum," I. 27 ii. 14), are evidently rhetorical exaggerations; and, as evidently, Irenæus ("Adv. Hær." l. x. 5) is speaking of German provinces of the empire.

results of four centuries of moral and spiritual transition, and who cast Christian thought into the form in which it was to rule the western world for a thousand years; whose mind was as some vast lake, into which flowed the many streams of primitive Christian speculation, theological and metaphysical, and whence issued the two great rivers of mediæval philosophy, the dogmatic and the mystical, which were to make glad the city of God.

The life of St. Augustine extends from A.D. 354 to A.D. 430. Its external incidents are so well known that it will not be necessary here to dwell upon them. What renders him of peculiar importance to us, and especially for my present purpose, is that he has laid bare for us his inner life. There is not one of his writings which does not do for us in its measure, and as it were by the way and unpremeditatedly, what is done more fully, and of set purpose, in the "Confessions:" that wonderful history of a soul, written as if in "starlight and immortal tears," which is, perhaps, the greatest treatise of mystical philosophy which the world possesses: great, not only in the high intellectual power which breathes throughout it, but in its purity, its sanity, its self-repression. Here he shows us how it was that the faith of Christ subdued him, and brought him into that captivity which is true liberty, and what the change was which it wrought in him. Let us listen to the tale which he unfolds.

IV.

But first we will glance at the conditions of his age. It would be as unphilosophical to leave them out as it would be to consider nothing else but them. It was the age, then, when the great fabric of imperial power which had been raised upon the ruins of Roman liberty was hastening to its fall. Seventeen years before St. Augustine was born the first division of the Empire took place between the sons of Constantine. The year before his birth witnessed the soldering together of the fragments under Constantius; the year afterwards there is a new partition, and Valens and Valentinian fix their capitals, the one at Constantinople, the other at Milan. In A.D. 392 the great Theodosius again brings East and West into one polity. But in A.D. 395 his reign of sixteen years comes to an end, and with it the united Empire. This is the great event which marks the close of the fourth century.

A great event, indeed; the token of swiftly-advancing political dissolution. But it was an age of intellectual and moral dissolution too. The old popular creeds of the countries which had passed under the civilizing yoke of conquering Rome had long been discredited for higher minds. Their spiritual guides were the philosophers, and the air resounded with the din of systems, in which every variety of opinion known to our own times seems to have been, more or less closely, anticipated. Augustine,* quoting Varro, tells us of no less than two hundred and eighty-eight doctrines which prevailed as to the primary question of the true end of human action. But in one respect all the teachers of decadent Paganism were alike. They were all lacking in any "consciousness of the sanctity of God, and of the need of sanctification in man."† This must be said even of the noblest of them, such as the Stoics, and even the Neo-Platonists. The evil in the world they recognized clearly enough, and as time went on with ever increasing clearness. But between physical and moral evil they drew only the slightest distinction. Fatalism is at the bottom of all their metaphysical ideas, and is the last word of their arguments. I by no means underrate the loftiness of thought, the purity of motive and integrity of life which distinguished many of these seekers after truth, of whom Marcus Aurelius is the noblest type. But the philosophy to which, with whatever measure of success, they turned as the guide of conduct, was the prerogative of a few favored souls. The multitudes were left to a gross naturalism at once voluptuous and cruel: and to the outworn cults, which, if they outraged the reason, at all events ministered to the passions, and found their sanction in the lower self—the self of the ape and tiger—when they pressed bloodshed and impurity into the service of religion. Throughout the Roman Coliseum, the temple of the Sun, there ran "the transports of a fierce and monstrous gladness," as eighty thousand spectators looked down upon hecatombs of human victims in their dying agonies. The theatre, reared under the invocation of Venus, was devoted to obscenities as revolting as those wherewith the worship of "Reason" was celebrated in the churches of Paris by the founders of the first French Republic. However highly we may rate the philanthropy, the universal sympathy, the great jurisprudential ideas which we find in the literature of the decadent Empire, it is impossible to doubt that the popular mind was informed by no conception of the dignity and value of human personality; as indeed how should it have been in a society based upon slavery? This is the capital fact which marks off that antique civilization from our own. In it, not only was the place filled

* "De Civitate," l. xix. c. 1.

† Döllinger's "Heidenthum und Judenthum," p. 633.

among us by what we call "the masses" held by slaves, not inferior in race to their owners, but the physicians, the artists, the singers, the pedagogues were to a large extent persons of servile condition: the mere goods and chattels of their masters: helpless victims of cruelty or avarice or lust.

Such was the age into which Augustine was born. And early in life his keen, restless intellect asked the old question: What is the end of life? It was a book of Cicero's, now lost, a treatise containing an exhortation to philosophy, and called "Hortensius," which inflamed him with the love of wisdom: which made all things seem vile to him in comparison of Truth, and kindled in his soul the desire to attain to it. He sought it on all sides: among the Manichees, whose claim that their doctrine was the religion of science was proved vain by his happy scepticism; among the philosophies of Paganism, but none contented him, great and precious as were the verities which they enshrined. In Plato, especially, as presented to him in the writings of the Neo-Platonists, he found lofty theistic conceptions, and noble thoughts as to man's true end in the vision of the Absolute and Eternal, and in union with It. This was the last word of Hellenic philosophy, and in some respects the best: and Augustine,* writing in after years, records his great obligations to it. He learned from Plotinus—*magnus ille Platonicus*, as he calls him—that the rational soul has above it no nature save that of God, the Creator of the world, and its Creator and Illuminator, in participation of whose Divine light is our beatitude. But this God was a mere soul of Nature—*universitatis anima*—and the Neo-Platonic doctrine as to the way of union with the divine (*τὸ θεῖον*) was "as vague as all unsweet." Ascending, as he says in a memorable chapter† of his "Confessions," from corporeal forms to the sentient soul (*sentientem per corpus animam*), and thence to its inner faculty (*vis*), to which the bodily senses make their reports, and thence again to the reasoning power which passes judgment upon the things thus signified to it, and from thence to the intellectual brightness by which the mind is illumined to discern truly, he attained to That Which Is, *in ictu trepidantis aspectus*,

> —as when the light of sense
> Goes out, but with a flash that has revealed
> The invisible world.

The Unchanging, the Self-existing, the Absolute and the Eternal stood revealed to him. But how to get to it, how to attain union with it, he found not. "I was drawn irresistibly up to Thee by Thy beauty, and presently I was dragged down, down, by the weight of my burden: and this burden was fleshly habit": *et pondus hoc consuetudo carnalis.*‡

What, then, was the *consuetudo carnalis* which thus weighed to the earth this soul of fire, striving to ascend to its true home: even to Him who is *igneus fons animarum*?† It was that love of the world and of the things of the world which, according to the Apostolic doctrine, is incompatible with the love of the Father: the fascination exercised upon him by the visible, sensible frame of things, appealing to the concupiscence of the flesh and the concupiscence of the eye and the pride of life. "I longed for honors, for riches, for wedlock,"‡ he says. And this longing held him back. And then he turned to St. Paul's Epistles, and there he read what the books of the Neo-Platonists told him not: of the law of sin reigning in his members and warring against the law of his mind and leading him captive: and "of the grace of God by Jesus Christ," powerful to deliver him from the body of this death. And these things sank marvellously into his inmost being, and he considered the Divine Works and was afraid.§ For him it was a question of entire self-surrender or of none: of the religion of Jesus Christ in its highest form of the life of detachment and asceticism, or not at all. The easier state (*mollior locus*),‖ conceded to those who could not receive the hard saying counselling perfection, was not for him. "I had found the pearl of great price," he says, "and what I had to do was to sell all that I had and buy it: and I hesitated." What decided him? The example of others. One Pontitianus, a Christian, holding a high place in the Imperial Court, came to see him, on some trivial business, as he was sitting with his friend Alypius, reading St. Paul's Epistles; and finding him deeply interested in matters pertaining to the Christian faith, discoursed with him of such topics, and among other things spoke of the holy and ascetic lives of St. Anthony and the solitaries of the Thebaid, and of two friends of his own, who, while in attendance with him upon the Emperor at Trèves, had been smitten with the charm of the religious life, and in order to embrace it had abandoned their secular career and their affianced wives.¶

* "De Civ." l. x. c. 2. † "Confess." l. vii. c. 17.

* l. iii. c. 1.

† I need hardly refer to the opening line of the Burial Hymn of Prudentius:—"Deus, ignee fons animarum."

‡ "Confess." l. vi. c. 6.

§ Hæc mihi inviscerabantur miris modis et consideraveram opera tua et expaveram.—*Confess.* l. vii. c. 2.

‖ "Confess." l. viii. c. 1.

¶ "Et habebant ambo sponsas: quæ posteaquam hæc audierunt, dicaverunt etiam ipsæ virginitatem Tibi."—*Confess.* l. vii. c. 21.

This story inflamed Augustine, and made him seem utterly vile in his own eyes.* But fetters, once deemed silken, now strong as iron, held him fast. "Those ancient mistresses of mine," he says, "trifles of trifles, and vanities of vanities, as they were kept me back, and plucked me by the garment of the flesh, and murmured in my ear, 'Are you then, in very truth going to send us away? And, from this moment, will you not see us again—forever? And will you never, never, again do this and that?' And what a this and that was it which they suggested to me, O my God! What vileness, what disgrace!" The interior conflict moved him to tears, and he went apart to be alone. Then as he kept saying to himself: "How long, how long? to-morrow and to-morrow; and why not now?" the famous words fell upon his ears: *Tolle et lege, tolle et lege:* "Take it up and read it, take it up and read it." And remembering what he had just heard about St. Anthony—how the Saint from lighting, by chance, as it seemed, upon the verse of the Gospel: "Go, sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow Me," had been led to embrace the eremite life—he went back to the place where he had left the book of St. Paul's epistles, beside his friend Alypius. "I took it up," he tells us; "I opened it and perused in silence the words upon which my eyes first fell: 'Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying: but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof.' I had no wish to read more: nor was there need. No sooner had I finished the sentence than light and peace seemed to be infused into my heart, and doubt and darkness fled away."

"Indumini Dominum Jesum Christum." Here was the ideal which he had at last found. Henceforth his rule of action was not his former perverse will, but "the good and acceptable and perfect Will" to which he sought to be conformed by the renewing of his mind: "nolle quod volebam et velle quod volebas."† The objects of concupiscence which had so fascinated him, the love of wealth, of honor, of woman, now seemed to him vain and unsubstantial as phantoms of the night. He was as a blind man whose eyes had been opened. In his own phrase, the sweetness of eternal things had expelled the desire of temporal. What he had most feared to lose it was now a joy to him to put away. He had attained freedom from "the biting cares" of worldly pursuits: the freedom of which the condition is entire detachment—"renonciation douce et totale," in the words of the writer who, of all others, in modern times, seems to have drunk most deeply into his spirit:

> Love took up the harp of life and smote on all the chords with might:
> Smote the chord of self, that trembling passed in music out of sight.

I know of nothing in literature that breathes a deeper spirit of solemn jubilation than the pages of the "Confessions"* in which Augustine recounts these things; pages which are like Beethoven's Funeral March of a Hero done into words. They are indeed the burial psalm of his old self and the prelude to his new life. Then another theme is introduced, and in chapters in which deep human tenderness, and ecstatic aspiration, and sorrow, but not as of those who have no hope, contend for the mastery, he tells us of his mother, Monica, and of the closing scenes of her earthly pilgrimage. After that he goes on to speak of himself as he had become since he had bowed his head to the yoke and laid upon himself the burden of Christ, and had taken up his cross and followed Him. Many, he says, whether they themselves knew me in former days or knew me not, or have heard from me or of me, would fain know what manner of man I am now: what my inner self is. To such will I unfold myself, as far as I may: for what man knows himself wholly: knows, as he is known to, Him who made him? One thing, indeed, he knows and is assured of: that the Divine Word, quick and piercing, and sharper than any two-edged sword, has wounded his heart and has inflamed it with the love of God: "non dubia sed certa conscientia, Domine, amo Te: percussisti enim cor meum Verbo Tuo, et amavi Te." But what is it that he loves when he loves God? and where does he find God?

The whole universe of order and beauty proclaims the Supreme Intelligence that made it; reveals Him, while it veils Him; confesses I am not He, but He made me. Nothing material can be He. The mind must be more excellent than the matter which it vivifies. But God is the life of our life. And so Augustine turns to his own mind, and considers its faculties and powers, and in pages of mar-

* "Constituebas me ante faciem, meam ut viderem quam turpis essem, quam distortus et sordidus, maculosus et ulcerosus."—Confess. c. 7.

† Compare Fénelon: "Tout passe devant mes yeux, mais rien ne m'importe; rien n'est mon affaire sinon l'affaire unique de faire la volonté de Dieu."

* In the earlier portion of the ninth book of his "Confessions," which all who can should read in the original. No translation can present more than a dim adumbration of its splendor and pathos.

vellous subtlety and sweetness explores "the plains and spacious halls of memory." Surely God dwells there: but how? Not among the images of corporeal things, not among the affections of the mind, not in that very seat of the mind itself which is fixed in the memory. "But why speak of place," he asks, "as though in very truth place existed there? In my memory dost Thou certainly dwell, for I remember Thee since I learnt Thee: and there do I find Thee when I remember Thee." And then he bursts forth: "Too late have I loved Thee, O Beauty, so old and so new; too late have I loved Thee! And behold! Thou wast within and I without: and there did I seek Thee, greedily rushing in my deformity after those fair forms which Thou hast made. Thou wast with me when I was far from Thee. And those things which exist but because Thou art in them, they held me back from Thee. Thou calledst me, Thou criedst after me, Thou overcamest my deafness: Thou sentest forth Thy lightnings, Thou shinedst in Thy splendor, and didst put to flight my blindness. Thy sweet fragrance encompassed me, and I drew in my breath and panted after Thee. I have tasted of Thee, and I hunger and thirst still. Thou didst lay Thy hand upon me and I burned for Thy peace." Thus much, as to his inner self, the Saint is sure of. Sure, too, is he of the daily conflict which is waged in him between the higher law and that other law that is in his members. What is the life of man but a warfare upon earth? Every one of his senses is a possible avenue for sin. Every action of life is a possible occasion of falling. "Many and great," he confesses, "are the sicknesses of my soul: but Thy medicine is more than sufficient to heal them. Well might we have thought Thy Word far removed from union with men, but that He was made flesh and dwelt among us." Here is his hope of instruction for his ignorance: of healing for his infirmity. But for this he should despair. And hence his rule of life, according to the Apostolic dictum: "Therefore Christ died for all, that they who live should no longer live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them." This is that aboriginal law of self-sacrifice which links the Supreme to His creatures: a law of which the practical outcome is duty, founded upon the constraining influence of Divine charity.

Here, then, is a type of the work wrought in the individual by the Christian Revolution; the story of countless millions, "writ large." The highest ideal of ancient Paganism was to live out one's impulses without restraint: to warm "both hands before the fire of life," in the words of a modern writer who drank deeply into its spirit: but with prudence—which Landor, indeed, cannot be said to have exhibited—so as not to burn one's fingers. Or—to change the metaphor, and to use the words of Cicero, and, as I think, of Socrates too—so to go through human existence that when the inevitable hour of departure arrives we may quit it like a guest satisfied with the banquet of which he has partaken. I suppose we are warranted in saying that Aristotle's μεγαλόψυχος is the loftiest conception of man known to the ancient philosophy; and I am far from denying the greatness of the magnanimous or high-minded character, as he has depicted it in a well-known chapter of the Nicomachean ethics. High-mindedness, he says, is the crown of all virtue, and the high-minded man occupies himself with honor, and lays claim to it, and takes pleasure in it, but not excessive pleasure, for he has obtained only what he merits, and perhaps less than he merits: he loves to confer a favor, but feels shame at the reception of one, for that implies in him a certain inferiority: he is generally esteemed arrogant, and no wonder, for he justly despises his neighbor: he is open in his enmities and his loves, and bears himself to ordinary men with moderation, for haughtiness towards the lowly is a sign of bad breeding. Now turn to the Christian ideal, as you find it in the Sermon on the Mount, with its glorification of poverty, mourning, meekness, hunger and thirst after righteousness, mercy, peaceableness and purity—that distinctively Christian virtue which has been accounted by some "a new disease brought into the world by Christ." As I have said, Christianity changed the lives of men by changing their ideal of life. The magnitude of the revolution which it wrought upon the individual may be judged of by comparing the Stagirite's high-minded man with the humble and holy man of heart of the Beatitudes. The one deifies and worships human nature and its passions: the other crucifies the flesh with the affections and lusts. Enlightened selfishness is the highest word of Aristotle. "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself:" "whoever will save his life shall lose it"—such is the very substance of the doctrine of Christ. And it was precisely this ideal of self-renunciation, it was precisely this asceticism, this "dédain transcendant,"* as M. Renan happily phrases it—the true doctrine of liberty of souls, as he judges—which is of the essence of Christianity, that appealed to and overcame Augustine.

But this self-renunciation was not irrational.

* "Vie de Jésus," p. 119.

Although not the result of calculation, it justified itself by an appeal to the infinitely greater value of one soul over the whole universe of matter. It founded itself upon the vanity and nothingness of what was given up. It was the lower self that was abolished, mortified, done to death; or, in St. Paul's phrase, kept under and brought into subjection. The life which was lost was that phantasmal life of the senses which St. Augustine has described in a memorable passage of his treatise "On True Religion."* One of the leading thoughts in Augustine's writings is the impermanence, the illusoriness of the visible frame of things. He has summed it up in two pregnant words, "internum æternum." The parallel between his doctrine and Gautama's in this respect is singularly close. The main difference is that the place which in the Buddhist system is held by Nirvāna, is filled in his by what he calls Idipsum, the Self Same, or, as we may perhaps say, the Thing in Itself: the only true reality, for he does not allow that the phenomenal universe is, in the highest sense, real. The reality beneath it, without which it would crumble into nothingness, is the will of Him who alone can say "Ego Sum Qui Sum:" I am the Self Existent. He alone is the One Who Is: dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto: and Jesus Christ is the Mediator by whom man is strengthened for the knowledge and fruition of Him—"the image of the Invisible God;" the realization of the last wish of the religious instinct: the Eternal made flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone and blood of our blood; proving all sorrows in His sacred humanity; one with us in the great sacrament of suffering, and able to call us in the truest sense His brethren. Christ is a visible, personal, living law, realizing the conception of Pagan antiquity; virtue incarnate, and drawing all hearts by its beauty. But the life of Christ was a long battle against the world. He is the supreme example of detachment from its pleasant things—the objects of concupiscence.† It is the God exhibited in the Crucifix in an unfathomable mystery of love and sorrow who at once raises morality to the height of sanctity: a conception unknown to the ancient world, which never went beyond the "honestum." St. Augustine dwells upon this in a striking passage of his short, but quite invaluable, treatise "On True Religion." "The nations," he writes, "were thirsting, to their own destruction after riches as the ministers of pleasure: He willed to be poor. They longed for honor and power: He refused to be a king. They esteemed children, after the flesh, a great good: He despised such wedlock and such offspring. In the plenitude of their pride they abhorred insults: He suffered them in every form. They deemed injuries intolerable: what greater injury could there be than the condemnation of the Just, the Innocent? They loathed corporal suffering: He was scourged and tormented. They feared to die: He suffered death. They thought the Cross the most shameful kind of death: He was crucified. Everything for love of which we lived amiss, He did without and stamped as worthless. Everything to avoid which we have shrunk from the Truth, He endured and made easy to us. For it is impossible to commit any sin, save by seeking after the things which He despised, or by flying from the things which He endured. And so His whole life on earth, in the human nature which He deigned to assume, was a system of moral discipline."*

V.

So much as to the effect of the Christian Revolution upon the individual. I am, of course, far from saying that it wrought in this supreme degree upon the mass. It had its perfect work in few. Those few best exhibit its working. What it was to them it was in some degree—in a degree almost infinitely varying—to all who received the faith of Christ, even though their lives were led upon the lower levels of humanity. To all it proposed Him as the one Type—"our life," in the emphatic words of the sacred writer—the perfect ideal. And the furthest removed from that type, the least like that ideal, knew well that the all-important fact about himself was his citizenship of a spiritual kingdom, of which conformity to the mind of Christ was the first law. There can be no question at all that Christianity presented itself to the decadent and moribund civilization of the Roman Empire as an ascetic doctrine;† a doctrine of abstinence, not only from the things which it branded as positively sinful, but from things

*Quorum vita est spectare, contendere, manducare, bibere, concumbere, dormire, et in cogitatione sua nihil aliud quam phantasmata quæ de tali vita colliguntur amplexari. —*De Vera Religione*, c. 54.

†It may not be superfluous to point out that I use the word in its technical sense; that habitual inclination to desire finite things inordinately, which, according to the Council of Trent, is not strictly speaking sin, but "ex peccato est et ad peccatum inclinat" (Sess. v. c. 5), and that for two reasons; first, because it turns man away from his true final end, which is God; and, secondly, because it cannot be gratified save at the expense of others.

*"De Vera Religione," c. xvi.

†"Cette abnégation de soi-même et de tout ce qu'il y a de terrestre de sensible ou d'humain en nous et hors de nous, est le caractère propre et éminent de la philosophie chrétienne à laquelle, sous ce rapport, nulle autre ne peut être comparée et qui surpasse tout ce que la philosophie des anciens a de plus élevé."—Maine de Biran: *Pensées*, p. 282.

in themselves licit. The world, which St. John exhorts his disciples not to love, because the love of it is incompatible with the love of the Father, which he describes as lying in the wicked one, which, over and over again, in the New Testament the disciples of Christ are bidden to forsake and overcome, and which—such is the vitality of phrases—stands, even in our own day, for the complete antithesis of the Church, is the present visible frame of things, doomed, as those early preachers believed, soon to pass away with the lust thereof: the flesh in which St. Paul declared no good thing to dwell, which it was his daily endeavor to keep under and bring into subjection, is the whole of man's lower or animal nature. Whatever is doubtful, this is clear. And to those who do not admit it we may say, without discourtesy, that, whether through ignorance or prejudice, they are so hopelessly in the dark on this matter, as to render any argument with them regarding it mere waste of time.

The principle, then, which transformed the individual by the renewing of his mind, was the principle of self-sacrifice. And this was the principle which transformed society. Christianity was primarily a message to the individual soul. It was a calling addressed to each, without distinction of race or rank, or sex or secular condition. But it was a calling into a polity. The words ἐκκλησία and ἐκλεκτοὶ speak for themselves. The disciples of Christ were called out of the world and into the Church, which was truly a society, with its own king, its own laws, its own magistrates. Most interesting would it be to trace the growth of this society; to note its marvellous hierarchical development, as it overlaps the secular state * and the ecclesiastical organization grown up on the lines of the civil, the Diocese, the unit, then the Province (the ecclesiastical use inverted the civil dignity of the two terms): and lastly, the Patriarchate, corresponding more or less closely with the Prefecture; while the ruler of the Roman Church imperceptibly takes the place of the Pontiff of Jupiter Capitolinus—the Flamen Dialis, who, as Festus says, was "the Priest of the world rather than of the City." But I must not linger upon this topic. Nor is it necessary that I should do so, for it has been well dealt with by many writers, the latest among them, and assuredly not the least erudite and accomplished, being M. Renan.† I am rather concerned to indicate how this spiritual empire affected civil society: to point out the main lines of the Revolution which it wrought in the public order.

And here, too, I shall follow St. Augustine. As in his "Confessions" he has revealed to us the operation of the Christian Revolution upon the individual, so in his "City of God" he has traced its operation upon society. His keenly attuned ear caught the sound of "the spirit of the years to come striving to mix itself with life;" his piercing eye discerned the "new majesties of mighty forms" which were slowly evolving themselves in his own time to supplant the old order of the Roman world. Even when he wrote civilization was becoming ecclesiastical. It was his gift to seize, and set down, and creatively to shape, its main lines.

It has been well observed by Ozanam, that no event of supreme importance to the world has ever occurred without producing an imperishable poem, although it may be a different sort of poem from what we should have expected. Thus, to the battle of Actium, which marks the rise of the Empire, he refers the inspiration to which we owe the "Æneid:" while the entry of Alaric into Rome, in A.D. 410—the signal of its fall—unquestionably produced the magnificent prose poem of Augustine. A great and exceeding bitter cry went up that this supreme catastrophe was the work of the new religion. And Augustine undertook to "vindicate the ways of God to men." His "City of God" is the first systematic attempt to exhibit in their close relations and interdependence, philosophy, history and theology.

Two commonwealths (*civitates*), he declares, exist among men: the City of the Earth, built by the love of self, carried to the degree of contempt of God: the Heavenly City, reared by the love of God, carried to the degree of contempt of self. Of the one he sees the type and founder in Cain, of the other in Seth; but for the origin of both he goes back to the separation of "the angels who kept not their first estate," from their compeers loyal to the Divine Majesty. He traces the history of the two cities throughout the ages, using with great skill the comparatively slender materials available to him: for, of course, the philosophies and theologies and annals of the East were no more known to him than were the revelations whereby physical science in these latter days has so vastly enlarged and so largely transformed our conceptions of the material universe. He goes on to point out—it is the first time that we meet with the thought—how the Roman Empire, by bringing the nations into one polity, and subjecting them to the same jurisprudence—which

* Origen speaks of the Word of God as having founded everywhere a hierarchy parallel to that of the state.—*Contra Celsum*, l. viii. c. 75.

† See his "Conférences d'Angleterre," pp. 167-69.

he elsewhere recognizes as a Divine creation* —prepared the way for the spread of the Christian faith. Then he dwells upon the diverse ends of the two commonwealths; the one resting upon the doctrine of the Greek sophist that man is the measure of all things, making life its one object, and the seen and temporal the bound of human aspirations: the other measuring all things by the ideal of Christ, and reaching forward to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and reserved in heaven. Here the two commonwealths are intermingled, for they exist side by side. But the City of the Earth is doomed to perish. The City of God has her foundations upon "the holy hills:" it is the Jerusalem, the Vision of Peace, which is from above, whose King is Truth, whose Law is Charity, whose mode (*modus*) is Eternity. In it alone is true liberty; the liberty of those whom Christ has made free from sin. The City of Man, governed by the lust of power, is the slave of concupiscence, even when it boasts itself the conqueror of the world.

Such is a bird's-eye view of the main argument of this famous treatise—I am not concerned with the merely apologetic part of it—the great and lasting value of which seems to me to lie in its emphatic proclamation of the spiritual nature of man as a domain over which the civil order has no power—a principle by the assertion of which the Church had been revealed to the world. The ancient jurist had declared, like the modern demagogue, that all is Cæsar's. St. Augustine sketches a spiritual society based upon a higher law even than the jurisprudence of Imperial Rome, and bearing allegiance to a greater potentate than the Emperor. It was a new conception in the world, and was destined most potently to influence the structure of society. It gave rise to what was called Christendom—a word which, by itself, if we rightly understand it, is sufficient to indicate the vastness of the Revolution wrought by the faith of Christ in the public order. The first fact about a man for a thousand years after the "City of God" was written was not his race but his religion. That, I say, was held to be the prime fact of life, and upon it the public order was professedly based. In pre-Christian Europe religions had been viewed in a very different light. They occupied, indeed, a highly important place in the State, as being the bonds of nations and society. They were deemed necessary to corporate existence; and thus we find Plato, in the "Republic," describing "the erection of temples and the appointment of sacrifices and other ceremonies in honor of the gods," and "all the observances we must adopt in order to propitiate the inhabitants of the unseen world," as "the most momentous, the most august, and the highest acts of legislation."* And they were regarded strictly as matters of public concern; they were the religions of nations not of individuals; they were tribal, not personal; for the nation was originally a tribe. But the tribe, again, was merely an enlarged family. It was the family, natural or artificial,† not the individual, that was the unit of archaic society; and this comes out very distinctly in the sphere of religion. Thus Cato says, in his instructions to his Bailiff: "It is the paterfamilias who offers worship for the whole family:"‡ in a religious, as in a civil point of view, the personality of its members was merged in him. But Christianity did in the religious sphere what Roman jurisprudence was doing in the civil: it substituted the individual for the family as the unit of which it took account, ranking him higher than the State, and the law of conscience before the law of public interest. Thus, by proclaiming the ineffable worth of human personality, did it re-create the individual. And similar was the transformation which it wrought upon the family. In the ancient world, as one of the first of living historians has pithily expressed it, woman "was degraded in her social position, because she was deemed unworthy of moral consideration; and her moral consideration again fell lower and lower precisely because her social position was so degraded."§ This—Horace bears emphatic testimony to the fact—was the very fount of the corruption which overflowed human life in the decadent Roman society. By proclaiming the spiritual equality of woman with man, Christianity raised her to her

* He somewhere says: "Leges Romanorum divinitus per ora principum emanarunt."

* Book iv. c. 5. Τί οὖν ἐφη ἔτι ἂν ἡμῖν λοιπὸν τῆς νομοθεσίας εἴη; καὶ ἐγὼ εἶπον ὅτι 'Ημῖν μὲν οὐδέν, τῷ μέντοι 'Απόλλωνι τῷ ἐν Δελφοῖς τά τε μέγιστα καὶ κάλλιστα καὶ πρῶτα τῶν νομοθετημάτων. Τὰ ποῖα; ἡ δ' ὅς. 'Ιερῶν τε ἱδρύσεις καὶ θυσίαι καὶ ἄλλαι θεῶν τε καὶ δαιμόνων καὶ ἡρώων θεραπεῖαι τελευτησάντων τε αὖ θῆκαι καὶ ὅσα τοῖς ἐκεῖ δεῖ ὑπηρετοῦντας ἵλεως αὐτοὺς ἔχειν. τὰ γὰρ δὴ τοιαῦτα οὐτ' ἐπιστάμεθα ἡμεῖς οἰκίζοντές τε πόλιν οὐδενὶ ἄλλῳ πεισόμεθα, ἐὰν νοῦν ἔχωμεν, οὐδὲ χρησόμεθα ἐξηγητῇ ἀλλ' ἢ τῷ πατρίῳ. οὗτος γὰρ δήπου ὁ θεὸς περὶ τὰ τοιαῦτα πᾶσαν ἀνθρώπιος πάτριος ἐξηγητὴς ἐν μέσῳ τῆς γῆς ἐπὶ τοῦ ὀμφαλοῦ καθήμενος ἐξηγεῖται. Καὶ καλῶς γ' ἔφη λέγεις καὶ ποιητέον οὕτω.

† "Groups of men united by the reality or the fiction of blood relationship," as Sir Henry Maine puts it.—*Ancient Law*, p. 126.

‡ Scito dominum pro tota familia rem divinam facere.—*De Re Rust.*, c. 143.

§ Merivale's "Conversion of the Northern Nations," p. 144.

true position, while by setting upon monogamy the seals of sanctity and indissolubility, it made her preservation of that place an essential part of its system, gradually sublimating into an ideal sentiment what in the ancient world had been little more than an animal appetite. Its effect upon the public order was, for long, indirect, but was not, upon that account, the less potent. Starting with the assertion of man's moral liberty and responsibility, the very postulates of her doctrine, the Church poured into the nations crushed and degraded by imperialism, a new virility, freeing and invigorating the human faculties; while by her self-made constitution, her elected rulers, her deliberative councils, she kept alive the free democratic traditions, which Cæsarism had almost strangled, and trained the barbarian tribes who entered her fold in the principles and exercise of true liberty. As the subjects of the City of the Earth became the subjects of the City of God, the civil polity was informed by new principles. In the quaint language of Jeremy Taylor: the "Christians, growing up from conventicles to assemblies, from assemblies to societies, introduced no change into the government, but by little and little turned the commonwealth into a Church."* It was felt that a society of Christians ought to be a Christian society, and gradually the civil order was guided and governed by the principles of religion. An eminent English judge once laid it down—the dictum is now somewhat musty—that Christianity is part of the law of England. Of Christendom, while Christendom was, it might truly be said that the law was part of the religion. Everywhere the cross of Christ was confessed to be the interpretation of life and the measure of the world, and a supernatural end was kept in view.

Thus, St. Thomas Aquinas declares that the chief object which the civil ruler ought to have before him is the eternal beatitude of himself and his subjects,† and what may seem almost incredible in these days, even in guilds of the most distinctively industrial character the making of money was not the first thing sought after. "They set up something higher than personal gain or mere materialism;" Mr. Toulmin Smith well observes: "their main characteristic was to make the teaching of love to one's neighbor be not coldly accepted as a hollow dogma of morality, but known and felt as a habit of life."‡ "In the accounts of the Company of Grocers," writes Dr. Brentano, "it is mentioned that at their very first meeting they fixed the stipend of the priest who had to conduct their religious services and to pray for their dead. In this respect," he adds, "the craft gilds of all countries are alike, and in reading their statutes we might fancy sometimes that these old craftsmen cared only for the well-being of their souls."* I take these instances almost at random. Every department of life, in the Ages of Faith tells the same tale. The dominant idea everywhere is the Fatherhood of God revealed in Him who pleased not Himself, but humbled Himself unto death, making the great law of sacrifice the first law of His religion. And it is precisely this idea which marks off those ages from the times preceding them, and which is the source of their true greatness. Let no one suppose that I have the least sympathy with that religious romanticism which paints for us a mediæval period full of seraphic sweetness. I know well the dark side of the history of the Middle Ages, recorded in terrible distinctness alike by saints and sinners, by doctors and heresiarchs:

> Face loved of little children long ago!
> Head hated of the priests and rulers then!
> Say, was not this thy passion—to foreknow
> In Thy death's hour, the works of Christian men!

True it is that mediæval iniquities were upon the same scale with mediæval virtues. But, on the other hand, it seems to me unquestionable that, as M. Littré says, the mediæval period "est plus d'un coté supérieur aux temps qui l'ont précéde," and that as he goes on to add, "il est particulièrement dans l'état social."† For myself I would claim for it, that resting, as it did, upon the morality of self-renunciation, it is superior to the times that preceded it in all that makes up civilization in the higher sense of the word: that it is "further advanced in the road to perfection; happier, wiser, nobler."‡ Christianity, preaching pitifulness and courtesy, defying sorrow, simplicity, weakness and humility, poverty and purity, had opened an ever-flowing fount of tenderness, of compassion, of pure love, which caused the very desert places of humanity to rejoice and blossom as the rose. Main tests of the social position of any community are the places held in it by

* "Life of Christ." Preface.

† "Finis ad quem principaliter rex intendere debet in seipso et in subditis est æterna beatitudo."—*De Regim. Princ.*, 1, 2, c. 8. Observe the force of the word "principaliter."

‡ "Traditions of the Old Crown House," p. 28.

* "The Original Ordinances of more than One Hundred Gilds." Intr. p. 18.

† "Études sur les Barbares et le Moyen Age," p. 239.

‡ The word civilization is a word of double meaning. We are accustomed to call a country civilized if we think it more improved, more eminent in the best characteristics of man and society, further advanced on the road to perfection, happier, nobler, wiser. But, in another sense, it stands for that kind of improvement which distinguishes a wealthy and powerful nation from savages or barbarians.—J. S. Mill, *Discussions and Dissertations*, vol. i. p. 160.

women and children, by the indigent and the aged: and judged by these tests Christianity stands far above any previous organization of society. But its superiority appears to me to be hardly less clearly marked in its public polity, its literature, and its art, which were all informed by the same spirit. The notion of unlimited dominion, of Cæsarism, autocratic or democratic—perhaps the most baneful manifestation of human selfishness—had no place among its political conceptions, which regarded authority as limited and fiduciary: nor did it allow of absolutism in property; the canon law expressly lays down that extreme necessity makes all things common, excusing theft and palliating robbery with violence; that both clergy and laity are at all times bound to provide alms, as a duty of strict justice, even if need be by their own manual labor; for alms, in the words of St. Ambrose, are the right of the poor: and the giving them is rather to be regarded as the discharge of a debt than the extension of a voluntary bounty. In its literature Dante sounds a deeper note than had gone forth from his master, Virgil; and the very source of his inspiration is the austere spiritualism of the Catholic creed. In its philosophy St. Thomas Aquinas surveys the field of human thought from a loftier standpoint than any sage of Greece or Rome, and maps it out with a fulness and precision unattained even by him whom he reverently calls "the Philosopher:" and it was from the Crucifix that the Angelic Doctor derived his intellectual light, and there that he discerned—according to the beautiful legend—his only and exceeding great reward. Mediæval art, even in its rudest stage, is informed by a higher ideal than ever dawned upon the mind of Hellenic painter or sculptor or architect: by the sentiment of the Infinite, revealed in the divinely human Person of the Man of Sorrows, the Son of the Mater Dolorosa. All that was great in that vanished public order which we call Christendom, flowed from the self-abnegation which is the central idea of Christianity. Singular paradox that this new civilization, so rich, and fertile, and varied—the direct source of all that is highest and noblest in our own age, and in each of us—should have been the work of men whose first principle it was to despise the world: that the greatest democratic movement, the most potent instrument of human enfranchisement, should have been a doctrine which made so light of personal freedom as to bid the slave care not for its loss: that the most effectual vindication of the most sacred rights of humanity should be referable to teachers who spoke only of its duties. Sublime commentary upon the saying of the Author of Christianity: "He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." Strong assurance that "He knew what was in man," and that "His word shall not pass away."—W. S. LILLY, in *The Contemporary Review.*

MOZART.

THE position held by Mozart among the great musical composers is one of peculiar interest, whether we regard his genius and his productions from the historical or the critical point of view. Historically speaking, he stands as a connecting link between the old and the modern schools of musical art; between the school in which the working out of a tonal construction in purely logical and rounded form constituted the paramount aim and interest of the composer, and that in which the effort at emotional expression and poetic suggestiveness predominate more or less over considerations of purity and balance of form. Not, of course, that either of these sources of interest can be absent from anything worth calling music. Balance of form, not excluding emotional expression, is represented by the great composers of the pre-Mozartean period; poetic expression, not indifferent to form, is represented by the best of the modern school. When the predominance of either element is pushed to an exaggeration practically exclusive of the other, we have had as results, in the one case, such mere building up of contrapuntal structure as may provoke the poet's question—

> Come forth and be judged, Master Hugues;
> What do you mean by your mountainous fugues?

and in the other case, such delirious whirls of amorphous sound as Wagner has given us not a few examples of. But within certain limits the older school tends to the predominance of severe outline and logical form, the modern to the predominance of broad color-effect and emotional expression. In Mozart the two tendencies seem to overlap. He was almost as great a contrapuntal constructor as Bach; perhaps quite as great, if artistic greatness lie in the production of clear effect through intricate combination, rather than in the mere intricacy of the combination itself. He is full of reminiscences of the older style, reminiscences embodying some of its finest characteristics. But he is also full of innovations suggestive of the feeling of the coming modern school. His melody breathes a romantic tenderness of expression, of which there had been no instance before in music; his harmonic changes and his effects of instrumentation

give the first hints of the broad style and rich effects which were to be perfected by Beethoven, and in many details of his composition he anticipated, though sometimes in a doubtful and tentative manner, the favorite devices of Beethoven. But from the the purely critical point of view, Mozart's genius presents a still more interesting and suggestive aspect. For he is in music the typical representative of that balanced and complete artistic power, which leaves scarcely any room for criticism in regard to conception and execution, yet concerning which there may ever and anon intrude itself that almost irritating question, dealt with in Browning's "Andrea del Sarto." Is this rounded perfection and artistic balance of parts, this perfect and harmonious whole so completely grasped by the artist, is this the best fulfilment of what we wish from art; or is it rather true that "a man's reach should exceed his grasp," that the art which in its very striving after higher and intenser expression bursts the swathements of symmetrical form, and loses in the process its roundness and completeness, is thereby intellectually the loftier through that very incompleteness? About no question concerning artistic form and expression have there been more oscillations of criticism than this, the answer to which depends after all so much on the mental constitution of different men and different generations, even on the changes of mood in the same mind. Consequently, in these days of the making of criticisms, no great composer has aroused such varied shades of opinion, short of absolute antagonism, as Mozart. A high place in the art none would be prejudiced enough to deny him, but in this concession alone are all agreed. It was for a long time a creed of amateurs that Mozart was the greatest of musical composers; a creed accepted rather by faith than understanding. It is asserted by some musical prophets that he was only a man supremely clever, playing on the surface of his art, and missing its spiritual meaning. The question is of wider interest than immediately appears, for it concerns, not only what we think about Mozart, but (by implication) what we think about music.

Regarding Mozart as occupying this peculiarly centralized position in the history and development of music, the recent appearance in an English dress of the best and fullest treatise on his life and works which has been written* came very opportunely, as a means of popularizing the subject, at a time when so much talk is being made by musical amateurs and critics among us in regard to the true scope of the art, and the relation of its past achievements to its possible prospects. I speak of the book advisedly as a treatise on the life of Mozart, for it is far more than a mere biography. Besides giving very full particulars as to the facts of the composer's life, character, and circumstances, it includes also a very full and thoughtful criticism on the characteristics of Mozart's musical style in various forms of composition and at various periods of his career, accompanied by many brilliant and effective side-lights thrown upon the characteristics of other musicians, his contemporaries, upon the state of composition and execution at that period, and the social and intellectual habitudes of the society amid which Mozart moved, and for which in the first instance his music was made. In regard to this social side of the history there is of course nothing to be gleaned from Jahn which may not be more fully obtained from other sources; the merit of the author consists in his having realized the interest and significance of the relation between social and artistic history, and in the clear and lucid manner in which he has arranged and co-ordinated his materials into a coherent literary whole; a characteristic unhappily rare enough in musical biography, the satisfactory execution of which demands the union in the same person of adequate musical knowledge with a well-developed sense of literary form; qualities which, for some reason, are very rarely found in combination; whence it results that musical biographies, as a class, are the worst written of all biographies. One need only recall Shœlcher's so-called "Life of Handel;" Nohl's "Mozart," rendered even more absurd in its English than its German form by the translator's blunders over musical phraseology; and Schindler's "Life of Beethoven," translated by Moscheles, in which the original author and the translator furnished joint proof that two perfectly competent musicians may so treat the study of the life and works of Beethoven as to render it entirely dull and uninteresting; an achievement which might otherwise have been deemed impossible. In literary interest and power, Jahn's work stands alone in the ranks of musical biography, as the production of one who is not only a competent musical critic, but possesses that general culture which enables him to take a broad view of his subject to marshal his materials effectively, and to avoid that over-acted enthusiasm about his hero which is one of the besetting vulgarities of average musical literature. The laborious and too often thankless work of translation has been very ably accomplished by Miss Townsend, who reproduces the original in a clear, idio-

* "The Life of Mozart." By Otto Jahn. Translated from the German by Pauline D. Townsend, with a preface by Sir George Grove.

matic, English style, forming a welcome contrast to that kind of skeleton-dance in which English words play clapper-clapper on a framework of German idioms, which renders the reading of many translations of this class of books such a constant source of irritation to the literary sense.

In the interesting introductory chapter by the author, which should not be omitted by readers who wish to form a just idea of the spirit and interest of the book and the earnestness with which Jahn bent his mind to his chosen task, he defines that task to be "the thorough investigation of the sources available for an exhaustive account of Mozart's life, with special reference to all that was calculated to affect his moral and mental development in the general conditions of his time, and in the local and personal circumstances that influenced him; and in particular, a history of his development as an artist." No side of this task, as he observes, could be treated independently, both the researches and the remarks resulting from them touching now one and now the other: and this latter sentence is the key to the general arrangement of the book, in which chapters dealing chiefly with history and social facts, are alternated with chapters devoted to the critical examination of the characteristics of the composer's principal works at the prominent epochs of his musical career. The mere collection of the materials for so complicated a biographical structure must have been no light task; of his assiduity in this respect the author considers he is permitted to boast, and can even summon as a witness old Theresa of the Ox at Salzburg, who forgot his name, but remembered him as "the Professor who sat in his room for more than three weeks writing from morning till night," when copying a portion of the Mozart correspondence. Yet in this case the copyist found his work anything but irksome; he could fancy himself, he says, in intercourse with the man himself as he lived his life again letter by letter; could realize the emotions of joy and sorrow which had prompted his words, and even the variations in the handwriting grew to have their own significance. "It is my most earnest wish," he adds, "that some breath of this feeling may have passed into my own performance, but it would scarcely be possible to reproduce the inspiration which contact with the letters awoke in myself."

It is not without a special reason that I quote this last remark in an article, the main object of which is rather to estimate generally Mozart's character as man and musician, than to criticize in detail Jahn's Biography. This latter must be read for a due appreciation of its full and varied information and suggestiveness, which could not be adequately summarized within my limits. But this vivid interest excited by the letters and memorials of Mozart, to which Jahn alludes, is characteristic of the kind of spell exercised over us by the records of a nature not great or serious in the highest sense, but so human, so kindly, so full of genial enjoyment of life—

An abridgment of all that is pleasant in man:

a character typified not more in his letters than in the portraits which have preserved for us his vivacious countenance, in which good-humor is blent with a lurking satirical power. And the same characteristics strike us in the musical life of which he was the centre. No too importunate demands for the reasons and the philosophy of the art disturbed its enjoyment. Sterndale Bennett's remark, after listening to something of Mozart's: "Ah! music was young then!" comes across one's mind again and again in turning over these records of a time when there was no critical "Warum?" lying in wait for the composer; when counterpoint was still a pure joy to the craftsman; when symphonies might be written in two or three days, or an overture or sonata turned out the evening before an announced performance, with no idea of an object beyond the frank delight in beauty of melody and finish of form and execution: with no demand from the audience for a meaning to the work, and (thank heaven!) no one to flourish the showman's pointer through the pages of a *programme raisonné*. "Fresh woods and pastures new" spread then before the minstrel. Music, which had been hitherto principally concerned with realizing clear logical form and scientific tonal construction, and insisting upon thoroughly sound and adequate execution on the part of vocalists, was now to find in the development of instrumental music a new direction for study, a new source of effect. Tonal coloring was to overlay and diversify tonal form; the timid and tentative instrumental execution of the time was to be stimulated and directed; a more tender and voluptuous expression was to be breathed into melody, the branch of musical utterance which is most directly influenced by varieties of emotional temperament whether of race or of generation. Haydn may catch sight of the promised land, though too late to profit much by the discovery: "I have but just learned how to use the wind intruments, and now I must die." Dr. Burney, learned musician and shrewd, though courteous, English gentleman, takes to perambulating Germany with a note-book, when Mozart was sixteen years old, his childhood of exhibition

over, and he, no longer a prodigy, somewhat under the shadow of Salzburg provincialism. Burney is quite at home about singing; his house in London had been the resort of all the great Italian singers of the day, and he can criticize *ex cathedrâ* the French singers, to whom he devotes a variation of a couplet of Dryden's—

> Sound passed through them no longer is the same,
> As food digested takes a different name.

But his notes on instrumental music reveal to us the nakedness of that part of the land, and the first feeling about for the sources of instrumental expressions. He remarks on the comparatively expressive playing of a child who, contrary to custom, had learned on the clavichord only, not on the hard and mechanical harpsichord—the first hint of the revolution the pianoforte was to work. He mentions with interest the effectiveness, in one place, of a passage in which the band played the first chord of each phrase louder than the rest (what would now be called a *sforzando*), and in speaking of the Mannheim orchestra he mentions their introduction of the *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, and here too "the *piano* (which was before chiefly used as an echo, with which it was generally synonymous), as well as the *forte*, were found to be musical colors, which had their shades as well as red and blue in painting." What a light this throws on the gulf between the ancient and modern modes of musical expression; what a field was left for the development of instrumental effect, when these tentative attempts at contrast of tone could so attract a musician of Burney's comparative experience as to seem worthy of special comment and record!

If, however, the rising composer of that day had an inspiriting and tempting task before him, the social relations of his profession were by no means favorable to the development of large views of his art, or the production of original and progressive music. Musicians were still in the leading-strings of the patron. The man who had shown a genius for composition endeavored to obtain a place as *kapell meister*, originally of course a function concerned literally with the conduct of the chapel music, but which gradually came to be synonymous with that of Court musician generally, and included the provision and supervision of Court concerts as well as Church services. The composer might thus be free from anxiety about ways and means, but he was a paid servant of the Court, ranking often with the valets, expected to write to the taste of his patron, which might or might not be a cultivated one, and unable to accept other engagements without special permission. Even under so enlightened an employer as Prince Esterhazy, it is obvious that Haydn, however his musical genius may have been appreciated, ranked in the household only with the superior order of servants. The Court to which Mozart was attached during his youth, and of which his father, Leopold Mozart, had been for his lifetime a submissive, though grumbling, servitor, showed the institution of Court musician in its worst aspect, more especially after the accession of Archbishop Hieronymus, who was a typical specimen of the churl, "by blood a king, at heart a clown," and whose coltish nature seems to have been liable to break through the gilded pale without any restriction as to "seasons." Nor did Salzburg otherwise offer any relief to the picture. About the records of Mozart's youthful tour of prodigy-playing there hangs an aroma which is of the Court, courtly; music appears as worshipped amid a bustle of fans and satin dresses and high-heeled shoes, a ritual of jewelled snuff-boxes and diamond rings; a worship shallow enough possibly, but gay and elegant in its mode of display, the hints and memories of which arouse the same kind of mingled, half-melancholy association with which we may contemplate some old, faded, brocaded wedding dress, once the central symbol of the gayety of a happy morning—

> In days that never come again.

But no such gauds decorated the life of the boorish Salzburg of Mozart's older days. The people themselves had a saying, "He who comes to Salzburg becomes in the first year stupid, in the second idiotic, and in the third a true Salzburger." Mozart's contempt for the place and people seems to have been early and lasting; sarcastic references to them abound even in his early boyish letters, and deepen into a more serious tone in the later ones; nor was his father less acid on this point. The Mozarts were evidently in the position of a clever family living among stupid people, and, as often happens in such cases, kept a good deal to themselves and criticized their neighbors pretty sharply; quite a sufficient reason for their apparent unpopularity in the town, perhaps also for the development of that turn for satirical comment which characterized Mozart through life, though it seldom took a really unkind form with him. Both phases of Mozart's early life, however—his exhibition through Europe and his temporary obscuration at Salzburg—are of interest in reference to his character, chiefly because they had so little effect upon it. Neither does the childhood of premature exhibition, and of petting and

coaxing by princesses, seem to have injured in the least his natural simplicity and modesty of character, nor his want of recognition in the Salzburg Court to have in the least impaired his independence and confidence in his own powers; nor did he ever learn the lesson of time-serving and cringing to patrons inculcated by his father, who has been the object of much ill-bestowed admiration by Mozart biographers. Leopold Mozart, valet and musician in the court of the Archbishop in Salzburg, was a highly respectable, prudent, and pious musical lackey. He seems to have had an instinct for bettering himself, and finding himself blessed with a child of exceptionally precocious genius, he did his best to ruin the boy as man and artist by making a show of him at courts, allowing him to please titled idiots by showing how he could play just as well with the keyboard covered with a cloth, etc., and advertising his feats in a style anticipatory of Farini, not forgetting to ascribe all to "the glory of God," who had thus performed a miracle at Salzburg which, as he endeavored to persuade the Archbishop in one letter, would, if properly worked, tend to the suppression of Grimm, Voltaire, and other profane persons who denied the possibility of miracles. When young Mozart was grossly insulted by another lackey who happened to have a title (Count Arco), it was his father who persuaded him to submit to the insult rather than resent it with the spirit of a gentleman, as the son seemed dangerously disposed to do; when Mozart became engaged to a girl he loved, but who was poor, it was his father who urged him to jilt her, and snubbed her after her marriage. In short, Leopold was a model man, and naturally excited the enthusiasm of some of the doubtless equally respectable men who have biographized Mozart. Jahn contents himself with pulling the strings and exhibiting the motions of the model, with little comment; he at all events does not attribute Mozart's greatness to the fostering care and educational efforts of the father. On the contrary, whether intentionally or not, he renders it more than ever apparent that Mozart's early exhibition as a prodigy had no connection with or influence on his subsequent career. The one thing Mozart does seem either to have learned or inherited from his father was, the artist's feeling for finish of execution. Leopold Mozart, though no composer, was a thoroughly sound and accomplished craftsman in his art; he could tolerate no slovenly execution, and no doubt instructed his son and daughter thoroughly in the mechanism of the art; and the importance which Mozart attached to sound and finished execution throughout his life, as well as his impatience of clumsy and defective manipulation, is constantly apparent in his correspondence and talk; in his satirical descriptions of the defects of various players; his delight in a brilliant bit of vocal *bravura* successfully executed; his objection to Clementi's show passages in thirds and sixths, as at variance with true delicacy of touch and phrasing on the pianoforte; his reply to a clarionet player who complained of the difficulty of a passage written for him, "The notes are in your instrument, are they not? Well then, it is your business to bring them out." These and other traits, besides what is recorded of the beautiful finish of his own playing, are deserving of note, not only as characteristic of Mozart's view of the art, but also as affording a curious and not uninstructive contrast to the comparative carelessness about executive finish, provided there be feeling and comprehension of the music, which has pervaded recent criticism.

But while we have abundant evidence of Mozart's views as to musical execution, that intermediate art whereby the conception of the composer is brought within range of the sensuous perception of the hearer, the far more interesting question as to his views about the art of music in itself, the ideal which should form the basis of it, and the method of composition, receives no illustrations from his writings or recorded remarks, save in some vague hints, few and far between. One single remark recorded of Haydn, if it be true (I cannot recall the authority for it), that in composing his quartets he was accustomed to diversify their design by imagining to himself the various incidents of an excursion or some such proceeding in real life, gives more insight into the process of intellectual formation of a composition than Mozart ever vouchsafed. Such a remark indicates intelligibly enough the manner in which variety and contrast of real incident may find its reflection, in the mind of the composer, in variety and contrast of tonal incident; a phenomenon of which there are several acknowledged instances, and probably many more acknowledged, in the works of Beethoven, whose frequent use, besides, of what is now called "poetic basis," in a larger and more important sense, is incontestable. But as to Mozart's music, considered apart from words, we are not furnished with even any such general hint as would be implied in Haydn's remark above referred to. In one *allegro* for the pianoforte, in sonata form, there is an episode in the middle portion quite unconnected with the general design of the movement, in which (in the original manuscript) two oppos-

ing phrases are labelled with the names of the two daughters of the house in which he was writing. Probably the girls disturbed him while composing, and he symbolized the incident in the music; but this is a unique instance, and merely renders the composition, as one of his, an exceptional curiosity. It is vexatious to have to note that the very characteristic letter from Mozart to a nameless "Count," who had asked for a description of his system of composing, which was given in Holmes' "Life of Mozart," is pronounced by Jahn to be "unquestionably apocryphal as it stands," though some portions of it are so like what one could imagine Mozart writing that one can hardly believe there is not something of him in it. The statements in it about his composition merely amount to saying that melodies came to him he knew not whence, and that he soon perceived in his mind which of them would work together into a composition, and could mentally hear the combined effects; but that he could give no more reason why his compositions took the particular form which characterized them than why his features had the special expression which made them Mozart's and no other man's. If Mozart did not write this part of the letter, it is a very happy hit; it is precisely in accordance with the reticence of his whole artistic life. Nowhere in his correspondence about his own compositions, and his playing, and the effects produced, is there a hint about the *raison d'être* of any composition or of the form which it assumed. True, as Jahn observes, abstract reflections on art and its relation to individual artists were not at that time the fashion; yet it is strange to find such a total ignoring of any theory of his art, not only in ordinary family correspondence about his musical doings, but even on such an occasion as his sending to Haydn the six quartets, dedicated to the latter, which he describes as having arisen out of his study of Haydn's quartets, and which were a great advance in that most beautiful and abstract form of instrumental music; but not a word from Mozart as to his aims, his treatment of the instruments, or even as to the special character of any of the compositions. What, then, was Mozart's object in instrumental composition? We get a hint of one side of it from some of the stories which are related about his *tours de force* of musical memory and power of combination. To a musician to whom it was an easy matter to play his own part in a new concerted composition without having ever written it down (a feat performed more than once with perfect naïveté and absence of pretence), or while he was writing out a fugue previously conceived, to compose simultaneously in his mind a prelude in perfectly different form—to one who handled his art thus it is evident that musical *form*, for its own sake, must have been a paramount interest; composition was a form of design, in which successions and proportions of sounds took the place of successions and proportions of lines and spaces. Not less was he engrossed by the pure joy of constructive power. The combination of sounds as music is more or less conditioned by physical laws; how far the conditions are rigorous is matter for an essay in itself; there was tacit conviction on the subject in the time of Mozart, who as to detail bowed indeed nominally to no dicta of musical theorists, but did not "deny theif major;" *sunt certi denique fines*. How to move with ease and a sense of controlling power, then, within these limits? To handle the most complicated combinations of melodies (melody being in itself an organized succession of sounds in mutual relation of tone and rhythm), as if the weaving of such a tonal structure were the most natural effort of the will? There was some pleasure in that, for the sense of power means pleasure.

On one occasion, at the house of Madame Vidas, he was asked to improvise something. Readily, as his custom was, he complied, and seated himself at the piano, having just been provided with two themes by the musicians who were present. Madame Vidas stood near his chair to watch him playing. Mozart, who loved a joke with her, looked up and said, "Come, have not you a theme on your mind for me too?" She sang him one, and he began a most charming fantasia, now on the one subject, now on the other, ending by bringing them all three together, to the intense delight and amazement of all who were present.

When we compare with this account what is said on other testimony as to the "inexhaustible *wit*" of Mozart's extempore playing, we can imagine what an exciting kind of performance this was; but we are as far as ever from learning the secret of the exquisite charm of expression, the emotional power in many of his compositions. It was his favorite occupation to sit at the piano extemporizing fantasias, either alone or with one or two chosen hearers; and if the well-known (now unfortunately rather hackneyed) fantasia in C Minor be, as it probably is, a type of the kind of thing he produced on these occasions, we can imagine what passionate outpourings of emotional expression some of these extempore effusions may have been. But of the feelings which should be the fountain of such musical expressions we hardly find a trace in Mozart's outward life and character. The gayety and wit were in his life; the sadness, and longing, and tenderness came out only in his music. Almost the one trait in Jahn's pages which hints at a deep emotional element in his character is the interesting story of his extempo-

rizing, when quite a child, a song on the word *perfido*, "which excited him so much that he struck the clavier like one possessed, and several times sprung up from his seat." There is nothing in the calm, equable development of his mature genius corresponding at all to this trait. His emotions, as expressed in music, were always under the shaping and controlling influence of artistic power. Haydn, indeed, has testified that "he could never forget Mozart's playing—it came from the heart;" and his hearers noticed that when seated at the clavier he became another man, his expression serious and abstracted, his whole manner altered. But we have nothing in his own life and in his expressed feelings to account for the deeper qualities of expression in his music; for the pathos of the G Minor Symphony, the exquisite sentiment of the *adagio* of the E Flat Symphony. Whatever was the groundwork of the emotion thus expressed, it came out in his art alone.

In his operas, in which the poetic basis of the music is furnished by the words and situations, there is, of course, less difficulty in estimating Mozart's feeling and interest as expressed in the music. Their main characteristic, besides the pure emotional beauty of melody, of which they are full, lies in the presence of very marked and delicate character-painting, which is nevertheless subordinated for the most part to the demands of a perfectly consistent and coherent musical form. No one can doubt, in reading so full a biography as the one before us, that the dramatic interest was exceedingly strong in Mozart from an early age. His quick sense of humor, his appreciation of special foibles of character in individuals, and his power of lively satire thereupon, come out in his correspondence continually, and we have glimpses of his figure as an accomplished actor in the personation of characters in drawing-room comedy. But the realization of this power in his principal operas goes far beyond all which the suggestions of it in his every-day life would have led us to expect. For the plot and situations he was mainly indebted to the "poet," but for everything beyond them we are indebted entirely to Mozart. The skeleton characters of the conventional librettist are clothed, by Mozart's musical treatment of them, with the full outline and endowed with the warm pulsations of living and breathing human beings, men and women of like passions with ourselves; nor does any mood seem to be beyond the range of the composer's appreciation. He can give expression to the love or the grief of the high-born lady, the coquetry of the waiting-maid, the artlessness of the country girl. The polished sensuality of the libertine gentleman, the humors of his good-for-nothing valet, the ill-temper of a sulky old court official, each receive from Mozart their appropriate and entirely individual musical expression. In this respect it is not too much to say that there is what may be called a certain Shakespearean power in Mozart. It is, in effect, as if he said to us, "This is how these characters would express themselves if music were their natural language;" and the more we hear and compare their various utterances, the more we must feel convinced of the composer's clear and vivid perception of the varieties of human character. This is exhibited notably in his musical coloring of the almost epicene character of Cherubino, the amorous boy-page with the timidity and bashfulness of a woman. In a character of such marked and unusual type, he was, of course, rather more indebted to the poet's original conception than in the case of the more ordinary types, but even thus the music of Cherubino's part is a remarkable instance of subtlety of expression; and Jahn throws an additional light on this by his mention of the treatment of the part of Polidoro in "La Finta Semplice," written at the age of twelve: "The naïve emotion of a youth who is as yet unconscious of the strength of his own passion is so naturally and heartily expressed, that we may well ask how the boy had acquired such a degree of psychological insight." The dignity and elevation of feeling, again, with which Mozart invests the love music of a high-minded lady, of a Donna Anna or a Countess, is not less remarkable in its way; and the truth and reality of Mozart's pathos, as exhibited through such characters, has been commented on by John Stuart Mill, who contrasts the feeling expressed in the Countess's airs in "Figaro," the genuine outpouring of the heart in solitude, with what he terms the "garrulous pathos" of Rossini, a pathos which is manifestly conscious of the listeners, and acts to them. The new form which the treatment of the orchestra in opera took in his hands cannot be better put than in Jahn's own words:—

> It (the orchestra) is no longer a mere adjunct to the vocal parts, but takes its share in the effective working of the whole, filling out details which the vocal parts leave imperfect, and obeying not so much the requirements of the vocalist as the conditions of artistic perfection. This altered relationship required an altered organization; each component part of the orchestra must have a distinct existence, so that each, according to its place and kind, might contribute to the general effect. The single example of the treatment of the basses will serve to make this clear. Hitherto the basses had served merely as the foundation of the melody, indispensable indeed, but often clumsy and insignificant; but here, without losing their character as the groundwork of harmonic elaboration, they have an independent movement; they serve not only to support the superincumbent mass, but their quickening power sets in motion and gives the impulse to its formation.

All that need be added to this is, that Mozart, alone among operatic composers, has been able to preserve precisely the balance between the vocal and the orchestral portion of the work; to weave the orchestra into the whole design, and give individual expression to various instruments, without hampering and over-weighting the singers. Even in Beethoven's one exquisite opera the balance is sometimes lost, the singers too much enmeshed in the elaborations of the accompaniment; and in much of recent German opera the balance is so entirely lost that the result is really an orchestral composition, with explanatory comments by the singers.

The strong sense of character, and power of musically defining it, which has been referred to and illustrated in Mozart's operas, should in itself be sufficient to refute the idea which some critics of to-day seem to entertain, that he was essentially a superior class of music-maker, producing by a happy instinct, rather than by intellectual effort. The man Mozart, it must be confessed, does not represent, apart from his art, a very high ideal of life; nor does the strong light of Jahn's biography benefit his memory much in this respect, save in so far as it justifies us in regarding him as a beautiful nature spoiled by untoward circumstances, acting upon some inherent weaknesses of character. In youth he was far more serious and self-respecting than in his later life; but Grimm characterizes him, during his stay in Paris, in a letter to the elder Mozart, as "*zu treuherzig*, peu actif, trop aisé à attraper, trop peu occupé des moyens qui peuvent conduire à la fortune," and Grimm's penetration is sadly justified by the records of the composer's later life—the tale of improvidence and carelessness about money, resulting in constant grinding embarrassment; of thoughtless expenditure on the whim of the moment, ill counterbalanced by equally thoughtless expectations of something turning up, or schemes for attaining that end; of the swindles perpetrated upon him by worthless companions, who were pardoned and taken into good fellowship again out of mere easy-hearted good-nature, reckless of consequences; of wine and billiards employed as the refuge from anxiety. It is a pathetic picture, but hardly a heroic one. In regard to general culture and breadth of view, Mozart's mind was evidently but of a very ordinary type, as may readily be concluded from the total absence of any reference to the higher class of literature in his correspondence; from the tone of puerile spite in which he chronicles the death of Voltaire, "the arch-heretic;" the mingled superstition and naïveté with which he defends himself against the charge of having not fasted with full orthodoxy in Lent, somewhat in the spirit of Mrs. Quickly ("What's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?"); from his fondness for rings, chains, and finery, which led to his once being actually taken for a liveried servant in some one's palace; and from the fact that he could descend to make a boon companion of such a vulgar "rip" as Schikaneder, the manager for whom he wrote "Die Zauberflöte," when the theatre was in low water, and who rewarded his ill-advised good-nature by swindling him of all that he should have made by the opera. His weaknesses were mostly amiable, and the man was lovable through them all, and was loved by many, but he was not a hero, either intellectually or morally, outside of his art. Let so much be conceded; does this fact materially affect the importance of his place as a composer? If we concluded so, we should in consistency have to lurch the garland from some of the most brilliant names in literature and art. Nor do the school of critics, who now affect to slight Mozart, profess to do so on this ground. They charge him with want of earnestness in his art, with having no definite aim, or, as I once saw the charge more distinctly formulated in print, with a thoughtless habit of taking a beautiful melody, and elaborating it solely with the view of displaying its beauty, with no ulterior aim. Is this then so ignoble a task? We have Filippo Lippi's answer—

> If you get simple beauty and naught else,
> You get about the best thing God invents:

an answer the weight and significance of which are apt to be sadly overlooked in these days of self-conscience theorizing upon the *morale* of art. But the further answer on the part of Mozart might be this: that inasmuch as his special power consisted in the utterance of feeling through musical form, we have no right to demand that he should also have uttered that feeling through other channels, literary or moral, not congenial to his genius; that in the face of the unquestionable evidence, in his lyric dramas, of the existence in him of a feeling based upon the elemental facts of human nature and human pathos, we have no right to deny the existence of such a basis in his purely instrumental works, merely because he did not formulate in words what he could better express in music, the very *raison d'être* of which is that it expresses what words cannot express; and furthermore, that the mere development of perfect musical form, proportion, and detail is in itself an intellectual exercise of the high-

est interest, leading to a result the contemplation of which forms an intellectual pleasure of the purest and most abstract nature, which, just because it is abstract, is incapable of rigorous or logical definition, but is not the less genuine on that account. And in the days when, as Sterndale Bennett said, "music was young," it was the proper object of a composer to perfect its form, to experiment upon its resources of design, to master its technical difficulties; just as in the younger days of painting the mere effort to work out effects and handling not previously mastered was one of the main objects of the most gifted painters, and was a sufficient and ennobling aim in itself. The "Warum?" which Wagner has so persistently put, and which is a question naturally intruding itself upon the practitioners of an art which has passed its prime and is falling into its sere and yellow leaf, could have no place in the early and formative epoch of the same art. It seems to have been Mozart's peculiar mission to exhibit the perfect balance of form and design in his own art. In lyric drama he has done this more completely than any one since his time has succeeded in doing it. In one important and very popular branch of instrumental music, that of which the keyboard is the medium, he has been far surpassed, because he never thoroughly emancipated himself from the old clavier or harpsichord style which was in vogue in his youth, never fully appreciated the new and different powers of the modern pianoforte, which was only coming into general use in the latter part of his musical career. In the higher forms of instrumental music, the quartet and the symphony, he achieved a perfection of finish in regard to form, expression, and relation of means to the end, which has never been surpassed, and not often equalled even by Beethoven. He gave to music of this class a higher and more serious tone than it had ever exhibited before. Of one section of his instrumental movements, the minuets, Jahn remarks very truly, "Haydn's minuets are the product of a laughter-loving national life; Mozart's give the tone of good society," the *distinction* of character which, as before observed, belongs also to the music of his heroines in opera; and the same kind of comparative elevation of tone belongs to the best of his instrumental music generally, in comparison with what had preceded it. When we come to compare the emotional expression of his music with that of his greatest successor, then indeed we are conscious of a comparative limitation in his powers; but we must also perceive that so passionate a stress of feeling as is poured out in the works of Beethoven, even could the poetic motive for it have existed in Mozart's day, would have torn asunder the delicate and finished framework of Mozart's exquisitely constructed forms. The greatest intensity of expression is perhaps incompatible with the greatest perfection of form; but while recognizing in Mozart the musician who gave us the most balanced and complete musical art, we must, while recognizing also his limitation in regard to emotional intensity, remember that he had lived but a short life, that his latest work, the "Requiem" (taking those portions which are unquestionably his), evinces deeper and more serious feeling than any of his previous compositions, and that we can hardly estimate what he might have done with twenty years' longer life, under favorable circumstances. As it is, he has left enough to justify Rossini's characterization of him, as "the only musician who had as much knowledge as genius, and as much genius as knowledge."—H. H. STATHAM, in *The Fortnightly Review.*

AN INVITATION TO DINNER.

AN invitation to dinner from Mr. and Mrs. Smith has just been handed in by the postman, and the sight of the missive recalls visions of pleasant company and an enjoyable *menu*. Smith is, in the best sense of the term, a *bon vivant*. He takes care that "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" are respectively represented by the science and work of a *chef* who understands his business, and by the presence at his table of sensible people who can talk of something more elevating in tone than the pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery, and less bewildering than the "correlation of forces" or the "influence of heredity on developing organisms." When I last dined at Smith's, even that eminent scientist Professor Caudal (whose theories respecting the disappearance of the tail in man and his poor relations are well known and appreciated at Burlington House) forgot his scientific joys and his mundane sorrows in the practical investigation of a lovely *pain de volaille aux truffes* which Smith's *chef* had elaborated to perfection. It is currently reported that it was the Professor whose appreciation of Smith's *filets de maquereau grillés* being disturbed by the clatter of a fair damsel whom he had escorted to table, gave rise to the well-known witticism of the comic papers. The lady in question had commenced an argument on evolution with the soup (which was *bonne femme*, and an especial joy of Caudal's), and had contrived a criticism of Spencer by the time the Professor's beloved

filets appeared on the scene. Darwin and Huxley with the soup might be borne; but Spencer with the *filets* was too much for the Professor's prandial tastes. "Madam," said he, "your knowledge of facts is commendable"—this was Caudal's playful but porpoise-like fashion of allowing the young lady to fall partly from her position of scientific critic; "but," continued the Professor, "there is one fact of which you have failed to take due cognizance." "Ah, Professor," replied the lady, "I shall be so delighted if you will supply me with any information which will aid my comprehension of evolution." Caudal's sonorous reply came during one of those mysterious lulls in the conversation which, as often as not, give the *coup de grâce* to some unfortunate and his opinions. "Madam," said the Professor, "you seem to have overlooked the fact that our host has the finest French cook in London!" I hear that the Professor's name is never mentioned now by the fair evolutionist. And I also learn that Caudal, with a wondrous chuckle, in which possibly a megatherium might have indulged in the days of its youth, is accustomed to relate the effectual method whereby he was able at once to silence a talkative neighbor and to ingest his dinner in peace.

Smith's dinner invitation, and the remembrance of the Caudal episode, have together set one's thoughts flying off at a tangent. Possibly it is the recollection of the professorial frame (which is large and bulky), in relation to the enjoyment of the process of nutrition at Smith's, which has caused one to think of dinners and dining in the abstract rather than in the concrete view of things. Be that as it may, I begin seriously to propound to myself the question, "Why do we eat our dinner?" and I find the reply to the question rather more difficult of solution than at first sight might be supposed. For one thing, it cannot be denied that, if the constitution of things human had been somewhat differently ordered, the race might have been spared a considerable deal of trouble, not merely in the work of dining, but primarily in the getting of dinners. To persons like Smith and Caudal, the latter task is of course a comparatively trivial matter. For them, the chief labor is the variation of their *menus*, and the satisfactory digestive disposal of the nutriment they imbibe. But what is an easy matter to many of us, namely, the finding of food, is a tremendous task to millions of our fellows. We are not yet beyond the possibilities of starvation; and the Oliver Twist maxim of asking "for more" is an actuality that animates very forcibly indeed the nutritive actions of tens of thousands of our race. There is no touch of cynicism in the idea that were the work of food-getting superseded by some easier process of sustenance, mankind at large would be saved a vast amount of trouble, and a very considerable portion of misery besides. But human bodies cannot grow like snowballs or stalactites. We cannot add new matter to our outside surfaces, and thus end the process and work of nourishment. Life everywhere is subject to the same rule which regulates humanity's unceasing work of food-getting; and Smith's dinner-invitation is only an additional and precise piece of evidence that, after all, Smith and his guests share the peculiarities of the animalcules and the special features of the plants. In other words, my dinner party is only a physiological necessity elaborated into a social display. Smith knows I must have my dinner like the rest of the animate creation, including himself; and he is kind enough to ask me to give him my company in the performance of a work which he appropriately enough styles "the great event of the day."

The question, "Why do we eat our dinners?" is one worth propounding, if only from the consideration that a little physiological discussion is necessary before we can completely or satisfactorily find its reply. Smith's dinner will be doubly enjoyable if I can satisfy myself why "dinner," or, to put it more generally, "food," is a necessity of existence. Among the obvious uses of science, I can conceive no more practical purpose than that which physiology can subserve, in showing me not only that dinner is a sheer necessity, but that the full enjoyment of that meal is a piece of highest wisdom. One wants an answer to the ascetics who regard the enjoyment of a good dinner as a "Philistine" proceeding, and who profess to maintain, on reasonable grounds, that dining out and dining well are equally barbaric and unnecessary customs. Let us see whether or not we may find in the pages of physiology, and in the daily experience of living and being, a full justification for both of these practices. If I may justify the necessity for eating dinner, and for enjoyment of the meal, as parts of the great order of natural law, Smith's invitation and its inspiration will together not have animated me in vain.

A glance at the flower-stand in the window supplies me with a fair starting-point for the argument and voyage of discovery. An hour ago my housemaid watered the flowers, plucked away the dead leaves; and set the vegetable kingdom in order for the day. My plants grow and thrive lustily. A few weeks ago that young fern plant, whose frond you

see drooping gracefully over the edge of the pot, appeared above the earth as a curious little rolled-up bud, which, as it grew, appeared to mimic the head of the bishop's staff in shape. I could go back in the history of that fern frond if you wished, and could even show you that it sprang from a microscopic living "spore," which dropped one day last autumn from the back of a parent-frond. That spore grew into a green leaf, and from the under surface of this leaf, the young fern was in turn produced. Now it has grown into a broad green frond, and there are others appearing beside it, which will grow to form, in time, a mass of fern foliage. Evidently, growth and enlargement are marked features of plant life, as they are plain facts of animal existence. As clearly one can see that growth in plants cannot take place without the presence and supply of matter to grow upon. So that, at the outset of our inquiry, we seem to arrive at the plain conclusion that plants demand food, for growth, equally with ourselves.

Suppose, however, Smith could have invited my fern to dinner instead of the fern's owner, the host would have discovered that the tastes, desires, and necessities of fern-existence were somewhat simpler, but not a whit less wonderful than his own. My plant would not have been at home at Smith's hospitable board. It would have been much more uncomfortable there than, say, a railway navvy, whom Smith, in a moment of mistaken philanthropy, might have invited to form one of his dinner party. The navvy would at least have swallowed, by faith, the delicacies which Smith had provided, and might have made sad havoc with every course that was set before him. But my fern would have been unable to find anything on Smith's dinner-table which it could ingest at all; and, unlike the navvy, it would have proved itself a total abstainer, and have contented itself with *aqua pura* throughout the evening. In a word, the fern demands food of an utterly different order from that on which Smith and his friends subsist. Its wants are modest, like those of the immortal Mrs. Gamp; but, unobtrusive as they are, they must, like Mrs. Gamp's demands, be supplied, if plant life is to jog along on its accustomed course.

The fern, as type of the plant world at large, demands simply lifeless or inorganic matter for its support. For instance, it requires water, and my housemaid daily anticipates its wants in this respect. Its *menu*, if Smith had invited it to dinner, and if he had consulted Caudal (who is believed to know all about the proclivities of animals and plants, and especially the wants of the human animal in the way of food), would have been limited to four courses. Firstly, the fern would have taken water as its *potage*. All plants require a constant supply of water, which circulates through their tissues, and provides them with the means for dissolving and elaborating the solid parts of their food. These solid parts, it may be added, are always taken in solution—that is, are dissolved in the watery parts or constituents of the plant food. A plant has no mouth, hence its food must consist of liquids and gases. In this respect, it is the opposite of that eminent scientist Caudal, whose bodily presence is indicative of a reliance upon food constituents of solid kind; a peculiarity, it should be remembered, which of course is shared by our race at large. It is true that certain poor relations of the fern, like the corresponding connections of humanity itself, are given to grope and grovel for food in anything but æsthetic pastures; and it is also true that these same poor plant relations may, like animals, absorb solid nutriment. For example, what are we to think of a host of lower plants which have not a particle of green about them, and which, like *Æthalium*, or the "flowers of tan," growing in tan-pits, not merely absorb solid food, but creep about their habitations as if they mimicked the lower forms of animals? In truth, such plants do resemble the lowest animals in many aspects of their existence; but my fern might retort that as mere masses of living jelly, these lower neighbors of tan-pit society are not to be regarded as typical developments of plant life—any more, indeed, than a street Arab or a gutter child can be held to represent the genteel part of human existence. So the fern's first course would be water. But dissolved in this *potage* it would obtain a second article of diet, namely, the *mineral* constituents of its food. Lime, potash, sodium, flint, and even zinc are found in the plant bill of fare which the botanist compiles. One member of the violet family has so far developed its special tastes in the way of food and feeding, that it will only flourish where zinc is contained in the soil. This *Viola* reminds one of Professor Caudal, and other eminent diners-out, who never enjoy their entertainment, unless their special brand of champagne is to the fore. Again, there are certain plants which, having no green color, live on dead and decaying animal or plant matters. Such are the *fungi*, of which tribe the mushrooms are good examples. Then we also find plants of higher rank than the fern, which capture insects for their food. A "Venus's fly-trap" closes its leaves on the flies that alight upon them, and eats and

digests the fresh insects. A pitcher-plant drowns insects in its hollow leaves, and allowing them to putrefy, absorbs and grows upon their decaying bodies. It is remarkable, to say the least, that in plants we should find habits to vary in so marked a fashion; and it is also peculiar to discover that whilst, like some human beings, certain plants eat their food fresh, other plants, like many people we know, seem to prefer their food or game in a "high" condition. The taste for "high" dainties, so far from being an exclusive trait of culture in man, is an actual feature of many higher and lower plants. Even Professor Caudal, in his taste for grouse *passé*, finds his nearest analogy in the pitcher-plant and the mushroom.

But we are wandering from the diet of the fern. Its first course was the water, and its second the minerals that fluid contains. Without iron, we know the green color or *chlorophyll* of the botanist cannot be developed; and the analogy between iron in the plant, and that metal as a blood-constituent and as a blood-tonic in ourselves, is too clear to escape notice. The staple article of my fern's food, however, next to water, proves to be a gas called *carbonic acid*. Curiously enough, this gas is that which with every breath we give out from our lungs, and which, naturally or artificially prepared as the case may be, I shall ingest at Smith's dinner party in the sparkling wines with which our host favors us, and in the milder potash water we may unite in the smoking-room to the stronger "fire-water" of the civilized unit. For us, the carbonic acid in these forms is a luxury, and not a necessity, however; by the fern and by every other green plant it is imperatively demanded. The green leaves are greedily drinking in this gas, which, if inhaled into our lungs and blood, would quickly asphyxiate us, and which, as a matter of fact, converts an ill-ventilated room into a Black Hole of Calcutta in miniature. But the green plant absorbs the carbonic acid, which, by the way, consists of so much carbon and so much oxygen. The former element is that which the fern covets. It drinks in the gas; then, through a chemical act, splits the gas into its component carbon and oxygen; and finally, keeping the carbon to form the starch and other compounds proper to plant life, liberates and returns the oxygen to the atmosphere. Our green plant also absorbs a little of the oxygen gas of the atmosphere by way of assisting it in the chemical operations of its existence. But it is the carbonic acid which the plant especially demands, and without which ordinary plant life cannot flourish. It is only in the presence of light, however, that the green plant can treat and decompose the carbonic acid. When darkness reigns, the fern and all its green allies literally convert themselves into animals in so far as their gaseous transactions are concerned. Then they absorb oxygen and give out carbonic acid; resuming their more purely plant life and reversing this action when the light dawns and darkness disappears. To plants which, like the mushrooms and their neighbors, are not green, the presence or absence of light makes no difference. These plants habitually and at all times resemble animals, in that they constantly absorb oxygen gas, and emit carbonic acid. Last of all, our fern seems to require a little *ammonia*—by way of dessert, so to speak. Summing up the modest requirements of the plant, we may therefore say that it demands four items in its bill of fare. These items are water, minerals, carbonic acid gas, and ammonia. They are further dead or "inorganic" matters, and the fern becomes a somewhat interesting and curious being in our eyes when we reflect that it forms a type of the wondrous in plant life. From the lifeless materials that form its "food" it is able to build up the living structures which form its frame. The beauty of the leaf, the fuller glory of the flower, and the warmer radiance of the fruit, severally represent to the botanical eye merely the result of the conversion, by the forces of the plant, of the lifeless materials found in the food, into the living substance and beauty which irradiate and brighten the world.

The fern thus flourishes on the food it absorbs from the soil and the air around it. It therefore converts matter unlike itself into its own tissues and organs. If deprived of this matter (or food) it dies, and the plant presents in this respect the closest possible parallel to the life of the animal, and to that of man himself. So far as the struggle of food-getting is concerned, the lot of the fern may certainly be regarded as of an easier kind than that of the animal. For the fern finds its food at hand, so to speak, whilst the animal, as a rule, requires to search and to struggle for its pabulum. But the analogies of animal and plant life are seen to run in parallel lines when we regard the results of food-getting and of food-deprivation respectively. With food at hand, animal and plant alike flourish and grow; and through want of food both perish. It remains for us now to endeavor to discover wherein the feeding of the animal differs from that of the plant.

Smith's invitation may aid us in our search after the essential features of the food of the animal hosts; for it can be shown readily

enough that there exists a close parallel between the dietary on which Professor Caudal and his fellow-guests contrive to exist, and that which ministers to the well-being of all other animal forms. The invitation given to an animal to partake of the bill of fare which we have seen to be capable of satisfying the modest demands of the plant, would be equivalent, as Professor Huxley has remarked, to asking the former to attend a Barmecide's feast. The water, minerals, carbonic acid gas, and ammonia, on which the ordinary green plant thrives, present no attraction to the animal. Imagine that deliberate *gourmet*, Caudal, being asked to dine off such fare! We can understand the doubly effective objections —social and scientific—which would issue from the professorial mind if such a prospect were set before it. But the great scientific luminary who will enjoy Smith's dinner a fortnight or so hence is not a whit removed from the animalcule in the superiority of his tastes and demands above those of the green plant; whilst he finds that both animalcule and man are not so very different, after all, in the essential nature of their feeding from the fungus, or from the insect-eating vegetables.

If we sum up the materials which our dinner at Smith's will present to view, we may very readily resolve them into a variety of tolerably simple substances. Furthermore, these substances will prove to be not overnumerous. Smith's dinner may begin with *potage aux choux*, a form of liquid nutriment in favor at this season in the Smiths' cuisine. For *poisson* we may, let us suppose, be presented with *sole bouillie* or *turbot;* the relevés may be Caudal's special tit-bit before mentioned, *filets de bœuf*, or even the *haricot de venaison* for which Smith's *chef* is famous. As for *entrée*, the *faisan bouilli*, or a *salmi de perdreaux*, is a likely guess, and the *rôt* and *entrements* we may set down provisionally as *bécasses ou bécassines*, and as *foie gras* and *petites coquilles*, respectively. Now, the above list appears to represent a vast number of very different substances. Chemically, it can be shown to be resolvable into relatively few and simple elements. Smith and his *chef* together might feel surprised to discover that their elaborate *menu* was capable of being chemically shown to consist probably of three fourths water in combination with the solids. The analysis of the *menu* might be roughly but approximately indicated if I said that at Smith's dinner we will feed upon water; minerals; certain "flesh-forming" substances containing *nitrogen* as their characteristic element; fats and oils, and starches and sugars of various kinds and qualities. The water is a necessity for animal life, as for the existence of the plant. In one form or other, as adults, we demand several pints of this fluid per day. It enters into the composition of every fluid and tissue of our bodies, and constitutes about 87 per cent. of the bulk of the human frame. Without water we could not dissolve and digest the solids in our foods, nor could the intricate and constant chemical operations—including the production of heat —of which our bodies are the seat, be carried on without a due supply of this fluid. When one learns that the brain itself—including even the ponderous organs of Caudal and his fellow-scientists, which may be presumed to be of the "hardest" description—consists at least of between 70 and 80 per cent. of water, and that this fluid requires constant replacement, as we shall hereafter see, the importance of water as an article of diet cannot be over-estimated. Lastly, when one recollects that on water alone, and in the absence of any solid food whatever, human subjects and lower animals have lived on for 50 or 60 days, the necessity of water for animal existence at large is readily seen.

But our dinner includes, secondly, mineral matter in addition to water; and we might remark that, in so far as these two items are concerned, mankind presents no superiority of necessities or tastes over the plants. For man, as for the plant, water and minerals appear to be essential for the continuance of existence. For the perfection of our blood, we require to find iron in our food. Lime must be found in the food, that the bones and other tissues may be duly nourished. Phosphoric acid must exist in our nutriment, otherwise the nerve-substance of brain and body will be imperfectly sustained. Soda, magnesia, potash, and a host of other minerals are detected in the fluids and structures of the body; and so intimate and complex are their relations to the composition of our frame, that it appears certain that of any two minerals, one cannot replace another, both being necessary for the continuance of health and life.

I must not neglect to bear in mind, also, that, like the fungi and other non-green plants, I demand the oxygen of the air as a "respiratory food." This gas, which in Smith's well-ventilated dining-room will be supplied to me in perfection, will be inhaled into the lungs, will thence pass into the blood, and there, uniting with carbons derived from fats, starches, and like foods, will produce the heat without which life is an impossibility. Like the plant, then, it is clear we require food of a gaseous kind: the carbonic acid of my fern is replaced in humanity by oxygen.

Our food, however, contains certain matters called *nitrogenous principles*, which, in the truest sense of the term, may be named "flesh-forming" substances. A very considerable part of our bodies consists of "nitrogenous" matters—that is, matters which the chemist declares are composed of the four elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, with traces of sulphur and phosphorus in addition. The importance of the element "nitrogen" in the processes of animal bodies cannot be over-estimated. A high authority in foods makes the remark that "wherever living changes are carried on, nitrogenized matter is present." We further discover that the most vital substance of animal frames—the famous "protoplasm" itself—is a nitrogenous compound. A speck of this nitrogenous matter, having much the same composition as the "albumen," or white of egg itself, may constitute of itself a perfect living being. The animalcules of the stagnant pool are such jelly-specks; and the living protoplasm whereof the vital parts of our own frames are composed, exhibits a close identity of composition with the matter which constitutes the whole structure of lower life, the actual and visible entity of the higher animals, and the vital substance of the plant world at large. It can therefore be understood that with this living matter and compounds of allied nature entering into the structure of our frames, we should demand a continual supply of like substances in our food. At Smith's repast we shall obtain substances rich in "nitrogenous" foods for the renewal of our protoplasm or living tissues, from well nigh every substance set before us. The juice of meat found, for example, in soups, the fibres of meat themselves, the gravies and sauces which decorate the viands, the milk which forms an element in the repast, the eggs and vegetables that in one form or another figure in the *menu*, and the fruits and cheese of the feast, each and all contribute a proportion of the varied "nitrogenous" substances that go to form the flesh and tissues of our bodies.

Next in order come the fats and oils. At dinner, it is hardly necessary to say, we obtain a due proportion of these substances in very varied forms. It is true we do not emulate the nutritive existence of the Esquimaux, whose dietary of blubber and fats constitutes the *summum bonum* of a life spent amid perpetual snow. But the quantity of fatty matters we daily contrive to ingest in one form or another is very considerable. From animal foods, the fats are readily obtainable, and from vegetables, oils of various kinds are also elaborated. The necessity for fat as an article of diet is seen when we learn from physiology that it not merely conserves heat—a function seen in whales and fat persons generally—but supplies material when it passes into the blood which affords our bodily fuel. Fats and oils are "heat-producers," and it is when the fat of the blood and the oxygen inhaled into that fluid from the air come into chemical combination, that heat is produced. It is needless to add that this process is being continually carried on in the human body, and to a greater or less degree in that of all other animals. The "starches and sugars" form the final materials into which we may resolve our dinner. A large variety of substances figure in the lists of chemists under the above designation. Common observation demonstrates that we daily consume large quantities of the starches and sugars in our food. A potato, for instance, may legitimately enough be described as a mass of starch and water; rice and allied substances are three-fourths starch; from bread we obtain a large quantity of starchy matter: all vegetables, in fact, contain starch in considerable proportions. Of the various "sugars," chemically so called, the latter remark practically holds good. Even milk—nature's typical food—contains a proportion of sugar in the form of sugar of milk, or lactine; and in the muscles of animals another peculiar "sugar" is found. There can be little doubt that from sugars and starches we obtain matters which, in the economy of the body, are readily converted into fat. If Professor Caudal should ever elect to "try Banting," he will require to cut short his supply of starches and sugars as well as his daily quota of fats and oils; but the contingency of such an exercise of professorial self-denial is too humiliating to contemplate, even in the light of a theoretical possibility. That which happens to the geese of Alsace may be regarded as being illustrated in the human economy likewise. Morning and night, maize is crammed down the throat of the unfortunate bird, which starts on the experiment in a lean and meagre condition. Cramped up within a narrow space, no exercise is permitted the goose, which in about a month is killed, as the process of breathing becomes well nigh impossible. The liver alone then weighs between one and two pounds, and the amount of fat which escapes from the tissues of the animal when it is roasted is almost incredible. Persoz of Strasburg, utilizing the *foie gras* production as a physiological experiment, showed that the fattening of the goose is really due to the formation of fat from the starches and sugars of the maize on which it is fed. Thus the formation of fat, and proba-

bly also the production of heat, are the functions served within our bodies by the digestion of the starches and sugars we find in our food.

The differences between the food of the plant and that of the animal—between the nutriment of my fern and of myself—may now be appreciated. We see that whilst the plant is able, as already remarked, to build up its tissues from lifeless materials, the animal requires in addition a supply of organized or living matter. At Smith's table, besides the water and minerals we require, and in addition to the oxygen gas we respire in the air obtained from the atmosphere, we shall ingest "nitrogenous" matters derived from the animal and plant worlds. In the meats offered to us, we find "ready-made" foods, so to speak, which correspond more or less exactly in composition to our own flesh. The vegetable matters will supply us with similar materials, and in addition the starches, sugars, and fats, will be purveyed us by both animal and plant worlds. Although there are plants which, as we have seen, imitate animals in feeding upon living matter, and which thus break down the distinctions between animals and plants founded on food, yet the general course of animal and plant life remains in each case tolerably distinct. It is needless to add that, as represented at Smith's board, the human race will be shown to demand a very considerable amount of living matter, and to differ materially in this respect from the plant world at large.

The information we have thus obtained regarding the nature of the material benefits we may expect to obtain from our dinner, prefaces in a thoroughly natural fashion the question already propounded, and which asks why we eat dinner at all. Smith's dinner, and feasts of allied kind, serve to impress one with the idea that probably human nature is given to eating too much, and that repasts of less resplendent and varied character would equally well serve—as, in fact, they do actually serve in the experience of the majority—to sustain life in a perfect, or in other words a healthy, condition. But, after all, variety is both necessary and pleasant in food as in other details of life; and it is the numerical strength of Smith's dinner, so to speak, and not the quantitative aspects of the *menu*, which constitutes an attractive aspect to the cultured mind. The question "Why do we eat our dinner?" involves in its reply the whole philosophy of food-taking, and a large part of the philosophy of life. To arrive in the speediest possible manner at the conditions which render that reply possible, we must take a brief review of certain general processes which may be said to constitute the essence of the physical, and indeed of the mental part also of our existence. The dictum that life is at all times inseparably connected with changes of various kinds and degrees, forms an appropriate basis whereon to lay the foundations of the argument. The changes in question are most clearly shown in such a series of actions as those which constitute "growth." That increase of the body which takes place from the first day of its existence until maturity is reached, illustrates at least one phase of bodily alteration which we can appreciate in its connection with food and feeding. For it is obvious that from our food we must derive the material for the increase of tissues and parts. "Food," in this light, is the matter derived from the external world, which, being incorporated with and transformed into our bodily substance, contributes to that gradual physical enlargement which characterizes early life wherever existent.

That this, however, is not the only use of food becomes clear if one reflects that around Smith's dinner-table there will be assembled no one guest whose growth is still a matter of vital activity. The majority of us will present ourselves before the physiological eye as adults whose physical belongings have long ago arrived at years of maturity. A few of us may be verging on the "sere and yellow" stage of vitality. Scientists tell us that in old ages the tissues tend to lessen and to decrease in size and extent. After the age of forty years, the brain itself begins to decrease in weight, at the rate of about one ounce in ten years. Even the Professor, with his wonderful memory for facts and data, must, on this showing, have lost at least a couple of ounces of his cerebral matter, and goodness knows how much science as well—an idea which may possibly account for the fact that he grows more and more prosy and forgetful, as successive years and a multitude of dinner parties mark the course of his career. Around Smith's table, then, it seems clear our dinner will not contribute to "growth"; and it is plain that the missing brains of the scientists, and of the plain people who are in their fifties and sixties, cannot receive from Smith's choicest viands any material wherewith to recuperate their lost belongings. "Why we eat our dinner" is an inquiry that must be answered on a broader basis than is afforded by any considerations of mere growth and increase of body. We must, therefore, turn to a wider view of the vital processes, in order satisfactorily to discuss the question of the why and wherefore of food-getting and food-taking.

Such a view we may obtain when we reflect that the pursuit of life involves, at all times and under all circumstances, a serious expenditure of vital energy, and an appreciable loss of bodily and material substance. It is a grave but interesting fact of science, that no act of life, however trifling it may appear, can be performed without being attended and accompanied by a corresponding loss of energy and waste of substance. The machine that works, wears. The waste of a machine bears a strict proportion to the work it performs; and the human body, as typical of the bodies of all animals, is found to undergo wear and tear proportionate to the work discharged by its organs and parts. There is no cessation from this competition with vital waste and wear. The slightest act of life, equally with the gravest action, is attended by its relative amount of waste and loss of power and matter. The merest thought that disturbs, as by a mental ripple, the surface of the mind's organ, involves a certain amount of brain waste. The winking of an eyelid, effected by means of muscular acts, is in the same way performed only through a certain loss of substance. In each pulsation of the heart, in each rise and fall of the chest in breathing, there can be no escape from the perpetually enforced dictum of nature, that work and waste are in constant and stable fellowship throughout the entire range of living action.

We might go still further than this not unreasonable stage of life's conditions. Smith's dinner, for example, will no doubt be an enjoyable repast. I may flatter myself that the "flesh-forming" and "heat-producing" compounds, which physiology declares are necessary for the support of my bodily belongings, will be represented to the full in Smith's *menu*. The work of nutrition should be effected in the most agreeable manner around Smith's hospitable board, where the conversation of Caudal, for instance, may lend an additional and mental zest to the physical delights implied in the repast proper. But the physiologist steps in to inform me that even in the work of food-taking there will be expended a very considerable degree of energy. I shall be in the position of an engine which exhausts its steam, even in the act of laying in water and fuel for future work. My digestion, I am informed—a work that proceeds for hours together—will necessitate a large expenditure of nerve-force, and of other forces as well. The act of converting food into a medium (the blood) adapted to nourish every tissue, is thus in itself a piece of tolerably hard work; to say nothing of the labor performed by the central engine of the circulation, the heart itself; or by the lungs and chest in the act of breathing. Life would thus seem to be a kind of process resembling that familiarly described as "burning the candle at both ends." We "rob Peter to pay Paul," in our endeavor to live wisely and well. One is reminded forcibly of that grim quotation of Huxley from Balzac's "Peau de Chagrin," by the consideration of the perpetual taking in and giving out which life seems to involve. As the magic skin shrank with every wish of its possessor, and ultimately vanished away together with the life it represented, so, to quote Huxley, "all work implies waste, and the work of life results, directly or indirectly, in the waste of protoplasm." And again: "Physiology writes over the portals of life—

Debemur morti nos nostraque,

with a profounder meaning than the Roman poet attached to the melancholy line. Under whatever guise it takes refuge, whether fungus or oak, worm or man, the living protoplasm not only ultimately dies, and is resolved into its mineral and lifeless constituents, but is always dying, and, strange as the paradox may sound, could not live unless it died."

One now begins to gain a glimpse of the fashion in which life science answers the question, Why do we eat our dinner? When we begin to conceive that the human body is, in one sense, a mere machine, which performs elaborate and complex chemical and physical work, and which, moreover, is always in action, more or less completely, we are able to understand the basis on which physiology rests its final reply concerning the philosophy involved in Smith's invitation to dinner. But to render the position of the scientist still more evident, we may inquire a little more exactly into some of the details of bodily work —including under this latter term the mental side of matters equally with the physical aspects of life. And firstly, What, one may ask, are the proofs that this wear and tear of body represent an actual fact of existence? The candle, which disappears as it burns, only changes the form of the materials of which it consists. Chemically treated, weight for weight of waste products (gas, water, etc.), into which the candle has been resolved, could be produced, as evidence that the matter of the taper has merely undergone a change of form after all. An analogous experiment could be performed on the human subject. If Professor Caudal could, for instance, be conceived as placed in one scale of a balance —calculated to contain safely the ponderous frame of that celebrated scientist—and a counterpoise in the shape of a series of accu-

rately adjusted weights placed in the other scale, we might be able to determine with exactitude, first, that the Caudal frame grew lighter as the eminent student of physiology worked; and, secondly, that, as the Professor refreshed and renewed his inner man, the scientist in his scale would once again fall to the balanced condition. If Caudal took to lifting loads, heaving wood, or drawing water in his scale, we should find that the loss of weight which he had previously exhibited would be increased proportionately to the exertion his physical labors had entailed. To bring himself and his scale back to equilibrium, he would require simply to eat the requisite amount of food. Possibly if Caudal, sitting in his scale, occupied his brain with the solution of some of those knotty problems which a select audience at Burlington House occasionally meets to discuss in his company, we might not see the Caudal scale rise with loss of weight so distinctly and rapidly as if the Professor indulged in mechanical pursuits. But that the mental work would entail waste, an expenditure of force, and a loss and lightening of the Professor's frame, there can be no question. The mental work simply differs from the bodily labor in that its waste is, if anything, of a more subtle character than that which results from physical toil; and, one might also add, in that the mental waste is not quite so readily made good and repaired as the bodily wear and tear. If Caudal's income in the shape of food were given him in excess of the expenditure of his substance in work, we should find that his scale would alter daily or hourly, but that it would constantly preponderate over the other scale, and never tend to approach the beam. If the Professor were placed on diminished allowance, we should, on the contrary, find that, like a weighty "spirit medium," he would remain constantly in the air, whilst the weighted scale would drop by comparison. But work and repair being equal, we should note that Caudal simply rose and fell as his substance was used up in the work he performed, and as he received his pabulum, respectively.

The consideration, however, crops up before us, that if the foregoing conclusions be correct, we should find our subject in the scales to remain stationary so long as he performed no work at all. The contention is a natural one; but, unfortunately, it has no physiological standing. There is no period of day or night during which cessation from work is possible to the body. If we suppose that the Professor in the scales consented to trouble himself neither about to-day nor concerning to-morrow, and to allow his muscles as well as his cerebral organ to remain as thoroughly passive as might be, he would still remind us of breakfast, lunch, and dinner; and, apart from habit altogether, would feel perfectly ready and willing to join us at table when the "joyful sound" of gong or bell reached his ears. Nor would he be at any loss to reply to the obvious remark that, as he had done no work, he could have no reasonable expectation of participation in the delights of the table. He would require us to note, firstly, that he had been working, even while resting; secondly, that this work was unavoidable; and thirdly, that from its serious nature it necessitated speedy repair. The Professor's heart—for, contrary to the opinion of the female portion of his acquaintance, the eminent scientist possesses such an organ—can be shown to perform in each twenty-four hours of his existence an amount of work which can be legitimately termed of prodigious extent. Calculations of very exact nature have been made regarding the work done by the central organ of the circulation. The heart is a hollow muscle, hollow, to allow blood to pass through its chambers, and a muscle, that it may contract to expel the blood forth into the vessels. The heart's work is therefore as purely muscular work as is the lifting of weights or the movements of walking. Now, the "unit of work," as the basis of calculating the amount of labor expended in any given action, is an expression which, plainly stated, may be taken to mean that amount of energy (or "power of doing work") required to raise a unit of weight (1 lb.) through a unit of height (1 foot).

The heart is composed of four compartments or chambers. Two are "auricles," which receive blood from body and lungs respectively, and which propel the blood each into the larger chamber (or "ventricle") with which the auricle of each side is in free communication. If the weight of the blood which is expelled by the sharp contraction of each ventricle is multiplied by the height to which the blood rises in a tube placed in communication with the outlet of the ventricle, we obtain in the result the work done by each of these larger chambers of the heart. It has been found that the height to which the blood is sent in the tube is about nine feet. The weight of the blood expelled at each contraction of the left ventricle of the heart is about four ounces. The multiplication of these numbers, therefore, gives us 2¼ foot-pounds—that is, a force capable of raising that number of pounds one foot high—as the work performed at each contraction of the left ventricle. The right ventricle's work measures only one-third that of the left; the right side of the heart being less powerful

than the left, and being occupied with driving blood simply to the lungs, whilst the left side propels blood through the entire system. The addition of the work of right and left sides, therefore, gives us three "foot-pounds" as the total work of the heart at each beat or contraction. But in an adult person of Caudal's *physique* there are performed at least some seventy-five or seventy-six such contractions per minute. At this rate, in twenty-four hours the heart must perform a startling amount of work. If we could gather all the force expended by the human heart in twenty-four hours into one huge lift, it would suffice to raise at least 120 tons weight one foot high. After such a revelation, it would be easy for us to accept Caudal's hunger and thirst as the perfectly rational symptoms of a lazy man. With the fact at hand of a bodily pumping engine constantly at work within his frame, he would require no further proof of his right to replenish the wear and tear of his body by regular attendance at meals. The idle man must needs eat and drink—for common idleness has at least a physiological justification at its back in the shape of the aphorism that whatever the hands find to do, the bodily organization knows no rest or cessation from its labor and its toil.

It can be shown that the work of the heart is not the only labor which the ordinary processes of life entail. The function of breathing is practically as incessant in its operation as that of the heart. The rise and fall of the chest include, and are effected through, the work of a multiplicity of structures, such as ribs, chest-muscles, midriff, and lungs. When we read that there pass in twenty-four hours through the lungs of an adult at rest some 686,000 cubic inches of air—a quantity increased in the same period to 1,568,390 cubic inches in the hard-working subject—we may judge that the work and labor of breathing may fitly enough be ranked with that of the heart in respect of its magnitude. There exists a large amount of natural resistance offered by the elastic nature of the lungs and chest, and which has to be overcome by the muscles employed in breathing. It has been shown that the force which has to be overcome by these muscles in the act of breathing in 200 cubic inches of air exceeds 450 pounds. In ordinary breathing, the elastic force we require to overcome equals at least 170 pounds. With these details at hand, there is little need to further emphasize the fact that the stillest of lives is in reality a long spell of continuous work. In twenty-four hours the muscles of breathing alone perform an amount of work equal to the raising of twenty-one tons one foot high. Adding this amount to the force exerted by the heart, we may understand that even the quiet moments of our lives are attended by and carried on through work of a very severe character; and this even when the almost endless work of the brain in thought, and of the nerve-centres in controlling the bodily actions, is entirely set aside and overlooked in our calculation.

Returning for a moment to Caudal, whom we left in the scales, we may be required to specify the exact form in which the bodily substance of the subject experimented upon has disappeared in the acts and processes of life. Briefly stated, so much of our material substance is given off from skin and lungs, for example, in the form of water; part is excreted in the shape of carbonic acid gas, which thus becomes available as food for green plants; and part of the wear and tear is likewise given off in the form of heat, a curious substance called "urea ammonia," and mineral matters. In other words, our bodies, as the result of the work they perform, are perpetually being dissipated into so much heat, water, carbonic acid gas, and other substances. The animal frame is constantly breaking down into these inorganic matters, and is thus at once finding a lower level of existence and supplying the plant world with the matters from which the life of the vegetable kingdom will evolve new growths and fresh generations. Well might Erasmus Darwin write—

> Hence, when a monarch or a mushroom dies,
> Awhile extinct the organic matter lies,
> But as a few short hours or years revolve,
> Alchemic power the changing form dissolves;
> Emerging matter from the grave returns,
> Fills new desires, with new sensation burns.

If it is true that, "in the midst of life we are in death," it is no less true that from the physiological charnel-house into which living beings are perpetually doomed to pass, new forms take their origin. These are fed by the matter which, having done duty in living bodies, is, after a period of so-called decay, woven anew into the textures of succeeding generations of animals and plants.

The answer to the question with which we began our scientific journeyings should now loom plainly enough ahead. We eat our dinner because, in the food of which that meal consists, we expect to find materials capable of replacing those we have lost in the acts and processes of life. "Food," in this view, from dry bread to Smith's choicest dainties, is only matter which the body demands for its sustenance and support; and the perfect diet is simply that which affords us the most complete epitome of our bodily belongings in most condensed form, and in a shape susceptible of ready conversion, by digestion, into

ourselves. We eat, then, because we waste, and we waste because we work. There is no escape from the continual wear and tear which besets us. We receive so much food as income, and we exert so much force and give off waste matters as expenditure; our profit in this transaction consisting of the "energy" or power of doing work we obtain from our food. It is true that we eat to live; it would be a truer statement if we said that we eat to work. We begin our physiological career with work, and our dinners are the consequence of our exertion. There is, after all, a considerable savor of an admirable social philosophy in this view of matters. The knowledge that these frames of ours periodically make reasonable and natural demands, through hunger and thirst, for the wherewithal of life and work, seems to lead to the plain conclusion that they deserve good and wise treatment. There can be no hesitation in endorsing the statement that living well means, other things being equal, living long. Smith's dinner looming in the distance becomes thus invested with a fresh charm in one's eyes, and the charm is all the more æsthetic and satisfying because it is scientific. I shall feel equal to the task of looking benignantly even at Caudal whilst I listen to the platitudes wherewith he entertains us at the festive board. The Professor represents a science which has administered many grains of comfort to the *bon vivant*, and which does not add any exceptional *granum salis*—except to assure us that chloride of sodium (otherwise common salt) is a necessary component of the gastric juice, and one without which—— But we are becoming too scientific, and one has already found the true justification of a good dinner. This is all. No; I had almost forgotten Smith's invitation. Now for its reply: "Yes, with the greatest of pleasure;" and may good digestion wait on appetite.—ANDREW WILSON, in *Belgravia*.

TWO MINOR CHARACTERS: "PETER" AND THE APOTHECARY.

(ROMEO AND JULIET.)

Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them.—*Hamlet*.

IN these days, when Shakespearean humor is so little understood or appreciated, that in the chief home of "the legitimate," the latest production of Shakespeare's most exquisite comedy "Much Ado about Nothing" was unaccountably marred by the paring down of Dogberry and Verges to a tame and unmeaning buffoonery; or when in another production ("Merchant of Venice") Launcelot Gobbo seems to have been voted "a bore," and his scenes put on with an inefficient flatness and want of humor, it may not be out of place to call attention to some other minor characters which have often suffered from misapprehension. It is not, however, fair to blame pit and gallery for what nowadays is more the dulness of the refined class that haunt our stalls, whose inability to appreciate true humor or pathos is so extraordinary that they seem to have got iced up in a passionless civilization, to which a tear or genuine laugh would seem an unnatural distortion of their nervous system. These Shakespearean "clowns" will often furnish food for deeper reflection than will strike one at first sight; their humor is full of feeling, charged with flashes that pierce "bare forked humanity" right to the heart, and carry conviction to us more forcibly than the set oration of kings and friars, priests and statesmen, for they are always natural, full of plain, homely wit, and make us feel they belong to our own ordinary selves.

The term "clown," indeed, in the Shakesperean sense, has been so dreadfully misapplied that it is almost a vain hope to think of diverting the reader's mind from the coarse picture which that term usually conveys—to obliterate all trace of that pink and white grotesqueness conjured up by the memories of circus or pantomime, and to raise before him the natural philosopher—the true, outspoken friend and faithful follower who seems such an inseparable *dramatis persona* to the Elizabethan drama. Indeed, the more one studies their traits, humors and songs, the more one realizes that it is Shakespeare himself that is speaking through these quaint disguises. They are far more than a Greek Chorus—they are *individuals*, with a distinct individuality, yet with an undercurrent of shrewd common sense running through all—more than a commentary on the actions of the leading personages, for they infuse themselves into the piece, and lend a characterization which is part and parcel of it. They are genial sons of the soil, taking their inspirations from nature direct, with a quick ear for the melodies of woods—"the sermons in stones," and "good in everything" philosophy. Naturalness, as opposed to pedantry and artificiality, is the keynote of them all—Touchstone, Feste, Costard, Lear's Fool, Autolycus, the clown in "All's Well that Ends Well," and, lastly, poor Peter.

Now, our object will be to replace Peter on his original status, as gathered from his creator's own hand, and to rescue him from the false notions derived from the unmerciful

way in which he has generally been, in stage parlance, "clowned;" and, coupled with him, that wonderful tragic epitome, the Apothecary; for these two, though utterly and entirely distinct, are usually, at least in the provinces, allowed to be *doubled* by the *low* comedian—and this we call representing Shakespeare!

First, as regards Peter: he usually suffers not only from being "cut" by the ruthless hands of stage-managers—the only scene, in fact, that gives us an insight into his character (end of act iv. sc. 5) being invariably omitted, but he also has two other servants' parts grafted on to him, viz., the one who takes Capulet's letter of invitation in act i. sc. 2, and "a servant" in the following scene who hurries Lady Capulet and Nurse to the banquet. Now, the Peter of the text is certainly not one of these, or he would have been mentioned by name; and, moreover, he is rather above these, being what a modern butler would call "an upper," for see how he retorts on the musicians with his dagger when they term him "serving creature." He is a privileged retainer of Capulet's household, whose sole duty seems to be attendance on the Nurse; for the Nurse, we must observe, is what "Bon Gaultier" would call "a superior person." She sits up with Lady Capulet in her bedroom, is consulted by that haughty dame on her most private affairs and her daughter's settlement by marriage; she has unlimited control over Juliet, attends the ball-room and converses with the guests; and, lastly, even ventures to interpose in the midst of Capulet's fiercest outburst of passion (act iii. sc. 5). May we not suppose that she had, in a way, adopted Peter as her companion since the death of that "merry man" her husband, and the loss of "poor Susan?" "Now Susan is with God—she was too good for me," says this garrulous old soul, who could not live without some one to gossip with, and Peter will serve well for such, being, as one imagines, rather an *elderly retainer*,* past the heyday of work. "Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for anything," as Kent says, when disguised as a servant, and *he* has struck one as being in some ways a counterpart of Peter, to which we refer again. Moreover, it is not likely that the Capulets would allow a good-looking youth to go in and out of Juliet's private chamber, and Peter has too much shrewdness and staid prudence to be a mere boy. Besides, Juliet says "send thy MAN away" (act ii. sc. 5), so we may suppose him, like Kent, to have years on his "back forty-eight." Now, he is a good listener and a short and sententious speaker, so serves well for the Nurse to vent her scoldings on, or gabble of old times when Juliet was "a little prating thing," and could "waddle all about."

But, first, as regards dissevering Peter from the other servants, the reader may doubtless observe: "Oh, but Shakespeare is always so diffuse, and introduces so many unnecessary characters and irrelevant remarks; and the scene of Peter and the musicians is altogether unrepresentable." This may be the casual opinion of those who never study the original text, but derive their impressions from an *Acting* edition; but we maintain that no actor can ever hope to carry out the idea of his author, even if, for the sake of an impatient and undiscerning public, he is obliged to abbreviate the tragedy in representation, unless he has carefully studied *every line* of the untampered-with edition of the dramatist. To give a *précis* of it the adapter must study the whole, and the more he studies the more regretfully will he part with *one* line, for he will find that scarcely a passage can be omitted without destroying some delicate touch of character, some light play of humor, or some shade of hidden meaning, or without passing by

> Much that may bid us pause, if pondered fittingly.

Now, the one particular point of Peter's character that strikes us at first sight is his *prudence*, and also his *freedom from the general infection of the great party quarrel.* The whole plot hinges, as we know, on the rivalry of the two houses, Capulet and Montague.

> Two households, both alike in dignity,
> In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
> From ancient grudge breaks to new mutiny,
> Were civil blood makes civil hands unclean,

says the opening chorus, and the play begins with the inferior members of those households taking up the quarrel of their masters, Sampson and Gregory on the Capulet, Abram and Balthazar on the Montague side. Each one of these serves to point the moral of the piece, namely, the evils that flow from this senseless quarrel; and the false loyalty to petty chiefs rather than to the welfare of the State, which was the curse of mediæval Italy.

"The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men," says Gregory ere the fray begins; others rush on, till the leaders themselves are involved in the strife—but, mark you, *Peter is not there.*

Like the Nurse, he seems perfectly indifferent to the family feud; he will converse with Romeo or Mercutio, who are on the opposite side, without remonstrance. He does not resent their rude "chaff" of the nurse—a vulgar old woman is not a subject to incite the

*The introduction of a *youthful* Peter at the Lyceum was a modern innovation, and as unwarranted by tradition as by the text.

chivalry of an Italian in her defence; as long as she is not actually assailed he will not draw sword. Observe the exquisite dry humor of his speech, and compare it with a very similar one of Kent, as thus:

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a *good* quarrel, and the law on my side.

Kent, when offering his service to Lear, says:

I do profess to be no less than I seem: to serve him truly that will put me in trust, to converse with him that is wise and says little, to *fear judgment*, to *fight when I cannot choose*, and to eat no fish.

Now both make no idle boast of their readiness to fight; Peter draws his dagger on the musicians, Kent draws his sword on Goneril's steward.

But Peter's affections are *not* with his immediate mistress, the old Nurse—they have been won by sweet Juliet; though he may only worship afar off, and is bid to stand at the gate of her garden, yet it is for Juliet's sake that he guards her Nurse, and patiently attends to the latter's little weaknesses. Beneath the humble drudgery of carrying her fan and fetching her "aqua-vitæ," he nourishes a faithful devotion to his young mistress, and although not taken into her confidence completely as to her secret love-passages, owing to the Nurse's prudent maxim that "three may keep counsel putting one away," yet he has daily access to her private apartments and garden, and in that dutiful service he attends not to the unceasing broils of Montague and Capulet; happy only if he can win a smile from her lips as he goes and returns on her errands with the Nurse. Dull of perception, perhaps, and not easily embroiled, he makes a safe companion to the latter, and, resenting her unjust rating of him, he leaves her to confer with Romeo, while he steals off to have a convivial chat, probably with Romeo's "man" at the street-corner, till sharply recalled at the end of the interview.

After the following scene we lose sight of Peter altogether till that sad bridal morn when Juliet lies apparently dead on her couch; "the wedding cheer" is "turned to a burial feast;" and *then* all the pent-up emotion of that subdued rugged nature is loosed; all the love for that young mistress, which had never revealed itself before, is startlingly aroused by that awfully sudden spectacle of her cold, stiff body and closed eyes:

Death lies on *her* like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Peter enters just as the bereaved Capulet and Nurse are dismissing the band of musicians hired for the wedding procession; for they, Capulet and Nurse, in their coarse, worldly notions have no capability of understanding music except as the noisy clang of merry-making and revelry. But poor, broken-hearted Peter in his deeper philosophy knows the comfort that music can bring to the sorrow-stricken; "*Musicians, oh, musicians! Heart's ease, heart's ease! Oh, an you will have me live, play heart's ease!*"

How pitifully touching is his reiterated request! Though no musician, he has a keen and delicate ear for those

Chords which find an echo in the heart that's full of woe;

which these dull hirelings refuse to sound. "Why *heart's ease?*" says one of them coldly. "Oh," says honest Peter, "because my heart itself plays—my heart is full; oh, play me some merry dump to comfort me!" Shakespeare is inculcating in this touching little scene the soul-soothing power of melody, as he does in so many plays—song or music are mentioned incidentally in twenty-seven of them. Cleopatra calls for "music, moody food of us that feed on love," when pining for Antony's presence. The forsaken Queen Catherine bids her waiting gentlewoman—

Take thy lute, wench; my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them if thou canst.

That same queen dies to "sad and solemn music." Mariana, in her moated grange, calls for music to solace her:

My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

Brutus, with his soul full of forebodings, calls to his boy "to touch thy instrument a strain or two." And even the tyrant King John is soothed in his death agonies by the sweet power of music.

Pembroke. He is more patient—even now he sung.
P. Henry. 'Tis strange that death should sing!
"King John," act v. sc. 7.

It is not the critical musician who can hear and enjoy that heavenly sensation that soothes our sorrow and comes, as it were, as our sweet tender companion to fill up the room of the absent one—but it is the *natural* man, the *clown*. All Shakespeare's clowns are musical, and grow *more musical in distress*. Lear asks that most pathetic of fools:

When were you wont to be so full of songs?
Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers.

He sings in the *storm*. Autolycus, the rude knave, comes in blithe and singing, though he is "out of service" and "has worn three pile;" and here again the natural man, Pe-

ter, is opposed to the artificial ones, the Rebecks, the Soundposts, the Catlings who can run up and down their scales and no more. "I will carry no crotchets," cries Peter enraged, with his dagger drawn at their imputation of "serving creature"; "I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; do you *note* me?"

First Mus. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you *note* us.
Second Mus. Pray you put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

The soul of music is utterly lost to them, they can only sound so many tunes for so much money; when Peter refuses to give them money they are wroth, and can only return it by insult.

Peter. I will then give it you soundly.
First Mus. What will you give us?
Peter. No money, on my faith; but the gleek: I will give you the minstrel.

Yes, he "can gleek" (*i.e.* moralize or satirize) "upon occasion," like Bottom. He is the better minstrel, and grief has inspired his heart with song as the only true consolation.

First Mus. Then will I give you the serving creature.
Peter. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate; I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; do you *note* me?

Yes, the sullen drudge is changed by grief to a poet—a natural philosopher, and will "dry-beat with an iron wit," and put up his iron dagger. Humor and pathos ever lie close together; Peter's dry wit but covers a breaking heart—it is the hysterical laugh which is more painful than tears; and so he drives it home to them with his burden of—

> When griping griefs the heart doth wound,
> And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
> Then music with her silver sound;

Why silver sound? why music with her silver sound? What say you, Simon Catling?
First Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.
Peter. Pretty! what say you, Hugh Rebeck?
Second Mus. I say—silver sound, because musicians sound for silver.
Peter. Pretty too! what say you, James Soundpost?
Third Mus. Faith, I know not what to say!

What poor, mean-spirited, little minds do these three answers reveal to us! Peter is lifted far above these sordid wretches, far above the worldly Capulets, by that "one touch of nature"—grief's sudden thrilling touch; we are all better men after loss—when spiritual things are suddenly placed before us. "The idea" of our loved lost ones shall "sweetly creep into the study of imagination," and purify from dross; from the grovelling, wretched hunger after gold; the petty cares of everyday existence; the little worries that fret us as we rise, eat, and lie down to fitful slumbers; then suddenly, terribly sudden, the great shock comes, and we are raised by sorrow to feel all love is born to loss; to know too late—

> That what we have we prize not to the worth,
> Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
> Why, then we rack the value—then we find
> The virtue that possession would not show us
> Whiles it was ours.

So it was with Peter: and he gives the true exposition as he rushes out hysterically, mournfully singing:

Peter. O, I cry you mercy! you are the *singer*. I will say for you. It is—music with her silver sound, because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding:

> Then music with her silver sound
> With speedy help doth lend redress. [*Exit, singing.*

And so he leaves these tinkling brasses, who are lost in amazement and fussy indignation:

First Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!
Second Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here: tarry for the *mourners*, and *stay dinner!*

No thoughts but for the "funeral *baked meats.*" What a bitter satire on undertakers' rites! Yes, apparently then, as now, Englishmen could do nothing without "*a dinner*," even in paying their last respects. Rather give me honest Peter's discordant voice singing from his very heart, with the tears welling from his eyes, than all the pomp of pall and plumes. His grief is not comfortless, he has "music with her silver sound." Yet now all is a blank for him; Juliet has gone, he can gossip with the old Nurse no more—Juliet is *not!* He is one more victim drawn into that fated love-passion—but one more fly on the wheel of fortune. Those "misadventured piteous overthrows" in drawing the faithful follower along with them have awoke the better portion of his nature, which otherwise might have lain dormant. The tomb of love is not a vault but a "feasting presence full of light," and sheds a purifying ray on all gathered round it. Such is the lesson of poor Peter, and though this short scene lies really outside the direct dramatic action of the play, and hence unrepresentable, it is not only well worth the study of the thoughtful reader, as full of some of the truest touches of the great master, but will also help the more casual lover of Shakespearean drama to enter more warmly into the representations of those "clipt" *minor* characters which throng the stage, when he knows with what loving care Shakespeare seems to have finished off every one of them, however slight the sketch. What a feeling he had for the "minor" parts! and how he wrote for a *complete, adequate* cast rather than for "Stars" is hinted

at in the comparison and veiled reproof to his audience in "Richard II.":

> As in a theatre the eyes of men,
> After a well graced actor leaves the stage,
> Are idly bent on him who enters next,
> Thinking his prattle to be tedious.

Thinking of this we may feel some little interest even in Peter's brief entrances and exits.

And now to turn to that other minor character. We leave Juliet on her seeming death-bed, with a sigh of sympathy for Peter, and the next act opens in Mantua, with Romeo before the doors of that nameless Apothecary. In a provincial theatre a low comedian once said to us, after coming off from playing the above, "I don't know how it is, but the Apothecary's entrance is always the signal for a laugh." He knew it was not a comic character—he felt he had failed to impress it upon the audience; it was not so much his fault as the result of a wrong allotment of parts, the absurdity of the provincial custom of doubling unsuitable characters. Happily in all first-class theatres there is more enlightenment, though still we are afraid there lurks a certain suspicion of grotesqueness in the Apothecary. Yet, if we pause seriously to consider that brief scene, we may find more subject for a sigh than even in the tragical loves of Romeo and Juliet. For their deaths have the relief of a love that ennobles the sacrifice; but here is a piece of lost humanity, a too true picture of many influences to good blotted out by the all-conquering absorption of one vice—and that the meanest, the commonest—*the love of gold for its own sake.* That this Apothecary is not a mere "utility" part seems revealed to us by the elaborate description of him before he enters; we know him before we see him, and are aware of his antecedents, having an epitome of his personality laid bare by that masterly hand, whose details all have a deep meaning, and are not dashed in to pad a scene or to adorn a set speech. We can see this poor Apothecary as he threads his slow way—unobserving, yet all observed, of the crowds that jostle him in the streets. He was evidently one that would strike you at first sight, and make you turn round to look twice at as Romeo did.

> I do remember an apothecary,
> And hereabouts he dwells, which late I noted
> Culling of simples; *meagre* were his looks,
> Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.

Cassius, too, was a *meagre* man; the restless conspirator and the student of nature's mysteries look meagre, "and sleep not o' nights:" preoccupation of mind, soured disappointment had as much to answer for that apothecary's meagreness as the "famine in his cheeks":

> Need and *oppression* starveth [or, as Collier reads, *starveth*] in thy eyes.
> Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back.

Like Cassius, he brooded over the oppression of injustice. The world was his Cæsar—the tyranny of ignorance had shunned his labors and his researches in pursuit of knowledge, and had left him to starve in his need.

> The world affords no law to make thee rich,

urges Romeo. The beggary that breeds contempt and not compassion was written plainly on him, for it was the poverty of the man of science, who had gone out of his way to make himself poor, with the quixotic sacrifice of present comfort for future knowledge, and the selfish ambition of prying deeper than they did into the secrets of nature—it was this that made sleek citizens of Mantua pass him coldly by with a shrug or a sneer. Just the very man—the perverted, wilful misanthrope—wronged and yet wronging himself still more—the Timon, with whom Shakespeare seems to have had a sneaking sympathy, and holds up to us sadly for a few moments, painted in with such softening shades that we cannot refrain from pity for the wretch with all his faults, who is out of sympathy with his fellows. The study of natural science and medicines seems to have walked hand in hand in mediæval days with a fateful knowledge of poisons and strange dabbling in "arts inhibited." Cardinal Beaufort in his death-bed ravings cries:

> Bid the apothecary bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

But yet there were holy men who studied the herbalist's art like good Friar Laurence, and how beautifully is this twofold property of good and evil in their art brought out and moralized upon by him in his opening speech. He likewise goes forth "culling of simples," not in "tattered weeds and overwhelming brows," but with head erect, and broad clear brow, welcoming the morn, and rejoicing in the beneficent triumph of God's sun over "flecked darkness":

> The day to cheer and night o' dank dew to dry.

He must fill up an "osier cave" (not a "needy shop") "with baleful weeds and precious juiced flowers." He is as poor as the Apothecary, but he is content to benefit his kind, not restless to acquire learning merely for the sake of gain. His aims are utterly unselfish and noble; yet he is quite as intimate with the evil properties of his drugs, and almost foreshadows the Apothecary in his comparisons of the good and evil of the herbalist's knowledge:

> Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
> And vice sometimes by action dignified.

He knows that in man's nature,

> To such opposed kings encamp them still,
> In man as well as herbs—grace and true will,
> And where the worser is predominant,
> Full soon the canker death eats up the plant.

But now we stand in that street of Mantua, where that same "needy man doth dwell;" and, "being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut." Yet for him is no real holiday—the light of joy and recreation never visits him—there he sits moody and solitary within his closed shutters, with no ray of the golden light of an Italian summer noon to gladden his sullen soul; with no companion, no "love obedience-troops of friends" to cheer his old age. How much lies in that "being holiday!" It conjures up the lonely man who cannot enjoy "a holiday." We have known of an old city clerk who had toiled and hoarded all his life being utterly perplexed and indignant at a statute Bank Holiday, and preferring to come and sit in the office unable to enjoy himself; and when a man has arrived at that point of gloom and depression we feel that life can only be a burden to him. And *now* he enters—cautiously peeping out on the unwonted customer to his weird shop. "Who calls so loud?" The human voice is startling to his solitary silence—the voice of man is associated but with the scoffing laugh or contemptuous abuse. And yet, perhaps, in his youth he started with some high-aspiring notions of benefitting mankind, of diving into the unfathomable secrets of nature and snatching the elixir of life—the philosopher's stone—from her close grasp; some such ideal as we all start with ere we find it "gone, alas, like our youth *too soon!*" Where are his hopes of leaving a mark upon his generation—of the building another round on the ladder of science and medicine? What is his reward for nights of toil? His labor and watchfulness are belied as an unholy tampering with evil spirits, and pitiful indeed are the results of his collection; what has he to bequeath to posterity?

> An alligator stuffed, and other skins
> Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
> A beggarly account of empty boxes.

Bitter hollow mockery on his lost ambition, the dead ashes of a wasted life, the ideal of his dreams deeply written on his wrinkled, hopeless forehead, "Failure." Yet though the world may have been hard upon him, I think we may discover the key of his failure in Romeo's opening speech:

> I see that thou *art poor;*
> Hold, there is forty ducats.

There lies his *weakness.* Forty ducats! what stores of furnace, crucibles, or distillation jars would they not purchase! The gleam of those coins is fatal to him—the chink of those ducats drowns what might remain of a better nature, and yet there still lurks some pricks of conscience, some sense of moral reluctance to give that dram of poison. The sight of the handsome, noble youth with his pale face and wild looks, which tell a tale too well of sudden desperation, strikes a chord of pity in that shrivelled breast. He hesitates; but with what miserable, mean objections! No bold, manly refusal—or no compromise like that which Friar Laurence gives to Juliet when asked for remedy and to assent to suicide; or he might have given a substitute for poison—some sleeping draught, such as good Dr. Cornelius gives the wicked queen in "Cymbeline"; but, no, he merely stammers out:

> Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law,
> Is death to any he that utters them.

This wretched affected fear of Mantua's law Romeo soon brushes aside, for though it is true that "with the pain of death we'd hourly die rather than die at once," yet this poor subterfuge of the law which he has probably often evaded, and looked upon as framed by an unjust world, is but a staving off; he cannot keep his eyes from those ducats—he would rain be argued into thinking he was doing no wrong, and the impetuous Romeo urges at once the very points he wanted:

> The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
> The world affords no law to make thee rich:
> Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Another chink of that coveted gold and his last faint resistance is over; here is one who puts the very reasoning into his mouth which he was wishing for; yes, here is a gallant, well-spoken youth rushing on to destruction. He would save him, but he falters out under his breath:

> My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Wonderful line! which has passed into a household word from the force of its significance, from its appropriateness to nearly every one's daily doings; the struggle of a weak man who is conscious of his responsibility before God, and yet acts against it, the corrupted mind committing treason against its own inclination; the washing of hands of Pilate, the way in which we cheat our better feelings; "I would do right if I were rich," is the cry to-day, as it was then, but we must forego doing right, quench our conscience and keep our gold, for:

> My poverty, but not my will, consents.

This poor Apothecary in that one line has claimed kinship with most of us, for his weakness is but the too comon lot of humanity, if we truly knocked at our bosoms to ask what lies there like to his fault. He turns to the door—the devil in him hath conquered—he fetches the phial, and, with a fearful glance round the deserted streets, pours the full loathsome directions into Romeo's ears:

> Put this in any liquid thing you will,
> And drink it off; and if you had the strength
> Of twenty men it would despatch you straight.

Then he receives the price for which he has sold the peace of his soul and creeps off, his back more bent, his limbs tottering, and that scar furrowed deeper into his brow, with the guilt of a seared conscience which he will bear to his dying day—the *accomplice of suicide!*—his knowledge of drugs prostituted to the worst passions of mankind. Even now he hears the first echo of that remorse ringing in his ears, with that parting rejoinder of Romeo's:

> There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
> Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
> Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell.

And hollow sounds the mockery of that—

> Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh!

We know the gold will bring no fatness—it will only be a curse to him, that is even now burning in his fingers, and will be hoarded up in his wretched fear, till at last it becomes hateful to his eyes, and will leave him tenfold more miserable than he was when he was at least innocent of direct complicity in a young man's death. For, however much we may suspect that he was the man referred to by Lady Capulet previously:

> I will send to one in Mantua,
> Who shall give him [Romeo] such an unaccustomed draught
> That he will soon keep Tybalt company,

yet we may give him the benefit of the doubt. Mantua was suffering from a plethora of poisoners, and there were doubtless many more directly marked and fitter agents for the unscrupulous Capulets. But now he is a direct participator, with a thorough knowledge of what his "soon-speeding gear" is intended for. We can almost hear his deep groan as he once more closes his door, with a last glance of remorse and compassion on the desperate Romeo; and if he hears soon of those two lovers found dead in the neighboring city, at the tomb of the Capulets, well may we suppose that in anguish and fear of discovery he, too, may have taken a dose of the fatal compound and ended his perverted life unpitied and forgotten. Requiescat! Perhaps more sinned against than sinning. But what a tragic epitome! what a hopeless, shuddering picture is there not put before us in the few moments that he is on the stage—only seven lines of speech, yet what a character to depict! Well may the *rôle* be given to a leading actor, for it requires the finest talents of artist and actor to give us a real picture of that nameless Apothecary, for to *look* the part is almost as important as to act it. Mr. Mead at the Lyceum was one of the best we have seen, but then he should have "been given the stage." Romeo must subordinate himself for the moment, for full play is a necessity, for every look or movement is of importance in such a character-part—one that shall make us hold our breath, and feel a pang of that awe which real tragedy is destined to awaken in every heart of poetic sympathy. As there is poetry and tragedy in the life of the ragged beggar that we brush by in every-day life, of a deeper, more ennobling kind than in our own highly artificial sphere; so from poor Peter and the Apothecary may we extract two lessons of true affection, and the dangers of morbid selfishness and engrossing greed, though it be for knowledge and pursuit of science. The loss of Juliet is as much a gain to Peter in elevating his nature as the gain of forty ducats is the ruin of the Apothecary.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

WORDSWORTH AND THE SACREDNESS OF CHILDHOOD.

WORDSWORTH, who was attracted by the simplest conditions of human existence, was irresistibly drawn to children; and in their little lives, so full of the natural simplicities of thought and feeling, he always found unfailing inspiration. Part of Wordsworth's interest in children was, of course, instinctive: he loved them, as other people love them, because it was his nature and he could not help it; but in addition to this, every child had for Wordsworth a special and peculiar interest, derived from his recognition in it of the promise of a human future and the dower of a divine past. To the former of these he refers in a poem which is short enough to be quoted:—

> My heart leaps up when I behold
> A rainbow in the sky:
> So was it when my life began;
> So is it now I am a man;
> So be it when I shall grow old,
> Or let me die!
> The Child is father of the Man;
> And I could wish my days to be
> Bound each to each by natural piety.

"The child is father of the man!" This was one of the reasons which made childhood so wonderfully, one might almost say so solemnly, interesting to Wordsworth. Every tiny lad and lass trudging along the Westmoreland lanes was the burden of a momentous prophecy of good or evil, of joy or sorrow. The influence of this thought upon his poetical treatment of children is manifest in various poems, notably in the lines "To H. C. (Hartley Coleridge), six years old," which, however, I must not stay to quote, because I wish to deal mainly with that other part of Wordsworth's teaching about children, which makes his contribution to the literature of childhood so peculiarly valuable. Every one who knows Wordsworth at all remembers certain remarkable lines in that most memorable of his works, the ode entitled, "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of early Childhood."

> Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
> The soul that rises with us, our lifes' star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar;
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God, who is our home:
> Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
> Shades of the prison-house begin to close
> Upon the growing Boy,
> But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
> He sees it in his joy;
> The Youth, who daily farther from the east
> Must travel, still in Nature's priest,
> And by the vision splendid
> Is on his way attended;
> At length the Man perceives it die away,
> And fade into the light of common day.

It is not necessary to assume from the earlier lines in this passage that Wordsworth formally adopted any theory of pre-existence, but he certainly regarded the child as bearing upon him the recognizable marks of a new comer from heavenly places, the trailing clouds of glory which tell of the home in God which he has just left behind. This was no mere passing fancy, but a conviction which expresses itself in numberless poems, though it will suffice now to refer to one or two of the most familiar. One indication of it may, I think, be found in the closing stanza of the well known "Anecdote for Fathers," which tells of the little boy's odd invention of an explanation of his preference for Kilve to Liswyn farm; for save in the light of some such feeling as this the reflection,

> O dearest, dearest boy! my heart
> For better lore would seldom yearn,
> Could I but teach the hundredth part
> Of what from thee I learn,

would seem almost ludicrously overcharged with grave solemnity. Only when we see that we are intended to notice how hard it is to the little child to justify his childish instincts by the reasons which are as yet strange things to him, do we feel the full force of the father's exclamation.

This feeling of the sacredness of childhood is, however, expressed with much greater distinctness in one of the finest of Wordsworth's sonnets, and one of the most familiar of his brief narrative poems. The sonnet is that beginning—

> It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,

and its earlier lines describe the emotion roused in the heart of the poet by the sight and sound of the mighty waters over which the broad sun is slowly sinking. Then he is suddenly called away from the contemplation of his own spiritual sensations by the consciousness that he is not alone, that a little child is by his side, and that in these high communings she has, and can have, no part nor lot; but instead of pitying the little one for whom these great things have no articulate language, and lamenting her defective apprehension, he breaks into this strain of high exultation:—

> Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
> If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
> Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
> Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
> And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
> God being with thee when we know it not.

Here we see his recognition in an actual child of that real but unconscious union with the Divine which in the Ode he celebrates as the great birthright of childhood, and we cannot but be reminded of the words addressed by the father of the prodigal to the elder son who had never wandered from his side, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine." The fatted calf of high communion with the Father of our Spirit is for the storm-beat wanderer, who, amid all his wanderings, has not lost the yearning for the old home: the full possession of God which has not become apprehensible to consciousness because it has never been lost, is the dower of the children whose angels do always behold the Father's face.

But the narrative poem entitled, "We are Seven," is perhaps an even more striking example of Wordsworth's thought about children, because there the handling is not descriptive, but dramatic. The little cottage girl's persistent refusal to accept death as a destroyer of any real human relation, may of course be described as an incapacity; but Wordsworth makes us feel that it is a *divine* incapacity—an incapacity which most men and women have grown out of, but which

they must grow into again if they would indeed become as the little ones of whom is the Kingdom of Heaven. The picture is all the more impressive because unaccompanied by interpretative comment. The last sound left in our ears is the confident declaration of the little maiden.

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And say, "Nay, we are seven!"

Simple as it seems, this was an entirely new strain in poetry. The so-called ignorance of children concerning the great mysteries of existence was not, indeed, a novel theme; the novelty was in the recognition of this seeming ignorance as a divine knowledge, as the very revelation of God to the heart of the child between whom and Himself the world has not had time to draw its veil. Mrs. Browning, in one of her most pathetic poems, says of a little girl just dead—

She has seen the mystery hid
Under Egypt's pyramid:
By those eyelids pale and close
Now she knows what Rhamses knows.

But the knowledge which Wordsworth celebrates is a knowledge given, not by death, but by life; a knowledge, not of this or that single mystery, but of the great mystery of all, the secret of the Lord, and of those hidden dealings of His which men and women find it so hard to realize. Only when we see children as Wordsworth saw them, can we fully understand the divine declaration, that except we be converted and become as they, we cannot enter into the kingdom of sweet realities of faith and God and heaven to which they belong.

This conception of the nearness of the child to the unseen doubtless accounts for the fact that most of the children drawn for us by Wordsworth are represented alone, finding companions in the sights and sounds of nature with which they can have unconscious fellowship, rather than in the men and women who live in a world so different from theirs. Of Lucy Gray, he writes:—

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door;

and the impression of solitude, of aloofness given in this picture, is the impression left by most of the poems of Wordsworth which refer to children. It was on a solitary road, far away from human habitation, that he met little Alice Fell;—the eight-years-old cottage girl, who was one of seven, seems to have been a lonely little spirit, whose only companions were the two in the churchyard to whom she sang;—pretty Barbara Lewthwaite and her lamb were alone together;—and of that other Lucy, of whom we are told so little, we at least know this, that—

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove;
A Maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

There may be something of defect in such portraiture as this, for certainly it would have been a nobler reach of imaginative art if Wordsworth could have shown us his children surrounded by all the sweet humanities of the home and the village street, the trailing clouds of glory shaping themselves into an aureole undimmed even by the garish light of common day; but the children who are his immortal offspring are, nevertheless, a precious imaginative possession from which we cannot afford to part. This, however, is not all that is to be said. These creations have more than a mere artistic value: they appeal to us, not merely as beautiful figures, but as realizable embodiments of Wordsworth's vision of child nature; and if this vision be a real insight into the true being of things, it will be well to take heed of it, and act and think and feel in accordance with it. If we are to accept the natural meaning of the words, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven," as the true one, then must we also accept the teaching of Wordsworth, that "trailing clouds of glory do we come from God who is our home," and hope for our children what he hoped for himself, that their days may not be separated by any moral convulsion, but be from the cradle to the grave—

Bound each to each by natural piety.

—J. ASHCROFT NOBLE, in *The Sunday Magazine.*

A VISIT TO WILDEN TIN-WORKS.

I WAS driving over breezy Hartlebury Common this morning, when a bright flash of light startled my horse from his lazy jog-trot, and scattered the aërial puppets of a day-dream to the winds. It was but after all the reflection of the sunlight from a piece of tin flung carelessly from a tinker's hand; but looking at it as it lay glittering in the furze, the thought occurred to me: What a benefactor to mankind was he who invented the art

of tinning iron! For *tin* essentially it is not, but thin sheet-iron lightly coated with the white silvery metal, as beautiful as silver itself when seen in its virgin purity; and it not only makes the iron more sightly, but more durable, while at the same time it wonderfully increases its usefulness, from the facility which its ready fusibility affords of soldering one piece to another. Nevertheless, as a protector, it is not so perfect as it is intended to be; for that subtle force which is dazzling our eyes and bewildering our brains with its almost infinite possibilities, sadly mars its usefulness. Tin is, unfortunately, electro-positive to iron; therefore, when in contact with water, or even exposed to moist air, the iron tends to oxidize very much faster than the tinned portion, and all the faster because they are so intimately united. So long as the iron is completely covered by the tin, all goes well; but let the soft, treacherous coating be deficient or rubbed off ever so little, there is a spot of rust, which soon becomes a hole; let it be cut, and the exposed edge crumbles away in unsightly fashion, as we soon find out if our watering-pots are not kept well painted. Now, zinc has just the opposite quality—it is electro-negative to iron; and all the coating must disappear from what is called "galvanized iron" before the iron itself succumbs. But zinc is such a dull unseemly metal, and so readily dissolved by the weakest acids, that we can scarcely admit it into our kitchens, can hardly let it pass beyond the stables and outhouses. Imagine aught more dispiriting than the zinc door-plates one sees on the shady side of a shabby street! And yet, what can it not do when fulfilling its destiny in the cells of the galvanic battery? The poor, dull, feeble metal—semi-metal, the old chemists disparagingly called it—dissolving in its acid bath gives birth to that marvellous force which burns in the electric light with sun-like splendor, converts waxen moulds into vases or statuettes of glittering silver, drives tramway-cars, flashes telegrams swifter than light can fly, and speaks in the telephone with tremulous, almost living lips.

But, to come back to our scrap of tin. Although we use wares made from it so frequently and familiarly, there are few who can tell how it is manufactured, and still fewer are aware of the enormous and costly machinery employed in producing it. However, if the reader will follow me to the other side of the common I have been crossing just now, we may see the whole process and one of the most famous works in England.

On our way, we pass long rows of comfortable cottages which are inhabited by the workpeople, and a pretty church in the Early English style, built for them at the sole charge of Mr. A. Baldwin, the owner of the works. The works cover a great space along the banks of the Stour, once a clear trout stream, but now half-canal, half-river, black and muddy, with only its impetuous rush to remind us of its birthplace amongst the sunlit hills. A thick pall of smoke half-hides the low, square chimney-shafts, lurid with the fierce fires which burn beneath and leap in flashes from their summits; behind, are others, taller, and only sullenly smoking, like half-extinct volcanoes. Over the tops of the lower shafts are tilted square iron dampers, moved by a lever and chain, and looking something like gigantic rat-traps, which the flames seem to lick with fierce enjoyment as their red tongues curl around and over them. Huge mounds of charcoal lie heaped about—so large, that whole forests must have been denuded of their undergrowth to furnish it.

We are still outside the works, looking down into them from a terrace road cut out along the steep hillside. Some ewes and lambs, feeding on the scanty herbage, are so begrimed by smoke that they seem to be less sheep than overdone mutton. Even here the din is deafening. The continuous roar of the furnaces; the heavy, intermittent thud of ponderous hammers; the angry hiss of escaping steam; the rush of falling water; the clash of great sheets of glowing metal as they are flung momentarily on the ground; with the apparently dangerous intermingling of ponderous machinery and a crowd of hurrying men, seem to make the notice on the gates, "No admittance," almost unnecessary.

We enter, and, the proprietor being absent, are placed under the care of the burly "master of the rolls"—no legal functionary, but a very important man indeed here, as the exact surfacing of the great rollers—or rolls, as the men call them—depends, as we shall see presently, upon his skilful touch. He shows us first the reverberatory furnaces, as near as the scorching heat will permit us to approach, where the already almost pure iron is puddled—that is, melted and stirred under a current of intensely heated air, which burns its carbon away—until its fusing-point rises even above the fierce heat of the white-hot charcoal, through which the blast is roaring like a tornado, and the bubbling liquid becomes a pasty mass of metal. It is then lifted out on a long iron bar, and swung to an anvil, where it is beaten by a huge tilt-hammer moved by water-power, and kneaded and banged until all impurities are crushed out of it, and, in the form of a thick rough bar, it is ready for the rollers. These rollers, which are driven

by a mighty engine, are cylinders of ponderous make weighing, if I remember rightly, twenty-five tons, whirling round swiftly but silently, and with such evidence of pitiless force that one almost shudders beside them. On its way, the rough iron is reheated to incandescence, then thrust against the rollers. It is through in a moment! and in the form of a long flat bar, which is then divided into lengths by a pair of great shears, which cut through an inch of cold iron as easily as a lady snips a playing-card. Then it is carried to a second set of furnaces, also heated with charcoal, when it is again raised to a high temperature, and passed between a series of rollers, more finely set, until it becomes a thin, ragged-edged sheet. The cylinders are here in sets of three, placed one above the other, so that the sheets are rolled away below and returned above. As each falls clash ing on the ground, it is quickly doubled up lengthways by the workmen with long pincers, viciously pinched at the folds, and returned to the furnace, then rolled again, until it emerges at last in a perfectly homogeneous sheet, about two feet wide, and scarcely thicker than the paper this is printed on.

At one furnace, they are treating sheets of steel the same way—for use in a neighboring factory, where it will be stamped into hollow tin ware without seam or joint. These sheets fall from the rollers with a thunderous clang which makes the air throb again. And what an atmosphere it is! It is difficult to breathe it, so hot, so dusty, so charged with noxious gases; yet the work goes on day and night, and a crowd of men and boys find in it an employment healthy enough.

The great sheets are now cut into squares and trimmed, and then sent to the pickling-tub, to be cleansed from the black oxide which covers them. This tub is a large cistern lined with lead, and filled with dilute sulphuric acid. over which an immerse copper cage is suspended. After the cage is packed with the plates, it is dipped down into the acid liquid, makes a few revolutions, then rises, and with a half-turn of the beam which carries it, is brought over another vat through which a stream of water is passing. The dip and spin are here repeated until all the acid is washed away, and the plates are taken out perfectly clean, but with rough, abraded surfaces. To get rid of this defect, they are passed for the last time, and without reheating, between a pair of highly polished rollers, and emerge perfectly smooth, and resembling in color Damascus steel.

They are now ready for tinning; and on our way to the next department we pass a stack of dusty bars of that metal. "Cost a thousand pounds," says the master of the rolls, with a rap of his knuckles on the top one. The tin is first melted and "polled"—that is, stirred up with a stick of green wood, which sends a current of steam through it, and sweeps some impurities to the surface: it is then transferred to square iron cisterns, where it is kept melted, with a layer of palm-oil on the surface, to prevent oxidation.

Beneath the black, seething pool, the iron plates are plunged; and when they are taken out, they seem to have been transmuted, as in the dream of the Chinese alchemist, from iron to silver, so brilliant is the coating. They are now rubbed with sawdust, to get rid of the oil, then away to be packed. But they are first subjected to a curious test. It is important that plates of the same thickness, and equally coated throughout, should be sorted together. But it would be difficult to gauge them; so a man with a good ear is seated in a comparatively quiet part of the works, and taking each sheet by the corner, gives it a dexterous shake, eliciting a *thrubbling* sound—if I may coin a word—which differs, of course, in pitch with the slightest change in thickness; and thus he sorts them.

At the end of the works is a saw-mill, where the oak-boxes are made in which the tin is packed; and whence it travels all over the world as "Best charcoal tin." It is acceptable among almost all nations—from Russia, where it is used for roofing houses and covering the bizarre domes of the emerald-green topped churches, to the upper waters of the Amazon, where it glitters more brightly still as the nose-plate of the festive savage, dancing, impecunious but happy, amidst the living emeralds of his forest-home.—*Chambers's Journal.*

SCRAPS FROM THE CHRONICLES OF VENICE.

In the year A.D. 452, when the great hordes of Attila came across the mountains and scattered fire and destruction over all the rich plains of Italy, there fled from Padua, into the dreary lagoons of the Adriatic, a company of despairing men, with their families, trusting themselves rather to the winds and waves than to the tender mercies of the Huns. Some found a refuge on the island of Torcello, and some on a smaller one, which, from its fancied resemblance to an olive, they named Olivolo; nor were they, tradition tells, the first who had made a home on this lonely spot, for thereon they discovered the vestiges of a castle built by Antenor, the Trojan, who

fled thither after the destruction of the city, for which end he had conspired with Odysseus and Agamemnon.

In course of time, the little colony continuing to flourish, they built a church, which they dedicated to the fisher's patron, St. Peter, and, in memory of its site, called it San Pietro di Castello, and this church eventually became the mother-church of Venice, of which the island of Olivolo forms the most easterly point. Seeing, as one now does, these islands paved, covered with buildings, and connected with each other by bridges, it is difficult to realize what, in those bygone times, must have been the desolation and dreariness of a home upon them. The nearest approach to forming any idea of their ancient appearance is to be attained when, at low tide, Venice is surrounded by a series of flat, marshy-looking islands, the soil of which is bound together by a long green sea-weed, and over which wanders here and there some poverty-stricken wretch seeking for any stray article left there by the receding waters. Such must have appeared the whole surrounding scene, when these poor fugitives from Padua established themselves on their olive island, poor exchange for their olive-clad plains of home. The prettiest view of the dome-crowned church of San Pietro is to be had by going in a gondola nearly as far as the island of Saint Elena, or, as the Venetian dialect has it, Sant' Eyena. From here the dome shows beautifully against its background of snow-covered mountains, and with its campanile (which leans perilously, as do most of the towers of Venice) casts long clear reflections over the still water. It was from this church of San Pietro that took place the celebrated robbery of the Brides of Venice, on the 2d February, 944. On this day, the feast of the Purification of the Virgin, it had been in olden times the habit for all the marriageable maidens to assemble before the Doge, and there the young men chose their brides, those who selected pretty ones paying a certain sum to dower the ugly ones.

But as the city grew, this custom fell into disuse, and after the marriages had been settled by the parents of the young people, the daughters of the city were wedded on that day at S. Pietro, taking with them each their dowry in a little ark. Still later, when the Republic had grown rich and great, the ancient custom became further changed; only twelve maidens were married, and these, chosen out of the poorest families of the city, were dowered by the State, and adorned for the occasion with crowns and jewelled breastplates, from the public treasury, and, as before, each carried her portion in a little ark. The procession must have filed along the Riva dei Schiavoni, under the bright morning sun, as all the maids had first to present themselves to the Doge, before going to the church, where they were met by their bridegrooms and friends, all in their gayest attire, and by the crowds of their fellow-citizens assembled to see the ceremony.

The fame of this festival having reached the ears of some pirates of Trieste, they determined, at one bold swoop, to carry off the brides, with the state jewels on them, from the very midst of the bridal-train. Coming across from Trieste the night before the festa, they moored their boats under the island bank, and next morning, clothed, says the old chronicle, in robes of purple and scarlet, but fully armed beneath this festal guise, they mixed with the crowd which awaited the brides, and with them entered the church, where, at a given signal, they drew their swords, and, cutting a way through to the altar, seized the twelve frightened girls and bore them away to their boats, and then fled with all sail up. One scarcely realizes how, amidst such a crowd of spectators, there were not found some to prevent this bold plan being carried out; whether they were all unarmed, or too much taken by surprise to effect a rescue, is not told; but no sooner were the pirates fairly off than the whole city seems to have woke to the fact that it would be to her everlasting disgrace if her daughters were not restored safe and sound.

The Doge, Candiano III., ordered out his galleys, and, sending his commands to the masters of the guilds to do likewise, put himself at the head of the little fleet and pursued the robbers, who, foolhardy, or impatient to divide their spoil, had landed on the shore at Caorle, and were there found by the indignant Venetians, intent on the distribution of the plunder.

The first Venetian boat was manned by some of the cabinet-makers from the parish of Santa Maria Formosa, and these hardy workmen, falling on the pirates, slaughtered them every one, rescuing the maidens. The Doge ordered the dead bodies of the pirates to be thrown into the sea, and then decreed that henceforth that port should bear forever the name of Porto Delle Donzelle, the port of the damsels, and that the day of their rescue should be kept as a festival for all time.

Then the Doge, a man of many sorrows, whose reign, like that of David of old, was troubled by a rebellious son, calling for the cabinet-makers, asked them what reward they would desire for their bravery. Perhaps there was one of the bridegrooms among the party, and he thought the recov-

ery of his bride sufficient reward; be that as it may, the honest workmen only requested that henceforth forever, their serene Prince and his successors should, on the anniversary of that day, pay a visit in state to their parish church, Santa Maria Formosa. But the Doge, desirous they should ask more, feigned to see obstacles, and putting them off, said, "And what if it should rain?" But they, unwilling to be refused, replied, "We will give you hats to cover you." Whereto the Doge further objected, saying, "And if I am thirsty?" They answered, "We will give you to drink." So the Prince, marvelling at their modest persistence, agreed to their demand; and every year he, and his successors after him, accompanied by the Signoria in their robes of state, paid a visit to the Church on the feast of the Purification of the Virgin, and there was received by the parish priest, who, in remembrance of the promise of his flock, presented the Sovereign with some gilt hats, and flasks of malvoisie, and oranges; and further, to preserve the recollection of the day's events, twelve girls were yearly chosen by ballot, two out of each of the six parishes of the city, and, dressed with great magnificence at the expense of their respective parishes, were carried round the city in open boats, and, with the Doge and the Signoria in their gilt barges following, went on the octave of the 2d of February, to San Pietro, to thank their God, who had protected the daughters of the city and rescued them from the hands of the oppressor; and then, returning to St. Mark's, were dismissed by the Doge with his blessing, after which they made the tour of the Grand Canal, every window and roof being crowded with spectators, while bands of music were stationed at intervals on the balconies.

The brides were received at the house of one of the richest families, and there fêted and made much of for the space of a week; great banquets, dances, and comedies were given, and such enormous expenses incurred, that the State at last interfered, and passed a law to limit the sums spent, and to reduce the number of the brides from twelve to four, afterwards to three, and finally, abuses having crept in, it was decreed that, in future, wooden figures representing the maidens should be carried in their stead, which substitution caused such indignation amongst the populace that they followed the train with hisses and howls, and at last pelted them with showers of turnips, which, no doubt, then as now, lay handy on every vegetable stall, where to this day they form, both raw and cooked ready for eating, one of the chief articles of sale.

The riot was punished with a fine of 100 soldi, and from that day, 1272, until 1379, the procession was allowed to take place in peace; but the war at Chioggia breaking out, the State was either too sad or too impoverished to continue the festa, and the custom ceased, never to be revived, the only memorial of it being in the tongue of the people, who still, as a term of abuse, designate a stupid, skinny woman, a "wooden bride."

The church of San Pietro now looks very deserted, grass grows between the great flags of the paved campo before it, and the patriarchal palace is turned into barracks; but the tower, though leaning, is in perfect repair, and, with its facing of white Istrian marble and its arched parapet, is one of the finest in the city.

Close to this little island lie the arsenal and dock-yard, once renowned for the construction of war-galleys, now busy building a great ironclad, and all around stand the houses occupied by the workmen, great high buildings, peopled evidently by countless families, who all hang out their linen to dry at the front windows, the parti-colored garments making curious patches of color on the once scarlet but now peeling walls of these ancient tenements, over the doors of which are to be seen the half-obliterated carven shields of some old family, now perhaps extinct, or, as in the case of the last representatives of some noble houses, reduced to the condition of gondoliers.

It is a matter of wonder how any of the old Venetian stock are still in existence, when the number of deaths which took place during the great plague is considered; for in 1630, in the course of that one year, 80,000 people were swept away in Venice alone. The Government did all in its power to prevent the spread of the awful scourge by instituting not only hospitals for the sick, but quarantine for those who had been in any way in contact with them. The sick were sent to the little island near the Lido, called the Lazaretto, where there is still a hospital, and those who were as yet well, but who had run the chance of contagion, were encamped around the Lazaretto nuovo, the island which is now occupied by the trim gardens and monastery of the Armenian Fathers. No better description of the scene can be given than in Sansovino's own words:—

But here came only those who were well, who, having been amongst the sick, doubting whether they were infected, retired to this place, and there did quarantine for twenty-two days. Which thing I having known in my own person to my grievous loss by the death of my daughter Aurora, at the age of eleven years, and by the grief of Benedetta Misocca, my consort, in the time of the plague, in the year 1576, it pleases me to relate the order in which this work was maintained, for the example of foreign princes, so that they may clearly understand what was the singular charity of our fathers and lords towards the people in its urgent need, and so that they

may learn to imitate them with works really worthy of them, and to make perpetual memorial to the glory of this, without doubt, Christian and pious city. There were there from eight to ten thousand persons in three thousand or more boats. To all these, for the most part poor people (although there were also some nobles and citizens who lived at their own expense) who had been despoiled of their infected property which they left in Venice, was given food at the public expense for two and twenty days. So many boats, small and large (because amongst them were some hulks of disabled galleys), posted round the Lazaretto, had the appearance of an army besieging a sea city. Above was seen a banner, beyond which it was forbidden to pass, and near by was the force for the punishment of those who disobeyed the commands of the superiors.

In the morning at a proper hour appeared the inspectors, who, going from bark to bark, informed themselves if any had fallen ill, and, finding any such, sent them to the Lazaretto vecchio. Not long after this, arrived other boats laden with bread, cooked meat, fish, and wine, and dispensed the above articles to the amount of fourteen soldi the day per head, in such order, and in such silence, that it could not be surpassed. As the evening fell, there was heard a wonderful harmony of divers voices of those who at the sound of the Ave Maria, praised God, singing, some litanies, and some psalms. At night-time not a sound nor a movement was heard, so that no one would have said that there was a living man there, much less eight or ten thousand persons. But scarcely did the day dawn, when there arrived at least fifty boats, full of people who came into quarantine, the which folk were all received and saluted with mild applause and cheerfulness by every one, protesting to the new comers, that they ought to be of good heart, because here no man labored, and they were in the country of Cockaigne. Meanwhile, with prayers that came from the depth of their heart, they turned towards heaven, and, with joined hands, prayed for the perpetual maintenance of this republic. It was also a marvellous thing to see the number of boats which went to visit their divisions with divers refreshments. And neither was it a small marvel to the lookers-on to see the wooden houses, made by the public on the shores of the Lido, near the water, for the convenience of the people: because from afar it seemed like a new city: and, besides this, it had a cheerful and joyous aspect, although the hearts of the people, so crushed with much suffering, were filled with extreme compassion and grief.

But all these precautions availed but little; the plague held its own, until the Doge and Senate, in despair, vowed to build a magnificent church in honor of our Lady of Health (the Madonna della Salute) if only this plague should cease, and annually to repair in state thereto, in thanksgiving for the answer to their prayers.

In 1631, the plague abating, they immediately took thought to redeem their word, and published a request for plans from architects of all nations, writing orders to their ambassadors at different courts to help them in this object. But meantime, not to put off the day of thanksgiving, a great wooden church was temporarily erected, on the spot on which now rise the white domes, so well known to all visitors to the queen of the Adriatic. The site chosen, being on the further side of the Grand Canal, a bridge was built on boats across from the church of San Moïse to the door of the temporary erection, and all adorned with oriental carpets, and from this bridge to the door of St. Mark's the road was covered in with arches, draped with white cloth.

The chief magistrate of the Board of Health made proclamation on the Piazza di San Marco, that God, by the intercession of the Virgin, had in His mercy freed the capital of Venetia, and her provinces, from the scourge of the pestilence; and, as he finished speaking, all the bells rang out, every ship in harbor fired off a salute of artillery, and the air rang with the shouts of the people. High Mass was then sung by the Patriarch in the great Basilica, and then, in solemn order, the train passed under the white-draped arches, the Doge in his gorgeous robes of cloth of gold, the senators in their crimson brocades, richly furred, the nobles in purple velvet, and all the clergy of the city in full canonicals, making altogether such a grouping of color as now exists only in the pictures of Paolo Veronese.

The Te Deum was sung in the temporary church. But we may well imagine that beneath all this outward show of rejoicing, and in spite of the heartfelt thanksgiving for the cessation of the pestilence, which had more than decimated the city, there must have been many a sore heart; for, amidst all that gayly-adorned festal troop, there can have been none in whose family some gap had not been recently made by the enemy which laid low rich and poor alike.

The design chosen for the church which should arise on the site of the temporary fabric, was that of Baldassare Longhema, and the work was soon set in hand, but the building was not consecrated until more than fifty years after the first thanksgiving day. Now, although it is of a corrupt style of architecture, with its monstrous rolled cornices and theatrically-posed statues, it forms one of the most charming features of the Grand Canal, particularly at sunset, when the traveller returning from the Lido sees the domes rising pearly-gray against the blue and crimson sky, the water rippling gold and violet and emerald green at their feet, the vista of the opening canal stretching away into the dusk, all its inequalities softened into one general beauty in the evening haze. One of the best views of the Rialto is from a little way above the "Volta di Canal," that is, the bend made by the Grand Canal just by the great Foscari palace. The posts which every house has for the convenience of mooring the gondola, with their bright tints (being painted with the owner's colors, his crest, or coat-of-arms on the upper end), add greatly to the cheerfulness of the scene.

The aspect of the Rialto is probably as familiar to most people as their own house-door, so often has it been depicted by artists of all nations; and yet the bridge itself is not,

except for the boldness of its great span, really beautiful, being overweighted by the double row of shops on the top. Who does not think of Shylock when the Rialto is mentioned, and of his speech to the merchant?

> Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
> In the Rialto you have rated me
> About my monies and my usances.

But the Rialto here meant is not the bridge, but the space at the foot of it, where the vegetable market now is, and where in former days the merchants used to walk under the arcades and talk over their business. Here, also, after the death of a member of a patrician house, the men of the bereaved family assembled, dressed in deep mourning, *i.e.*, in long training robes of black, with hanging sleeves, and girded with a leathern belt, and received the condolences of friends, who took them solemnly by the hand, murmured a few words of sympathy, and then passed on.

On the open space at the top of the bridge stood for three days Marco Polo, the great traveller, feigning to be mad and turning a wheel, and crying incessantly, "If the Lord pleases, He will come," until, on the back of a beggar in the gazing crowd, he recognized the ragged garments, in which his treasured jewels were stitched, and which his uncle's wife had unwittingly given away.

Leaving the Rialto behind us, we see the fish market on our left, and of an early morning it is a very pretty sight, covered with baskets of little silvery fish, something like whitebait, called here "bussichetti," great dogfish with wide mouths, and quantities of the razor shell-fish, "capi lunghi," which are eaten raw, and "capi santi," the pilgrim's cockle, with its pretty yellow and rose-tinted shells. Over all these, the fishermen make awnings with the beautiful golden and scarlet sails of their boats, which lie moored along the edge of the quay.

Almost opposite to the fish market is the opening of the narrow canal which leads to the palace erst belonging to the hapless Marino Faliero, "who," as says the old historian, "being aged eighty years, very rich, of excellent heart and great eloquence, but extraordinary choleric; by this choler, being moved with great indignation at an insult done to the honor of his name, and not avenged as he desired, conspired against his country, not for lust of lordship, being of the age of eighty years and without children, but by reason of weakness of the brain, he being then so old"; and so, with brief sentence he concludes, "he was decapitated in that place in the which he had received the ducal crown": this place not being, however, at the head of the Scala del Giganti, as Byron would, in his drama, lead one to believe, that staircase not having been built until more than a hundred and fifty years after Marino's death.

The house just beyond the bridge, on the right, contains part of the original fabric in which poor Marino Faliero was born, and which, after his death, was confiscated and given as the price of blood to the furrier who had betrayed him, who did not long enjoy his ill-gotten gains, but, being of a grasping and restless character, was exiled by the Government. Over the Byzantine windows, on the second floor, is still visible the stone-carved shield of the Falieri, as well as other ancient carvings, let into the wall.

Returning into the Grand Canal, the gondola passes between many an old palace, each with its story attached. On the right, just before the bend which the canal makes towards the station, is the great Palazzo Vendramin Calerghi, sometimes called the Palazzo Non Nobis, from the inscription "Non nobis Domine, non nobis," the motto of the family, cut on the stones forming its base. Here, in 1658, took place one of those brutal murders which occasionally occur in the annals of Venice. At that date there lived in this palace Vittore, a priest, Giovanni, and Pietro, three brothers of the house of Grimani, dissolute and factious men, whom the State, tired of their crimes, had sentenced to banishment; but the three brothers braved the law, and remained in their house, surrounding themselves with bravoes, ruffians ready to obey their worst bidding.

Francesco Guerini, a Venetian noble, having in some manner incurred the hatred of the three, they had him seized on the night of the 15th January, as he was leaving the opera at the theatre then existing in the parish of San Giovanni e Paolo, and brought from thence in a gondola to their own house, taken into the little garden, which lies alongside, bordering on the Grand Canal, and there had him murdered before their eyes. The Senate, indignant at this outrage, cited the brothers to appear before its tribunal; but they, refusing to obey the summons, were again sentenced to banishment, degraded from their rank as nobles, and their goods confiscated, and, furthermore, it was decreed that their palace-door should be built up, the garden, the scene of this dastardly murder, should be laid waste, and a column erected therein bearing this inscription:—

L'abb. Vetor, Zuane e Piero, fratelli Grimani, furono banditi per haver contro la pubblica libertà, nelle proprie case barbaramente condotte e con moltissime archibugiate interfetto s. Francesco Querini, fo de Z. Francesco.

[The Abbé Victor, John and Peter, brothers Grimani, were banished for having, against the liberty of the public, bar-

barously led into their own house, and laid low with many arquebus shots, Messeri Francesco Querin son of Messeri Francesco.]

This decree was carried out; but, in spite of it, we find that some years afterwards the sentence of banishment was repealed, the brothers were restored to their former honors, the column of infamy (as these pillars commemorative of a crime were named) was removed, the garden restored to its former state, and the three murderers so far increased in wealth and prosperity that they added another wing to their already magnificent house. Truly these wicked men flourished like a green bay tree! It would be interesting to know whether their end was prosperous or whether retributive justice overtook them at last.

Further up the canal, and at the corner of the Canareggio, the broad canal which, before the days of the railway, was the main route to Mestre, stands the handsome two-storied house called Ca' (*i.e.*, Casa) Labia, once belonging to the rich and powerful family of that name, of whom the story goes that their name even was a pun on their riches, "mi pare che *abbia* quella casa sempre richezze," says the gondolier (Venetian speech dropping every *l*) who tells the tale, of how so great and wealthy were they, and so proud thereof that they wished to appear even more so, and, therefore, gave magnificent banquets to many gentlemen, every one being served on golden plates, the which, after dinner, the servants had orders to throw from the windows into the canal, as if these things were of but little worth to such as they; "but," adds the narrator, "mark this, guards were set to watch the spot, and at night, when all was quiet, the heir of the house lived, and recovered all his golden plates which for ostentation had been cast away; but the end of their pride and vain-glory was, that these who had been so rich and powerful ended their days in misery and poverty." We do not know what gave rise to this tradition, but certain it is that the Labia were very wealthy, for it is recorded that many a time they entertained more than forty gentlemen at banquets, where every one was served on gold; and on one occasion, Paolo Antonio Labia, on his return from some naval expedition, when the men under his command were disbanded, furnished three hundred of them with new garments and food, and money sufficient to take every man to his own home, be the distance what it might. The richly ornamented Palazzo is now turned into a "deposito di carrozze," but, considering that such a thing as a carriage is unknown in Venice, the business can scarcely be a lucrative one.

Close beside the house rises the campanile of the church of San Geremia. A view of which is to be found amongst Canaletto's pictures of Venice; but the church then bore quite a different aspect to its present one, the entire building having since been remodelled.

Beyond the Canareggio bridge rise the tall houses of the Ghetto, the part of Venice which, after many years of total exclusion of the Jews from the city, was, in 1416, at last conceded to them; under the condition that they should never be seen without, says the ancient decree, a large yellow O, as big as a loaf, on their breasts, and a yellow cap on their heads. The Ghetto of Venice is, contrary to the traveller's usual experience, one of the cleanest parts of the city; and its inhabitants seem here, as elsewhere, to have been prosperous in money-getting, for some of the finest houses in the Grand Canal now belong to members of the Chosen People.

The stranger in Venice is particularly struck by the curious narrow ways which lead up to some of the best houses, making it almost impossible for him to find his road to them on foot, as the narrow alleys, or "calle," as they are called here, twist and turn in the most confusing manner. Neither is the fashion of numbering the houses conducive to ease in finding any given address, as the whole of each parish is numbered through from beginning to end, without any reference to the names of the streets; the reason of this being, doubtless, that within a few hundred square yards several streets bearing the same name are to be found, "Calle della Malvasia" and "Calle del Magazen" being the most frequent—the former from the, in ancient times, large number of shops for the sale of the favorite wine, "Malvasia," *i.e.*, Malvoisie; and the latter referring to the small taverns called "magazeni," where loans of small sums of money were obtainable as well as wine.

Passing from the Campo di San Polo, a large open square, surrounded with handsome houses now falling into decay, through one of the above-mentioned Calle del Magazen, a narrow tortuous passage, about four feet wide, we reach a little bridge, a modern erection, across which the way leads, under low pillars, along the quay of a little canal, the Rielo di S. Polo, to the back or land-entrance of the Ca' Cappello, not the house from which the famous Bianca Capello fled with her Florentine lover, but a smaller one belonging to another branch of the family, and the front of which was formerly adorned with paintings by Paolo Veronese and his friend Zelotti, but of which works of priceless value no traces now remain. In this palace,

on the 9th of February, 1519, the head of the Capelli gave a great fête, and Sanuto tells in his diary how it was feared that the merry-making would be broken up, a quarrel having arisen amongst some of the guests; but peace being fortunately re-established, the gentlemen proceeded, each with his lady, under the pillars, above mentioned, into the Campo San Polo, where, having danced till nine o'clock, they returned to the Ca' Capello, where they supped, the banquet being no doubt laid in the great hall, which here, as in most old Venetian palaces, runs through the centre of the house, on the first floor, and from which hall, it may be said in conclusion, these few glimpses of old Venetian customs are taken. —AMY LAYARD, in *The National Review.*

A WALK TO COOMASSIE.

As one stands on the bare sandy shores of a tropical country, under a sweltering sun, and views the distant dark and shady forest, there is an almost irresistible inclination to rush into it and hide away from the powerful penetrating rays that almost bear one down, as well as from the bright glare of sea and sparkling sand, so trying to the optics of Europeans.

Nor is it less tempting to flee from the noisy tumult of a serf-bound shore, lashed to fury by great Atlantic rollers; for, though pleasing enough at first to watch the snowy wreaths of spray curling up the beach, the great sound becomes alternately monotonous, unpleasant, and detestable, in proportion as the coast malaria and its remedies work upon the nerves and lower system.

On reaching the summit of any of the several eminences around Cape Coast Castle —one of the chief towns of the Gold Coast Colony—a noble forest is displayed to view, the horizon being occasionally broken by clusters of monster trees topping patches of rising ground, whilst, greeting the eye for many a long mile northward is an unbroken wall of green, softened, and eventually shrouded, by hanging gray mists.

On an afternoon towards the end of October, between the sets of a game of lawn tennis on Connor's Hill—the military sanitarium—I got a first view of the dense forest, then wrapped in mist, shaded by sombre hazy clouds, through which the sun was making vain efforts of a setting show, but only succeeded in diffusing a sallow complexion around, until, on reaching the horizon, it burst into a brilliant red for a brief space before abruptly retiring for the night. Inland to the east and north long dark lines radiating downwards showed that heavy rain was falling, and ominous features here and there in the landscape made it more or less apparent where tornadoes raged. The aspect, so dark and dreary, was not so enchanting at first sight as an intending traveller might wish; yet, with all its imaginary drawbacks, there is a certain charm in penetrating the great primeval forest full of so many quaint ways and customs not to be met with on the beaten tracks of civilization.

It was at the period of the "latter rains" and rather warm—4° N. lat.—that with a few unarmed Fantee and Crepi carriers and interpreters I started for a walk through the Ashantee country to Coomassie, taking a few necessary tinned stores, a hammock in case of illness, a fox terrier, materials for collecting specimens, animal and vegetable, together with some loads of presents for kings and chiefs; the latter an absolute necessity—the passport, in fact.

On emerging from Cape Coast the road immediately narrows to a footpath, winding through stunted bush over undulating ground, crested by clumps of large trees, the lower levels being wet, with a covering of tall, sedgy grass, through which many long-tailed humming birds of rich plumage are constantly to be seen flitting, and dragon flies, amongst numerous worthy representatives of their order (*Neuroptera*) are seen to immense advantage as they hover round the variegated wild flowers that grow there in rich profusion. Native villages are numerous. About every half hour their presence is betokened by groves of palm and cocoanut trees under which thrive plantain and banana, which constitute the food and wealth of those living in proximity to the coast. As a matter of course, these villages are vastly superior to those further north, many houses being constructed on regular lines, with an upper floor, doors that lock, and framed pictures on the walls. This is in a great measure due to the fact that the boys who travel to the coast towns often remain there as servants, whence they merge into the artisan and skilled laborer, returning after awhile to renovate their old villages with plumb-line and square.

Four hours from Cape Coast is the village of Brofu-yedo, the first of a series so named by the Ashantees in the war of 1873–74, meaning "the English are heavy." Time after time, when the Ashantees recoiled before the invincible advance of Sir Garnet Wolseley's force, they were constrained to use that expression to denote where they were worsted or overwhelmed. North-west from Assayboo

branches a small path to Abrakrampa, where the enemy made a prolonged and vigorous attack upon a British garrison. Though unsuccessful, it tended to show the pluck and determination of the Ashantees, who had wandered thus far from their country to beard the white man in his den.

N.N.E. of Assayboo stands Acroful, a large village prettily situated, now as salient a point as a Wesleyan (native) mission station as it was a strategical one during the war. The missionary, who speaks a little English, has a large mission house, and, in addition to his own services, is continually making a circuit of the outlying villages, in conjunction with a brother missionary stationed at Dunquah, a day's march north.

These native gentlemen are hospitable, and delighted to see a white man. They are keen for news, and love to get a newspaper. I gave an old copy of the *Times* to one of them, who, with great difficulty and much pleasure spelled half through the front advertisement sheet during the evening; he would probably finish the paper in the course of a week or two, and then he would have not only a feast of conversation on circuit, but a covering for the bare walls and literature for the children, until the ants devoured it. On my asking him how he amused himself generally, he replied that he read sermons, of which his collection was old and odd. Around his bush mansion were some very fine cocoanut trees, of which he "dashed" me some of the fruit; refreshing it is, too, after a tramp to have a draught of the milk, always cool and sweet.

On leaving Acroful the scene changes from low bush to the great primeval forest in all its glory; gigantic trees, from two to three hundred feet in height, with branchless boles, hold perpetual sway, each one with outstretched arms appearing a very forest in itself. The path threads its way through everlasting shade, which gives the trellised green foliage a sombre hue, ever and anon brightened and intensified by gleams of sunshine peeping through the verdant labyrinth.

Frequent villages are seen on the way to Dunquah and Yankoomassie, both of which are large, the former possessing a missionary and the latter a king, who was the first to relieve me of some of my presents and lighten the carriers' loads.

Native carriers are a terrible nuisance, but they are a necessary evil, for it is the only means of transport in this country. Draught animal's won't live; there are no roads for wheeled traffic, neither are there vehicles, so the traveller must perforce pack his goods in small bundles and see them mounted on the heads of native grumblers. First they complain of the weight, then of weather, distance, and "chop," as all food on the coast is designated, and very often refuse to budge. But the sight of a wphi acts like spurs to a horse—they are often effective as persuaders without being used.

A few hours further on lies the pleasant and somewhat populous village of Incran, where resides a genial and autocratic chief. By repute he is wealthy and well-to-do, possessing, amongst other treasures, two looking-glasses, eight umbrellas, a hammock, a real bed, crockery, an armory of ancient firelocks, two framed pictures of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and a colored group of Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family, of which he is very proud. The latter were purchased at a coast town years ago, probably in exchange for a valuable tusk of ivory or parcel of gold dust.

The "latter rains" which prevail in the forest at this time of year are by no means pleasant, being cold and heavy, though fortunately of short duration. Generally speaking, a sudden and brilliant flash or two of lightning, accompanied by loud pearls of thunder, usher in the storm that breaks immediately overhead; a whisp or two of cold wind scudding up the path precede the roaring tornado and terminal deluge which are in full swing before there is scarce time to don the oilskin. Forest tornadoes are unique. The most powerful current of wind, having absorbed the counter currents, gravitates downwards, and thence by wild vagaries through the bush, snatching up an occasional cloud of dead leaves, which are again left to meander back again; saplings sway to each other for support; the strong bend and recover, the weak succumb and are laid at rest, as it were, in the arms of some monster parent. Finally, there is a great gathering of strength, and the mighty current hurls itself with irresistible fury at some worthy monarch, which, with a mighty crash, is borne to its eternal rest in the soft forest bed, there to lie in state, shrouded by lichens, under Nature's green mantle, until a generation's leaves have raised their monument over fallen majesty. Lying across the track such sights are frequently to be seen, rather favoring the theory that the vacuum of a path cut in the bush, small though it be, inducts the motive power that does its direful work.

It is remarkable to observe, too, the effect of multitudinous footmarks which the natives have planted in crossing these fallen trees, in many cases the indentations being clearly defined, as if a model foot had been moulded into the trunk.

Half an hour from Incran the welcome and somewhat unusual sound of running water greets the ear—unusual, because there is nothing but stagnant water along the coast and a paucity of springs inland. The little river Wanquah, here trending east and south, is typical of all the Ashantee rivers, in which stony reaches, tiny cascades, and deep shady pools alternate. Here the natives ply their nets successfully, obtaining an ample supply of fish, which, with plantains, constitute their daily food. Isaac Walton is unknown to them; when they saw me trying a venture with an improvised hook and bamboo cane they expressed their thoughts in unmistakable looks—"a fool at one end and worm at the other;" nor were they very far wrong, for my sport was *nil*, though possibly the bait —parrot's leg—had something to do with it.

En route to Mansue the scene presents a striking picture of woodland hills and ravines, threaded by innumerable small streams nestling in huge groves of bamboo, so huge and dark, indeed, that it is like entering a tunnel as the path courses through them. The rains soon find their level in this region; consequently the path is, as a rule, clear. Its edges are lined with such a fringe of wild flora as would gladden the heart of a professional botanist, to whom a large field for investigation is open. Bluebells predominate; but tulips, lilies, convolvuluses, hyacinths, and forget-me-nots are continually to be seen. Orchids and ferns pursue an unchecked career, the sight of them becoming almost monotonous by reason of their luxuriant growth. Altogether, the solid wall of green foliage on either side of the wayfarer imparts a prison-like aspect —a prison of leaves instead of stone, though not less irksome. Not less striking are the entrances to many of the villages in this district; regular groves of wild laurel and croton oil trees line the winding way, and the whole scene so resembles a big English park that the traveller is in momentary expectation of seeing a keeper's lodge round the corner, or hearing the inevitable black dog strike up a warning note of "Who goes there?"

Mansue is a large clearing, with huts in the centre for a detachment of Houssas stationed there. It was a prominent place during the war, and contains a Fantee king, who paid me the usual complimentary visit, bringing yams and palm wine by way of "dash," for which I gave him, in return, umbrellas, cloth, and gin. He was very anxious to let me see the ancient skull of an Ashantee acquired by some of his people in war—a great achievement, as the Ashantees are essentially warriors, and have rarely been known to let their dead be captured by Fantees.

Topping a picturesque little valley a few miles on, I observed for the first time some flat sandstone rocks, slightly exposed only, apparently part of an inclined stratum; but even here it was impossible to find a loose stone, the absence of which throughout the forest is remarkable. These rocks were worn almost smooth by continual effusion of rain-water over them, and must have been walked over for many years, to judge by the well-defined footmarks thereon. The natives have a habit of marching along in single file, stepping almost in the same identical spots, so that in time series of ruts are formed and maintained by pedestrians until heavy rains render them impracticable.

Hereabouts and elsewhere in patches grow what the natives call Ton-ton trees, small and of a sort of cactus growth, resembling in shape a large umbrella half shut down. The leaves are long—about six feet—having sharp-pointed blades, barbed sides, and resupinate bark, that scales readily. From these trees mats of every size, color, and description are ingeniously made, and taken to the coast for sale.

One of the most extraordinary features of the forest is to see, or, rather, to hear it wake. Till about an hour prior to dawn a most perfect stillness reigns; then Nature's existence is manifested by faint pulsations, which grow in strength until, with a rush, light extinguishes the darkness.

It seemed difficult to credit a sound that came stealing through the bush one early morning, viz., the sound of a saw. With some little difficulty and scrambling I traced the origin, and there found in all reality two natives plying a double-handed weapon through an immense beam of ironwood, which seemed to defy all their efforts. They had ruled lines to work upon, wedges and grindstone, rough though they were, and were not inclined to hurry themselves; probably a week would see them through it, and six months' indolence follow the sale of it on the coast. Their wives, who had just brought them some "chop," promptly decamped into the bush, nor could any assurance induce them to leave their hiding places. Possibly they had never seen a white man before. I was anxious to get some wood specimens, and offered to wait an hour or two if the sawyers would supply me with blocks; but, as with all these tribes, it was the old story—manana (to-morrow), and so on my return homewards.

The discolored river Akkie—about 50 feet from bank to bank—was much swollen by late rains, and seemed in a great hurry to get down to the sea. A tree that had fallen across in some bygone tornado was too

slippery to scale, so there was nothing left but to wade. Hammock men are both excellent fellows and most sure-footed animals, and they are always willing to carry their master aloft through the water; but there is something inglorious in being pitchforked head-first into it, which the slightest *faux pas* may cause. A little extra liquid is no great hardship when one is more or less soaked by dew-drippings and wet grass in the morning, thunder-storms in the afternoon, and dew damp at night, added to continual ploughing through swamps and sloughs; the latter infuse a little color into the picture. Yet, with all this liquid, there is an almost entire lack of decent drinking water, for, after both filtering and boiling, it retains a sediment and has a soapy flavor, which combine to make it unpalatable otherwise than in the dark.

Resting on the banks of the Akkie was a corporal's guard of some native chief carrying, *mirabile dictu*, a coffin of curious darkey workmanship, studded with brass-headed nails, having a thong-hinged cover wrought with various devices and fastened by a thole pin; over all lay an unblemished mat by way of pall. After much palavering, the officer in charge permitted me a view of the interior of this rough-hewn cavern, which contained, to my surprise, monkey skins, plantains, tobacco, and the usual bottle of trade gin. It is the fashion for those potentates who can afford it to be consigned to their rest in such manner, and not unusual to send many leagues in order to obtain the necessary sacred wood.

From Mansue to Prahsu is about twenty-four hours actual going, though with less mud and slush it might be reduced. Prominent in this region are monster trees feathered with fern from base to summit, laced and interlaced with leafless creepers whose adventitious roots, after subterranean wanderings, shoot up again in weird forms and angular lines like the rigging of a full-masted ship. How the ferns attain unassisted to such altitude, though at first a mystery, is soon discovered by watching the forest ants, whose history well deserves the study of some enthusiastic entomologist keen enough to pursue his labors long enough in the midst of a poisonous malaria that pervades the atmosphere and insinuates itself into the human system.

These insects are generally to be seen in regular marshalled armies of two lines—going and returning—on paths obscured from view by flanking walls of their own kin; officers, sentries, vedettes, advance and rear guards, columns and corps are visible to the most casual observer, and woe be to the unfortunate traveller whose fate it is to be invaded at night. Nothing will turn them; you may break but cannot bend them, and *lex talionis* is their motto. They may constantly be seen on the march with loads from one point to another, often enough their termini being the apex of some lofty bole where, after depositing their cargo, it is welded together in crusted clumps by skilled laborers in waiting. In course of time various seeds and articles of root capable of germination are transported and matured, and then the tree presents more the appearance of a huge overgrown tower. On my drawing with the butt end of a gun a line through the armies, an immediate halt took place, files of skirmishers were sent out, and the casualties carried away as if by organized Ambulance Corps. The lines were then reformed and proceeded as before.

Prahsu, formerly the boundary of the British Protectorate, and memorable in the annals of the war, is now, as it then was, the key to Ashantee.

It may be described as a fine large clearing on the banks of the great river Prah—great, for this part of Africa—which, when full of water, affords an imposing appearance as it rolls muddily along a serpent's course through the forest. On the south bank are a few huts for the Houssa constabulary, and an officer's bungalow *vis à vis* to a native village. An apology for a punt does duty as ferry in charge of an old Methuselah, who plies a sort of fishing-rod pole in a feeble manner, so that by dint of luck the craft is navigated more perforce of current than of strength or skill. The currents are most irregular and deceptive, due in great measure to the backwaters caused by windings, and in lesser measure to the obstruction offered to natural flow by accumulations around submerged trees that either through tornadoes or shelving banks have fallen across the river. This, of course, renders navigation, especially up stream, a difficult matter. It was only after the greatest labor that in a rough but light canoe paddled by three natives, we were able to head the races that spun out from submerged trees, and then when once above, there was still greater labor to avoid being drawn into the line of draught and locked in the network of exposed branches.

Both up and down stream are innumerable creeks capable of admitting a small craft; but progress is tedious, and the smell from putrid slime water and loathsome swamps intensely disagreeable, though not less so than the continual switching across one's face of what the Dutch Boers in South Africa call "Wait-a-bit" brambles. These are the undisturbed haunts

of the crocodile and other amphibiæ which are readily seen when once in motion, but hard to distinguish otherwise by reason of their sympathetic coloring. They are scarcely ever molested by the natives, whose soul ideas seem centred in fishing and growing plantains. Fish, both in the river and creeks, are plentiful—barbel, eels, shrimps, crabs, flat fish, and some species of the carp family falling freely to the native net and tice-basket.

The Prah is, perhaps, best seen to advantage at sunset, when it is possible to catch a glimpse of glorious mellow tints—a rare sight in this country of perpetual green. As a rule, the banks bear down in gradual slopes that are wooded to the water's edge by large trees whose massive branches cast an everlasting shade, under which a boat might creep unsunned, but for recumbent trees imbedded in the deep. Above the bends are grand sweeping reaches and rich woodland scenery of the finest description, a fine field for the artist.

N.N.W. by compass from Prahsu to Foomusu * is a good hard day's tramp from dawn to dusk, passing Essiaman midway and a few hunting villages here and there. North of the Prah the path deteriorates, becoming overgrown and little less than a quagmire, slippery and treacherous. Trudging carelessly along in front on one occasion, looking for specimens, I had the misfortune to flounce unsuspectedly into a mud hole mantled by a green flowerless plant whose chief functions may have been to delude the unwary traveller with an idea that he was going to get a sure foothold. It was a trivial enough circumstance, only resulting in my gun and self getting well primed with a black turbid mixture, but there was a lesson to be learnt from it. I proceeded to scrape away diligently on the far side until the native carriers came up, in order to watch their discomfiture; to my infinite surprise, however, as each approached, without apparently scanning the foreground even, they were warned by pure instinct, and deviated accordingly amidst much quiet merriment at my plight.

Foomusu is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Foom, a rippling stony river "born," as the natives naïvely express it, in Akim, and draped throughout its course in foliage.

The chief informed me that he was much frightened of the English; that he and his people hid from our army of 1874, and that his son was being educated by the Wesleyan missionaries with a view to being gathered to their flock. Still the old man continued steadfast in the faith of his forefathers, on the subject of which he was good enough to discourse as we sat in dim twilight under "the village tree" surrounded by his people. He stated amongst other things that he had only to ask his fetische for good health or gold, and would get it, provided the spirit was not "vexed." Upon my asking if the fetische would also supply me with gold, he said "Yes, if you give me some more present, and some 'chop' for fetische, when you go live for Cape Coast one time more you shall get Queen gold."

These people have all a great idea of Her Most Gracious Majesty, to whom they assign the powers and position of a supernaturalist. In the same way the Magwamba tribes north of the Drakensburg, in South Africa, entertaining the same views, manufactured a long aristocratic name for Her Majesty, meaning in their figurative language, "The woman with the long ears because she hears everything."

I told the chief that it would be impossible for me to wait so long; my anxiety was to make the acquaintance of Monsieur Fetische at once; would he be so good as to relieve me of a wearying attack of neuralgia? If so, my present was ready, together with "chop," for monsieur. The chief agreed readily to accept the present; and, further, undertook to afford me relief, for which purpose he placed a hen's egg on the far side of the river, in conjunction with a pot of plantain and palm oil. It is needless to say that they remained untouched by the spirit,—and so did the neuralgia.

Having been unable to obtain any itineraries beyond Prahsu, it now became a rather difficult matter to gauge the distance of favorable halting places ahead, more especially as one's own servants invariably throw obstacles in the way of moving on, and interpret "intelligence" replies as best suits their inclinations. I had nevertheless an excellent interpreter, whose intentions, however, were far better than his idea of time or distance; in fact, it seems almost impossible for a native to become a judge of either. For instance, it nearly always happened that his "mile and a bit" meant that the "bit" was three times as long as the mile; nor shall I forget his memorable answer to me later on approaching Coomassie, that it was about *two hours or twenty minutes'* walk. So, when they informed me that Fomannah, the capital of Adansi, whose king had sent to say he would be ready to receive at 5 P M. on November 9, was only "just over the hill," I took a leisurely view of the matter, and jogged quietly along from Foomusu until a sudden view of the mountain dispelled the happy illusion.

It was late in the afternoon when, tired, wet, and hungry, we started to scale the pre-

* "Su" means top hence Prah-su, top of Prah, top of Foom, etc.

cipitous Moinsi Hill, rising from a picturesque valley coursed by a crystal stream—the first—near which nestled a hunting village built upon the lines of store huts erected there by the army of '74.

On the amphitheatre is another village of larger dimensions—a sort of fashionable suburb, whose aristocracy are said to speak disparagingly of the folks "over there" (pointing to the hill). From this point to a parallel one of the amphitheatre on the far side it entailed three hours' incessant climbing of an arduous nature, the descent being the most trying ordeal, as the narrow path was thorny, wet, and slippery, and twilight had sped away, leaving us to circle and dim in the dark with Fomannah sighted, lost and resighted, like a "will-o'-the-wisp" in the distance. The night was well advanced ere I struggled into the town after fourteen hours' tramp, footsore and feverish. Nothing produces fever so much as over-fatigue and wet, both of which had fallen to my lot this day in consequence of wrong information. However, the worst had to come, for the king had issued his "At Home," and there was no alternative but to accept. His Majesty was all courtesy and benignity as he sat by torchlight under mighty umbrellas, proffering the hand of friendship, nor was he satisfied until I had sat me down six yards distant, and received his return call in all solemnity. As many as liked of his followers wrung my hand held out in feverish despair, and then, dragging my steps to the Traveller's hut, I sank upon a hard, chilly bench to revel for the night in wild, sleepless dreams. These trivialities are mentioned, not by way of illustrating hardships, but simply to show what is entailed upon travel in this country.

The next day happened to be Yam Customs—a harvest festival to celebrate the maturity of young fruits. Fomannah was *en fête* from dawn to midnight, nor did the young bloods lose an opportunity of letting the stranger know that there was an abundance of tom-toms and lusty arms to beat them. In quiet nooks on the outskirts lay consecrated calibashes of palm oil, mashed yams, and plantains deposited upon altars to propitiate the fetisches, whose appetites must certainly have failed, to judge from the length of time the food remained untouched. In time it disappeared, probably through the medium of birds and wild animals, for I do not believe the most famished native—a believer in the woodland sprites—would touch one morsel dedicated to the Deities.

The festival is a signal for all work to be laid aside in substitution for the following entertainments:—furious beating of drums, tin pots, and oil cans, bell ringing, singing, dancing, and drinking for so long a time as the liquor lasts.

The king regales his chiefs and headmen with rum or gin, and each chief supplies his adherents so far as lies in his power, the women and even children taking their nip as opportunity offers. The drums are quaint and effective, varying as much in size as they do in sound; they are generally made of buckskin strained across elongated wooden or knitted bark tubes, and are played with a stick cut in the form of the letter L. The band is superintended by one fetischeman, whose particular province it is to ensure that no drum shall burst on Customs day; he also has charge of the orchestral refreshment, which he turns to good account on his own behalf.

During the evening His Majesty sat umbrella'd under a large reception tree, surrounded by his retainers and a body-guard of twenty soldiers, armed with somewhat obsolete muskets; his grateful people then presented him with palm wine, after spilling some on the ground as libations to the fetisches; they then danced out the evening, the queen (Victoria, as my interpreter expressed it) leading off with a walk round, remarkable alike for contortions of body and face, which her dutiful subjects most successfully emulated. On retirement of the Royal party the people formed into knots and broke out into boisterous mirth, suspended only when some popular chorus was struck, and they united in one strong voice to fill the forest with strange mysterious chants—weird in sound and rhythm—harmonious though they contrived it not.

As night wore on, a fierce tornado broke over the great Adansi hill; peals of crackling thunder followed quick on the bright tropical lightning, which lingered amongst the trees like a fixed illumination whence imaginary glades and avenues were revealed, lacking only the remnant of a gray ruin cresting the eminence to complete a thrilling picture.

Fomannah is damp to a degree in consequence of deep prevailing swamps, caused by the accumulation of rain water from the surrounding hills. It is quite a large town in its way, long and straggling in appearance, with fair buildings of the usual bamboo and mud. The king is kind and his people are happy; Quatucoe—the Prime Minister—is a most hearty old gentleman, beaming with smiles and good nature, to whom I was indebted for good advice and useful information, as well as for a duck and some yams, with which he supplemented the king's presents to me.

From Fomannah north the path is intersected by many small streams, which overflow af-

ter heavy rains, and convert the country into a morass—at times almost impassable. Captain Barrow and Mr. Kirby, who were unfortunate enough to be travelling there in the rainy season, experienced throughout their journey frightful difficulties, and were often delayed days together until some river had fallen or the morasses hardened. It is useless to calculate upon bridges, though many there are, constructed neatly out of bamboo poles transversely crossed upon joists planted in the river beds, and oftentimes bound together by old telegraph wire, left behind by the Royal Engineers after the war. When a heavy flood comes down, away goes everything, even the stone culverts constructed south of the Prah by practical surveyors. In these floods great fallen trees are even forced along until they become tightly wedged or blocked by some immovable objects. The height of these floods may be traced months afterwards by observing the deposit of water refuse upon the branches of trees, and a most unaccountable height it is sometimes.

Many uprooted trees lie across the path to Amoaful, a clear open village selected by the Ashantees for their most determined stand against our army. The neighboring villages show a great falling off in style and finish, the paths leading to them being overgrown and neglected, rendering passage a matter of labor and difficulty.

The chief of Amoaful is a fine handsome young man about 6 feet 3 inches in height. *In puris naturalibus* he was as fine a specimen as one could wish to see, and a sound sportsman in the bargain, though sadly incommoded by that curse of the country, guinea-worm. This is an insect supposed by some people to be acquired by contact with impure water, as it is not infrequently found in the shoulders, where water carried on the head in bowls has been allowed to drip. It is generally to be found, however, established by burrowing in the feet and legs, which contract so soon as the painful inflammation sets in; the skin then gets tense and shiny, and when an abscess-like head is revealed the native doctors make a rough crucial incision with an ordinary "chop" knife, sharpened upon the nearest stone, through which one end of the worm is drawn, fastened to a stick and wound up till completely extracted. The young chief informed me with a grave face that the fetische had sent him the worm. On my asking, Why? he replied, "I tink fetische no live for like me, so he send me guinea-worm to harm. What I can do? I no can make palaver with fetische. I 'dash' him chop, but he no like, so I must pain."

One cannot help being struck, too, at the sight of so many toeless people, suffering from the ravages of jiggers, also burrowing insects, which generally insinuate themselves through the thickened epidermis at the sides of the nails or on the sole of the foot. Their presence is detected by the feeling as of a thorn; if the part affected is not at once pricked and thoroughly squeezed, there follows a deposit of ova, which, upon maturity, cause the infected limb to wither and drop off.

The popular food in Ashanteeland is the plantain, on which they can not only subsist but thrive and work hard; native carriers, for instance, fed upon them can easily cover from twenty to thirty miles a day, carrying loads of fifty pounds weight. It can be baked, boiled, stewed, or eaten raw, the skins serving as food for sheep, the leaves as thatch, and an essential oil obtained from the stem is not only marketable, but valuable to the ladies as a shiny cosmetic for physiognomy and coiffure. The latter is made quite a scientific study; groups of girls may often be seen of an afternoon squatting on a village green having their wool trimmed and trained in all the fantastic devices of bunch, tuft, knobs and horns, to each of which lead a maze of white partings like the arcs of a circle.

Besides plantains the country produces in various parts bananas, paw-paws, limes, oranges, water-melons, grenadillas, maize, sweet potatoes, cocoanuts, cocoa plant, cola nuts, yams, cassava, beans, pepper, okero, groundnut, palm kernels wine and oil, croton and castor oil. When industrious enough the people trade in monkey and other skins, sandals, mats, indigo blue, ochre, and cloths made from cotton of the country. The latter are manufactured by the men with remarkable looms of their own invention; they are dyed all manner of colors, and when completed are excellent specimens of workmanship.

A day's march from Amoaful, situate on a rise between two small valleys, is the cosy little village of Adwabim, of which my interpreter innocently informed me the headman was a woman.

The little queen, as they called her, was of prepossessing appearance, and claimed to be a near relative of the royal family, her husband being a nonentity. She and her people were in a most rueful condition in consequence of raids by the Coomassie chiefs, who were said to have robbed, slain, and devastated in the hamlet. "Therefore," said the chieftess, with tears in her eyes, "I want to come for English Government. Coomassie people too much spoil me; my young men, they all kill! my old men, they all kill! What I must do? I live for vex."

I could only tell her what I had already told many others who had appealed to me in distress, that my mission was not a political one.

In her poverty she brought me a fowl and some yams, in return for which she received a handsome piece of cloth intended for some exalted potentate. My admiration for the brave little woman was increased from the fact that she had just personally stopped a hand-to-hand fight between two of her men subjects, and had ordered an arbitration of the quarrel, at which she invited me to preside. I declined. Curiosity, however, tempted me to watch the proceedings, which were carried out in the most orderly manner until announcement of the decision, whereupon the friends of both parties fell to cudgelling each other vigorously, in which the arbitrator freely joined.

Shortly after leaving Adwabim we were met by gold cane-bearers, whom the king had despatched from Coomassie with a message of welcome, in reply to mine apprising him of the visit. The king's message ran: "The Englishman must come one time (at once) in charge of guides waiting at Akassie." On reaching Akassie the guides presented themselves, and we started at 3 P.M. for the great city. An hour later the path bifurcated, one fork looking cleared, the other uncleared, our steps being directed to the latter by the guides, who, in spite of all remonstrances, signified their inability to take the direct and open course. Their action was governed by various considerations: First, orders from the king; second, the rule never to introduce strangers by the direct route; third, the medicine men had made fetische along the road I was to travel, evidence of which was visible from time to time in the deposit of certain phylacteries calculated to ensure the discomfiture of any evil spirit.

We were therefore led through a perfect maze, requiring in many cases to be cut through, and eventually reached the south-eastern corner of the town just as the sun was sinking in all its tropical glory through the forest on the far side. For a few moments, whilst news of our arrival was travelling to the palace, I had leisure to scan the aspect from this point of view, and a most disappointed one it was. Instead of a great city of streets, containing the palatial residences of the great Ashantee nobility, it appeared little more than an ordinary native town—a conglomeration of insignificant bamboo huts; not one striking object was apparent, except it were a certain dark looking cluster of trees hovered over by a cloud of vultures, that may have been routed from their foul mortuary or were airing themselves after being satiated with carrion.

In half an hour messengers returned with the king's permission to move on, guns were fired, drums beat, horns blown, and a number of people lined the so-called streets leading to the one where a hut set apart for my use was situated. Chief Bussumburu, the owner, a genial and kind old man, was deputed to be my guardian, and received me with all the dignified urbanity characteristic of a true Ashantee noble. Though no warm bath or cup of tea awaited me, there was the old man's warm welcome and a refreshing smile upon his face as he said, "Thank you, thank you" (How are you?). Furthermore, the clay floor was clean stained, a new straw mat lay on the threshold, and hanging on the walls were the remains of a looking-glass streaked through by some wondering "Alice" curious to know what mystery lay behind the mercury. This, with the addition of an illustrated advertisement page of the *Field* newspaper, and a half-used bottle of Pain-killer, constituted the furniture.

Almost before there was time to change my torn and stained accoutrements, intelligence arrived that the king was ready to "receive." It was then dark, but torches had been provided, and, preceded by a file of the guard, we started for the royal trysting-place, with Bussumburu as chief of the staff.

On emerging from the so-called street into an open plot a blaze of torchlight was revealed upon an eminence hard by the centre of the town, to which we were guided with slow and cautious steps, in order to avoid stumbling into the ruts and ravines—ravages of rain—grown to an alarming extent since the senators of Coomassie have neglected their city and centred all their energies in civil strife.

Upon the illumined eminence, under a canopy of huge umbrellas, begirt by his retainers, sat His Majesty Quacoe Duah, a fledgling king, who but a few days before had been invested with the sceptre* of Ashantee, vice his deposed uncle, Osai Mensah. His hands were loaded with rings, his feet cased in gold-decked sandals, and a rich green and gold-spangled toga enveloped his body. Of medium height, well built, with a large head, open forehead, close beard, and placid, meaningless countenance, he bore an almost striking resemblance in face to the present Tewfik Pasha, quasi-Khedive of Egypt. Around him in tiers sat his nobles and chiefs, each invested in his own state, and a vast concourse of people whom curiosity had beguiled

* The emblem of kingship in Ashantee is the *Golden Stool*.

to come and see the White Man. Preceded by Bussumburu, I walked around the amphitheatre, shaking hands with the king and others whom he indicated, and was greeted throughout by the same simple expression, "Thank you." This ended the reception. We then retired to an opposite eminence at some distance, and there awaited the return visit, in conformity with Ashantee etiquette. In the course of some minutes a dozen elephant-horns heralded forth that the royal party were in motion, just as the moon dallied upwards in silver streaks through the trees, whose lower leafless branches stood out in bold relief like demons with outstretched arms. Amidst all the revelry of all their barbarous music, the waving of torches and umbrellas (a curious custom), came the king in full pageant, preceded by his courtiers, and followed only by Owusu Kokor—the Bismarck of Ashantee—a fine, intelligent-looking man, full of characteristic feature, the whole company of magnates, from prime minister to chief executioner and king's eunuch, shaking my hand until it was well nigh paralyzed.

The same night, at 11 P.M., when I had scarce lain down to rest, tired and feverish, the king was suddenly announced, and, with a portion of his retinue, including a slave child of ex-King Koffee Kalkalli, crowded the little room almost to suffocation. He had come on a private visit, to ask what "palaver" had brought me to Ashantee, without escort or ostentation. In a few simple words I informed him that my mission was actuated purely by a desire to see the Ashantee people and their country, and was in no way whatever connected with Government. The only question his majesty put was, "When is Captain Barrow coming to settle our palaver?"

Early next morning the horns sounded the assembly, and a summons arrived for me to attend the council. On arriving at the council courtyard, a large umbrella was sent for my benefit, and after the usual formalities I was called upon to make an explanatory "palaver" to the king, chiefs, and people assembled. My standing up to do so was the signal for loud applause, subdued eventually by officers of the court loudly shouting "T'jéa," resembling in English the sound of "Cha-ir." When silence was restored I reiterated the statement made overnight to the king, which my interpreter addressed to the royal interpreter, and he again to his majesty and the people. A bevy of chiefs, who sat next the king's interpreter, expressed their approval of his rendering by the word "Yeouw," meaning "Yes," continually repeated. Such was the procedure. They then said, "How is this? no white man comes here except for Queen's palaver." On being pressed for some proof of my words, I could only think of one thing, viz., the production of my collections, ornithological, entomological, and botanical; so round they went, from hand to hand, plants and ferns, butterflies, beetles, and birds. They certainly caused much diversion, but did not clear me, for I was marched back to my quarters, and there maintained in captivity for five days—though it mattered little, for I was down with fever the whole time and callous to everything.

Meanwhile died the sister of Osoo Ansah, a Prince of the blood, now under pension at Cape Coast. After the usual protracted ceremonies of dancing, gun firing, rum drinking, and mourning, she was laid to her rest within the precincts of the palace.

On the sixth day the king and his mother, *i.e.*, the queen (in Ashantee the royal descent runs in the female line), called to see me, bringing presents, together with an announcement of the royal pleasure that I was free again to roam—a generous offer that was generously accepted. After six days' additional residence with the freedom of the city, I started homewards, visiting *en route* the Kings of Kokufu and Becquoi, who were good enough to institute special carnivals.

Being but an amateur in natural history, I can offer no professional opinions upon the characteristics of the country in that respect. The *Lepidoptera* are, however, a distinguishing feature; crowds of brilliant butterflies jostled each other for supremacy everywhere, in many instances tilting against me and flying straight into my bright green net, settling there as if pleased with the novelty. Prominent in the insect world are *Orthoptera*, especially *Mantidæ* and *Hymenoptera;* but *Coleoptera* are, as far as I could judge, but feebly represented. But few wild animals are to be seen or heard, except at night, and then only small ones; jackals, leopards, antelopes, wild pigs, wild cats, foxes, armadilloes, monkeys, and a small animal (name unknown) that makes night hideous with its screechings, are numerous. A specimen of the *Perodicticus potto*, presented by me to the Zoological Society, was pronounced a rare animal (now dead). The birds of this region are considerably inferior, both in plumage and number, to those generally found in the tropics.

Coomassie of to-day needs little description: a large, ill-built, ill-regulated town, overgrown with weeds and grass. A dejected, demoralized people, scattered amongst a mass of almost tenantless houses, the homes once of a large population, now sadly reduced by war, the knife, and desertion. A perpetual

terror pervades the population, a terror in marked contrast to the calm of their brethren in the Protectorate, who, untaught, untaxed, and protected, wallow through life in peaceful contentment.

The government, if such it is, may be described as *imperium in imperio*. What was formerly the great Ashantee monarchy is now a host of tributary states, united in one common bond to resist oppression and cast off the yoke that the king and chiefs of Coomassie are vainly trying to reimpose. Yet, though so bonded, and bound by ties of similar kindred, there is a vein of tribal animosity pervading their whole system—king against king, and chief against chief. Bloodshed and retaliation, strife and misery, are hidden from the world in that deep dark forest, which, for all we know, owns not a worthy deed nor a noble action. Its denizens are alike indifferent to death and glory; a wife is valued at six shillings, which her mother receives as the price of her wedding to slavery.

Bantama, the royal mausoleum and executioner's retreat, stands in the distance, reeking of murders—sacrifices to the gods, fiends, and policy. Nearer at hand, in their very midst, but hidden from public gaze, is a hideous noisome den, which receives what is left of Bantama's victims. But each day leads to a brighter future; each germ of civilization infused into the country must bear its good fruit, and tend to propagate the sentiment that human life is sacred.—GODFREY Y. LAGDEN, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

THE SCHOOLS OF EGYPT.

THE primary Arab schools educate more than two-thirds of the children who are in school at all in Egypt, and consequently they are of the first interest to any one anxious for the improvement of the national culture. Unfortunately they seem to exist only in order to impart a parrot-like acquaintance with the text of the Koran. For this purpose only have they been endowed by pious people. Any one fresh from seeing the primary department of an American school, or from seeing an infant school in England, would feel a sense of utter bewilderment on entering one in Cairo. Everything is topsy-turvy. The children read and write from right to left, and even begin to learn their sole lesson-book, the Koran, backwards, because the latter chapters are easier and more important. The consequence is that, after a few visits to Arab schools, one cannot help a feeling of surprise when a child sneezes, or shows that he is changing his teeth at the same age as a little European.

One primary school in Cairo is well worth having a peep into. You open a door in the street and find a room about ten feet square. It is below the level of the road, and lofty for its size. A grated window, high up, gives a dim light; but a flood of sunshine comes in at the open door, and strikes full on the bright crimson robe of the fakeeh as he sits on his cushion in the corner. At one end stands the only piece of furniture in the room. It looks like a large harmonium done up in brown holland; but turns out to be a box containing the bones of a saint. In front of this curious piece of school furniture squat four-and-twenty black and brown boys. One or two are disguised as girls, to protect them from the evil eye. All have dirty faces, and several are suffering from ophthalmia. They sit in two rows, facing each other, and simultaneously rock their bodies violently backward and forward as they recite the alphabet, or that verse of the Koran which forms their day's task. The children shout at the top of their little cracked voices in a nasal tone far from musical. The noise they contrive to make is astounding, considering how small they are. If they cease their rocking and shrieking, even for a moment, the master brings down his long palm cane upon their shaven skulls, and they commence with renewed energy and an even more violent see-saw. The sentence repeated does not convey the slightest meaning to their minds, nor is any attempt made to explain it. Two or three other children are sitting beside the fakeeh getting lessons in the formation of Arabic characters. Their copy-book is a piece of bright tin, and they use a reed pen called a kalam. The ink-bottle is a box containing a sponge saturated with some brown fluid. A long row of tiny slippers, of every form and color, lies neatly arranged at the door; for the place where the bones of a saint are enshrined is holy ground, and no one may soil the clean matting of the floor with outside defilement. No register is kept of the pupils, or of their days of attendance. Indeed, although the fakeeh can repeat the whole of the Koran off book, it is highly probable he would find some difficulty in counting up to the number of his scholars. His acquirements begin and end with a textual knowledge of the sacred book, and unfortunately the wishes of his pupils' parents with regard to the education of their children are bounded by the same narrow limits.

If an Arab primary school in a large town like Cairo only gives such rudimentary instruction, the state of schools situated in far-

away country villages may easily be imagined. A visit to most of them is by no means a pleasant experience, for the fuel used by the fellaheen makes any approach to their habitations quite unpleasant. If, however, one can altogether suppress the sense of smell, a good deal of amusement is to be had in penetrating into the homes of these poor, oppressed, hard-working natives. There is no doubt that much can be done to improve matters if the Khedive will continue to take the same interest that he used to take in inspecting the means of education provided for his people.

But to inspect a little Arab school in a poor district is really sad. In the first place, all the villages are deplorably wretched, and the women look dirty and degraded. As soon as a stranger is seen coming, all the inhabitants turn out *en masse* to follow him about. They kick up clouds of dust, bring thousands of flies, and altogether make things highly unpleasant. The visitor is jostled along through several mud-lanes with holes on either side, covered by doors which seem to have been made by some prehistoric carpenter with neolithic implements. The nearly stifled sight-seer at last arrives at the village academy. It is, perhaps, a mud-hole without a door, and in it he finds three or four bright-eyed boys, a turkey-cock, and a few pigeons. The show pupil begins to read at the top of his voice the one piece of his lesson book which he has managed to acquire. The other pupils listen admiringly. He rocks backward and forward, as is the custom of the country; but when he becomes fully conscious how large and distinguished is his audience, the rapidity of his swaying movement becomes alarming. It appears only a question of time how long he can continue before he breaks in two. There is, however, no appearance of any director to his studies, but a blind man sitting on a stone in the street turns out to be the village schoolmaster. The fakeeh's face beams with a proper pride in his establishment. He evidently finds nothing surprising in strangers from a far country coming to call on him. They have, no doubt, heard of his learning. He only regrets that several of his pupils are playing truant because of the great feast which is to be held the ensuing week. These schoolmasters are miserably paid, mostly in kind, for piastres are scarce; but they exercise considerable influence, and no marriage or family fête is complete without their presence.

In better-class Arab schools a little arithmetic is sometimes taught, but not always. Boys who wish to pursue that branch of their education generally learn from the public gabâni, a man whose business it is to weigh merchandise. A child whose father keeps a small store is taught by assisting in it. Geography is also neglected, which was fortunate, as nothing can be more ludicrous than the lessons when they are attempted. The teacher's views with regard to the shape of the earth are, of course, entirely based on the Koran: and the children learn that it takes five hundred years of travel to get round "the mighty plain," while perhaps a few yards from the school door hangs one of Mr. Cook's placards offering to do the whole business in ninety days. The one important fact which the children retain is that Mecca is the centre of the earth. But these schools are all now under Government inspection, and it is impossible to say what reforms may not be accomplished during the next few years. Already the municipal schools have been placed on the same footing as the preparatory Government establishments with regard to their code of instruction, and this gives them a solid basis for the future.

Of the mosque schools the ancient El Azhar is still the most important. It provides instruction, such as it is, for more than 11,000 pupils. A considerable number are housed and fed within its hospitable walls. The scholars are of all ages, and come from the most remote provinces as well as the larger towns. They may stay as long as they like, and go there when they please. If they are rich they make presents to the professors, who are paid entirely by voluntary donations; if they are poor they receive help from their Alma Mater in the shape of food. The school is, in fact, a great free national university for the teaching of the theology of the Koran. There are few rules; there is no compulsory course of study; there is no roll-call or classification of students. Curiously enough, coffee and tobacco are forbidden within the walls; but, no doubt, the students rich enough to have rooms outside make up for the deprivation by an extra allowance at home.

With regard to the education, the importance which is attached to the cultivation of a mere mechanical memory is fatal to the development of the intelligence of the pupils and to progress in general. The stupid scholar learns by rote without imbibing any ideas, and the naturally clever boy is entirely crushed and suppressed by this system. Some of the Coptic schools are well worth a visit. The principal one in Cairo is exceedingly well attended. The boys look as if their intelligence was cultivated, and many of them read and speak either French or English with ease and a good accent. They seem to have a great interest in each other,

and to feel a genuine pride in seeing their companions show off their small accomplishments to strangers. The Copts take some pains to teach their girls, and have two fairly well-managed schools at Cairo. The children are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, singing, and needlework. They evidently enjoy their lessons, and we may say, with Thackeray, that

> He can't but smile who traces
> The smiles on those brown faces
> And the pretty prattling graces
> Of these small heathens gay,

except that the Copts are commonly Christians.

Mehemet Ali was the original founder of the Government schools. He started them for the purpose of improving the state of his army. To carry out his ambitious projects, he found that it was necessary to have officers of intelligence, trained doctors, and able heads of the commissariat. He must train his soldiers by educating them. So successful was the college to which he sent his own sons that at one time it contained 1,500 students. But the Hatti Sherif of 1841 was the deathblow to education in Egypt for the time being. The schools rapidly deteriorated, for they had taken no hold upon the national life. When Abbas Pasha ascended the throne, he commanded a general examination of both pupils and teachers to be held. So grossly ignorant did he find them that he ordered all the schools to be at once closed. Ismail Pasha, however, perceiving that it was not alone for the sake of the army that it was desirable to organize some system of education, did all he could to encourage it. There is a certain military and French tone about the Government schools still, but the boys are well taught, and always learn some language beside their own. The boys wear a uniform, the greater number are boarders, and the "externs" seem to be paid to come. Half the pupils, when they leave, enter Government service in one way or another. The experiment was tried of sending a considerable number of the most promising young men to finish their education in Europe; but the plan did not succeed so well as might have been expected. They did not seem to have energy or enterprise to make use of their advantages. A young man would perhaps gain a good diploma in medicine at Paris, but on his return would never dream of setting up as a physician. On the contrary, he would be much disappointed if not presented to a lucrative Government situation.

Perhaps the most hopeful sign of real progress with regard to education in Egypt is to be found in the schools for girls established a few years ago in Cairo. The larger of the two is a fine old palace, which is admirably suited to the purpose on account of the number of large, airy rooms it contains. There is an inner courtyard, and perfect ventilation and shelter from the summer sun. The dormitories are beautifully clean, and each child has her own bed. The kitchen, although savage-looking enough, would be a treasure in many New York houses and hotels, because all round there is a sort of double roof over the fire-places which draws the smell up the chimneys. The cooking is by no means to be despised; nor does it discredit the handsome Nubian cooks, who show their white teeth with delight when their messes are tasted and approved by visitors. The children look clean, happy, diligent and healthy. The punishments for misconduct are bread and water, forfeiting holidays, and standing on a form. The bastinado seems to have disappeared from nearly all the schools. One little Egyptian, a model of beauty and grace, was on her stool of repentance as we passed through the courtyard. Her head, covered with short, curly hair, came out in high relief against the whitewashed wall, and might have been the original of one of the statues in the Boulak Museum. The ugly European dress could not conceal the beauty of her lithe figure. Her small, delicately-formed brown hands were clasped together, and seemed to shine on her white apron. She looked so appealingly out of her long, thickly-fringed eyes that it was impossible not to beg that she might be pardoned, particularly as she did not look in the least naughty.

The directress of this school is a Syrian, and seems to be a person of remarkable character. Her least word is law, and yet the children smile when she speaks to them, as if they loved her. Female education and normal schools seem to be the two things now wanting to give a firm hold to what has already been done for education in Egypt.—L. J. D. CUMMING, in *The Christian Union*.

THE CENTRAL ASIAN DESERT

TO-DAY AND TWENTY YEARS AGO.

TWENTY years are certainly but a very short span of time, and yet what great and extraordinary changes can take place during it in large societies as well as in single individuals! I am sitting now in my beloved home, on the banks of the Danube, and reading the highly interesting book by Mr. O'Don-

ovan on the "Merv Oasis." I cannot abstain from admiring the really astounding change of things, caused by the contact of our Christian civilization with the wretched inhabitants of the dreary Central Asian Desert—those ruthless robbers and man-stealers upon whom I looked twenty years ago with aversion, mingled with a good amount of terror, and whose manners, a mixture of cruelty with patriarchal virtue, have left an indelible impression upon my mind.

It was in April, 1863, that I first got into that portion of the Central Asian Desert which, known by the name Hyrcanian, extends from the northern frontier of Persia to the left bank of the Oxus, and is chiefly inhabited by the three different branches of Turcomans, viz., the Yomuts, the Goklen, and the Tekkes. Of these, only the second had at that time shown unmistakable signs of decay; their numbers having greatly diminished in consequence of continual warfare with their stronger brethren in the east and in the west, while the Persians, although powerless to check the inroads of the mightier tribes, had succeeded in mitigating their manners and in forcibly settling what was left of the tribe. The Yomuts, again, were at that time in possession of their full independence; and the social conditions I found at *Gomushtepe*, the centre of the Yomuts' power, still bore the stamp of the ancient nomadic life. The signs of European culture were exceedingly rare, and manifested themselves only in some minor articles of household furniture, such as chintzes and cotton stuffs, mostly imported from Russia, and in arms of the cheapest sort. News of the mighty West had penetrated, only, either through the Persian channel or through the reports of those enterprising Turcomans who visited Astrakhan or Temir-Shurakhan on some mercantile errand. Strange to say, the Turcomans had, at that time, already some hazy notions about the political and commercial rivalry existing between England and Russia in the East; but dim and confused as their ideas were with regard to the former power, their terror of Russia was great, being the state denoted by the national poet, Makhdumkuli, as the Antichrist, and as the sure destroyer of the Mohammedan world. Persia was, in their eyes, the nobody, a power with which everybody ventured to trifle; and, having been accustomed centuries ago to extend their predatory inroads far into the interior, they felt themselves right in supposing that his Majesty the Shah was more afraid of the Turcomans than of all the rest of the world.

As to the conditions of social life I found there, it required little imaginative power to go back four or five hundred years, when these very Turcomans, obeying the call of an adventurous leader, rushed forward in large bands to swell the armies of Djenghiz, Timur, and Nadir. The more peaceable portion of the population, called *Tchomru*, *i.e.*, Squatters, were now in an appalling minority, whilst the *Tcharva*, *i.e.*, the cattle-breeders—a class out of which the daring robbers or the *baters* (heroes) recruited themselves—had become the ruling power, their chief objects being adventurous forays, with the capture of cattle and of men. Their interests were centred in the prices of the slave market, which were, however, at that time at a very low ebb, for the Tekkes had a year before overcome a whole army of the King of Persia, and, without the fatigue of kidnapping, a stalwart Persian slave was to be had for twenty or thirty shillings. Owing to this glut in the market, the tents of the Turcomans were so crowded with slaves that even those who could scarcely boast of the possession of a camel had a couple, and the clattering of the heavy chains, which one heard everywhere was nearly deafening, and certainly did not add to the comfort of the visitor. The chains, of the coarsest make, were generally fastened with a ring on each ankle; and, being of a greater length than usual in order to increase the weight and enable the miserable culprit to make a wide pace, they were hoisted up to the belt, causing very frequently the wearer to bend down, and to present whilst marching a most pitiable sight. Particularly heartrending was it to see the old and decrepit under the burden of heavy fetters. Whilst dragging their feet along the muddy or sandy streets they used to throw a glance, full of pain and sorrow, towards the sky, as if imploring the Supreme Being and merciful Lord for assistance. Whenever I met with such pitiable glances I felt as if a dart had pierced me; yet to show the slightest sign of compassion would have been looked upon as sympathizing with those heretics, and would have endangered my own safety. Only when at some distance from the tents, and when not exposed to the suspecting look of the Turcomans, did I venture to address a few soothing words to the unhappy slaves. When I thus made inquiries about their fate and their relatives in Persia, the look of amazement cast by these unfortunates, who could not conceive that a man dressed as a Hadji (pilgrim) and as a Sunnite should pity them, very frequently quite disconcerted me. "Art thou a lamb in the skin of a wolf?" said an elderly Persian from Firuzkuh one day to me. "I see thou speakest my mother tongue as if thou hadst visited the college of Meshed or of Nishapur. Tell

me, pray, will these children of hell (*i.e.*, Turcomans) be permitted any longer to ruin the face of the earth, and will not Allah soon send the avenger of their horrid vices?"

Strange to say, the perpetrators of these cruelties, the destroyers of so many peaceful families, had the least benefit from their bloody acts, for the spoil which they brought back from such excursions went mostly into the hands of under-dealers, who speculated in human flesh, and who had their customers in Khiva, Hezarasp, Urghendj, and Karakul. For his private use, the Turcoman kept only those for whom he expected a rich ransom, or the older and weaker ones of whom he could not get rid, and in both cases the unfortunate captives had to undergo the rudest treatment and the most diabolical tortures. In these cases it was the custom to put round the neck an iron ring, which was fastened to a peg during the night, and to expose the poor creature to all the inclemencies of weather, in order to prevent any escape. Frequently the miserable wretch was sent to the desert to look after the camels, where he had to feed upon dried salt fish, without a drop of water to quench the pangs of thirst.

Besides this saddening aspect of social life, the total want of security among the Turcomans surprised the foreign visitor. Although apparently Mussulmans, religion had not the slightest influence upon their conduct, and it was a common occurrence for even priests or their acolytes to be robbed of their most precious property, and to be unable to get it back, although the perpetrators of the robbery were universally known. It was very exceptional to find conscience inducing the transgressor to restore stolen goods, and when he did so it was generally at the prompting of superstitious fears. On awakening one morning I made the disagreeable discovery that my rug, the only cover I had with me, had been stolen during the night. I should greatly miss it during the chilly nights under the airy tent. My host, Khandjan Kelte, being absent from Gomushtepe, I applied for assistance to Kizil Akhoud, a highly respected Molla at that time, who was displeased with the news, but asked me to wait till the next morning. After evening prayer, which was performed in the open air upon a square artificial elevation, he whispered a few words to those around him, who all shook their heads. The result, however, of this secret exhortation was that next morning I found my rug outside the tent, close to the door, with the addition of some minor gifts presented by the thief. The riddle was afterwards explained to me. The unknown thief, whose favorite wife was ill, applied to the leading Molla for some medical advice, or for a *fatiha* (a prayer), which the good man promised if the stolen property of the foreign Hadji was restored. The application of such means, however, did not always produce the desired result, and the only thing which was regarded as effective security for law was the number of the respective tribe or clan to which any one belonged. The more numerous the tents of a tribe the greater was the respect enjoyed by its members, and naturally, also, by its guests; and as the Kelte family, whose hospitality I enjoyed, was by far the most numerous and influential on the banks of the Lower Gurgan, I felt quite safe to move about to the most distant portion of the desert, where my relation to the said family became known in the briefest time. I never trusted entirely to my character as a holy man, who wrote amulets, and who bestowed blessings on the sick, except in the case of the female portion of society, who showed implicit faith in my doings, and who frequently sheltered me against the rudeness of their unbelieving husbands or brethren. These tokens of female piety will remain ever green in my memory.

Imagine, gentle reader, an isolated tent in some dreary portion of the desert, at whose door I arrive after a tiresome march of several hours in deep sand and under a scorching sun, without a drop of refreshing water, and without an animating breeze. My salutation, "Es-selam Aleikum," *i.e.*, "Peace be over thee," resounds far in the distance, and makes the grazing cattle raise their heads, as if bewildered at the unaccustomed voice. At once a young or an elderly woman appears at the entrance of the ragged and storm-worn tent, the felt pieces of which have been bleached by rain and snow, whilst belt, ropes, and pegs are sadly out of repair. It is a poor tent. The male inhabitant is out on some predatory or hunting expedition, whilst his wife has to tend the flock in close proximity to the dwelling, or is engaged in spinning or rolling a new piece of felt to be laid under the new member of the family whose arrival is expected soon. On perceiving the pious stranger from a distant land she utters a few words of joyous surprise, and soon comes forward with a wooden dish of sour milk, with a piece of cheese, or with a bundle of sun-dried fish. The visitor partakes of the offering with a loud "Bismillah," *i.e.*, "In the name of God," whilst his hostess sits opposite shedding tears because God has given her the opportunity of feeding a guest. As soon as he has satisfied his hunger she brings before him the plain colored camel-hair, the material for the new carpet, in order to have

bestowed upon it his blessings, as a sure sign of happiness to her coming child. For awhile the Turcoman woman will remain quite motionless, her eyes fixed upon the movements of your lips, every sound of which is most anxiously caught, and it is only after having finished the recital of the Koran, of which she does not understand a single word, that she gives vent to her blissful satisfaction, by uttering a sigh from the depth of her heart, or by a tear, of which the poet justly says,

> The lips may beguile
> With a dimple or smile,
> But the test of affection's a tear.

I have often witnessed scenes of this nature that were indescribably touching, and it may be easily understood how this comes back to my memory, whenever I have to picture the lights and shadows of life amongst the primitive inhabitants of the desert. No wonder, too, that during my abode amongst the Turcomans on the Gurgan feelings of admiration were mingled with the deep aversion and horror that agitated my heart.

When sitting alone in my tent on the banks of the river, my eyes used to linger with an unspeakable longing on the blue summits of the Elburz Mountains appearing on the south-eastern horizon, and I liked to dream of the earthly happiness which reigned in the country underneath. To connect Persian rule and earthly happiness may sound rather ironical; but compared with the social conditions of man in the desert, life in Persia seemed to me quite an Eldorado—nay, the highest degree of social beatitude! And still how hopeless was the situation twenty years ago—how void of the feeblest ray of a better future! Persia was, as usual, helpless to protect her own subjects against the depredations of the greedy and warlike nomads; while Russia, fully engaged in the Caucasus, had only thrown at intervals some armed regards to the eastern shores of the Caspian Sea. By "armed regards" I mean those occasional attacks made by Russia upon the Yomuts at Gomushtepe, which, without inflicting serious harm on the nomads, nevertheless impressed them with the notion of Russia's formidable power, and filled their breasts with terror. Many of the Turcomans had then an opportunity of learning the superiority of European arms, and the smallest detachment of Russian soldiers caused the greatest havoc amongst the nomads. I remember a Yomut of about thirty who was literally riddled by Russian bullets, and who lived upon the charity of his fellow-countrymen by showing the manifold traces of valor upon his legs, arms, and breast. He used to uncover himself before me with an ostentatious pride, and, in lieu of material presents, I had to give an abundant portion of holy breath (*nefes*) upon the traces of Russian marksmen. "Those Russian infidels will be driven into the sea," was the usual saying one heard at that time. Others, less confident in the valor of the unarmed patriots, did not conceal their gloomy foreboding of the near future. Kizil Akhoud, the most learned Turcoman I met with, always pointed out to me the prophecy of the great national bard, Makhdumkuli, who, towards the end of the last century, had predicted, in one of his poems entitled "The End of the World," "*that Russia will be the power who destroys the Moslem, and that finally Antichrist will annihilate Russia.*"

In spite of these black clouds hovering on the horizon of the Turcoman future, the three tribes or branches I named were separated by the greatest hatred. The formidable Tekkes were much more feared by the Yomuts than either the *Urus* (Russian) or the *Kizilbush* (Persian). In my capacity as an Osmanli and a Hadji I tried to make peace amongst the hostile brethren. Letters were exchanged between the Akhul-Tekkes and the Ata-Bai Yomuts on the Gurgan—and even a meeting of delegates took place at the foot of the Kuran Mountains, in which I acted as a pacificator; but I saw at once that fire and water could easier amalgamate than these two factions of the same race, having one language and one religion. When returning to the tent, Hadji Bilal, one of my travelling companions, very fittingly remarked, "The wolf and the jackal will never unite; the wild boar (Russia) will first break their legs, and only as helpless cripples will they lie down peacefully side by side." Recent events have fully proved that prediction; but, during my stay in the desert, reconciliation was utterly hopeless, and even an excursion from the country of the Yomuts into the district inhabited by the Tekkes was deemed a most dangerous undertaking. Clad in rags and leaning on a stick, one might have ventured on a solitary march to the outlying districts; but in company with other travellers one always risked, if not his life, certainly his liberty. Strange to say, the Tekkes had no scruple in making a slave even of a Hadji or of a dervish, and, after forcing him to renounce his Sunnite persuasion, in selling him for ready cash. As for myself I was happily safe from such perils, for, being lame, I could not have been exchanged even for a humble donkey; although many of those inveterate slave-dealers, on seeing my otherwise strong frame, could hardly conceal their disappointment on discovering my defective limb. I

could not be employed in tending a herd of camels or sheep, for this service requires a good runner. Being, therefore, only available for domestic business—such as the grinding of flour, the collection of dung for firing material, and other similar employment, those reckless robbers very justly did not find me worth the food with which I had to be fed. As for ransom, it was certainly with shuddering that I recollected the case of M. de Blocqueville, the French photographer in the service of the King of Persia, who, falling into the hands of the Tekke Turcomans, and being recognized as a European, had to be ransomed with the heavy sum of ten thousand ducats. Had the Turcomans known that I was a Frenghi (European), and the travelling member of a scientific society, the lucky conduct of their sagacious brethren near Merv would have sealed my fate. But, fortunately, not the slightest suspicion was aroused in that direction. My character as a Hadji from Turkey, and a semi-official messenger of the Ottoman Embassy of Teheran to Khiva and Bokhara, was never doubted; and, fascinating even the Mollas with my recital of the Koran, and particularly with my Turkish conversation, I was safe from fetching such a high price as the goodly Frenchman did.

Speaking of my personal adventures, I cannot omit mentioning that during my stay at Gomushtepe, many Turcomans applied for introductory letters to the Ottoman Ambassador at the Persian Court, in the hope of becoming subjects of the Sultan—a political foresight which did honor to the sharpness of these seemingly plain children of nature. Strangely enough, most of my letters were delivered at Teheran, and having got them back subsequently through Haidar Efendi, the then Turkish Ambassador, it is not without emotion that I now preserve these mementoes of this most trying time.

Mr. O' Donovan, in his recently published and highly interesting work on the Merv Oasis, mentions, in chapter xiii., that he inhabited the same tent as I occupied whilst amongst the Turcomans, and that my former host had still a recollection of me. It is very likely that the Russians at Ashuvada had revealed to the nomads my real character; but I much doubt whether they found faith with the leading men at Gomushtepe, for these had got assurances to the contrary from the officials of the Teheran Embassy, which were much more accredited.

My gentle reader will easily imagine that it was with anything but feelings of sorrow I left the scene of my adventures, and how, starting for the interior of the desert on my way to Khiva, I felt a kind of relief in getting out of a society so full of horror. Neither the fear of merciless robbers nor the danger of twenty days' march over a waterless steppe and under a scorching sun, could embitter to me the enjoyment of travelling untrodden ground. Doomed to sit in a basket on the back of a camel, the counterpoise of which was a young buffalo, whose perfume was not very refreshing, and continually threatened by the plans of a revengeful Afghan, whose eyes, accustomed to European features, had nearly penetrated the secret of my disguise, I still was delighted with having turned my back on the lawless inhabitants of the desert, and with the prospect of witnessing the town life of Central Asia, which promised to be so utterly different from what I had seen hitherto in Turkey and in Persia. Curiosity was enhanced by the charm of mystery in which that part of Asia had been wrapt before the eyes of Europe. Of course there also great illusions awaited me. But the sense of greater security, as compared with the state of things in the desert, where, as I have stated, all communication was entirely cut off from the rest of the world, would compensate for many evils. So completely isolated was this desert region that when, returning from Samarkand, I was presented to the King of Persia, the monarch made as anxious inquiries about his neighbor princes, and listened with as much attention to my accounts, as if I had spoken to him of Japan or Peru. The ignorance as to Central Asia which I met with in Teheran, as well as in Constantinople, was really astounding.

Such was the case twenty years ago, and one cannot help surprise on comparing the actual state of things now and viewing the changes which have taken place among the people and rulers of those outlying countries. Putting aside the three Khanates of former existence, where the European traveller can now move about with ease and security, I must allude, above all, to the radical change in the desert and in the character of its restless inhabitants. On the very spot where I travelled twenty years ago under continual anxiety and fear, where the tired and exhausted wanderer could scarcely enjoy his night's rest, there are now European merchants moving about alone with their merchandise, whilst the exploring traveller can pass from one end of the country to the other, measuring the skulls of the inhabitants or drawing the picture of habits and customs as freely and undisturbedly as in the midst of Europe. Strange to say, even the restless sands, which used to change the surface of the ground in the course of a few hours, raising mounds on the place of former plains,

even these have been fixed down by the iron lines of a railroad for a distance of nearly three hundred miles, from the Balkan Bay to Bami, where the scream of the engine not only frightens the large herds of wild asses, but has filled the heart of the formerly dauntless nomad with terror, and has transformed him into a peaceable man. Boundless is my astonishment when I read in the attractively written book of Mr. O'Donovan, how this enterprising correspondent of the *Daily News* visited, without any escort, the Turcoman settlement on the Gurgan, how he succeeded in living for weeks, nay, for months not only at Gomushtepe, but even at Merv, touched hitherto only by the outstretching shadow of Russian power, and, what must surprise us above all, how this gentleman succeeded in leaving that place, where the memory of the large ransom paid for his involuntary predecessor has certainly not been effaced. No doubt civilization marches at a very quick pace, and ere long we shall see the railway extending to Herat, along the trade route which anciently went from India across Afghanistan, along the north-eastern portion of Persia to the Caspian Sea.

As to the changes possibly wrought in the personal character of the Turcoman, I believe he will be less able to resist the sway of the moral influence of his victor than his cousin in the north, namely, the Kirghiz, who has got a larger field for his wandering propensities, and who can better evade the coercive measures of colonization. The Turcomans, who boasted before me that as long as the speed of their horses can vie with the wind, and as long as each sand grain of their desert remains unfastened, they would never be ruled by a foreign race—these Turcomans must now have been most rudely awakened from their dream of security! As yet they do not experience the hardship of the foreign rule, for they are beguiled to bear the yoke by mild treatment. They also get acquainted with such commodities of Western culture as liquors and gambling, which were formerly scarcely known. Cards I met only once in the desert, and they had then the curious name of "Urus Kitabi," *i.e.*, the Koran of the Muscovite, whilst drink was confined to those outlaws who, by their frequent inroads into Persia, had become acquainted with wine or with brandy. Now there are two large brandy distilleries in close proximity to the Akhal country, whilst the Yomuts can procure that poison from the numerous shops opened in Krasnowodsk and in Tchikishlar, an opportunity of which they seem to make ample use. I do not doubt that there will be other drawbacks caused by the introduction of Western culture through Russian channels, but in spite of all these inconveniences, which appear wherever Europeans come in contact with uncivilized races, we are bound to say that the change is for the better, and that, considering what life in the desert was twenty years ago, Russia's advance in that part of Central Asia, if judged from a humanitarian and not a political point of view, must be taken as beneficial to the cause of humanity.

If such be the case, why did I oppose, years ago, Russia's policy in the East? How is it that I am looked upon in England, as well as on the Continent, as an alarmist and a Russophobist *par excellence*? Well, my answer to this just question is the following: As long as Russia continues to conquer only such peoples and to annex only such territories, by the possession of which she does not threaten England's position in India, so long nobody has any right to interfere with her doings; nay, everybody must rejoice in her achievements, and, moved by humanitarian feelings, must congratulate her. But should Russia use her civilizing mission merely as a pretext to damage the imperial interests of Great Britian, and should the policy of the Court of St. Petersburg in any way try to bar or to destroy England's beneficial work in the south of Asia, then every thinking man is bound to turn against such highly obnoxious schemes of aggrandizement, and to look upon Russia as bent upon mischief and her conduct as detrimental to the sacred cause of humanity. Well, I am sorry to say that in my view Russia follows the last-mentioned line of policy, and that the odious rivalry between these two great factions of European culture in Asia is entirely and exclusively owing to her double game and to her want of sincerity. This is my firm belief, and this has induced me for the last twenty years to side with England, the justice of whose cause nobody can doubt, and whose brilliant capacities as a propagator of pure Christian culture no man will question.—Prof. ARMINIUS VAMBERG, of The University, Buda-Pesth, in *Good Words*.

AVICULTURE.

EVERYBODY is fond of Birds; but it is possible that some people might like them less if they believed them to be only Reptiles in disguise. Now, Sir John Lubbock, addressing the British Association in 1881, said, "It seems to be generally admitted that birds have come down to us through the Dinosaurians (Wonder-lizards); and, as Huxley has shown, the profound break once supposed to exist between

birds and reptiles has been bridged over by the discovery of reptilian birds and bird-like reptiles; so that, in fact, birds are modified reptiles."

It is a comfort, however, in some respects, to know that our great *savants* are not infallible.

Let us take an instance on the grandest scale. Few of us could contrive to get on without the Sun; but, for awhile, it was announced that *that* was what we should have to come to. After being told, not so very long ago, that it was the outer shell only of the Sun which was hot and luminous—that happy couples and peripatetic philosophers might walk and talk on its solid surface in a pleasant summer-like shade—we were then informed that nothing solid, surface or sphere, existed in the Sun, which was simply an enormous mass of fiery vapor, compressed, perhaps, towards its centre, by the force of gravitation, to the consistence of thick paste or putty. Here was a cruel dispelling of the dreams of the Transmigrationists who thought of being born on the Sun one day, in the midst of tropical Otaheitan scenery! Next, it was gently intimated that it did not much matter where we might be born hereafter, because the whole Universe—our sun of course included—was running itself down, and would come to a standstill, like a clock with nobody to wind it up. Recently we have been comforted by Dr. Siemens, who assures us that the Sun is self-sustaining by a process which, however, is not accepted by every other great *savant*. For Professor Tyndall—no mean authority—says of it, "It would give me extreme pleasure to be able to point to my researches in comfirmation of the solar theory recently enunciated by my friend the President (1882) of the British Association. But though the experiments which I have made on the decomposition of vapors by light might be numbered by the thousand, I have, to my regret, encountered no fact which proves that free aqueous vapor is decomposed by the solar rays, or that the Sun is reheated by the combination of gases, in the severance of which it had previously sacrificed its heat."

A theory akin to Dr. Siemens's was propounded, in 1870, by Mr. W. Mattieu Williams, in a remarkable and carefully-reasoned Essay, "The Fuel of the Sun," which hardly received the attention it deserved. Mr. Williams held (as does Dr. Siemens) that there is no such thing as an interstellar vacuum, but that all space is pervaded with an atmosphere, the same in nature as that which we breathe, but varying in density according to circumstances, excessively rare in the interstellar spaces, and what we know it to be on the surface of the Earth. This hypothesis is no more absurd than is that of the universality of the ether. The idea, then, is that the Sun maintains his heat by a process analogous to breathing; that his fiery strength is incessantly renewed during the course of his passage through an atmospheric medium, just as many lower and microscopic animals breathe by the very act of locomotion through the fluid in which they are immersed. Extremes thus meet; stars and infusorial creatures are similarly fed. The Sun is an enormous Volvox globator.

This is certainly a much more consoling supposition than the burning-out and running-down view of the Sun. And, after these uncertain sounds of the scientific trnmpet, all that we, the unscientific laity, can hope is that the Sun, whether we understand his constitution or not, will last our time and the time of our grandchildren.

The minor dictum uttered by our great *savants* respecting the origin of Birds is of importance merely as a matter of taste. I confess I do not like the idea, even if true, that Birds should be descended from Reptiles. If all the missing links in the genealogical chain were at once forthcoming they would scarcely be welcomed. The most pleasing creatures in the world cannot, we think, be the offspring of the most repulsive. Say what we will, a snake is a horrid animal. After throwing away its legs as needless appendages, it can stand stiff and straight on the tip of its tail, and then fascinate with a glance, and devour its own proper ancestors' alleged direct posterity. A snake in spite of its apparent helplessness, can assume the rigidity of a coil of iron, or glide away like running water.

But popular likes and dislikes, it may be objected, are no disproof of relationship. Birds with teeth and Reptiles with feathers have been cited in evidence,* although, indeed, they are very like "Cuckoo, cuckoo, welcome bird, Seldom seen, but often heard" of. Birds and Reptiles are alike reproduced from eggs; their blood corpuscles are equally oval, and not round, as in mammal animals. Both, apparently, swallow their food without tasting it. Possibly the stomach may be, with them, the seat of Taste, as it often is with us when we have taken physic, or eaten stale fish or too much sage-and-onion stuffing with duck. Both are musical. Serpents are fond of melody, though they cannot make it. Batrach-

* The North American fossil Hesperornis (Bird of the West) is described by Marsh in 1872 as a carnivorous, swimming ostrich, provided with teeth, which he regards as a character inherited from reptilian ancestors. Stranger still is the Ichthyornis (Fish-bird), with biconcave vertebræ, like those of fishes, and teeth set in sockets.

ians as well as bipeds have their Grand United Choral Societies. American Bullfrog concerts are celebrated as well as numerously attended. The song of Thrushes and the wailing of Nightingales may, therefore, be only developments of the green European tree-frog's resonant croak, effected, as with Birds, by inflated expansions of the throat, very curious to witness. Froggy looks as proud as his predecessor in the Fable, and one wonders that he does not, like him, burst. Feathers may be only a modification of scales. The so-called feathers of butterflies are really scales, whence their name Lepidoptera (λεπις, gen. λεπιδος, lepis, lepidos, a scale). All which does not convince me that my pretty paroquets have green or blue-backed lizards for their progenitors.

Whether of reptilian descent or not, Birds are charming companions and ornaments; and the wonder is that they are not more largely patronized by the occupants of suburban villas, the scrap of ground attached to which, quite insufficient for anything that can be called a garden, affords ample space for an Aviary, which should be located within close and immediate view of some of the living-room windows, not only for the sake of the amusement to be derived from watching the occupants' pretty ways and ugly naughtinesses, but to enable you to insist on the Queen's peace being kept by insolent and aggressive birds, when they attempt, as they too often will, to ill-treat their fellow-captives. This surveillance on the part of the proprietor, as we shall see, is very far from unnecessary.

The best aspect for an aviary is south-east, the next best south-west, the third best full south, full north the worst. If a conveniently-situated wall exists, the aviary may be applied to it as a lean-to. Somewhere within the enclosure there should be provided a sort of opaque-roofed wooden fowl-house—whether Hens are kept or not—with nesting places, like those for Fowls; lockers, such as are put up for Pigeons; a door with a hole at the bottom on the ground level, by which the birds can enter; one or two holes at top for ventilation; sufficient perches for roosting; and a sanded or gravelled floor for cleanliness.

This birds'-house inside the aviary will prove more useful than you may at first anticipate. The birds soon find out that it is a place to be entered. In bad weather and at night they will go there for warmth and shelter; in fine weather they will play hide and seek, by popping in at one hole and out at the other. The Red Cardinal (Virginian Nightingale) will often retire thither to sing unseen, and some of them, as Starlings, will even take possession of the pigeon-holes as possible nesting-places, for want of better.

The main enclosure should consist of a wooden framework covered with galvanized iron-wire netting, whose meshes should be sufficiently small to prevent a cat from thrusting her paw through. Some birds, as Siskins, like to sleep clinging to the wires; others close to it, at the extremity of their perches; others aloft, as high as they can get when the perches are fixed high, almost in contact with the network roof. While the birds are slumbering, a cat will climb slyly up the network, thrust her paw through the net, when the mesh is large enough, and decapitate the poor little sleeper. The body, being too big to pass, will be found in the morning headless on the ground. If you have no cats yourself, your neighbors will have plenty perhaps. I have had a next-door neighbor whose stud of cats, rarely less than ten, sometimes rose to a couple of dozen. And if a neighbor's female puss discovers your stock of plump and pretty birds, she will not only try to slaughter them for her own private eating, but she will invite Tom, her sweetheart, to share the feast, exactly as a London cook-maid will admit her military cousin down the area-steps, to protect her from dynamite, and to assist in clearing the half-emptied dishes.

The Rat is a still more insidious enemy, as he will enter the aviary by burrowing, remain snug all day, and even arrange a nest for an expected little family, only betraying its presence by the havoc made. The birds' seeds, I believe, are the primary attraction; but when a tempting little bird asleep, or unsuspiciously feeding on the ground, is within reach, few rats have the self-denial to refrain.

Half the roof of your aviary may be covered, besides the network, with some material impervious to water. Glass is good, if you are not near to a day-school, whose boys will shy sticks and stones over your wall as they pass to and fro. If urchins abound, you must use wood or bituminous cardboard, which will last some time. The other half can be left open to what are called "the elements." Many birds enjoy a shower-bath; and if you plant a fir-tree or two—like those used for Christmas-trees—or a few deciduous shrubs within the enclosure, the rain will wash them and prolong their existence, though the birds will abbreviate their lives to the shortest span. Such trees and shrubs, however, are not difficult or costly to replace, when they have yielded to the attacks of their feathered frequenters. And, in their final shape of dead sticks, they will still serve as useful and convenient perches.

The size of your aviary must, of course, depend on the space at your disposal; but six or seven yards long, four or five wide, and

three high, will be found very serviceable dimensions. The details thus suggested are merely limited hints; because few people's circumstances are exactly the same, and every intelligent amateur will adapt his means to the end he has in view. Valuable information will be obtained from professional builders of aviaries and pheasantries, whose advertisements appear in the horticultural and agricultural journals.

Your aviary located and completed, the next consideration will be with what set of colonists you will people it. Two systems here present themselves. You may either stock it with one species or family of birds, or you may introduce a miscellaneous lot, to live in company together as best they may. They will not always be a happy family. Discord is quite as liable to break forth in an agapemone of birds as of men and women.

The first plan is effective as an ornament, and is much the less troublesome of the two. A single family consisting of a Cock and five or six Hens, of some choice breed—the exact number of females depending on their size and the space available—make a cheerful group. Or some of the smaller Pheasants may be patronized—such as the Versicolor or the Mongolian; or the Common Pheasant and its varieties, Bohemian, Ring-necked, Pied, and White. The Golden Pheasant (one of, if not quite, the smallest) is painfully shy, and does not seem to take pleasure, like the Peacock, in displaying the glories of his gorgeous costume; besides which, the hens are delicate in constitution. The Lophophorus (not a pheasant), if within reach of the amateur's purse, is unrivalled for the metallic splendor of his hues, although one cannot help wishing that he possessed a little more grace in his form and movements.

The larger Pheasants are better suited for the ampler space of the pheasantry proper than for the aviary. Reeves's Pheasant carries a tail more than a yard long, indeed, as long as a Peacock's, which would be broken and spoiled where there was not plenty of room to wear it with dignity and turn about with ease.

This species, a native of Thibet, introduced so recently as 1868, is called in France the Faisan vénéré, because the superstitious Thibetans burn incense before it, as if it were the king or the Grand Lama of Pheasants. In truth, it is clad in royal attire of bright differently-sized scales, diversely tinted and shaded—along the back, gold scales edged with sable; white scales edged with black on the wing-coverts; white and light buff scales tipped with dark brown on the breast and sides. Add to this its exceptional size, its bold carriage, its great fecundity, and its robust constitution, and assuredly we have a bird with a future before it, both as game in the preserve and as an ornament in the pheasantry.

More than one species of Pheasant should not be attempted to be kept in the same enclosure. Incompatibility of temper will render such association most undesirable. The male Silver Pheasant, for instance, becomes, with age, a savage and ferocious tyrant. It may be added that the price of many of these splendid birds has of late years fallen so considerably as to make them obtainable by persons for whom they had hitherto been "sour grapes." Thus, a pair of Reeves's Pheasants were worth, at first, 120*l.*; in April, 1874, they dropped to 14*l.*, and in 1880 to 5*l.* At the present date they may be had for something less. If figures have any eloquence or meaning, they proclaim the marvellous rapidity with which this noble bird has multiplied in Europe.

Particulars of current prices can easily be obtained from the principal dealers in foreign animals, such as Messrs. Charles Jamrach and J. Abrahams, both of St. George's Street, London, E.; Mr. William Cross, of Earl Street, Liverpool; and others. The Paris Acclimation Society, as well as the Antwerp and the Hamburg Zoological Societies, sell all the birds they can spare, and even, we may say, make a trade of it. And the international communication between those various establishments, like that of Exchanges and Bourses, is so rapid and frequent, that the prices of each place soon find their level and differ but slightly.

As a Bantam or other small Hen will most frequently be employed to hatch the eggs of many species of gallinaceous birds, I borrow a list of their respective times of incubation from Monsieur E. Leroy's "Aviculture" * (which has also suggested the title of the present Article), a book full of interesting details respecting the natural history of gallinaceous birds especially, besides being an excellent practical guide to their breeding and rearing.

The period of incubation is twenty-three days for the eggs of Golden, Silver, Lady Amherst, and Swinhoe Pheasants; twenty-five for those of Common, Ring-necked, Versicolor, and Reeves's Pheasants; twenty-three for those of Californian Colins; twenty-two for those of Partridges; seventeen or eighteen for those of Quails and Chinese Partridges; twenty-eight for Tragopans and Mandarin Duck. But please note that the figures of twenty-two, twenty-three, and twenty-five

* "Aviculture, L'Elevage Pratique." Par un Eleveur (E. Leroy). (Paris: Firmin, Didot, et Cie.)

days are given as the average duration; which duration may vary and the hatching be hastened or retarded one or two days, according to the temperature of the weather, the assiduity of the Hen, the freshness of the eggs, and other intelligible causes. Lophophorus's eggs take twenty-seven days to hatch.

The knowledge of these various periods of incubation allows you to confide the eggs of different gallinaceous birds to the same Hen to hatch; and, very often, you may have only a few of each. Thus, suppose you give your Hen eggs of the Common Pheasant on the 1st of the month, you may add Golden Pheasant's eggs on the 3d, Partridge's on the 4th, and the hatching of all will take place simultaneously, namely, on the 26th. You need feel no anxiety about the result. The motley brood will live in harmony (so long, at least, as they are quite young and need to live together), and the Hen will bestow on them her maternal affection and care with the utmost impartiality.

Artificial Incubators are now so improved as to render good service. Though they do not yet come up to the Hen, they nevertheless can be made useful auxiliaries, by the simultaneous employment of the natural and the artificial hatching nurse. Suppose, for instance, you come into possession of a considerable quantity of valuable eggs—Pheasants' or other—a good plan is to confide, on the same day, a portion of them to the drawer of the Incubator, and the rest to one or two Hens or to an experienced Turkeyhen. When hatched, the motherless chicks can be added to the broods of the living mothers. Only, if you wish the Incubator to supplement the work of one or more Hens, you must not forget to begin with the machine some twenty-four hours sooner than with the living birds, to allow for the slower progress and later result of artificial hatching.

At a pinch more extraordinary expedients have been resorted to. The author of "La Chasse Pratique" mentions the feat performed by one of his cousins, who night and day, for a dozen days, kept five Quail's eggs at the proper temperature, and brought out five healthy young ones. Examples of Personal Icubation by amateurs might be mutiplied, without citing the wicked Dey of Algiers who, when his pirates brought him Christian captives, set them as task-work to hatch Hens' eggs. At Rheims, Monsieur C., a passionate lover of birds, continued for several days the incubation of a sitting of Silver Pheasants' eggs (which an idle and good-for-nothing Hen had shamefully abandoned), with perfect success.

Monsieur Leroy relates that one of his friends, a middle-aged man and a fanatic fowl-fancier, found one summer morning a sitting Hen, to whom he was carrying her breakfast, dead on the nest. Three chickens had just burst the shell; seven eggs remained to be safely brought to the hatching-point. An immediate decision had to be taken.

"I will do it myself," he said. After introducing the three chicks to a nursing Hen, who fortunately did not refuse to adopt them, he put the eggs into a peforated cardboard box lined with cotton-wool, drew on his night-cap, jumped into bed, placed the box where it would get most of his natural warmth, and drew the eider-down coverlid over all. In this situation he remained twenty-four hours, without being able to close an eyelid. The chirpings of the chickens in their shells and his attempts to answer them, and to play the part of a sitting Hen, kept him incessantly on the alert. It was heavy work, but received its recompense in seven lively chickens.

"Three and seven," he triumphantly exclaimed, "make ten. That's not so bad a hatch after all."

An aviary colonized by a large flock of the Australian Warbling Grass Paroquet (the Perruche ondulée of French dealers), and nothing else, offers an amusing stock of birds which may even be made profitable by those who care to turn an honest penny. Although they seem to thrive best in large societies, where they may join whole troops of companions in their whirring flight and sing in chorus, a few adult pairs will suffice to begin with. They will lay and hatch their ivory-white little eggs in short sections of the branches of trees, with the bark left on, and a hole made to imitate a natural cavity. After taking possession of this recess, they will sit within and look out of window, like village gossips spying their neighbors' movements. If a half-rotten bit of willow tree-top be offered them, they will excavate the needful hole themselves; and if a workman is to be judged by his chips, they certainly work hard. They do not seem to care about any lining to their nest, the dry non-conducting wood being warm enough, as well as clean. In these primitive homes without hands they will rear broods of six, eight, ten, or more young ones (which sell at prices not to be despised); and when they once make a start in breeding, they go on bravely throughout the warm season. The parent birds must be well supplied with food for their young, consisting of a mixture of bread-crumbs, garden vegetables, as lettuce, chopped fine, together with some animal or fleshy substance, as hard-boiled egg. Minced boiled bullock's heart is an esteemed ingredient with

many bird-rearers (as a substitute for deficient insect food) not only for these, but for the chicks of the whole tribe of Fowls and Pheasants.

In a mixed aviary there should be a mixed supply of food, comprising every kind of nourishment given to birds in confinement. They can then pick and choose for themselves, taking only what best suits their taste and their stomachs. Besides which, to have enough for all, there should always be a little too much, in order that the weak may find something to eat after the stronger have had their fill. In consequence of access to this stock of diverse provisions a sick bird from a cage where there is little variety of food will often recover its health after a short sojourn in an aviary. True, the greater liberty and opportunities for exercise may have something to do with it. I have even taken pity on ailing cage-birds in a dealer's shop, and bought them cheap as a speculation ; and, on submitting them to a course of aviary *régime*, have had the pleasure of seeing them regain strength and spirits. Failures, however, must be confessed to, if the patients' weakness is too far advanced or their lungs attacked. And their little lives often hang on so slender a thread!

In addition, therefore, to the seeds usually given to birds—wheat, oats, barley, canary, hemp, rape, millet—I would recommend, in an aviary, to set before the inmates bread soaked in water or milk—this is indispensable for Robins, Hedge-Sparrows, Warblers, and the like, and will be enjoyed by other birds not usually counted amongst the soft-billed—cooked carrots, potatoes, greens, and other crumbs from the rich man's table, besides scraps, vegetable and animal, not good enough for the servants; buck-wheat, groundsel, chickweed, plantain; a fresh green grass turf, frequently renewed, of which the birds will not only bite and suck the blades, but will search in the earth thereto adherent for worms, grubs, unsuspected seeds, and digestive grains of gravel and stone. When the heart of a broccoli, a cabbage, or lettuce is cut out in the garden it will be seen what delight is afforded by throwing down to them the rooted stump with the outer leaves attached, and leaving it for their amusement twenty-four hours.

Several baths, too, there should be in different parts of the aviary, to prevent quarrels for the privilege of bathing; besides which quarrels the first comer, in his strength and his joy, often splashes out nearly all the water in the bath, leaving only low tide for the second visitor. A good thing is to plant in the aviary a few ordinary deciduous shrubs, such as white-thorns, dog-roses, sloe-bushes, but not with an expectation of their growing or even living. The Bullfinch has a bad name for disbudding fruit-trees; but he is comparatively innocent. Your shrubs will not have been planted an hour before you will see your Goldfinches committing still worse havoc by stripping the bark from every tender twig. It is bad for the shrubs, but good for them; and at any rate is an agreeable pastime which is not difficult or costly to provide.

There are birds whose beauty can only be seen at a near approach and on close inspection. They do not strike you at a distance, like the Red Cardinal, the Golden Oriole, the Blackbird, and similar one-colored or two-colored subjects. Such birds are fitting occupants of an aviary, and amongst them the Californian Colins, or Quails, claim a place. I regret that space does not permit a more lengthened notice of these very interesting birds. It would be difficult to describe their minute spots and multitudinous markings; the droll sort of mustache at the base of the beak, and the peculiar black plume on the head—the mark of bird-aristocracy, according to Toussenel—coquettishly curved *forwards* in very original style. All these points are visible near at hand; whereas a pair of Colins (they are monogamous like Partridges and Guinea-fowl), seen far off in an open field, would be taken to be ordinary smutty-looking birds.

In fact, a long list might be made of birds whose plumage, inconspicuous at a distance—which is doubtless conducive to their safety in a wild state—is admirable on close inspection. Such birds are evidently fit inmates for an aviary, other conditions, as temper and tamability, being favorable. A good example is the migratory Turtle Dove of our woods, which only spends the summer with us—a beautiful bird, clad in a harmonious mixture of the softest hues. Reared from the nest it is quiet, peaceable with its fellow-prisoners, and all that can be desired, although its full beauty is not attained until its second year. And its coo, sounding something like the far-off croak of a frog, is neither so loud nor so wearisome as the never ceasing cry of the Collared Turtle.

A smaller favorite, on better acquaintance, is the poor little Ortolan, which is caught, imported, and fatted to be eaten, making at most two pitiable scanty mouthfuls. If you rescue it from neck-wringing at the paulterer's hands, you will be rewarded by the cheerful manners which set off its eccentric style of dress. A curious yellow skin surrounds its full black eye. The head and neck of the male are grayish-green or greenish-gray, whichever you please; the back and wings are handsomely marked with brown; its little

chant, which cannot be called a song, is an abbreviation of its near relation's, the Yellow Hammer's, and is uttered, like a watchman's cry, at the least disturbance after nightfall, at hours when most other birds are silent.

Many birds are admissible merely for the elegance of their form and the grace or quaintness of their movements. When vocal skill is present, as with Warblers, the amateur can reasonably desire no more. Unfortunately, many of them are insect-eaters, and therefore difficult to keep long in confinement.

In a mixed aviary, the grand point is to associate birds which will consent to live together without mutual internecine jealousies and quarrels. This is not so easy as at first sight may appear. "Birds in their little nests agree," says homely goody Dr. Watts; which they do not if there is a young Cuckoo amongst them. And after they have left the nest, the principle of the survival of the strongest is very rapidly developed. Most small seed-eating birds, such as Linnets, Canaries, and so on, will get on well enough; but Hens cannot be safely admitted into a small-bird aviary—that is, some Hens; for, like ladies, they differ wonderfully in temper. A Hen, hitherto inoffensive, seized a cock Chaffinch in her beak, and would have killed him as she would have killed a mouse. But the victim screamed for help; my cook ran to the rescue; the Chaffinch had to spend six weeks in the infirmary; and the Hen was transformed into boiled fowl and chicken broth.

The pretty little Tits in general show their ill-will by refusing to live. When they survive, the best way of pleasing them and keeping them out of mischief is to give them a bone to pick. The Song-Thrush has hitherto been well-behaved; but the Missel Thrush—a fine powerful bird, reputed to steal the young of other birds to feed its own with—will play the ogre even with its brothers born in the same nest; and the Blackbird's conduct is little better. The Starling's restlessness worries to death the companions who ought to be its feathered friends. One of the Starling's most harmless amusements is to take a ride on the back of a Hen.

The Californian Colin, not unkind to smaller creatures, takes a pleasure in tormenting bigger birds than himself. This fault is, in fact, an excess of bravery, exerted for the protection of his single spouse. A pair of Bantams, introduced to the aviary in order that the Hen might hatch Colin's eggs, could never be left to feed or rest in peace. At first, the Bantam cock was patient; perhaps he thought that so small an opponent could not mean serious insult. But, the misunderstanding growing worse and worse, the cock at last slew the aggressor Colin by a well-deserved dagger-stroke of his spur. I gave the slaughtered bird to a neighbor, who stuffed the skin and ate the flesh, which was pronounced delicious.

If these few indications will help the reader to meet the responsibility of a promiscuously peopled aviary, I shall be very glad to have written them.—E. S. DELAMERE, in *London Society*.

LUTHER AND RECENT CRITICISM.

THERE have been many voices about Luther during the last few months—voices of various meaning; some critical and denunciatory, others applausive and indiscriminate. It may be well to gather up the result; not, indeed, to pitch voice against voice—which would be of no use—but to sift as clearly as we can the strain of truth from them, and to set the real work of Luther in as broad a light of fact and reason as we can.

It would be of no use to go over again the well-known incidents of Luther's life. These have been related, briefly or copiously, in many forms. They are well known, and can hardly fail to be so, lending themselves so readily as they do to graphic treatment. This at least is true of all his earlier history, which stands out in bold relief from his later and more dubious career. It is important, both for his work and character, to discriminate between the two.

One can hardly imagine a more picturesque group of incidents, touched with a more heroic lustre than the successive phases of Luther's life up to the year 1525. Apart from all religious interest, they impress the historical imagination and kindle feelings of elevated passion. We are carried away in the sweep of their large and imposing movement, even if our sympathies are not enlisted in his cause. This is seen in his Catholic biographer Audin who would fain be critical, but, is often found admiring. His pen glows against his will as he touches in succession the glowing scenes which bring before us the youthful monk struggling with his own dark thoughts at Erfurt, or daring Tetzel in his flagitious traffic, or nailing his ninety-five theses on the doors of the Castle Church at Wittenberg, or entering Worms, or standing alone before the Emperor there, or working in lonely faith at the translation of the New Testament in the Wartburg, or quelling the iconoclasm of Carlstadt on his return to Wittenberg. Up to this point Luther's con-

flict is on a grand scale. It is inspired by simple and noble motives. It is the impersonation of a spirit of self-sacrifice, of duty—"Here I stand; I can do no otherwise, so help me God." Whether in point of fact he ever uttered these often-quoted words, the spirit of them animated all his earlier career. They fitly symbolize it throughout, and not merely at Worms. Even the cold pen of Gibbon grows warm in describing the great figure of Athanasius *contra mundum;* and it must be a small as well as a hostile pen which refuses to be moved by the figure of the brave untended monk as he stood facing both Pope and Emperor in the fresh outburst of his reforming faith.

The second portion of the Reformer's career is by no means so heroic. It does not rise to the same level, even if it present here and there richer points of interest. He is no longer the simple hero, but the husband and father, the theologian and head of a great party. A marvellous power his life still is, and it touches us at many points. In some respects it touches us more than the earlier and simple story. It is more full of human feeling. It is the time of Luther's many friendships, of his delights in nature and home and children; of his charming letters, with all their love and prattle to his Kate and his Hans; of his tears by the death-bed of Lena, his "darling, all-beautiful, all-obedient daughter"—of all the free and wise and graphic converse of the "Tischreden." Yet it is no longer a life of the same elevation. It no longer moves on the same lofty plane, or exhibits the same sheer simplicity, directness, and self-sacrifice. His motives have become more mixed, his aims more involved. He is no longer merely the Reformer, but the Churchman; no longer merely the leader with his own magnanimous impulses to guide him, but the defender of a cause, the general of an army, who has to think of many things but what to himself is simply true and right. With all its more tender and varied aspects, therefore, his later life is by no means so heroic. It does not challenge admiration or kindle enthusiasm in the same degree. It does not rise before us with the same stately, impressive, and irresistible grandeur.

It is always to be remembered, therefore, that we have a sort of two Luthers before us—the Luther of Erfurt, the opponent of Tetzel and Eck, the hero of Worms and the Wartburg, the "solitary monk that shook the world;" and, again, the Luther of the Peasant War, the opponent of Erasmus and Zwingli, the perplexed adviser of the Landgrave of Hesse determined to take a second wife while the first was still living, the vindicator not only of grace in his own experience against the frightful abuses of penance and indulgence, but of the doctrine of justification by faith in relation to life and works. The one Luther is great above the measure of most men. There may be figures of more heroic mould; but we do not know them. But to Luther the Politician, the Polemic, the Theologian there may be much exception taken. His greatness in these respects is open to question, and we do not feel ourselves called upon to be his defenders.

The conduct and works of Luther which have been most impugned are, however, more capable of defence than many of his critics allow. A generous appreciation of the man and of his training knows how to make allowances, can see the patriot in the alarmist and the love of holiness in the antinomian polemic. To draw sharp lines, and separate the harsh sayings from the tender prayer and the wild paradox from the wise and broad line of thought, is not criticism of the highest order. We shall afterwards advert to his doctrine of grace, and the extremes to which at times he seems to push it. His harsh and hasty words during the Peasants' War have been brought against him perhaps with more reason. Yet a little consideration will serve to show how few of his critics have realized his true position in that case, and consequently how much they have misunderstood him. Words, however harsh and indefensible in themselves, can only be rightly measured when weighed along with their context and the whole antecedent attitude of the speaker.

In his lifetime it is worthy of remark that Luther was blamed for a spirit in this matter the very opposite to that with which he is now charged. Then, he was supposed, by men like Sir Thomas More and others, to be identified with the cause of the peasants, to have actively stirred up the disorders into which it ran, and to have been largely responsible for them. He was accused as a man of the people, towards whom he is now alleged to have been cruel and pitiless. In reality, he is not fairly liable to either charge, although it may be true, on one side, that his movement initiated the Peasants' movement, and on the other that he used words at last, when he found his remonstrances of no avail, which were unjustifiable in their harshness.

The Peasants' movement began late in the summer of 1524, in the Black Forest. It gained strength in the beginning of the following year, and spread rapidly. Carlstadt gave direct incitement to it by calling upon the people to destroy all images. Yet the demands of the peasantry were in the first instance not only reasonable but singularly

moderate. They claimed above all the right of each parish to choose its own minister. They were determined no longer to be "the property of others," for Christ had redeemed all alike with His blood. They demanded for every one the right to hunt and fish, because God had given to all men equally power over the animal creation. They based their demands upon the Word of God. "If we are wrong," they said, "let Luther set us right by the Scriptures."* There were as yet none of the wild imaginations of Münzer and his prophets, no schemes of a Kingdom of Saints founded on spoliation and murder. They burned down convents, it is true, and spoiled and burned cities; but they did not announce this as their mission, nor set themselves for the overthrow of the existing order of civilization.

When the articles of the insurgents reached Wittenberg in the spring of 1525, Luther was moved by many things they contained. He felt that the peasantry had many grievances. He was himself the son of a peasant, as he was fond of proclaiming. He sympathized, therefore, with their wrongs; and when he wrote his "Exhortation to Peace" the same spring, he dwelt strongly on these wrongs and the necessity of the nobles and princes of Germany ceasing "to tax and fleece their subjects for the enhancement of their pomp and pride, until the common people could endure it no longer." He took the side of the people in all their lawful aspirations. But he saw at the same time that there was a spirit moving many of them hostile to order and religion. And in his most violent moods Luther was an apostle of order. If he had one conviction more profound than another, beyond the sphere of religion, it was respect for the Empire and its institutions—and desire for peace. He hated the idea of social disorder, and of war in any form, above all in the form of civil insurrection. He warned the peasantry, therefore, of the disgrace and disaster that would attend the armed assertion of their rights. He told them plainly that if they persisted in rebellion they were worse enemies to the Gospel than the Pope. But all his words were thrown away; and Luther, of all men, did not like his words to be impotent. He counselled moderation and reform so long as he could; but when he saw that it was not redress but destruction that the fanatical leaders of the popular insurrection aimed at, he denounced them with his accustomed plainness, and called for their extirpation. They were to him "like mad dogs," and to be dealt with as "mad dogs." But it was not the people but their leaders that he thus denounced: men like Münzer, who were insane with a bloody fanaticism—if ever men were—who had preached to their followers, "To work! while the fire is hot; let not the blood cool upon your swords. They will beg, wish, and entreat you for mercy; but show them no mercy, as God commanded Moses! God is with you; follow Him!" These pretended prophets were to Luther at once blasphemers and murderers. We do not say that he should not have judged them more leniently, more intelligently. It was suffering and oppression that had made them mad, and he ought to have recognized this; but there they were—a wild force of destruction extending itself through the Empire: and Luther saw no safety at last but in their extirpation. To the end, however, he was faithful to the peasantry, and implored mercy for them. "Dear lords," he said, in the very same sentence in which he called for the extirpation of their leaders as "mad dogs"; "Dear lords, help them, save them, take pity upon these poor men."

Luther was no doubt always a man of powerful and unguarded impulse. His words were like living things, and went straight to their mark. He did not weigh them like a more cautious nature, and think of all their effect. But this is only to say that he was Luther and not another. In order to judge him rightly we have to take him not merely in one mood, but in many moods. It is not a subtle criticism, however it may seem to be so, to look at his large nature now on this side and now on that—to contrast his tenderness with his coarseness, or his (alleged) antinomianism with the deep breathings of his piety—his materialism with his holiness. No doubt there were these contrasts in him. But are they not more or less in all men, and especially men of the massive build of Luther? What is remarkable in him is not the presence of such contrasts, but the frankness with which he gave expression to them. He was real and simple to the core. He had a marvellous power of utterance, and like many men who have this irrepressible fluency by word or pen, his utterance for the moment not only came from his heart, but seemed to himself the whole utterance of his heart—all truth for the time. But his heart was larger than he thought, and his mind had other depths than he poured forth at separate moments. And we only rightly understand him not in this mood or that, but when we take him as a whole, and recognize that it is one living being who is thus moved so diversely, and that we have to read into the one Luther all these chords of feeling. The

* "Köstlin's Life," p. 315.

schisms, in short, that we recognize in him are in his words more than in himself. He is not now on the side of nature and now on the side of grace, and then of law; but nature and grace and law all meet in his massive humanity, as he speaks now with the tongue of the one and then of the other—so perfectly honest in each mood of thought that he is unconscious, like a child, of inconsistencies of language. He is, in fact, from first to last something of a child in unconscious impulse, in freedom of talk, and in the quick resentful hastiness with which he deals his blows and emphasizes them without reflecting, as in the controversy with Erasmus; how they may fall and injure one truth while defending another.

We have, in short, not only two Luthers at the different epochs of his life, but more or less all through his life; and we are not called upon equally to admire both. Yet it is not the highest view of him that separates and holds them apart. The separation is the separation of accident and circumstance, of argument and emphasis. The man in his full greatness is the unity of all, however difficult it may be to find this unity. The coarseness, the violence, the wrongheadedness are not to be strained away; but they are not seen in their true light when placed by themselves, and looked at as distinct phases of the man. They are so far rather the integral base of a humanity which could not have been so powerful if it had been made of finer stuff; and so far the result of a time of violence and of controversial torture, the temptations of which we have difficulty in estimating. The age itself was lacking in harmonious proportion. It was violent of action and coarse of speech, yet with a profound depth of spiritual life stirring it. And Luther was pre-eminently the man of such an age. He would not have been greater, but less great in some respects, if he had been more refined and cautious and well-proportioned in intellect and character. We have to take him, therefore, as he is—a great but rugged power, tenderness mingling with strength, coarseness with insight, depth with violence, humor with rage, gentleness with audacity. "History presents many more complete or symmetrical characters, few greater; none more rich in diverse elements of human feeling and moral aspiration. No selfishness, nor vanity, nor mere vulgar ambition meet us amid all his proud consciousness of power or most high-handed dogmatism; but everywhere, even when we can least sympathize with him, we see an honest and magnanimous nature swayed by a living faith and glowing earnestness—a great Soul moved by a passionate conviction, and sublimed by divine thought." *

It is this breadth and largeness of nature which have made Luther's name so enduring, and given such a charm to it. We know no other name concerned in a great controversy, which at the end of four centuries could have evoked so spontaneous and widespread an enthusiasm—Anglican Archbishops, and Old Catholic prelates like the venerable Dr. Döllinger, vying with Scotch presbyters and English presbyters, Lutheran Doctors of Divinity and literary laymen to do him honor. This is quite different from any sectarian popularity, and is due, we may be sure, to great qualities which come home to the common heart of Christendom. Least of all is it due to any supposed faultlessness in Luther himself. For the very tribute to his memory has tended to provoke a revived sense of his faults. It has been made abundantly evident that he was no Apostle of sweetness, that he could be obdurate in prejudice as well as magnanimous in thought, and that there are few men whose words in controversy can be less trusted as a measure of truth. Yet withal—not because he was faultless, or always wise and right, but because he was with all his faults a great and beneficent character, who, when the world was sick and in dire trouble brought a new life to it, and moved it forward in paths of righteousness—his name has called forth an unexampled ovation. It is easy to make light of such an ovation; there are always aspects of popular enthusiasm that lend themselves readily to ridicule. But it will be more to the point to endeavor to estimate Luther's work, what he really did for the world, at its true value. We shall rapidly glance therefore at the main aspects in which his work presents itself to us. It will not be difficult to recognize in each the note of advance, and the explanation of the enthusiasm with which his name is still regarded.

1. What is known as Protestantism, or the theory of religious liberty, owes its birth to him. He certainly did not announce the theory; he even failed to practise it; but he made it possible. Is the theory after all a blessing?—it may be asked. It became the fashion for a time to speak in a depreciatory tone of the great movement of the sixteenth century. To those of this way of speech, who, after patient inquiry, satisfied themselves that Protestantism was a mistake, and that their true home was the unreformed Church that condemned Luther, and would have burned him, as it did Hus and Jerome,

* "Luther and other Leaders of the Reformation," p. 161.

there is nothing to say. They went their way, and time will judge them. But the so-called Oxford school of fifty years ago, while it produced many remarkable men—men of genius, as writers, and preachers, and poets—never pretended to be a school of advance. It not only had no love for freedom, but it reprobated it. Newman himself said that he hated Liberalism and all its brood. When in France in 1832, he refused to look at the tricolor, as the emblem of modern liberty.

The school will remain memorable because it has deepened and awakened Christian and Church life; it has spread a spirit of devotion beautiful as it is earnest through many an English parish. But it was in no sense a scientific movement. It threw no light on theological or scriptural difficulties. It travestied rather than studied Church history, and instead of seeking to explain its great epochs, it made a mere polemical quarry of them for the support of foregone conclusions. It scouted the idea of new light; its pride was to reproduce old traditions and "Catholic" dogmas. It not only held no key to the great movements of Christian thought in the past, but it blundered over the simplest of them, as Cardinal Newman did so notably in the history of the Arians of the fourth century. What may be said to be now a commonplace in all historical inquiry, that every great epoch in the formation of opinion is the product of all the forces operating in the preceding time, and therefore so far justified in the very fact of its existence—that it is a living growth, in short, and not a mechanical manipulation of parties—was never realized by them. They took their stand on an imaginary platform of their own, which they identified with Christian antiquity, just as the Evangelical party had also its platform, by which they squared all Christian truth. Theology as a science—as the product of great currents of thought constantly moving the Church—has never been recognized by the one or the other.

It is little to be wondered at, therefore, that the Anglo-Catholic party came to undervalue or despise the Reformation. They saw in Luther mainly an apostle of violence, one who had disturbed the fair order of mediæval Christendom. Protestantism became to them a mere party movement, instead of the natural and inevitable outburst of new forces of religious thought and life moving Europe—an insurrection and not an advance—a rebellion, not an inevitable revolution. All the moral forces of righteousness, of truth-speaking, of freedom which Luther represented, and the Reformation embodied, were of no avail in comparison with a disowned church authority. And the fashion followed of disparaging Luther and Protestantism. Protestantism—the word and the thing—became and remains with members of the school a name of opprobrium. It is said to be a pure negation, to represent an unhallowed attitude of the individual and popular will against "Catholicity." We wonder how many who speak thus know what "Protestantism" really did mean in its original use.

The word, as is well known, was not an original note of the Reformation. It did not originate with Luther, nor with Melanchthon, although the latter was present, as Luther was not, at the Diet of Augsburg, when it came into vogue. It did not come specially from the religious side of the Reformation, and bore no reference to the truth or falsehood of any religious doctrines. But it nevertheless had a noble origin, and it bears, and must ever bear to every freeman, a noble meaning. It was the word with which the reforming Christian States of Germany met the attempt of the Emperor Charles and those opposed to them, to deprive them of the toleration which for some time they had enjoyed. Nothing could be more reasonable or patriotic than the standpoint of these States. The religious commotions in the Empire had begun without their special incitement. They did not profess to be able to settle what was true or false in the movement. The Emperor himself had admitted that the matters in dispute were beyond his jurisdiction. He had specially said—at the Diet of Spires in 1526—that he was neither willing nor able to conclude anything touching them, but that he would endeavor to obtain the sanction of the Roman bishops to the assembly of a General Council; "every State in the mean time to live, rule, and bear itself as it shall be ready to answer for to God and his Imperial Majesty."

This was the basis of settlement universally agreed on between the Emperor and the reforming States in 1526. It was considered binding till a General Council was called. Honor, freedom, every patriotic motive was enlisted on behalf of this fair compromise between the contending parties. The cause at stake was therefore the cause of national as well as religious independence. And it was only when it was proposed, at the second Diet of Spires in 1529, and still more definitely at Augsburg in 1530, to interfere with the Act of Toleration, that the famous Protest was taken. "The Diet has overstepped its authority," said the States who adhered to the settlement. "Our acquired right is that the Decree of 1526 unanimously adopted remain in force until a Council can be convened. Up to this time the Decree has maintained the peace, and we *protest*

against its abrogation." This was what they said at Spires in 1529, and in the following year, at Augsburg, the same ground was taken up, and the same Protest renewed.

Protestantism in its origin, therefore, was the uprising of the Christian and patriotic feeling of Germany against a proposed act of gross oppression, both civil and religious. It had no special connection with doctrine, and implied no negation of any Christian truths. It was the voice of the Christian conscience of Germany exclaiming against Imperial and Papal self-will. It was the assertion of Christian liberty—of the fact that right and honor and covenant were not to be trampled upon at the mere dictation of power, and that "in matters relating to the honor of God and the salvation of souls every man must stand alone before God and give account of himself."

This is the true meaning of Protestantism, and all modern Christian liberty—the very liberty in the exercise of which certain members of the Church of England have abused the name—may be said to be the outcome of the Protest taken at Spires and Augsburg by the Evangelical members of the German Empire. The attitude of these Christian princes and others was again only possible in the light of the great struggle which had been maintained during the twelve previous years by one man. The Diet of Worms and Luther's memorable words there—whatever may have been their exact form—alone explain the subsequent diets at Spires and Augsburg. The courage of a single man as he faced on that great occasion "the mailed chivalry of Germany"—a pale and slight figure as yet without any of the brave rotundity of his later years—gave the courage which inspired the famous Protest, and laid the foundation of all Christian and ecclesiastical liberties. It is not to the point to say that, Luther or not, some change for the better must have come to the Church at the time, which was ripe for such a change. Ripe enough no doubt the time was, as the evils within the Church were intolerable; but the Councils of Pisa and Constance, and the writings of Erasmus, remain as witnesses of how hopeless all reformation of the Church was from within. There are times when God is in "the still small voice," rather than in the storm and the earthquake, but there are other times when abuses can only be shaken by "a great and strong wind" and the upheaval of the common ground on which men stand—and the Reformation was a period of this kind. The voice of God uttered itself in Luther, that the mass of lies, which had become identified with mediæval Christendom should no longer continue. The voice was heard in many lands, and there were many who arose to help the German monk, and carry forward the great work; but that a reformation became possible in England and Scotland as well as Germany, and that Protestantism after many struggles was able to secure a footing in Europe, was owing in large part, as it has been said, "to the intense personal conviction and contagious faith of one man—Martin Luther."

2. But Luther not only initiated our modern Christian liberty—he revived the primitive Pauline Gospel. This revival is even more directly and primarily his work. For while Luther was an apostle of Christian liberty, and gave the impulse to it, without which it might not have prevailed, he was not always himself a good example of his own principle. He only partially caught its meaning, as was the case more or less with all the Reformers. But he was the apostle of the grace of God in all its fulness.

Luther was naturally of deep and serious feeling. He was brought up in a religious home. Hans Luther, his father, was a God-fearing man, who was wont to pray at the bedside of his son, and whose words remained stamped on his son's memory. He wished young Martin to be a lawyer, and he went to the University of Erfurt for this purpose; but the seeds of religion which had been sown in his young heart proved stronger than his father's wishes. He could not rest in the idea of a secular calling. His inward cravings turned him towards a religious life. The story of his finding a Latin Bible in the University Library and poring over it, and finding to his astonishment that it contained more Gospels and Epistles than the Lectionaries—the only medium through which he had hitherto known Scripture—and the other stories of his illness and the sudden death of his friend Alexis, which made so profound an impression upon him—all point to his deep religiousness. He became a monk of his own will. It was spiritual distress drove him to the convent, and it was spiritual distress during his novitiate that impelled him to the course of meditation and thought, of prayer and fasting, which ultimately ended for him in peace and light. The consciousness of his sins lay on him as a continual burden. There was no penance and no work of mortification by which he did not try to lighten the burden. "If ever monk could have got to heaven by fasting," he afterwards said, "I might have done so." But it was all of no avail. The terrors of guilt haunted him as a bodily presence, clung to him as a pursuing shadow, so that one day he cried out, as some

dire aspect of wrath rose before him, "It is not I! it is not I!" At length, however, light came to him by the mouth of Staupitz, the new Vicar-general of the Augustines, who came to Erfurt on a visit of inspection. "Through him," said Luther, "the light of the Gospel first dawned out of the darkness on my heart." It is well that we should remember this. The mediæval Church, corrupt as it was, still cherished the light, if hidden away in obscure corners or a few hearts. To this intelligent and pious man—touched by the grave and melancholy look of the young monk—Luther unbosomed himself. He explained how vainly he had sought for spiritual peace, that sin was always too strong for him. "I have, myself," Staupitz replied, "vowed more than a thousand times to lead a holy life, and as often broken my vows." Strength is not to be found in efforts of self-will, however great. "I now trust only in the mercy and grace of God in Christ."

This was the keynote by which Luther moved the world. It could hardly be more simply or spiritually stated. Divested of all scholastic definition, it was nothing else than the reassertion of the old spiritual fact set forth by Christ Himself and by St. Paul, that the only real help for the soul is in God. Every soul stands in immediate responsible relation to God, and all spiritual strength and peace come straight out of Him. Church and priest, sacrament and penance, are useful ministers in the Divine life, but nothing more. Moral efforts point to a righteousness which they fail to secure. They indicate a capacity—an upward aspiration—but they cannot lay hold of the reality. All deeper religious experience proved to the Apostle that it is not by works of righteousness which we have done, or may do, that we are saved, but by the mercy of God—the free touch of the Divine grace forgiving us, releasing us from the bonds of sin, lifting us out of the deep pit and miry clay, from which no efforts of our own can ever lift us, and setting us in the light of a love which is ours just because we are sinners and in ourselves helpless. "It is just your sins that make you an object of salvation," Staupitz said to Luther.

Luther had tried scholasticism, or the theological teaching of his time, and he had tried monkery, and found both wanting. So far from bringing God near to him, they had hidden God from him, and left him miserable in his weakness and sinfulness. A sinner thirsting for righteousness, he found himself fed on "sentences." Craving for peace, he found only mortification. But the assurance that God loved him, that he was forgiven—that righteousness was not of himself but of God, given to him in Christ—brought him relief and peace. "Straightway he felt as if he were born again, and as if the door of paradise were thrown wide open."

It is always to be remembered how much Luther, like St. Paul, apprehended his new creed in a polemical form as opposed to the "Aristotelic" or Church principle—"that a man becomes just by doing just acts." No, his experience said—and he himself taught in one of the earliest vindications of his favorite doctrine—"We must first be just, and then we shall do just actions. Righteousness is truly from within and not from without. It springs out of God in the soul, reconciling the soul to Himself, and not out of any outward fact whatever." Peace only came to him when he realized in this absolute manner the fulness of Divine forgiveness in Christ.

This is the essential meaning of what is called the doctrine of justification by faith—a doctrine which had not been utterly lost in the church, else Luther could never have heard of it from Staupitz nor any others, but which had sunk out of the general Church consciousness, and which therefore needed once more to be revivified, and placed in the forefront of Christian thought. For if it is a truth at all, this is its place. No other truth can compare with it. In answer to the old cry, "What must I do to be saved?" the voice of Luther was heard as no voice had been heard for many a generation. "No Priest can save you, no masses or indulgences can help you. But God has saved you. He Himself, and no mediatory saints, no holy mother of God even, but God Himself, the Divine Son, has redeemed you." "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." This was the living force which seized the great heart of the German people, and spread mightily through Europe. Brushing by the faltering and unsteady steps of Humanism, this faith in a Divine righteousness near to every soul made itself once more a joyful way among the nations, and spread with a new life of righteousness.

But the truth was not new. No. Neither was it new in the time of St. Paul, who tells us that "Abraham believed God, and it was accounted to him for righteousness." But how far the truth had become obscured, we have evidence not only in Luther's difficulties in finding it, but in all the best and most devout books of the period—the "Imitatio Christi," for example, and the "Theologia Germanica," which was so great a favorite with Luther. Beautiful as both these books are, the former having, next to the Bible probably, touched more souls than any other book in the world, we have only to look into

them to see that, with all their sweetness and strength, the old Pauline truth of "justification by faith alone" is not among their chief notes. One side of the truth they sufficiently apprehend—the soul's immediacy to the Divine. But the other side—that the sum of righteousness is in Christ and in Christ alone, that nothing can be added to His perfect work lies comparatively out of sight. It is the faith of the mystic and the cloister that both books set before us, rather than the faith of St. Paul and the primitive Church—the faith that overcame the world. Now it was the especially Divine side of the same truth that Luther realized in his own experience, and of which he made himself the new apostle. The absoluteness of Divine righteousness in Christ for every soul—this was his theme, even as it was St. Paul's; and to place anything whatever alongside of this righteousness was to preach another Gospel. He had taken the whole substance and spirit of the Epistle to the Galatians into his very heart, and just as St. Paul's spiritual life flashed into indignation at the idea of circumcision, or any element of the Jewish system, being made a condition of salvation along with Christ, so the mind of Luther kindled into a divine rage at the same thought; and sometimes, in his rage against the law in the matter of justification, he speaks wildly, as the wisest man is apt to speak wildly in a tempest of thought.

This is the secret—and there is no other secret—in the often-quoted exaggerations of Luther in reference to the doctrine of justification by faith—the "Esto peccator, et pecca fortiter" sentence, and other unguarded expressions, of which men who know little else about him have made so much. Because Luther felt deeply the power of human sin—the weakness and coarseness of man in his ordinary life—he has been supposed to have made little of sanctification and the consecrating influence of the Church. But the inference is unwarranted. For who, save St. Paul, has ever felt more "the body of this death," and craved to be delivered from it. It was his very craving for sanctification that drove him onwards to the doctrine of grace. But abundance of grace was never for a moment in his own life an excuse for sin. It is impossible to read his prayers and his letters without recognizing how he felt, from the very assurance of faith, the necessity of an always fuller self-consecration. The ideal of holiness springs always more brightly from the root of grace in his heart. This is the true interpretation of his teaching, however unadvisedly he may sometimes speak or write of "good works" when put in the place of Christ. He could say that "in the matter of justification" he would hold no terms with the law, yet in itself the law was to him, as to St. Paul, "holy and just and good." I do not defend many of his expressions. Minds that do not read them in the light of true devotional experience will find in them a suggestion of license, even of immorality. But his harsh and occasionally coarse logic was in the main the bad vesture of scholasticism in which he had been trained. His faults of argument, his over-defining, his drawing too many distinctions, and placing things against one another which in reality are merely different sides of the same thing; all this was the product of the mediæval system which he inherited, and which, unhappily, Protestantism was once more destined to resuscitate, to its own detriment and moral injury. It was not as a Protestant that he yielded to such extravagances; they are no genuine outcome of Protestantism, but rather the rags and tatters of mediæval logic, from which the mind even of our modern churches is by no means yet thoroughly cleansed.*

3. But Luther not only restored life to the Church by his doctrine of grace, he restored the true idea of the Church itself. Mediævalism had inverted the nature of the Church. It had converted it into a vast hierarchy of power emanating from Rome, an ecclesiastical system of bishops and priests and monks that kept the keys of heaven and hell, and in and through whom alone all spiritual blessing was conveyed. The sale of indulgences, flagrant as it was, was merely the outcome of this perverted idea of the Church as a corporation having the disposal of human souls at his command. Once materialize spiritual privilege, and make the forgiveness of sins depend upon anything but the free grace of God, and there is no degradation of Divine truth that may not be reached. If the Divine can be communicated by any mere external form, and the hierarchy be the sole judge of this form, then why not by indulgences as well as anything else? The material accident once substituted for the spiritual reality becomes rapidly degraded till it finds its last and summary expression in money; money being always the brief and representative expression of all mere external work.

Luther soon perceived that his opposition to the Papacy did not arise merely from its abuses. These, no doubt, had kindled his indignation, but the more he looked at the system itself the more he disliked it, the more opposed he felt it to be to the conception of the Church that he found in the New Testament;

* See "Luther Vindicated," by Charles Hastings Collette. Quaritch, London, 1884.

and even before he had yet formally seceded from the Roman communion he had recovered the true scriptural idea of the Church, and boldly announced it in his famous address to the "Christian nobility of Germany." He dismissed as false the central part of the whole mediæval system—the sacrifice of the mass—and with this sacrifice, any peculiar order of priesthood. The essence of the Church, he said, was in the intercommunion of the faithful with one another and their Heavenly Head, and no externals were absolutely necessary to it, beyond the preaching of God's Word, and the administration of the sacraments as ordained by Christ—no Romish popedoms nor any other hierarchical arrangements. The key to this higher conception lay in the great New Testament principle of the priestly character of all Christians. All Christians are alike in spiritual rank. The only thing peculiar to the ecclesiastic or priest is office, or public appointment to administer the Word of God and the Sacraments. Ordination implies this and nothing more—that out of the collective body of Christians, essentially of the same spiritual order ("priests to God"), one is selected and authorized to exercise spiritual offices for the rest. It may be well to quote his own words on this subject:—

All Christians (he says), are truly of the spiritual estate, and there is among them no difference, save of office alone; as Paul says (1 Cor. xii. 12) that we are all one body, yet has each member its own office, that it may serve the others. This is the all-important thing, that we have one baptism, one Gospel, one faith, and are all alike Christians. For baptism, Gospel, faith, these alone make men spiritual and Christian folk.*

Again:—

A bishop's consecration is no more than this, that in place of the entire congregation one is taken out of the whole body of those who possess equal power, to whom is committed the exercise of this same power for the rest. . . . Or, that I may put it still more clearly, if a little body of pious Christian laymen were taken and placed on a desert, who had not among them an episcopally ordained priest, and, being there agreed, were to choose one among their own number, married or not, and were to commit to him the office of baptism, saying mass, absolving, preaching; he would be as truly a priest as if all the bishops and Popes had ordained him.†

Already, therefore, on the eve of his rupture with Rome, the sacerdotal idea had entirely left Luther. A priest is nobody but a Christian layman, called and appointed to a special work. He emphasizes the idea of order as well as of equality. No one may take to himself the office of the ministry without the will and command of the congregation. But the priestly status is nothing but the status of a public officer, who so long as he holds his office has precedence, but when he is deposed and lays it aside, is a peasant or a citizen, like another. "Some have invented," he says, "*characteres indelebiles*, and prate that a deposed priest is nevertheless something other than a bad layman, all of which are laws and talk invented of men."

It is this essential idea of the Reformation, quite as much if not more than the doctrine of justification by faith, which constitutes its real offence in the eyes of the extreme Anglo-Catholic school. This it is which barbs the insults they have levelled at Luther and Protestantism. Nothing touches men so keenly as the invasion of official pride. The love of power is the dearest instinct of the human heart—the love of being distinct and more than others—having something to give which others have not. And all natural human feelings re-enforce the false ideas which have come to us from the middle ages—nay, from the fourth century—and which give the sacerdotal principle what would seem an ever-recurring power over the human mind. This only makes it the more necessary to reiterate the true character of this principle as moral and spiritual, and never merely official. The idea of priesthood lies deep in human nature. It is in itself a true idea. But genuine priesthood is nothing but the Divine help that lies in the assurance of Divine sympathy communicated by one Christian heart to another. And he is the true priest everywhere, whether the hand of presbyter or bishop may have been laid upon him or not, who is the true helper and minister of good from God to man; who out of the treasures of his own faith, and hope, and love, can feed the hungry and give rest to the weary. If the doctrine of justification by faith be, as Luther said, the article of a standing or falling Church, this equally important truth of the universal priesthood of believers and the essential equality of clergy and laity is the special note of a really Reformed or Protestant Church.

4. But Luther's labors are not yet summed up. There remains his vast work of translating the Scriptures, and, immediately connected with this, his general services to Christian literature, his hymns and sermons and catechisms. Luther is so great as a reformer that we are apt to forget how great he is a man of genius. Yet in literary genius alone he stands conspicuous in his age. His translation of the Scriptures into German is unrivalled. As a task-work it exceeds anything of the kind ever done. He translated the whole of the New Testament at the Wart-

* *An den christlichen Adel deutscher Nation.* Die Reformatorischen Schriften Dr. Martin Luthers, von Dr. Karl Zimmermann, 1846, Erster Band, 480.

† *Ibid.* 480-1. An interesting translation of this and other "Primary Works" of Luther, edited by Dr. Wace and Dr. Buchheim, of King's College, has just appeared (Murray, London).

burg in a few months. Contrast with this the years which our revisers took, assisted by all the lights of modern scholarship. The New Testament translation was already published in 1522, that is to say, a year after he stood before the Emperor at Worms; and ten years later, or in 1532, the whole of the Bible was finished, to which he afterwards added the Apocryphal books in 1542. Matthesius tells us also that "when the whole Bible had been published in German, Dr. Luther took it up again from the beginning with much earnestness, diligence, and prayer, and convoked, as it were, a Sanhedrim of the best men that could be found, who came together every week to his house, viz., Dr. Bugenhagen, Dr. Jonas, Dr. Kreuziger, Master Melanchthon, and others. And when the Doctor had looked through the Bible already published, and inquired among Jews and foreign linguists, and picked up good words by asking old Germans, he came into the assembly with the old Latin and new German Bible, and always brought a Hebrew text also." And so they worked till edition after edition was published. Considering the age and the state of Biblical scholarship, the result is marvellous, not merely as a feat, but as a work of art. Luther's Bible came forth from his brain instinct with genius—a formative power in the development of the German language, and an imperishable landmark in German literature. Like our own Jacobean version—and more than it—it is not merely an excellent transcript of the Divine original, but a creative work with the stamp of originality, destined to exercise an enduring influence on the national tongue, and to be a model of its best popular speech for many generations.

But Luther not only translated the Scriptures; he did much by his judgments on the Sacred Books—rash as some of these may be pronounced to be—to initiate the historical criticism of Scripture as a great literature rather than a code or collection of infallible dicta. He asked, for example, "what it mattered even if Moses was not the author of Genesis?" He saw the essential superiority of the Books of Kings over those of Chronicles as historical records, and did not hesitate to pronounce the former the more credible. He discerned the dramatic character of the Book of Job, the late origin of the Book of Ecclesiastes, the fact that the prophecies of Jeremiah have not been preserved in chronological order, and were probably due, therefore, to a compiler rather than to the Prophet himself. "The story of Jonah," he said, "is more lying and more absurd than any fable of the poets. . . . If it did not stand in the Bible I should laugh at it as a lie."* He pronounced against the Pauline origin of the Epistle to the Hebrews. He had grave doubts about the Epistles of St. James and St. Jude, and said of the former, in comparison with the Pauline Epistles, that "it was an epistle of straw, because it has nothing evangelical about it."†

We do not quote these opinions on account of their value. That is not the point. In reference to the Epistle of St. James, Luther was certainly wrong, from lack of that very historical judgment which so far guided him in other cases. His own feelings perhaps influenced him in all his judgments as much as any genuine critical or historical judgment. For criticism was certainly not his *forte*. In these respects Erasmus was greatly his superior. But his insight into the diversity of the Scriptures in meaning and authority, whether in all cases directed by sound principle or not, was a great advance of Biblical thought for the time—an advance which, unhappily, Protestantism did not maintain, and which the Churches are only now beginning to realize as a condition of intelligent Biblical interpretation. Here, as in other things, Luther's genius did for him what no mere learning could do, and what Protestant learning failed for long to understand.

If we add to all this Luther's work as a Christian poet and musician, we sum up a catalogue of services to the Christian Church which few or none can rival. It may be true, as said by his detractors here also, that many of Luther's "Geistliche Lieder" are not original. Abundant traces of them may be found in the mediæval hymnology. But he never said they were original in the sense these critics mean, and he would have been not merely a man of genius but a miracle-worker if he had absolutely coined from his own brain all the hymns attributed to him. Like all true poets he worked on old materials; and just as Burns fashioned by his exquisite touch old and coarse materials into pearls of song, so Luther refitted old words and music to the trumpet tones of the Reformation. In nothing is a poet often greater than in this re-creation of the old and bad, till it lives with a new life of beauty and goodness and power.

This brief review may serve to explain and justify the Luther Commemoration. Some extravagances of talk may even be excused in reference to such a man, who in nothing sought to serve himself, but only God and the Church. There is a wholesomeness in his large-heartedness, his constant frankness, his real self-sacrifice, even in the midst of seem-

* "Tischreden," iv. 418.

† "Preface to New Testament," xiv. 105.

ing self-indulgence. It is well to point out his faults; but even his faults "lean to virtue's side." They come in a great degree of the large simplicity of his nature, and he wears them on his sleeve. He invites us to contemplate them. In his moments of depression, and he had many, they overwhelm himself. Like most men of big thoughts, he bore, under all his outward show of brave and sometimes audacious words, "a saddened and shadowed heart, that felt unutterably the mystery of life and death." "What a brilliant night!" he said one night, as he and Catherine were walking in their garden: "but it burns not for us." "And why are we to be shut out from the kingdom of Heaven?" asked Catherine. "Perhaps," said he, with a sigh, "because we left our convents." There was a strange depth of humility, of self-distrust in the thought. Least of all, surely, was such a man what he appears to some—an incarnation of self-will and the mere rights of Nature.—JOHN TULLOCH, in *The Nineteenth Century.*

OUR DEBT TO INSECTS.

IT has often occurred to me as a curious fact, when I have been watching the bees and butterflies in an English meadow of a summer morning, that no one should ever yet have adequately realized (so far as I know) the full amount of human indebtedness to those bright and joyous little winged creatures. I do not mean our practical indebtedness to insects for honey and bees-wax, silk and satin, cochineal and lacquer, or a hundred other such-like useful products: these, indeed, are many and valuable in their own way, though far less so than the tribute we draw from most of the other great classes of animal life. But there is one debt we owe them so out of all proportion to their size and relative importance in the world, that it is strange it should so seldom meet with due recognition. Odd as it may sound to say so, I believe we owe almost entirely to insects the whole presence of color in nature, otherwise than green; without them our world would be wanting in more than half the beautiful objects which give it its greatest æsthetic charm in the appreciative eyes of cultivated humanity. Of course, if insects had never been, the great external features of the world would still remain essentially the same. The earth-sculpture that gives rise to mountains and valleys, downs and plains, glens and gorges, is wholly unconnected with these minute living agents; but all the smaller beauties of detail which add so much zest to our enjoyment of life and nature would be almost wholly absent, I believe, but for the long-continued æsthetic selection of the insect tribes for innumerable generations. We have all heard over and over again that the petals of flowers have been developed mainly by the action of bees and butterflies; and as a botanical truth this principle is now pretty generally accepted; but it may be worth while to reconsider the matter once more from the picturesque and artistic point of view by definitely asking ourselves, How much of beauty in the outer world do we owe to the perceptions and especially to the color-sense of the various insects?

If we could suddenly transplant ourselves from the gardens and groves of the nineteenth century into the midst of a carboniferous jungle on the delta of some forgotten Amazon or some primæval Nile, we should find ourselves surrounded by strange and somewhat monotonous scenery, very different from that of the varied and beautiful world in which we ourselves now live. The huge foliage of gigantic tree-ferns and titanic club-mosses would wave over our heads, while a green carpet of petty trailing creepers would spread luxuriantly over the damp soil beneath our feet. Great swampy flats would stretch around us on every side; and instead of the rocky or undulating hills of our familiar Europe, we should probably see the interior country composed only of low ridges, unlifted as yet by the slow upheaval of ages into the Alps or Pyrenees of the modern continent. But the most striking peculiarity of the scene would doubtless be the wearisome uniformity of its prevailing colors. Earth beneath and primitive trees overhead would all alike present a single field of unbroken and unvarying green. No scarlet flower, golden fruit, or gay butterfly would give a gleam of brighter and warmer coloring to the continuous verdure of that more than tropical forest. Green, and green, and green, again; wherever the eye fell it would rest alike upon one monotonous and unrelieved mass of harsh and angular verdure.

On the other hand, if we turn to a modern English meadow, we find it bright with yellow buttercups and purple clover, pink-tipped daisies and pale-faced primroses. We see the hedges white with may or glowing with dog-roses. We find the trees overhead covered with apple-blossom or scented with horse-chestnut. While in and out among the beautiful flowers flit equally beautiful butterflies,—emperors, admirals, peacocks, orange-tips, and painted ladies. The green of the grassy meadow and the blue of the open sky serve only as backgrounds to show off the brighter

hues of the beautiful blossoms and the insects that pay court to them incessantly.

To what is this great change in the general aspect of nature due? Almost entirely, we may now confidently conclude, to the color-sense in the insects themselves. The lovely tints of the summer flowers, and the exquisite patterns on the butterfly's wings, have alike been developed through the taste and the selective action of these humble little creatures. To trace up the gradual evolution of the insect color-sense and its subsequent reactions upon the outer world, we must go back to a time when neither flower nor butterfly yet existed.

In the carboniferous earth we have reason to believe that almost all the vegetation belonged to the flowerless type—the type now represented amongst us by ferns and horsetails. These plants, as everybody knows, have no flowers, but only spores or naked frondlets. There were a few flowering plants, it is true, in the carboniferous world, but they belonged entirely to the group of conifers, trees like the pines and cycads which bear their seeds in cones, and whose flowers would only be recognized as such by a technical botanist. Even if some stray archaic members of the true flowering groups already existed, it is, at any rate, almost certain that they must have been devoid of those gay petals which distinguish the beautiful modern blossoms in our fields and gardens.

A flower, of course, consists essentially of a pistil or seed-producing organ, and a certain number of stamens or fertilizers. No seed can come to maturity unless fertilized by pollen from a stamen. But experience, and more especially the experiments of Mr. Darwin, have shown that plants produced from the pollen of one flower applied to the pistil of another are stronger and more vigorous than plants produced from the stamens and ovules of a single blossom. It was to obtain the benefit of this cross-fertilization in a simple form that flowers first began to exist; their subsequent development depends upon the further extension of the same principle.

The pines and other conifers, the grasses and sedges, and the forest trees, for the most part depend upon the wind to waft the pollen of one blossom to the pistil of the next. Hence their flowers generally protrude in great hanging masses, so that the breeze may easily carry off the pollen, and that the pistils may stand a fair chance of catching any passing grain. Flowers of some such types as these were doubtless the earliest of all to be evolved, and their colors are always either green or plain brown.

But wind-fertilization is very wasteful. Pollen is an expensive product to the plant, requiring much useful material for its manufacture; and yet it has to be turned loose in immense quantities on the chance that a stray grain here and there may light upon a pistil ready for its reception. It is almost as though the American farmers were to throw their corn into the Atlantic in hopes that a bushel or two might happen to be washed ashore in England by the waves and the Gulf Stream. Under such circumstances, a ship becomes of immense importance; and nature has provided just such ships, ready-made for the very work that was crying out to them. These ships were the yet undifferentiated insects, whose descendants were to grow into bees, rosebeetles, and butterflies.

Already, in the carboniferous world, winged insects had begun to exist. Some of these must soon have taken to feeding among the hanging blossoms of the first flowering plants. Insects are fond of the soft and nutritious pollen; and it would seem at first sight as though they could therefore be only enemies to the plants which they visited. But as they went from flower to flower in search of food, they would carry pollen from one to the other, clinging to their heads, feet, or legs; and so would unconsciously aid in fertilizing the blossoms. Though some of the pollen would thus be eaten up, yet the saving effected by the substitution of the insect as a ship, for the old wasteful mode of dispersal by the wind, would more than compensate for the loss thus brought about. Accordingly, it would naturally happen that those flowers which most specialized themselves for fertilization by means of insects, would gain a considerable advantage over their neighbors in the struggle for existence. For this purpose, their outer leaves ought to assume a cup-like shape, instead of the open clusters of the wind-fertilized type; and their form should be directed rather to saving the pollen than to exposing it; while their efforts must chiefly be expended in attracting the insects whose visits would benefit them, and repelling all others. Those flowers which chanced to vary most in these directions would best succeed from generation to generation; and their descendants would finally become so modified as to be fitted for fertilization by insects only.

It would be needless here to allude once more to the changes in shape and arrangement thus brought about by the action of the insects. The attraction of perfume and honey, the devices of adaptation and modification, by which plants allure or detain their insect visitors, must be taken for granted, and we must pass on to our proper subject of color.

If, when insects were first beginning to visit

flowers, there was any special difference by which the pollen-bearing parts could be easily distinguished from the other organs of the plant, we may be sure that it would be seized upon by the insects as a guide to the existence of food, and would so be further strengthened and developed in all future plants of the same species. Now, we have reason to believe that just such a primitive difference *does* exist between flowers, and leaves or stems; and *that* difference is one of color. Even if we look at the catkins and grass-blossoms of our own day, we see that they differ slightly in hue from the foliage of their respective plants. But it seems not improbable that color may have appeared much more frequently and abundantly in *primitive* wind-fertilized flowers than in those of our own epoch; because wind-fertilized flowers are only injured by the visits of insects, which would be attracted by bright color; and hence natural selection would tend to keep down the development of brilliant tints in them, as soon as these had become the recognized guides of the insect eye. In other words, as flowers have now split up, functionally speaking, into two great groups, the wind-fertilized and the insect-fertilized, any primitive tendency towards the production of bright leaves around the floral organs will have been steadily repressed in the one group and steadily encouraged in the other.

Did such a primitive tendency ever exist? In all probability, yes. The green parts of plants contain the special coloring matter known as chlorophyll, which is essential to their action in deoxidizing the carbonic acid of the atmosphere. But wherever fresh energies are being put forth, the reverse process of oxidation is going on; and in this reverse process the most brilliant and beautiful colors make their appearance. We are all familiar with these colors in autumn leaves; and we may also observe them very conspicuously in all young shoots or growing branches, especially in the opening buds of spring, the blanched heads of rhubarb or seakale, and the long sprays of a sprouting potato, grown in a dark cellar. Now, the neighborhood of the floral organs is just such a place where energies are being used up and where color is therefore likely to appear. Mr. Sorby has shown that the pigment in petals is often exactly the same as that in the very young red and yellow leaves of early spring, and the crimson foliage of autumn, in the same plant. It would be impossible to go fully here into the evidence which might be offered on this head: an immense mass of facts shows us that color is always tending to appear in the leaves which immediately surround the floral organs; and that this tendency has been strengthened by insect selection of the most conspicuous blossoms, until it has finally resulted in the brilliant corollas of such flowers as those which we now cultivate in our modern gardens.

But all this takes for granted the very fact with which we are now concerned, the existence and growth of an insect color-sense. How do we know that insects can distinguish colors at all? For otherwise all this argument must be fallacious, and the presence of bright corollas must be due to some other cause.

Of all insects, bees are the most confirmed flower-haunters, and they have undergone the greatest modification in relation to their visits in search of honey. We might expect, therefore, that bees would exhibit a distinct color-sense; and this is actually the case. Sir John Lubbock's experiments clearly prove that bees possess the power of distinguishing between red, blue, green, and yellow. Being anxious to see whether insects were really attracted by the hues of flowers, he placed slips of glass, smeared with honey, on paper of various colors; and the bees upon which he experimented soon learnt to return to one particular color only, even though both the paper and the honey were occasionally transposed. Thus we have direct evidence of the clearest sort that the higher insects *do* actually perceive the difference between various colors. Nay more, their perception in this respect appears to be closely analogous to our own; for while the bees had no difficulty in discriminating between red, orange, or yellow, and green. they did not seem to perceive so marked a distinction between green and blue. Now this fact is very like that which we perceive to hold good with the human eye, for all of us are much more likely to confuse green and blue than any two other hues.

If, then, bees and wasps, as Sir John Lubbock has shown, and butterflies, as we may infer from other observations, *do* possess this developed color-sense, we may ask, how did they obtain it? In all probability it grew up side by side with the growth of bright-hued flowers. Just as those blossoms which exhibited the greatest tendency to display a brilliant whorl of tinted leaves, in the neighborhood of their stamens and pistils, would best succeed in attracting insects, so, in return, those insects whose eyes were most adapted for distinguishing the pink and yellow blossoms from the green foliage, would best succeed in procuring food, and would thus live down their less gifted competitors.

It may reasonably be asked, How could an animal without a color-sense develop such a faculty by the aid of natural selection alone? At first sight the question seems indeed a difficult one; but it is possible, I think, to sug-

gest a way in which it may have happened. Colors, viewed objectively, consist of æther waves having different rates of vibration. In an eye devoid of the color-sense, all these æther-waves would doubtless set up the same sort of action in all the ends of the nerves, and would therefore produce exactly the same general sensations. But if in certain eyes there was the slightest tendency for some of the nerve-terminals to respond specially to the oscillations of one particular order, while others of the nerve-terminals responded rather to oscillations of a different order, there would be the first ground-work for the evolution of a color-sense. If this diversity of action in the nerve-ends proved of no service to the animal, it would go no further, because those individuals who possessed it would not be favored beyond those who did not. But if it proved useful, as it undoubtedly would do to flower-haunting insects, natural selection would ensure its survival and its constant increase from generation to generation. Even color-blind people amongst ourselves can be taught by care and attention to discriminate slightly between the hues which they at first confuse; and if we were to choose out, time after time, from a color-blind race, all those individuals who were best able to see these distinctions, we should, no doubt, at last succeed in producing a perfect color-sense. This is just what natural selection seems to have done in the case of bees and butterflies.

Yet it may be urged that insects perhaps had a color-sense *before* they began to haunt flowers, and that this sense enabled them to pick out the brighter blossoms from the very beginning. Such an hypothesis would make the origin of beautiful flowers a much more simple matter; but we can hardly accept it, for a very good reason. Before the existence of flowers there was probably nothing upon which insects could exert a color-sense. Now we know that no faculty ever comes into existence until it is practically of use to its possessors. Thus, animals which always live fixed and immovable in one place never develop eyes, because eyes would be quite useless to them; and even those creatures which possess organs of vision in their young and free state, lose them as soon as they settle down for life in a permanent and unchangeable home. So, unless insects had something to gain by possessing a color-sense, they could never get one, prophetically, so to speak, against the contingency of flowers at some time or other appearing. Of course, no creature would develop such a sense merely for the sake of admiring the rainbow and the sunset, or of observing gems and shells or other such bright-hued but useless bodies. It is in the insect's practical world of food-hunting and flower-seeking that we must look for the original impulse of the color-sense.

Again, throughout the whole animal world, we see good reasons for concluding that, as a matter of fact, and apart from such deductive reasoning, only those species exhibit evident signs of a color-sense, to whom its possession would be an undoubted advantage. Thus, in this very class of insects, bees, as Sir John Lubbock's experiments show us, do undoubtedly distinguish between red, orange, yellow, and green. Butterflies also are attracted by colors, and will, in particular, fly down to objects of the same hue as their own mates. Of course, bees and butterflies, always living among flowers, especially require a good sense of color; and so they quite accord with our expectation. Wasps, again, are omniverous creatures, living partly upon animal and partly upon vegetable food. Everybody knows that they will quite impartially feast upon a piece of raw meat, or upon the sunny side of a peach. Now, wasps, as Sir John Lubbock proved, can also distinguish colors; but they are somewhat less guided by them, apparently, than are bees; and this again bears out the same generalization.

Ants are much more miscellaneous in their diet, they have no wings (roughly speaking), and they do not visit flowers except by the casual process of walking up the stems. Hence a color-sense would be of little or no use to them: and Sir John Lubbock's experiments seem to show that they scarcely possess one, or only possess it in a rudimentary form. Once more, moths fly about in the dusk, or quite at night, and the flowers which lay themselves out to attract them are white or pale yellow, since no others are visible in the evening. Thus a perception of red, blue, or orange would probably be useless to them: and Mr. Lowne has shown that the eyes of nocturnal insects differ from those of diurnal insects in a way closely analogous to that in which the eyes of bats and owls differ from those of monkeys and humming-birds. These differences are probably connected in both cases with an absence of special organs for discriminating colors; and we shall see a little later on that while the day-flying butterflies are decked in crimson and orange to please the eyes of their fastidious mates, the night-flying moths are mostly dull and dingy in hue, or reflect the light only in the same manner as the night-flowering blossoms among which they seek their food. Ascending to the vertebrates, the birds are the class which live most in a world of fruits or flowers; and Mr. A. R. Wallace has pointed out that birds on the whole need to perceive color more than

any other animals, because their habits require that they should recognize their food at a considerable distance. But birds possess a very large proportion of certain nerve-terminals called the cones, which are three times as numerous in their eyes as the other kind, called rods. These cones are almost universally believed to be the special organs of color-perception, and in mammals they are actually less numerous than the rods, which are supposed to be merely cognizant of light and shade. Nocturnal birds, such as owls, have very few cones, while nocturnal mammals have none. Again, the yellow spot in the retina, consisting almost entirely of cones, is found in all diurnal birds; but amongst mammals it occurs only in the fruit-eating class of monkeys, and in man. So that on the whole we may say the positive evidence justifies us in believing that a highly-developed color-sense exists only in those animals which would be decidedly benefited by its possession. And for these reasons it seems improbable that insects ever developed such a faculty until the need for it arose among the beautiful flowers.

Now that we have arrived at this theoretical conclusion, let us hark back again for a while to the reactions which the color-sense, thus aroused, produced upon the flowers which gave it birth.

We may take as a capital example of an insect-fertilized flower, an English dog-rose. Compare this mentally with the wind-fertilized blossoms, such as grasses and catkins, and it is at once obvious that the great difference between them consists in the presence of a colored corolla. No wind-fertilized plant ever has a whorl of gay petals; and though the converse is not quite true, yet almost all insect-fertilized plants are noticeable for their brilliant tints of red, white, blue, or yellow. The structures in which these pigments reside have no function whatsoever, except that of attracting the insect eye. They are produced by the plant at an enormous physiological expense; and if their object were not to secure the visits of insects, they would be just so much dead loss to the species. Nor is it only once that these colored corollas have been developed. They occur, quite independently, in both great divisions of flowering plants, the monocotyledons and the dicotyledons. This coincidence could hardly have happened had it not been for that original tendency which we already noticed for pink, scarlet, or orange pigments to appear in the neighborhood of the floral organs. Nor is it twice only, in all probability, that flowers have acquired bright petals through insect visits, but a thousand times over. In almost every family, insect-fertilized, self-fertilized, and wind-fertilized species are found side by side, the one with brilliant petals, the others with small green and inconspicuous flowers.

For comparison with the dog-rose, one could not find a better type than that common little early spring blossom, the dog's mercury. It is a wind-fertilized flower, and it does not wish to be seen of insects. Now this mercury is a very instructive example of a degenerate green flower. For, apparently, it is descended from an insect-fertilized ancestor with bright petals; but owing to some special cause, it has taken once more to the old wasteful habit of tossing its pollen to the wandering winds. As a consequence it has lost the bright corolla, and now retains only three green and unnoticeable perianth-pieces, no doubt the representatives of its original calyx. Almost equally instructive is the case of the groundsel, though in this case the process of degradation has not gone quite so far. Groundsel is a degenerate composite, far gone quite on the way of self-fertilization. No class of flowers have been more highly modified to suit the visits of insects than the composites. Hundreds of their tubular bells have been crowded on to a single head, so as to make the greatest possible attractive display; and in many cases the outer blossoms of the head, as in the common yellow ragwort, or in the daisy and the sunflower, have been flattened out into long rays which serve as pennants or banners to catch the insect eye. They are very successful flowers, perhaps the most successful family on the whole earth. But the groundsel, for some reason of its own, has reversed the general family policy. It is rarely visited by insects, and has, therefore, apparently taken once more to self-fertilization; and a complete alteration has thus been effected in its appearance, when compared with its sister composites. Though it has not yet quite lost its yellow centre blossoms, it has no rays, and its bells are almost concealed by its large and ugly green involucre. Altogether, we may say that groundsel is a composite far advanced on its way to a complete loss of the characteristic composite habits. It still receives the visits of a very few stray insects; but it does not lay itself out to court them, and it is, probably, gradually losing more and more of its winged clients from day to day. Thus we see that any flower which will benefit by insect fertilization, whether it be a monocotyledon or a dicotyledon, high up or low down in either series, is almost sure to acquire brilliant petals; while, on the other hand, any flower which gives up the habit of relying upon insects is almost sure to lose or minimize its petals once more, and return to a state re-

sembling in general type the catkins and grasses or to the still lowlier self-fertilized types.

The same sort of conclusion is forced upon us if we look at the various organs in each flower which display the brilliant pigments. The petals are most commonly the seat of the attractive coloration, as in the dog-rose and the marsh-mallow. But in many other flowers, like the fuchsia, the calyx is also beautifully colored, so as to aid in the general display. In the tulips and other lilies, the crocus, the iris, and the daffodil, sepals and petals are all colored alike. In marvel-of-Peru and purple clematis, the petals are wholly wanting. In the common meadow-rue, it is the essential floral organs themselves which act as allurements; while, in the mesembryanthemums, the outer stamens become flattened and petal-like, so as to resemble the corolla of other flowers. In the composites, like daisies, where many blossoms are crowded on one head, the outer row of blossoms are often similarly flattened into rays which only serve the purpose of attracting insects towards the fertile flowers of the centre. Nor does the coloring process stop at the regular parts of the flower alone: the neighboring bracts and leaves are often even more beautifully tinted than the flowers themselves. In the great white arums, grown in windows as Æthiopian lilies, the actual blossoms lie right inside the big sheath or spathe, and cluster round the tall yellow spike or spadix in the centre: and this sheath acts the part of petals in the more ordinary flowers. Many euphorbias have very inconspicuous little blossoms, but each small colony is surrounded by a scarlet involucre which makes them some of the gayest among our hot-house plants. The poinsettia, which is so familiar a fashionable dinner-table plant, bears little yellow flowers which would not of themselves attract the eyes of insects; but it makes up for this deficiency by a large surrounding bunch of the richest crimson leaves, whose gorgeous coloring makes the tree a universal favorite with tropical bees and butterflies. The lovely bougainvillea carries the same idea one step further, for its small flowers are enclosed by three regularly-arranged bracts of a delicate mauve or pink; and when one sees a tree covered with this magnificent creeper in full blossom, it forms one of the most glorious masses of color to be found in the whole of external nature. Many tropical plants, and especially those of parasitical habit, are much given to developing these extra allurements of colored leaves, and their general effect is usually one of extreme brilliancy. From all these examples, we can draw the conclusion that color does not belong by original nature to one part of the plant rather than another; but that wherever the colored juices which result from oxidation of chlorophyll and its analogues began to show themselves, in the neighborhood of the stamens and pistil, they would attract the attention of insects, and so grow more and more prominent, through natural selection, from generation to generation, till they finally attained the present beauty of the tulip, the rose, the poinsettia, and the bougainvillea.

From this marvellous reaction of the color-sense in insects upon the vegetal world, we must next pass on to its reaction upon the hues of insects themselves. For we probably own the exquisite wings of the butterfly and the gorgeous burnished bronze of the rose-beetle to the very same sense and the very same selective action which has produced the hues of the lily and the hyacinth. What proofs can be shown that the colors of insects are thus due to sexual selection? In the first place, we have the certain fact that bees at least, and probably other insects, do distinguish and remember colors. Not only so, but their tendency to follow color has been strong enough to produce all the beautiful blossoms of our fields and gardens. Moreover, we have seen that while bees, which are flower-haunters, are guided greatly by color, wasps, which are omnivorous, are guided to a less extent, and ants, which are very miscellaneous feeders, not at all. It may be objected that insects do not care for the colcr apart from the amount of honey; but Mr. Anderson noticed that when the corollas of certain flowers had been cut away, the insects never discovered or visited the flowers; and Mr. Darwin lopped off the big lower petals of several lobelia blossoms, and found that the bees never noticed them, though they constantly visited the neighboring flowers. On the other hand, many bright-colored bells have no honey, but merely make a great show for nothing, and so deceive insects into paying them a call on the delusive expectation that they will be asked to stay to dinner. Some very unprincipled flowers, like the huge Sumatran rafflesia, thus take in the carrion flies, by resembling in smell and appearance a piece of decaying meat. Moreover, certain insects show a preference for certain special flowers over others. One may watch for hours the visits paid by a bee or a butterfly to several dozens of one flower, say a purple lamium, in succession, passing by unnoticed the white or yellow blossoms which intervene between them. Fritz Müller mentions an interesting case of a lantana, which is yellow on the first day, orange on the second, and purple on the third. "This plant," he says, "is visited by

various butterflies. As far as I have seen, the purple blossoms are never touched. Some species inserted their probosces both into yellow and into orange flowers; others, as far as I have observed, exclusively into the yellow flowers of the first day." Mr. T. D. Lilly, an American naturalist, observed that the colored petunias and morning-glories in his garden were torn to pieces by bees and butterflies in getting at the honey, while the white or pale ones were never visited. These are only a few sample cases out of hundreds, in which various observers have noted the preference shown by insects for blossoms of a special color.

Again, we may ask, Do different species of insects show different degrees of æsthetic taste? The late Dr. Hermann Müller, who specially devoted himself to the relations between insects and flowers, showed most conclusively that they do. The butterflies, which are at once the most locomotive and the most beautiful of their class, appear to require larger masses of color for their attraction than any other group; and the flowers which depend upon them for fertilization are, in consequence, exceptionally large and brilliant. Müller attributes to this cause the well-known beauty of Alpine flowers, because bees and flies are comparatively rare among the higher Alps, while butterflies, which rise to greater elevations in the air, are comparatively common; and he has shown that, in many cases, where a lowland flower is adapted for fertilization by bees, and has a small or inconspicuous blossom, its Alpine congener has been modified so as to be suited for fertilization by butterflies, and has, therefore, brilliant bunches of crimson or purple blossoms. In his last work, he shows that, while bees form as many as 75 per cent. of the insects visiting the beautiful and attractive composites, they form only 14 per cent. of those which visit the plain green and white umbellates, like the wild carrot and fool's parsley. Butterflies frequently visit the composites, but almost never the umbellates, which last depend mainly upon the smaller flies and other like insects. Of two small hedge flowers, Galium mollugo and G. verum, Müller notes that they agree closely in other points, but the first is white, while the second is yellow, which, he says, renders it more attractive to small beetles. Of certain other flowers, which lay themselves out to attract wasps, Müller quaintly observes that they are obviously adapted "to a less æsthetically cultivated circle of acquaintances." So that the close studies of this accurate and painstaking naturalist led him to the conclusion that insects differ greatly from one another in their taste for color. Probably we shall be right if we say that the most æsthetic among them all are the butterflies, and next the bees—these two classes having undergone the most profound modifications in adaptation to their flower-haunting life—and that the carrion flies and wasps bring up the rear.

Is there any evidence, however, that insects ever notice color in anything else but flowers? Do they notice it in their own mates, and use it as a means of recognition? Apparently they do, for Mr. Doubleday informed Mr. Darwin that white butterflies often fly down to pieces of white paper on the ground, mistaking them doubtless for others of their species. So, too, Mr. Collingwood notes that a red butterfly, let us say, nailed to a twig, will attract other red butterflies of the same kind, or a yellow one its yellow congeners. When many butterflies of allied species inhabit the same district, it often happens that the various kinds undergo remarkable variation in their coloring so as to be readily recognizable by their own mates. Again, Mr. Patterson noticed that certain blue dragon-flies settled in numbers on the blue float of a fishing-line; whilst two other species were attracted by shining white colors. On the whole, it seems probable that all insects possessing the color-sense, possess also a certain æsthetic taste for colors.

Indeed, it is difficult to see how it could be otherwise. Whenever an animal exercises a faculty much, the exercise comes to have pleasant feelings attached to it; and this is especially the case with all sense-organs. Creatures which live on honey love sweet things: carnivores delight in the taste of blood. Singing birds listen with interest to musical notes: and even insects will chirp in response to a chirp like their own. So, creatures which pass all their lives in the search for bright flowers must almost inevitably come to feel pleasure in the perception of brilliant colors. This is not, as so many people seem to think, a question of relative intellectual organization: it is a mere question of the presence or absence of certain sense-centres.

But it may finally be urged that even though insects recognize and admire colors in the mass, they would not notice such minute and delicate patterns as those on their own wings. Let us see what evidence we can collect on this head. First of all, insects have not only produced the petals of flowers, but also the special markings of those petals. Now these markings, as Sprengel pointed out a century since, bear a constant reference to the position of the honey, and are in fact regular honey-guides. If one examines any flower with such marks upon the petals, it will be

found that they converge in the direction of the nectaries and show the bee or butterfly whereabouts he may look for his dinner. Accordingly, they must have been developed by the gradual action of insects in fertilizing most frequently those flowers which offered them the easiest indication of where to go for food. Unless insects noticed them, nay more, noticed them closely and accurately, they could never have grown to their present definite correlation with the nectary, a correlation which, Mr. Darwin says, first convinced him of the reality of their function. "I did not realize the importance of these guiding marks," says Sir John Lubbock, "until, by experiments on bees, I saw how much time they lose if honey which is put out for them is moved even slightly from its usual place." In short, insects, like men, are creatures of habit. How complicated these marks sometimes become, we can see in most orchids.

Again, the attention insects pay to comparatively small details of color and form is clear enough from the *mimicry* which sometimes occurs amongst them. In some instances, the mimicry is intended to deceive the eyes of higher animals, such as birds or lizards, and can therefore prove nothing with regard of the senses of the insects themselves. But in a few cases, the disguise is adopted for the sake of deceiving other insects; and the closeness of the resemblance may be accepted as good evidence of acute vision in the class so mimicked. Thus, several species of flies live as social parasites among the hives or nests of bees. These flies have acquired belts of color and patches of hair, closely imitating the hosts whose honey they steal; while their larvæ have even the ingratitude to devour the larvæ of the bees themselves. Of course, any fly who entered a beehive could only escape detection and condign punishment at the hands—or rather at the stings—of its inhabitants, provided it looked so like the householders as to be mistaken by them for one of the community. So any fly which showed at first any resemblance to a bee would for a while be enabled to rob with impunity: but as time went on, the bees would begin to perceive the true nature of the intruders, and would kill all those which could be readily distinguished. Thus, only the most bee-like flies would finally survive; and the extent to which the mimicry was carried would be a rough test of the perceptive powers of the bees. Now, in these particular cases, the resemblance is so close that it would take in, not only an unpractised human observer, but even for a moment the entomologist himself. Similar instances occur amongst mantidæ and crickets.

And now let us apply these facts to the consideration of the problem before us. If those insects which especially haunt flowers are likely to have so acquired a color-sense, and a taste for colors; and if they are capable of observing minute markings, bands, or eye-like spots; then we might naturally infer that they would exhibit a preference for the most beautifully colored and variously ornamented of their own mates. Such a preference, long continued and handed down to after-generations, would finally result in the development of very beautiful and varied colors among the flower-haunting species. We might expect, therefore, to find the most exquisite insects amongst those races which are most fully adapted to a diet of honey and pollen; and such I believe to be actually the case.

Before proceeding further, precautions should be taken against a misconception which has already occurred in this connection. It is not meant that bright colors will be found *only* amongst flower-haunters; for it may easily happen that in a few instances other causes may conspire to produce brilliant hues. Nor is it meant that *all* flower-haunters are necessarily brilliant; for it may also happen that some special need of protection will occasionally keep down the production of conspicuous tints. But what *is* meant is that brilliant colors are found with very exceptional frequency amongst the specially flower-haunting animals.

Butterflies are the order of insects which require the largest mass of color to attract them, and which seem to possess the highest æsthetic sensibility. It is hardly necessary to say that butterflies are also the most beautiful of all insects; and are, moreover, noticeable for the most highly developed ornamental adjuncts. Those butterflies make the best matches in their world of fashion which have the brightest crimson on their wings or the most exquisite gloss in their changeful golden scales. With us, an eligible young man is too often a young man with a handsome estate in the country, and with no other attractions mental or physical. Amongst insects, which have no estates, an eligible young butterfly is one with a peculiarly deep and rich orange band upon the tip of his wings. Thus the cumulative proof of the æsthetic superiority of butterflies seems well-nigh complete.

If we examine the lepidoptera or butterfly order in detail, we shall find some striking conclusions of the same sort forced upon us. The lepidoptera are divided into two great groups, the moths and the butterflies. Now, the moths fly about in the dusk or late at night; the flowers which attract them are pale, lacking in brilliancy, and, above all,

destitute of honey-guides in the shape of lines or spots; and the insects themselves are generally dark and dingy in coloration. Whenever they possess any beauty of color, it takes the form of silvery scales which reflect what little light there may be in the gray gloaming. The butterflies, on the other hand, fly by day, and display, as we know, the most beautiful colors of all insects. Here we must once more recall that difference between the structure of the eye in nocturnal and diurnal species which Mr. Lowne has pointed out. Nor is this all. While most moths are night-fliers, there are a few tropical genera which have taken to the same open daylight existence as the butterflies. In these cases, the moths, unlike their nocturnal congeners, are clad in the most gorgeous possible mixtures of brilliant metallic colors.

Other instances of like kind occur in other orders. Thus, among the beetles, there is one family, the rose-chafers, which has been specialized for flower-haunting; and these are conspicuous for the beauty of their coloring, including a vast number of the most brilliant exotic species. Their allies, the common cock-chafers, however, which are not specialized in the same manner, are mere black and inconspicuous insects. So among the flies: most of the omnivorous families are dull and ugly; but several of the flower-haunting tribes are adorned with brilliant colors, and live upon honey. In fact, an immense majority of the brightest insects are honey-suckers, and seem to have derived their taste for beautiful hues from the nature of the objects among which they seek their food.

There is one striking and obvious exception, however, which has doubtless already suggested itself to the minds of readers. I mean the bees. These are the most flower-loving of all insects, and yet they are comparatively plain in their coloration. We must remember, however, that the peculiar nature of the commonwealth amongst the social bees prevents the free action of the selective preference by which we account for the brilliancy of all other flower-haunting species. The queen or mother bee is a prisoner for life; her Majesty's domestic arrangements are all made for her by the state; she does not herself seek honey among flowers, and those bees which do so have no power of transmitting their tastes to descendants, as they live and die mere household drudges. On the other hand, the solitary bees are in many cases exquisitely colored, as we might expect from their power of free choice; and one flower-haunting family of the same order, the Chrysidæ, are aptly compared to the humming-birds in the richness of their coloring.

One more peculiarity of great interest must also be noted. It appears that many insects have two sets of colors, seemingly for different purposes; the one set protective from the attacks of enemies, the other set attractive to their own mates. Thus several butterflies have the lower side of their wings colored like the leaves or bark on which they rest, while the upper sides are rich with crimson, orange, and gold, which gleam in the bright sunlight as they flit about among their fellows. Butterflies, of course, fold their wings with the under side outward. On the other hand, moths, which fold their wings in the opposite manner, often have their upper surfaces imitative or protective, while the lower sides are bright and beautiful. One Malayan butterfly, the *Kallima paralecta*, has wings of purple and orange above, but it exactly mimics dead foliage when its vans are folded; and, as it always rests amongst dry leaves, it can hardly be distinguished from them, as it is even apparently spotted with small fungi. In these and many other cases one cannot help believing that while imitative coloring has been acquired for protective purposes, the bright hues of the concealed portion must be similarly useful to the insect as a personal decoration.

It would seem, then, that we owe half the loveliest objects in our modern world to the insect color-sense. It is the bee and the butterfly which have given us the gorgeous orchids and massive creepers of the tropics, the gentians and rhododendrons of the Alps, the camellias and heathers of our conservatories, the may and primroses of our English meadows. To the same primitive taste, exerted in a slightly different direction, are due the gilded wings of Brazilian moths, and the exquisite tints of our own ruby or sapphire-colored summer insects. The beauty and the glory of the world are not for the eyes of man alone; they appeal equally to the bee and the butterfly, to the bird and the child. To some people it strangely seems a nobler belief that one animal only out of all the earth enjoys and appreciates this perpetual pageant of natural loveliness; to me it appears, on the contrary, a prettier and more modest creed, as well as a truer one, that in those higher and purer delights we are but participants with the vast mass of our humbler dumb fellow-creatures.—GRANT ALLEN, in *The Gentleman's Magazine.*

COMMON ERRORS IN DOMESTIC MEDICINE.

Among the various passions which are inherent in the human breast, none is stronger or more evident than the desire which every one manifests to practice the healing art in some form or other, either on himself or—more frequently—on his fellow-creatures; a propensity which betrays itself in the gratuitous administration of physic, the infliction of minor surgery, or, if these suggestions be not favorably received by the patient, in copious advice of a hygienic nature. This is particularly the case with the gentler sex. Every woman is a physician at heart, and nothing is more refreshing than to sit and listen to two ladies in confidential medical conversation respecting the merits of their favorite nostrums. It is to them that homœopathy especially appeals. What more delightful spectacle can be found than that of a fair amateur "doctress" with her book, her case of phials and little gold spoon, dispensing globules to her family, to her servants, to her neighbors, to any one and every one; and to enjoy at the same time the sweet reflection that she is not doing a particle of harm! Nevertheless, there are some not unfrequent mistakes in the application of so-called household remedies, excellent in themselves; and to call attention to these, and to a few popular fallacies on the subject of health and disease, is the object of the present paper.

Let us commence with that finest of domestic institutions, the poultice—bread, linseed, or mustard—soothing, fomenting, or stimulating, according to circumstances. There are few remedies in the pharmacopœia of wider beneficial application in surgery and medicine than this; yet terrible mischief often follows its injudicious use. A man has a cough, or his child wheezes with a "tightness on the chest," and on goes a poultice straightway. So far so good; in all probability they wake up next morning greatly relieved. But the father is off to his daily business, and the child runs about and plays as usual, while—since they feel so much better—neither takes any precaution, by extra clothing or otherwise, to guard against the consequences of the poultice itself. The skin and subjacent tissues have been rendered lax by the heat and moisture, the blood-vessels are dilated, and the circulation of the part increased; to use a common expression, the "pores" are open, and there is thus a tenfold liability to catch cold, especially in winter-time, when these things most frequently happen. Ordinary colds which are said to have "run" into congestion of the lungs, bronchitis, or pneumonia, may often be traced to their serious or fatal termination through the *undefended* use of a poultice.

It should be borne in mind that a common poultice—such as is made of linseed meal or bread—is merely a vehicle for the application of damp heat—a continuous fomentation, in fact—and has no specific curative action. A muslin bag filled with bran, or flannels dipped in hot water, have precisely the same effect, but are not so conveniently employed, as they have to be more frequently renewed. A poultice should always be thoroughly mixed and homogeneous in consistence throughout; just so wet as to permit of its retaining the mould of the cup when turned out, but not wet enough to exude water by its own weight when lightly applied. A *hot* poultice should never be allowed to remain on after its outer part is less than the temperature of the blood, nor must it get dry and caked. As a general rule, it may be said that bread makes a better cataplasm than linseed meal, but requires to be changed oftener. There are, of course, special medical reasons in occasional cases for the preference of one or the other, but such instances scarcely come within the scope of this article. Well-mashed carrots make a capital, soothing application, and a poultice composed of tea-leaves is, owing to its slight astringent action, generally suitable when one is required about the region of the eye. An abominable mixture of soap and sugar is very popular as a local remedy in some parts of England, and is credited with great "drawing" properties. On the other hand, it is good to know that the old-fashioned liniment of hartshorn and oil is one of the best embrocations ever invented under ordinary circumstances, and that therapeutical research amongst all the drugs that the vegetable and mineral kingdoms afford has never discovered an improvement on salt and water as a gargle for simple sore throat.

What British home would *be* a home without its little roll of sticking or court plaster? How often is it that little tearful eyes look mistily down on a poor scratched finger, held carefully out in the other hand, as if there were some danger of its coming off, while mamma cuts a thin yellow strip and wraps it round the injured member with comforting words, all lamentation being temporarily reduced to an occasional sob in the interest of the operation. That the sticking-plaster exercises a fine moral effect in such a case, there can be no doubt; but I fear there is as little doubt that it often does more harm than good from a physical point of view, and this arises from the fallacious

belief in it as a healing agent. The only real service that sticking-plaster does is to hold two cut surfaces together while Nature's process necessary for their union is being completed, acting for a slight wound as stitches do in a deep one. But to cover an abrasion or raw surface with it is worse than useless, as it only irritates it. The plea is often advanced that it serves to keep dust and dirt off. A bit of wet linen rag, however, would be far better for that purpose.

Most of the ordinary household cures for chilblains are well enough in their way, but an unfortunate mistake is often committed in applying certain of them, which are fit only for the chilblains in their early stage, to broken ones, setting up thereby great inflammation and producing very painful sores. A broken chilblain is a little ulcer, and must be treated as such. As for the thousand-and-one remedies in vogue for corns, it is wonderful that they should exist at all, since nine people out of ten could cure their own without any application whatever, by wearing properly fitting boots and shoes. It is irregularity of pressure which creates corns; boots which are too big being as productive of the tiny torments as tight ones. A wet rag covered with oiled silk—to retain the moisture—and bound round the corn, is one of the best cures.

A very common but reprehensible practice is that of holding a burn as close to the grate as possible, "to draw the fire out"—not out of the fireplace—but from the injured part. It is quite feasible to conceive that such a proceeding may give ease by deadening sensation in some instances; but it by no means follows that it does good or expedites recovery—indeed, we shall see that in such a case the loss of sensation really proves further damage to the tissues. Burns have been divided by surgeons into six classes: (1) Simple scorching, sufficient only to redden the surface. (2) Blistering; the cuticle raised and forming little bladders of water. (3) The skin denuded of its cuticle. This is the most painful stage of all, as it leaves the nerve-ends exposed. (4) Destruction of the entire thickness of the skin; painless or nearly so, because the sensitive nerve-bulbs are destroyed. (5) Destruction of all the soft parts; and (6) charring of the bone—two conditions very difficult to imagine as co-existent with any remnant of life. It can thus be readily understood how a burn of the third order of magnitude can be converted by additional heat into the fourth, and temporary relief from pain purchased by transforming a trifling injury into a serious one, liable to be followed by severe illness and permanent deformity. A most mysterious cause of death after burns is the ulceration and bursting of a certain blood-vessel in the stomach. The connection between the two has never been discovered. People talk about this or that being good for a burn, but not for a scald, or *vice versa;* but practically no distinction is to be drawn between the two, further than that, as we know the highest temperature of water, we know the utmost limit of injury in a scald, whereas there is no limit to the possibilities of a burn. To keep the air from both is the main object in treatment. Cook, who generally appears on the scene of the disaster with her flour dredge, is a very efficient surgeon for burns and scalds of the first degree—this little scientific technicality will comfort the sufferer marvellously; but where the skin is raised or broken, something of an oily nature—Carron oil, for instance—should be substituted. Cover it up with lots of cotton-wool, as though you wished to keep it as warm as possible; and, mind, no soap and sugar on any account!

What is the origin of the popular idea that the finger-nails are poisonous to a wound? It does not do a wound much good to scratch it, or indeed touch it, but that is no reason why those useful little shields of our finger-ends should be so libelled. Whence comes the notion that to pierce a girl's ears and compel her to wear earrings improves her eyesight? Possibly this may have arisen from the fact that medical men sometimes put blisters behind the ears as counter-irritants, to relieve some chronic ophthalmic disorders. Why is a glass of hot rum-and-water with a lump of butter in it not only familiarly prescribed for but familiarly swallowed by catarrh-afflicted mankind? Speaking of colds generally, we may remark in passing that treacle posset, hot gruel, putting the feet in mustard-and-water, etc., are all capital things, but that they effect only the one object of inducing perspiration. There is nothing specifically curative about any of them. It is a mistake, however, to give spirits, negus, or any alcoholic fluids in influenza colds where there is much congestion of the mucous membranes, as it increases the incidental headache.

Some people fancy that a magnet will draw out a needle, broken off short in the hand, even when it has passed in altogether out of sight. When a medical practitioner is called upon to extract a broken needle, he usually finds that it has been driven beyond reach by injudicious squeezing and other futile home-attempts at extraction, for the lightest touch makes a needle travel. A very troublesome class of case this is, owing to the uncertainty

of its exact situation, of the direction of its long axis, and of its even being there at all—each sufficient to create the disagreeable possibility of cutting into the flesh without finding it. In such a state of affairs, one might as well put a magnet in the mouth to draw one's boots on, as to expect to extract the needle by its influence. But a celebrated surgeon, Mr. Marshall, has devised an ingenious application of this force for the purpose of detection. A powerful magnet is held upon the part which contains the suspected needle for some time, so as to influence it. Then a finely-hung polarized needle is suspended over it, and is immediately deflected, if any metal be concealed beneath. Never press or squeeze the flesh about a broken needle or bit of glass. If you cannot lay hold of it with the fingers or scissors, or, still better, a pair of tweezers, and pull it right out at once, keep quite still until a doctor has seen it. By so doing, you may save yourself weeks or months of pain, and even possible amputation of a limb.

Tea if taken in excess is indigestible and nerve-destroying; but in sickness this delightful fluid gives a temporary stimulus to the brain, and though possessing no feeding qualities in itself, it prevents or retards the waste of tissue—a property of considerable importance in illness where but little food is taken. Above all, the fact of being allowed one favorite beverage, albeit greatly diluted, when everything else that pertains to the routine of daily life seems interdicted or upset, has a beneficial effect on the patient, who welcomes his cup of weak tea with something of the anticipation of that refreshment and social enjoyment he derives from it under brighter circumstances.

"Is the bone broken, or only fractured, doctor?" is an anxious question often asked apropos of an injured limb. Broken and fractured are synonymous terms in surgery, my dear madam—it is always a lady who asks this—but I think I know what you mean. A fully developed bone is rarely cracked—nearly always it snaps in two pieces—but the soft cartilaginous bones of children sometimes sustain what is called a "green-stick fracture," a name which almost explains itself, meaning that the bone is broken through part of its thickness, but not separated, as happens with the green bough of a tree. Many people have a totally erroneous idea, when an arm or leg is badly bruised only, that it would be better if it were broken. "Right across the muscle, too!" implies that an injury has been received across the upper arm in the region of the biceps, that being the only "muscle" which is honored by general public recognition. How many people know that what they call their flesh, and the lean part of meat, is nothing but muscles, the pulleys by which every action of the body is performed? Common mistakes lie in trying to "walk off" rheumatism, sprains, and other things which should be kept entirely at rest; and in squeezing collections of matter which have burst or been lanced, with a view to hasten their healing by the more speedy emptying of their contents.

Of late years, the Latin or other scientific equivalents for diseases have crept into general use, with the curious result that in many cases they are taken to mean different things. Scarlatina, for instance, not only sounds much nicer than scarlet fever, but is often considered to be that disease in a milder form; and the identity of pneumonia with inflammation of the lungs, or of gastric with typhoid fever, or of the various terms ending in "itis" with the inflammation they are intended to specify, is far from being universally recognized. Abscess is a better word than "gathering;" and though, on the other hand, "tumor" seems very dreadful, we may find consolation in remembering that after all it only means a swelling, whatever the nature may be, from a gum-boil to a cancer. There is much in a name. Dipsomania sounds much better than the other thing; and kleptomania by any other name would not smell so sweet. Much in a name? I should think so. Read what follows if you doubt it. When a ship arrives in an English port from abroad, before those on board are allowed to have any communication with the shore, the ship must be declared healthy by the sanitary authorities, who accordingly board her at once, inspect her bills of health, and especially the list of those who have been ill during the voyage. If any of these are entered on the sick-list as having suffered from intermittent fever, printed forms have to be filled up, declarations made and signed, certificates written out, all sorts of questions answered about whether their bedding or clothing has been destroyed; and the men themselves paraded on deck for inspection. But if it is stated, instead, that they have suffered from ague—only another word for intermittent fever—then no notice is taken of it!

After all, there is very little rationale in any amateur system of medicine; all its treatment is purely empirical, and has its root in that love of mysticism which prevails in everything. Medicine, like every other science, is built up of hard unromantic facts, amenable to the laws of logic and commonsense. The popular idea runs always on specifics. Every bottle in a druggist's shop is supposed to contain a definite remedy for a

definite disease; and the patient weaving of link with link in a chain of logical inferences, of the correlation of causes and effects, which constitutes medical science, is unknown. "What's good for so-and-so?" is a query constantly put to a doctor, and if he answers honestly, he must confess that in nine cases out of ten he can give no absolute reply, but must preface his words with, "That depends!" Take two very frequent illustrations by way of conclusion. What is "good for" indigestion? and what for a headache? But what is indigestion? Not a disease, but a generic name for fifty different diseases, all attended with the same symptoms in some measure, but proceeding from not only different but often entirely opposite causes. Thus, the pain may be produced by a deficiency or by an excess of the gastric juice; and by any derangement, from a simple error in diet to a cancer; and it requires the practised eye, ear, and hand of the physician to detect and appreciate those minute differences which point to the root of the evil. As for a headache, such a complaint hardly exists *per se*, but is almost invariably a symptom only of some other disorder; and we all know how many varying states of the body will give us headache. Nevertheless, may the practice of domestic medicine and the virtues which go with it long continue in our midst, and let no man be so ill-advised as to banish the harmless little medicine-chest with its associations from his hearth.—AN OLD PRACTITIONER, in *Chambers's Journal.*

THE PROGRESS OF CYCLING.

IT is exceedingly interesting to the reflective cyclist of the present day to indulge in a retrospect of ten or fifteen years, and compare his present position with the status that subsisted in those early days of the wheel. Nothing could better illustrate the rapid growth of this comparatively modern method of locomotion than the spread and increasing importance of the various Exhibitions in different parts of the country devoted entirely or in part to demonstrating the advances made in the two or three wheeler during the recess of winter. And these advances have been most marked during the past year, the machines now exhibited showing plainly the care and attention bestowed upon them. In one important detail in particular this is markedly apparent, namely, in that of gearing for tricycles. It is a well-known fact among cyclists that the temporary exhaustion following the rapid traversing of a smooth level road does not proceed in a tenth degree so much from the actual strength expended as upon the rapid exertion required. To obviate this, a system of gearing-up has been introduced, whereby the wheels make more revolutions than the feet. But as this would place the rider at a disadvantage in ascending inclines or in traversing rough roads, a system of gearing level or down has been combined, whereby, by a mechanical arrangement, the wheels perform either the same number of revolutions as the feet, or less. The combination of these systems has produced some of the most intricately ingenious mechanisms that have lately appeared before the public, and cyclists are busily engaged in testing and otherwise determining which system shall be introduced into their mouths for the coming season.

In the June number of the *Journal* for last year we predicted the approach of a period of unusual activity in cycling, and the prediction has not proved fallacious; for the season which closed with the approach of last winter was remarkable in many respects, as the following will show. In October, the extraordinary distance of two hundred and sixty miles was ridden on a two-wheeler in twenty-four hours over ordinary roads; a tricycle under similar circumstances has covered over two hundred and twenty-one miles when ridden by a gentleman, and one hundred and fifty-two miles when propelled by a lady. In August, a tricycle was driven from John o'Groats to Land's End—ten hundred and seven miles—in fourteen days; the bicycle record by a shorter route being a little over nine days; whilst in October a bicyclist rode from London to Derby—a distance of one hundred and twenty-six miles—without either stopping or dismounting. Many feats of endurance and determination similar to the above have taken place upon the public roads; whilst upon the racing-path, the great feature has been the "record cutting" of the year. In 1882, a well-known doctor and amateur bicyclist rode twenty miles and three hundred and twenty-five yards in an hour; in 1883, this was beaten by a professional at Leicester, who covered twenty miles nine hundred and five yards in the same time; whilst the time for one mile has been lowered from two minutes forty-one and three-fifth seconds to two minutes forty and four-fifth seconds. The time for one mile for a tricycle was also lowered to three minutes five seconds, and all existing tricycling records from a quarter of a mile to one hundred miles were beaten last year. But the rapid advances which characterize the sport will doubtless enable faster times than the above to be made

in the not far distant future, and the records which we now behold with pardonable pride may sink into comparative insignificance.

The objection has been raised by many opponents of cycling that it is of no practical value to mankind apart from the means it provides for healthy recreation. This objection no longer exists. The tricycle is now used extensively in many parts of the kingdom by professional men; clergymen in particular are very partial to it; to the doctor it is a positive boon, ay, and to the patient as well at times, for in an emergency, the ready steed can be mounted at once, and no delay caused by awakening drowsy coachmen and harnessing horses. A new description of tricycle now enables enterprising tradesmen, notably news-agents, grocers, and others whose wares are of a comparatively light nature, to deliver their goods with more despatch than formerly; and the Post-office authorities have been alive to the advantages offered by this means of distribution by obtaining machines for rural districts in connection with the Parcels Post and delivery of letters. The Inland Revenue Office by a recent order recognizes the tricycle; and the police in some of our colonies have used them for some time. These facts plainly show that the tricycle has entered upon a new phase of its existence, and that a noble and useful career undoubtedly awaits it.

The "freemasonry of the wheel" has been pushed on to a greater extent than ever during the past year, and is a factor which undoubtedly influences a large proportion of the British public. This is shown by the increasing numbers of the Cyclists' Touring Club, which increased from seven to nearly twelve thousand during 1883, and promises to reach even twenty thousand during the current year. The ladies are giving their heartiest support, and are joining in large numbers; whilst the movement offers so many attractions to all riders in providing touring companions, hotels with fixed tariffs in nearly every town in Great Britain and the continent, good-fellowship and congenial society wherever the cyclist may happen to alight, and other advantages too numerous to mention, that it includes in its roll many of the nobility and gentry in all parts of the land, and is supported by some of the highest dignitaries of the Church and members of the legal, medical, military, and naval professions.

Other great cycling institutions exist, which are rendering good service to the general public in various ways, one notably in calling attention to the decadence of our public roads since the old coaching-days. In many parts of the country, main roads now exist that are all but impassible to ordinary traffic; their deterioration may be attributed mainly to the competition and monopolization of the railways in diverting the traffic that once passed over them. Their condition is a misfortune to the public in general, and especially to the inhabitants of the locality; for as good roads are certain to advance the prosperity of a district, so bad ones have ever been considered an indication of a backward state of civilization. The local authorities to whom the construction and maintenance of these roads have been intrusted, are being aroused to a sense of their responsibility by influentially and numerously attended meetings of persons interested in cycling; the laws relating to the highways have been collected and discussed, and many leading newspapers have given prominence to the grievances vented at these assemblies. If the result should be the amelioration of the condition of these highways, the thanks of the general public will be due to the cyclists, and it will tend to forge still stronger the link which is fast binding them into closer fellowship.

To many manufacturing towns, the rise of cycling has been a boon; to one in particular, Coventry, it has proved perhaps the greatest blessing that has ever befallen it. That ancient city was fast sinking into absolute inertness through the falling-off of its staple trade; it can now boast of being one of the most prosperous towns of the midlands, with huge manufactories and busy hives of men sending forth to the world those apparently delicate structures which are now in such universal request. Other towns, such as Birmingham, London, Wolverhampton, etc., sensibly feel the demands of the two hundred thousand cyclists who are computed to be in Great Britain alone, and the export trade of these towns is rapidly becoming greater in this particular branch. The two and three wheeler have now penetrated to nearly every part of the globe; they are no longer strangers to the Russian, the Turk, and the Hindu; in Brazil, Australia, and New Zealand, they make steady progress; and even the sacred land of the Celestials is not free from their enchantments. This wide and general dissemination of a sport which is essentially English, cannot fail to be a source of the greatest gratification to those who so sturdily fought for it and upheld it during the trials of its early existence.—*Chambers's Journal.*

INDIAN FABLES.

THE MAN OF LUCK AND THE MAN OF EFFORT.

A KING in the East said to his minister, "Do you believe in luck?" "I do," said the minister. "Can you prove it?" said the king. "Yes, I can," said the minister. So one night he tied up to the ceiling of a room a parcel containing peas mixed with diamonds, and let in two men, one of whom believed in luck and the other in human effort alone. The former quietly laid himself down on the ground; the latter after a series of efforts reached the parcel, and feeling in the dark the peas and the stones, ate the former one by one, and threw down the latter at his companion, saying, "Here are the stones for your idleness." The man below received them in his blanket.

In the morning the king and the minister came to the room and bade each take to himself what he had got. The man of effort found he had nothing beyond the peas he had eaten. The man of luck quietly walked away with the diamonds. The minister said to the king, "Sire, there is such a thing as luck; but it is as rare as peas mixed with diamonds. So, I would say, 'Let none hope to live by luck.'"

THE THIEF AND THE FOX.

A MAN tied his horse to a tree and went into an inn. A thief hid the horse in a wood, and stood near the tree as if he had not done so. "Did you see my horse?" said the man. "Yes," said the thief, "I saw the tree eat up your horse?" "How could the tree eat up my horse!" said the man. "Why, so it did," said the thief. The two went to a fox and told him of the case. The fox said, "I am dull. All last night the sea was on fire; I had to throw a great deal of hay into it to quench the flames; so come to-morrow, and I shall hear your case." "Oh, you tell a lie," said the thief; "how could the sea burn? how could hay quench the flames?" "Oh, you tell a lie," said the fox, with a loud laugh; "how could a tree eat up a horse?" The thief saw his lie had no legs, and gave the man his horse.

THE SNAKE AND THE PARROT.

A SNAKE said to a parrot, "Ah! I really envy your life; how people fondle you! Why, everybody calls you a pet!" "Yes," said the parrot, "if you will be as good and kind to people as I am, and try to amuse them as I do, they will treat you also as a pet." "I will," said the snake; and, creeping to a farmer's door, hissed aloud, as much as to say, "I do not wish to be wicked like other snakes. I wish to be kind and good to you, and amuse you like the parrot." But the farmer killed the reptile at a stroke, saying, "'Tis quite out of the way, this, for a snake to say!" Goodness in the wicked can seldom be credited.

THE WORKMAN AND THE TREES.

A WOODMAN entered a wood with his axe on his shoulders. The trees were alarmed, and addressed him thus: "Ah, sir, will you not let us live happily some time longer?" "Yes," said the woodman. "I am quite willing to do so, but as often as I see this axe I am tempted to come to the wood and do my work in it. So I am not to blame so much as this axe." "We know," said the trees, "that the handle of the axe, which is a piece of the branch of a tree in this very wood, is more to blame than the iron; for it is that which helps you to destroy its kindred." "You are quite right," said the woodman; "there is no foe so bitter as a renegade."

THE OWL AND HIS SCHOOL.

AN owl named Old Wisdom kept a school. Everybody went to him to take lessons. After some time he wished to know what progress they had made in their studies. So he gave them a number of questions to answer. The first was, "Why does the moon shine in the sky?" The nightingale said, "That I might sing all night in his pleasant light to my bride, the rose." The lilies said, "That we may open our petals and enjoy his loving and refreshing beams." The hare said, "That there may be enough of dew in the morning for me to lap." The dog said, "That I may find out thieves prowling round my master's house." The glow-worm said, "That he may throw me into the shade, for he envies my light." The fox said, "That I may see my way to the poultry-yard." "Enough!" said Old Wisdom. "It is but one moon that shines in the sky, yet how each brings him to serve his own purpose! Self reigns supreme."

THE NYMPHS LUCK AND ILL-LUCK.

Two nymphs named Luck and Ill-luck who lived in a wood wished to know which of them was more beautiful than the other. They went to a fox in the wood and asked him for his opinion.

He turned to them and said, "I can give no opinion unless you walk to and fro for awhile." So they did. Quoth the fox to Luck, "Madam, you are indeed charming when you come in." Quoth he to Ill-luck, "Madam, your gracefulness is simply inimitable when you go out!"—P. V. RAMASWAMI RAJU, B.A., in *The Leisure Hour*.

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